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Autograph for
H^e. Sulley.

Victoria R.

Buckingham Palace
May 14 - 1875.



THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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NO. 1.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

LET us begin tranquilly. We are going to kill a good many old horses, whose four feet were in the grave before they entered the ring, and we are going to torture them in their last hours on the way to the bone-yard; we are going to bait, and worry, and weaken by loss of blood, and finally slaughter a number of noble bulls; perhaps we shall break some *picador* ribs; we are about to enter the region of chivalry, and engage in the pastime most characteristic of and most esteemed by the Spanish people; we promise gore and carnage enough farther on, and we may be pardoned for a gentle and gentleman-and-lady-like introduction to the noble sport.

One afternoon, in Seville, we learned that there was to be a *funcion* at the Bull Ring, given by amateurs, by a society of gentlemen Caballeros, whose object is the cultivation of horsemanship and the manly, national pastime. It was an entertainment given by the gentlemen of Seville to their lady friends, offering at the shrine of beauty the best fruit of a gallant civilization, and probably that which is most acceptable, just as the amateur Mendelssohn Society of New York gives its winter concerts to a refined and fashionable circle of friends. As admission was to be had only on special invitation of the members of the club, we had no expectation of participating, but we drove down to the amphitheater with a praiseworthy curiosity to see the beauty of Seville, in holiday attire, flock in to the spectacle.

The Bull Ring, which stands on the flat—all Seville is flat, and subject more or less to the overflow of the river—near the Guadalquivir, is an ample one, with a seating capacity of eleven thousand persons. It is built of stone, with wide interior corridors and entrance galleries to the different stories and private boxes, like the ancient Colosseum. Begun over

a century ago, it is still rough and unfinished, but it answers all the substantial purposes of its erection. The upper galleries and rows of benches on the shady side are set apart for the gentry; while the tiers near the ring and all the sunny side are given up to the lower orders and the rabble, the seats being much less in price than the others.

Carriages blocked the space in front of the entrance,—the most aristocratic of which were a sort of private and not much glorified omnibus, drawn by a team of gayly caparisoned mules,—and into the gates poured a stream, principally of ladies in full toilet. It was evidently an occasion of the highest fashion, and one that exhausted and put on view the entire beauty and gentility of Seville. The regular bull-fights of late years appear to have lost caste somewhat with the more refined circles of society, and the stranger might attend a dozen and not see a tithe of the dress and display, or women of the upper rank, that were forthcoming at this amateur performance. This rare opportunity to admire the beauty of Spain, which is becoming, so far as national peculiarities are concerned, somewhat traditional, made us anxious to be admitted.

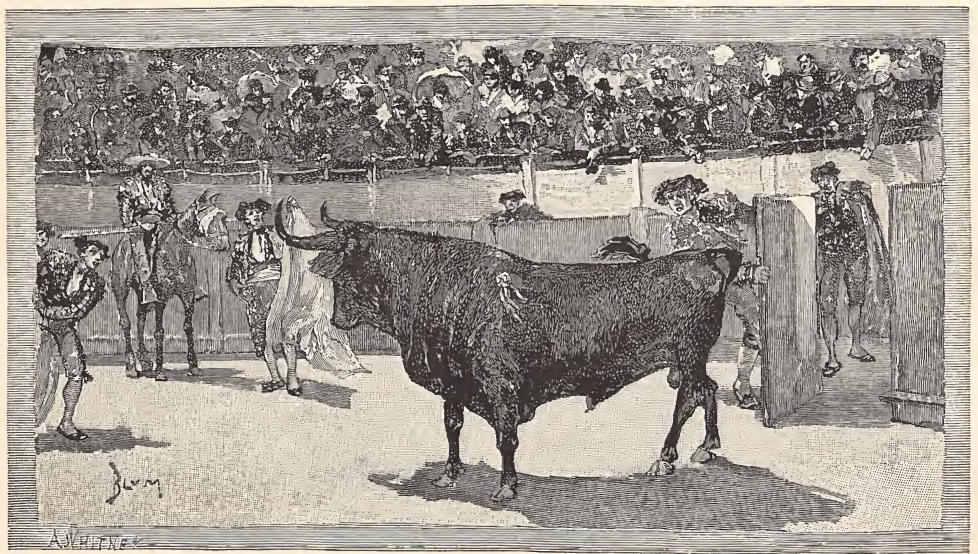
At length I plucked up courage and asked one of the gentlemen keeping the gate and taking tickets if there was any proper way by which a stranger could gain admittance. He replied, with great courtesy, that the only entrance would be by a member's ticket, but that, if I would wait a little till the rush was over, he would see what could be done. We amused ourselves with watching the gay throng trip past, in all the excitement of anticipation of the choice entertainment. At length the person upon whom my hopes depended beckoned to me, and said that he had

been fortunate enough to secure a member's ticket, which was quite at my service, and he was evidently very glad to be able to oblige a stranger. The ticket bore the name of Don somebody, with a long title, and was evidently a piece of paper to be respected. I was required to write my name on it as his guest. When I read the document, I found that it virtually entitled me to all the privileges of the club for fourteen days. I had heard so much of Spanish courtesy and generosity, and unfortunately seen so little of it in streets and highways of travel, that I was glad to have my faith restored by this act of hospitality. Thanking my temporary friend as profusely as I was able, I was about to pass into the arena, when an expression on his face arrested my attention, and a good providence led me to ask, "How much may I give you for this ticket?" "Four dollars," was the prompt reply. I said I thought that was very little for a piece of paper conveying such privileges, paid the vulgar silver, thanked him anew for his favor; to which he replied, in effect, that I needn't mention it, with a gracious air of presenting me with the entire Bull Ring, and I passed in among the select elect.

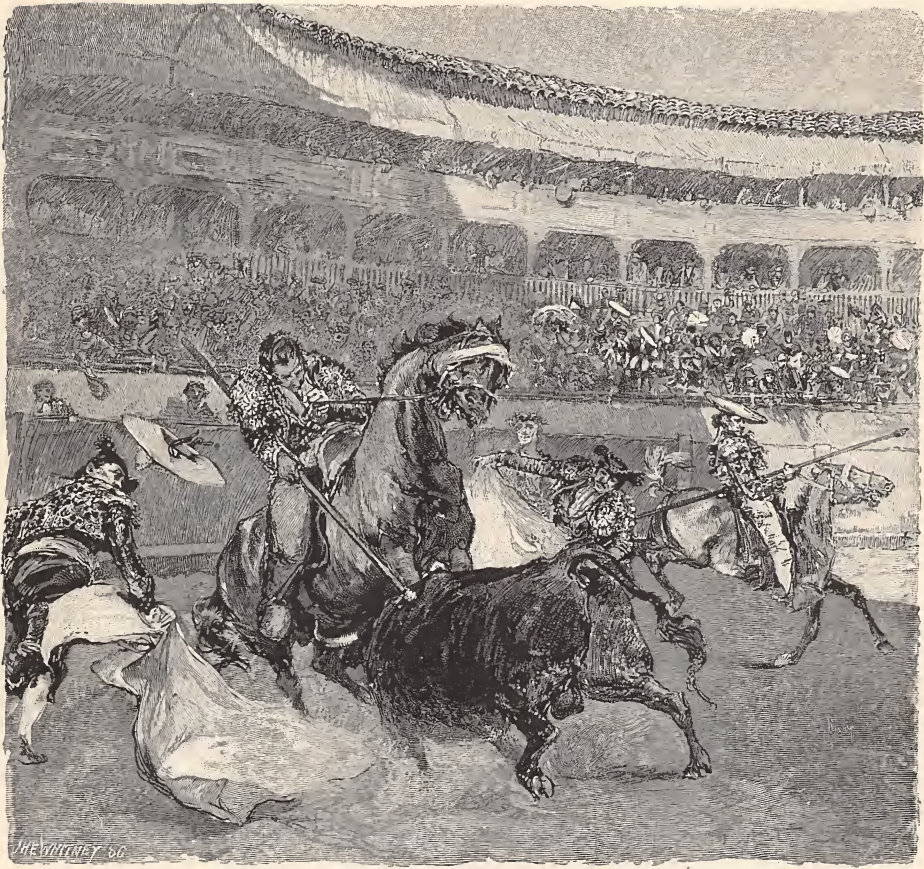
The ring had been contracted for action to about two-thirds of its usual size, and the greater part of the seats, including all on the sunny side, were vacant. But the audience was, nevertheless, large, all the balconies and boxes, and most of the benches on the gentry side, being full, and the spectacle was exceedingly brilliant. How could it be otherwise, with three thousand ladies in full drawing-room toilet? The ladies of Spain, except in

some remote towns in the mountain regions, have laid aside the national costume, and dress according to the dictates of Paris, preferring even the French fans to their own decorated with the incidents of the bull-fight and the serenade. In Seville, the black lace mantilla is still worn at church, and to some extent on the street; but the hat is the cover of the new fashion, more's the pity, and the high combs have gone altogether. I do not know why a woman, even a plain woman, should be so utterly fascinating in a mantilla, thrown over a high comb and falling gracefully over the shoulders, stepping daintily in high-heeled shoes with pointed toes, and moving her large fan with just that nonchalant air so accurately calculated to wound but not to kill. In the whole assembly I saw only one or two national costumes: the mantilla and the high comb, with the short petticoat, brilliant in color. Nothing could be more becoming, and it makes one doubt whether woman's strongest desire is to please, and whether it is not rather to follow the fashion, when we see a whole nation abandon such a charming attire.

But the white mantilla is *de rigueur* for a bull-fight, and every lady wore one. It was a little odd to see ladies in the open light of a brilliant, cloudless day, and in the gaze of the public, in full (as it is called) costume of the ball-room; but the creamy-white mantillas softened somewhat the too brilliant display, and threw over the whole the harmony of subdued splendor. What superb Spanish lace, blonde, soft, with a silken luster, falling in lovely folds that show its generous and exquisitely wrought figures, each leaf and stem and flower



ENTRANCE OF THE BULL.



THE ATTACK.

the creation of dainty fingers! Such work as this, of such a tone and fineness, in such large mantillas, sweeping from the head to the train, is scarcely to be found in the shops nowadays. These were heir-looms,—great-great-grandmother's lace, long yellowing, and growing rich in locked chests, worn only on state occasions, and now brought forth to make a bull's holiday.

We spent a good deal of the waiting time in scrutinizing the packed seats for beautiful women, and, I am sorry to say, with hardly a reward adequate to our anxiety. I am not sure how much the beauty of the women of Seville is traditional. They have good points. Graceful figures are not uncommon, and fine teeth; and dark, liquid, large eyes, which they use perpetually in *ceillades* destructive to peace and security. And the fan, the most deadly weapon of coquetry, gives the *coup de grâce* to those whom the eyes have wounded. But the Seville women have usually sallow, pasty, dead complexions. Perhaps the beauty of the skin is destroyed by cosmetics, for there was not a lady at the bull-fight who was not

highly rouged and powdered. This gave an artificiality to their appearance *en masse*. Beauty of feature was very rare, and still rarer was that animation, that stamp of individual character, loveliness in the play of expression, and sprightliness, that charm in any assembly of American women. No, the handsome women in the ring were not numerous enough to make any impression on the general mass, and yet the total effect, with the blonde lace, the artificial color, the rich toilet, and the agitation of fans, was charming. The fan is the feature of Spanish life. It is, I believe, a well-known physiological fact that every Spanish girl is born with a fan in her hand. She learns to use it with effect before she can say "mamma." By the time she receives her first communion, it has become a fatal weapon in her hands, capable of expressing every shade of feeling, hope, tantalization. But ordinarily its use is excessively monotonous. It has, in fact, only three motions. It is opened with a languid backward flirt, it is moved twice gently to stir the air, it is closed with a slow, forward action,

and then the same process is exactly repeated, — open, two movements of fanning, shut; open, fan, shut,—hour after hour, until the beholder is driven half wild by the monotony of the performance. It is such a relief when there are three fanning movements between the opening and the shutting. In a public drawing-room, in the cars, in the street, in the bull-ring, this is the everlasting iteration of the fan. The effect produced when three thousand women are executing the monotonous maneuver is exasperating. This mechanical motion proceeds, of course, when the lady is in an attitude of mental and physical repose. When she is in conversation, and has an object, the fan has a hundred movements and varieties of expression, as the victim learns to his cost.

But let us not forget that this is a bull-fight, and the bull is probably waiting. The attention of the rustling, chattering, fanning audience is suddenly fixed upon the arena gate, which at the sound of a trumpet swings open to admit the procession of performers,—the *picadores* on horseback, the *chulos* or *banderilleros*, and *matador* on foot, and a gayly caparisoned team of mules with a drag of chains for removing the dead animals. We need not detain ourselves here with the details which will be necessary when we come to engage in a serious affair. The performers are all gentlemen, clad in the fantastic dress of the professionals. The procession makes the round of the arena under a shower of hand-clapping, salutes the president and the bevy of ladies in the central balcony, and withdraws, leaving only the *picadores*, or spearmen, and attendants in possession of the field of honor.

The trumpet sounds a second time, and the door of the *toril*, the dark cage on wheels in which the bull is confined, is opened, and the bull rushes out. He is also an amateur, a two-year-old, of good lineage like his tormentors, but of imperfect development. He has been exasperated by confinement in a dark box, and pricked into a rage by an ornamented rosette of ribbons, which is fastened between his shoulders by spikes that have drawn blood. Astonished at first by the glare of light and the noisy welcome of the assembly, he stands a moment confused, and then runs about the arena looking for some place of escape. He is a compact, clean-built, intrepid little fellow, and probably does not at first comprehend that this is a duel for life, without a single chance for himself. He does not yet know that he is to be stabbed and pricked and baited for an hour for the amusement of these gracious, applauding ladies, and then butchered, to give them a holiday sensation. He does not know how unequal the fight is to be,

until he learns by experience that he is deprived of his natural weapon of attack. But we feel a pity for him in advance, as we notice that the points of his horns have been sawn off, so that their thrusts will be harmless. After a circuit or two, he becomes aware that he is among enemies, and seeing the *picadores* advancing and menacing him with their spears, he makes a rush at one of them. The clumsy rider attempts a spear-thrust, but the bull disregards that and gets in under the flank of the horse and attempts to gore him. Alas, the blunt horns will not gore; the blinded beast is lifted a little off his hind legs by sheer force of the plucky little fighter, and then the bull turns away in disgust, pursued by the courageous *picadores*. Again and again he is nagged and pricked into a charge, but always with the same result. This sort of thing goes on till both the bull and the spectators are weary of it, and then the trumpet sounds and the merry *chulos* enter to assist the *picadores* in further worrying the bull. These light-clad skirmishers bear darts and long red cloaks. They surround the puzzled bull and torment him, shake their aggravating red cloaks in his face, and when he rushes at one of them, the athlete springs lightly aside and lets him toss the garment; or, if he pursues too closely, the man runs to the barrier and escapes through one of the many narrow openings. When this sport has continued some time, the *banderilleros* come into play. One of them advances with a long barbed arrow in each hand, holding it by the feathered end of the shaft. The little bull looks at him, standing still and wondering what new sort of enemy this is. The man, with watchful eye, comes nearer, in fact, close to him; the bull lowers his head and concludes to try a charge, but he has scarcely taken two steps when the *banderillero* plants the two cruel arrows on the top of his shoulders and springs lightly aside. The bull passes with the weapons sticking into his flesh, loosely swaying, and irritating him, and the blood flows down his shoulders. The crowd applaud the gallant young gentleman. This operation is repeated by a second *banderillero*, and when this sort of baiting ceases to be any longer amusing, the trumpet sounds again.

This is for the last act in this noble drama. The *picadores* withdraw, the arena is occupied by the skirmishing *chulos*. At a blast of the trumpet the *matador* enters, advances to the central balcony, makes an address, receives permission to dispatch the little beast, throws his cap over the barrier, and advances to his work. He carries in the left hand a small scarlet flag, and in the other, a long, slender Toledo blade. He must kill

the bull, but in only one way. The sword must enter in the back part of the neck just between the shoulder-blades, so as to pierce the heart. The blow must consequently be delivered when the bull is charging, head down. It requires a quick eye, a steady hand, and unshaken nerves to plant the sword exactly in this spot. The *matador* advances warily to play with the bull and study his nature; his assistants group themselves about at his command, to goad the bull into action by shaking their cloaks, or to protect the *matador* if the latter is hard pressed. The little bull is tired and bloody and hot, and has had enough of it. But the *matador* is tantalizing, the scarlet banner is irritating, the *chulos* are exasperating. After much irresolution, and turning his eyes to one tormentor and another, he decides to pay his attention to the man with the sword. He makes a rush at the red banner; it flirts in his face; the *matador* steps aside, and as he does so makes a thrust. The sword enters the beast only an inch or two, and in the wrong place. The bull canters away to the other side of the arena to get rid of his tormentors. They follow him and bait him. He turns again upon his cool pursuer. This time the sword is thrust into his neck and sticks there, while the bull runs and bellows at the hurt until he shakes out the weapon. The *matador* recovers it, and the sport continues. There is nothing very exciting about it, but the crowd apparently enjoy the torture of the animal. The *matador* is cool; he is practicing a noble art. After long maneuvering and feinting and false thrusting, he plants his sword in the fatal spot. The bull stops in his career, astonished. An attendant runs up and drives the sword in by a blow on the hilt; the bull falls on his knees, and "the arena swims around him." He tumbles over; the mule team gallops in and drags away his carcass; the hero advances to the central balcony and receives a tempest of applause and a shower of bouquets. He has done what man can do in this land of romance to commend himself to the favors of the gentler sex. Two other bulls are slain with exactly the same prolonged and ceremonious torture, and then the arena is cleared for another sort of performance.

Meantime, the fans flutter with a new meaning, the chatter is continuous, the brilliant behavior of the performers is discussed with earnestness, and boys make their way up and along the tiers of seats with great trays of costly and toothsome candies and sweetmeats, which are gratuitously distributed at the expense of the club.

The next performance is by the gentlemen riders. Sixteen of them, superbly mounted,

in morning costume, with tall hats, enter the ring and begin a series of pleasing evolutions. The performance has not the dash and danger of an Arab *jereed* nor the break-neck pace and skill of some of our Western and Indian horsemen, but it is better than most of the riding in our best circuses with trained horses, and is altogether a pleasing sight. The riders sit and manage their spirited horses perfectly, and their complicated evolutions, like the mazes of a dance, in time to the music of the band, are a charming exhibition of grace and skill.

This was followed by riding at the scarf. On a projecting arm in front of the president's stand were rolls of colored scarfs, the end of each roll hanging down with its fringe about six inches. The scarfs of blue, red, white, yellow, and green had been embroidered by the fair hands that were applauding the horsemen, and the capture of these was the prize of the riders. Each horseman carried a long wooden lance with a sharp point. They were drawn up in line on the opposite side of the arena. At a signal one advanced, and put his horse into a gallop around the circle; as he neared the balcony, the pace increased to a dead run. Just before the rider passed under the roll of scarfs, he raised his lance and thrust it at the six inches square of hanging silk. He had to estimate the height, to calculate exactly the distance from the balcony, and to hit this small object exactly while guiding his fiery horse at a prodigious pace. If the point of the lance caught the silk, the scarf unrolled and fluttered down, and another one was ready for the next trial. Opposite the balcony, by the side of the track, on a stand about eighteen inches high, lay a bouquet. When the rider had essayed at the scarf, he threw down his lance and, with the horse still at full speed, leaned from his saddle and attempted to snatch the bouquet. I could see how the riders could very well spear the silk and catch the flowers; but how, in all this excitement, with a plunging horse, they could keep on their tall hats, was a mystery to me. There were many rounds made without capturing a scarf. Whenever one was caught down, a footman picked it up and carried it to the winner, who decorated himself with it by passing it over his right shoulder and knotting it on his left hip. In time, the successful competitors presented a gay appearance, with scarfs of many colors. The game went on for nearly two hours, and almost at the last there were some unfortunate riders who had no scarf, while others were ornamented with a dozen of these tokens of affection. I fancied there were some heart-aches in the galleries on seeing so many of the embroidered decorations go to the wrong

men. But the supply held out, and when the trial was over every gallant had at least one. No doubt it was a happy night for the heroes who wore a dozen. But what their social rank would be, in comparison with the swordsman who killed the amateur bull, I cannot say.

The high and almost sacred rank the bull-fight holds in Spain may be inferred from the fact that all the important spectacles are on Sunday. As the great *funciones* had already

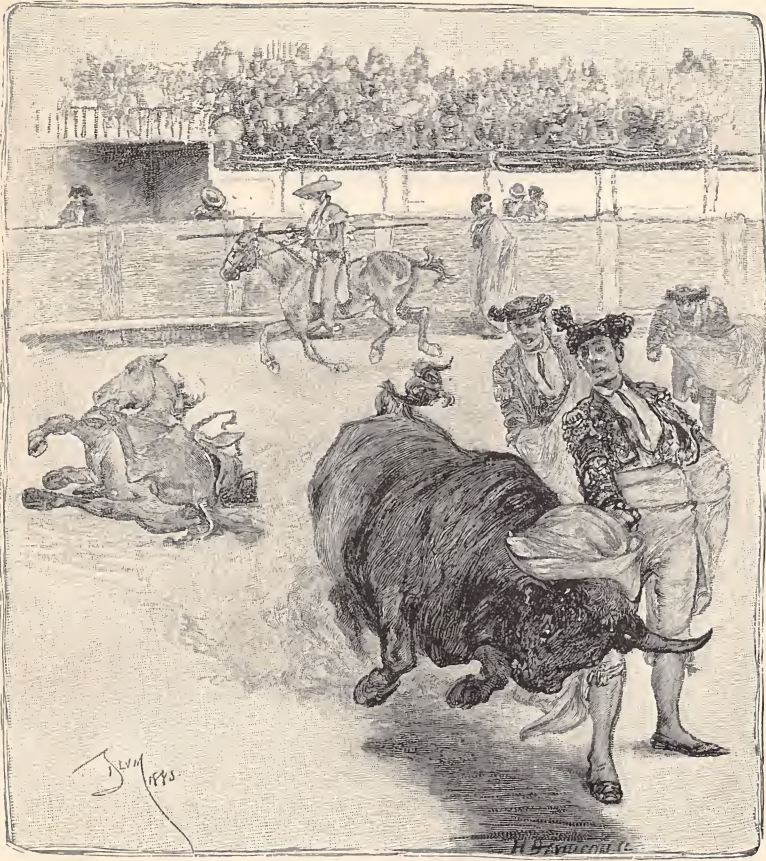
There are very few who attain great eminence in their profession, never more than three or four at a time in the whole kingdom; but for them there is profit as well as honor. These great men are the autocrats of the ring when they enter it. Each one has his own train of followers, *chulos* and *banderilleros*, who accompany him in his circuit of engagements, and who are paid as he dictates. A great favorite receives a thousand dollars for a



THE BANDERILLERO'S CHALLENGE.

taken place during the Easter holidays in Seville, we were obliged to go to Jerez on the thirtieth of April in order to witness a real engagement. Every town in Spain of any size has a large bull-ring, whatever other public buildings it may lack; and the erection of new ones recently proves that the sport has not declined in popular estimation, although a few fastidious persons are beginning to regard it as a barbarous and unseemly usage. And during some portion of the year, usually during the local fair, or on some high *fête* of the Church, there is in every bull-ring in the kingdom a great *funcion*. There are a few bull-fighters who have a national reputation, whose services are always in demand, and the local fights have to be postponed till one or more of them can be secured. Although it is said that the professional bull-fighter is very low caste in Spain, I think no one, not even the military hero, enjoys so much consideration with the masses as the successful and skillful *matador* of the ring. They are followed by the boys, they are the admiration of the rabble, they are smiled on by the gentle ladies in the boxes, they are dined by the local governors, and they move about in their own social circles with the port of conquerors who subdue hearts as easily as they slay bulls.

fight, and as he is crowded with engagements during the whole spring, summer, and autumn, he reaps a good harvest. Two fighters whom I saw, one of Seville and one of Granada, had accumulated large fortunes, owned many houses, and lived in considerable, showy ostentation. Bull-fights are very expensive entertainments, costing usually two thousand dollars and more, and the prices of admission are high compared with the wages paid in Spain; the artists must be well paid, and the animals cost much to breed. But there is no difficulty in filling a ring anywhere, for the fight is a passion with the people; children are taken early to the arena, and bred to love it—their common game is a “bull-fight”; and all Spaniards love to see a bull slain, for they seem to have an unconquerable hatred of the animal, and never see one in the field without attempting to irritate and insult him. Of the bulls that are bred for this pastime, only the noblest and fiercest are fit for the arena, and the breeders have methods of testing their courage and mettle. The lovers of the sport always post themselves as to the character of the bulls who are to perform, and the reputation of the fighting quality of the forthcoming bulls is an attraction only second to that of the famous artists who are to meet



AN ACT OF AUDACITY.

them in the arena; and the latter are esteemed as great actors are with us.

It was fair and horse-race week at Jerez, and the little "sherry" city was crowded with visitors. The culminating interest was in the bull-baiting on Sunday afternoon, and when we found our way to our seats in the vast edifice, at half-past three, it was already packed from the barrier-ring to the top of the walls. And such an assembly! I doubt if a Roman circus could ever have shown a more brutal one. Very few women were present, though there were many children; and there was a sprinkling of ladies in white mantillas in the grand balcony, where the town officials were seated. These functionaries had the air of the judges and important personages on the stand at an American horse-trot *funcion*. The occasion had been anticipated with great eagerness, because the bulls were from a famous Andalusian herd, and two fighters with a national reputation were to officiate: Antonio Carmona, called "El Gordito," of Seville, and Salvador Sanchez, called "Frascuolo," of Granada. These men are both in the first class

of the brotherhood, although two of the Madrid fighters are their acknowledged superiors.

I had imagined that a bull-fight, with all its cruelty and much to disgust, must be an exciting and gallant spectacle. I saw, in my mind, the trained spearmen on horseback dashing in full gallop at the bull, dexterously evading his enraged rush, and flying and charging about the arena, alternately pursuing and pursued. I saw the bull, always alert and bellicose, charging the footmen, who pricked and baited and enraged him with their scarlet mantles, who put their lives against his in a closed arena, and only saved themselves by the utmost address and skill. I had imagined, in short, a chivalrous performance.

We had not long to wait. The gate swung open, and the bull-fighting company entered in what was meant for a gorgeous procession. It had the cheap elements of a spectacular effect in a sawdust arena. The costumes, at least, were showy in spangles and in divers colors, as in the "grande entrée" of a circus, and some of them were rich; and scarlet cloaks and swords and plumes and the courtly,

high-stepping march of the fighters imitated, I supposed, the opening of a mediæval tournament. First came four *picadores*. These men wore broad-brimmed Thessalian hats and carried long spears; their bodies were thickly padded, their legs incased in iron and leather, the right one being most protected; they were rusty in appearance, and so encumbered were they with armor and wadding that they sat their horses insecurely. The poor beasts they rode were worthy of the occasion, thin Rosinantes, old, knock-kneed, stiff-legged, who stumbled along and with difficulty could be urged out of a walk. They were blindfolded. They would be dear purchases at two dollars and a half a head. When you speak to a Spaniard of the cruelty of torturing such poor beasts, he says, "Why, they are worth nothing!" These were followed by a band of foot-fighters, comely fellows in spangled jackets, plumed caps, waist sashes, short breeches, and stockings, bearing on the left arm red mantles. After them walked the two *matadores en grande tenue*, with conscious pride, and the procession closed with a team of six gaudily caparisoned mules. The procession marched up to the judges' stand and saluted; the president threw down the key of the *toril*, or bull-cell, to an attendant policeman, the round of the arena was made amid the roar of nine thousand spectators, and all passed out except the *picadores* and half a dozen of the footmen.

And now came the first moment of intense anxiety, the awaiting of the appearance of the bull. Would he be game or indifferent? would he be boldly savage or slyly murderous, a dangerous customer or a coward? Pending this issue, however, I was aware of a rising tumult on the opposite benches, an angry sort of roar and grumble that spread speedily over the whole house except in our immediate vicinity near the grand balcony; men rose gesticulating and sputtering wildly, and pointing in our direction, until nearly everybody was standing on the benches, half of them not comprehending what the matter was, and eager to see, but all roaring in tones that had no good nature in them. "They are all looking at you," said my companion; "I think it must be your hat." I was wearing, for protection against the sun, an India pith helmet, common enough all along the Mediterranean, but for some reason apparently offensive to these courteous provincials. The whole arena rose at me. It was some seconds before I could comprehend that I was the center of such polite attention. The hubbub increased; men shook their fists and howled, and began to move as if they would climb up to our tier. They demanded something

most vehemently, but whether it was my head or my hat I could not tell. I did not, however, rise to acknowledge the honor, but sat smiling, much as I suppose the *matador* smiles when the bull is about to charge him; and when the tumult was at its height there was a cry, "*El toro! El toro!*" and the crowd turned to a greater attraction.

The bull was in the ring. He was a noble animal, dun in color, handsomely marked, thin flanks, powerful shoulders, high-bred head with dilating nostrils, large, glaring eyes, and symmetrical polished horns. Affixed to the back of his neck was the variegated rosette, and blood trickled down his shoulders. He stood for a moment facing the nine thousand enemies who roared at him, and then dashed around the ring, head erect and lashing his tail, with blood and defiance in his eye. The *chulos* sought cover, and the *picadores* stood still, awaiting his attention. After his first course, the bull stood for a moment pawing the ground and bellowing, and then, catching sight of one of the weak, blindfolded horses, whose rider was urging him forward, he advanced to the attack, though not with any rush. As he came near, the *picador*, who was swaying clumsily on his horse, made a thrust at the bull with his spear and slightly turned his horse's head to the left. The horse stood still, and the bull inserted his horns under the animal's flank, slightly raising him from the ground. The footmen ran to the rescue with their distracting mantles, and the bull turned in pursuit of them. They nimbly skipped behind the shelters that are erected every few paces in the barrier, and the horse got away with his entrails trailing on the ground, his rider trying to spur him into a gallop. The crowd roared in great delight. The horse was good for sport as long as he could stand. (When the horse is not too weak to keep his feet, the wound is sewed up, that he may be gored again; for seeing the horses tortured is one of the chief delights of the ring.) After a brief interval, the bull was excited to attack another horse. This time the horse was lifted from the ground and thrown on his side, the man under him, and the bull drew back to give him a finishing stroke. The attendants again rushed in, distracted the attention of the bull, pulled the man from under the horse, got the horse up, lifted the *picador* to his feet (for encumbered as he was with armor and wadding he could not rise), and put him on the horse again. The bull, still full of fight, wheeled about in a rage at losing his assailants, who had quickly stepped behind their shelter, and advanced threateningly

toward another horse. The *picador* walked his horse to meet him. The same clumsy maneuvers occurred as before. But this time the bull not only overthrew the horse, but gored him severely, and then attacked the prostrate rider. The footmen rushed in just in time to save the man from being tossed. The horse lay dead, and the man was carried out of the ring. It was considered by this time a lively fight, and the *picadores* were reinforced by two more horsemen. The next horse assailed was gored so badly that, although he escaped, he was in a shocking condition; and after his cruel rider had spurred him a couple of times around the ring, he collapsed. The bull continued raging about, stopping occasionally to gore and toss the dead horses or chase the aggravating *chulos* to cover, and then sullenly advancing and ripping open another of the blindfolded steeds. When the trumpet sounded, he had virtually cleared the ring, and roamed around, its master. Six horses lay dead or dying in the sand.

In the second act the *chulos* and *banderilleros* had the field, to torture and bait the noble fighter, who was getting a little weakened by his extraordinary efforts, but still seemed to think he had a chance for his life. These fellows are light and nimble, costumed exactly like *Figaro*, in the "Barber's" opera, and skip about the arena with considerable agility. Their office is to tease the bull, to run toward him and irritate him by shaking their colored mantles in his face, to distract him to pursue first one and then another, and to elude him, when they are hard pressed, by dodging behind the shelters. The only danger they run is in slipping on the sod when the bull is in pursuit. After this game had gone on for some time, a *banderillero* stepped forward with a barbed arrow in each hand and faced the bull. His object was to plant an arrow in each shoulder. The two looked at each other warily. The bull was studying how he could kill the man. He pawed the ground, he lowered his head, and made a dash; the *banderillero* planted the arrows exactly in the shoulders, and skipped aside, just avoiding the points of the sharp horns. It was very neatly done; and the bull went roaring around the arena, bleeding and trying to shake himself free from the stinging barbs. This operation, after two or three failures, was repeated by another *banderillero*, and the bull was further dispirited by nagging until it was deemed time to kill him. The trumpet sounded for the third and last act.

Frascuelo entered. He was not by any means a bad-looking fellow, and, physically, he deserved a good deal of credit. He advanced straight across the arena with the

lordly strut of a great man, conscious of his merit and of deserving the thunderous applause that greeted him, to the president's box. There he made a grandiloquent speech, signifying his willingness to rid the earth of that pestilent bull. Permission was graciously accorded: we are nothing here if not courtly. Frascuelo pledged himself to do his duty, tossed his plumed hat over the barrier, and turned and addressed himself to the work. The bull had been meantime patiently waiting for the oratorical part of the performance to finish, and evidently not caring particularly for any more fighting that day.

Frascuelo carried in his right hand a long Toledo blade; in his left, a scarlet mantle a yard square. He wore a small wig of black hair, with a sort of chignon on the back of the head, and a short cue. His jacket and breeches were of light olive-green velvet. The open jacket and the front of his thighs were thickly crusted with silver spangles. His waist was girt with a red sash; his long stockings were pink, and his shoes were black. He was a cool-eyed, steady-nerved, well-made fellow, and he presented a pretty appearance as he advanced to his duel with the bull. His attendants, with the mantles, were disposed near at hand and under his orders, to excite the bull to the combat and to rescue the *matador* in case of extreme peril.

The two stood face to face; the man fresh and cool, the bull enraged, but weakened by the running and the nagging and loss of blood. The only stroke the *matador* is allowed to deliver is between the shoulders; in order to kill, he must pass the sword down close to the shoulder-blade into the heart. In order to reach this spot, the bull must have his head down, and consequently be charging. The combatants eye each other. Frascuelo shakes the scarlet before the bull's eyes. The bull paws the ground and looks wicked, but distrustful of the blade. Frascuelo comes nearer, never for a second losing the bull's eye. He insults him with the scarlet. The bull dashes at it. Frascuelo delivers a stroke as the bull comes on, flirts the banner in his eyes, and steps aside. The bull is wounded, but not in the vital spot, and speedily turns and faces his foe. Frascuelo coolly wipes the blade on the silk in his hand, and is ready for another turn. The same wary maneuvers follow, with the same result. Then a longer period of skirmishing follows, in which the attendants again nag and torment the now distracted and reluctant animal. In the third round, Frascuelo plants his sword in the right spot, half way to the hilt. The crowd rise and roar with delight. The bull goes bellowing around the arena in pain, blood running from his



TAKING OUT THE VICTIM.

mouth. As he passes near the barrier, the spectators lean over and, with one blow after another, thrust the sword in to the hilt. The bull falls on his knees and is done for. Frascuelo, still cool, gracious, dignified, advances to the grand balcony. He is greeted with a hurricane of hurrahs, and a shower of hats is thrown at him from the benches. These hats are not, however, gifts. Frascuelo goes around and picks each one up and restores it to its owner. Then the trumpet sounds, the mule team gallops in and drags away the bull and the carcasses of the horses, and the arena is ready for another fight.

The second fight was essentially a repetition of the first, only this bull was sullen and less enterprising than the first one, though equally strong and dangerous. In the second act, an incident occurred that sent a delightful thrill of horror through the spectators for a moment. One of the *chulos*, pursued by the bull, fell, and the brute's horns were just about entering his body when Frascuelo, who was in the arena, rushed forward with incredible swiftness and address and, blinding the bull with his cloak, diverted his attention and saved the man's life. It was the cleverest feat of the day.

The *matador* in this fight was El Gordito, a man of fame, but older than Frascuelo, and on this occasion he appeared to be a very clumsy swordsman. Although the bull was much fatigued when he took him, the fight was intolerably long. El Gordito made pass after pass, wounding the bull repeatedly, but never in the right spot. Twice he lost his sword, the bull carrying it away in his neck, and it was recovered and brought to the *matador* by his attendants. Once he thrust it so deeply into the shoulder that it was a long time before it was pulled out, and then by one of the spectators leaning over the barrier when the bull was sulking, and El Gordito had to be furnished with another sword. After twenty minutes of this clumsy work, the

crowd got very impatient, and did what is very seldom done in a bull-ring—they demanded the life of the bull. The signal of this act of mercy is the waving of a white handkerchief. Soon the whole arena was fluttering with these flags of truce. But the president would not heed them. He probably hesitated to disgrace so notorious a fighter. The farce went on. Again and again the crowd rose, waving handkerchiefs and demanding that the bull should be let go. But the president was inexorable. The fight went on, intolerably weary and monotonous. At the end of nearly three-quarters of an hour, El Gordito succeeded in planting his weapon in the right spot, though not delivering an immediate death-blow; but the bull, after some hesitation, sank on his knees, and an attendant crept up to his side and dispatched him with a butcher-knife.

We assisted at the killing of one bull more. It was always the same thing. Six bulls were slaughtered that day, but three were quite enough for us. I do not know how many horses bit the dust, but a good many,—I should think twenty-five dollars' worth, in all. Perhaps I should have got used to the cruelty, the disgusting sight of the gored horses, and the cheap barbarity, if I had staid through the entire performance; but I could not longer endure the weariness and monotony of the show, the tedious skirmishing between bulls that had to be all the time irritated up to the fighting point, and decrepit, blindfolded horses that could not see their danger, and nimble athletes that could easily skip to a place of safety. It would have been something like fair if the barriers had been closed and the fighters had owed their escape to speed and address. One's sympathy went always with the tormented bull, whose very bravery and courage insured his death, for there was no chance for him from the first moment. There were times when it

would have been a relief to see him dispatch one of his tormentors.

The profoundest impressions left with one were of the weary monotony of the show, and the utter tameness and cheapness of most of it, and the character of the spectators. There were a good many children in the crowd, having their worst passions cultivated by the brutal exhibition. It is an important part of the national education, and the fruits of it are plain to be seen. I am glad to record that a little girl, seated near us, who had enjoyed the grand entry and the excitement of the scene, was quite broken up by the disgusting details, and frequently hid her face on her father's shoulder, crying nervously at the distress of the poor horses. But the great, roaring crowd heartily gloated over all that was most revolting.

Long after we left the arena, there was ringing in my ears their barbaric clamor.

We went out from the blazing light and tumult of the ring, glad to escape from the demoniac performance, and sought refuge in an old church near by, to bathe our tired eyes and bruised nerves in its coolness and serenity. Here, at least, was some visible evidence that the Christian religion has still a foothold in Spain.

We tried to console ourselves for the part we had taken in the day's sport, by the thought that we had once for all discharged the traveler's duty in a study of the great national pastime—the pastime that royalty encourages by its presence, the pastime that reveals and molds the character of a once powerful people.

Charles Dudley Warner.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST IN ENGLAND.

MR. WINSLOW HOMER holds, as to time, an intermediate place between our elder and our younger painters. He cannot be classed with those who won their position and gained their chief honors before the War of the Rebellion; nor is he identified with the later generation which has so rapidly grown in numbers and in influence since the appear-

ance of a few clever Munich and Paris students on the Academy walls in 1877. And not only in time, but in the character of his work, he stands apart from both these well-known groups.

Mr. Homer was born in Boston in 1836. At the age of six his family removed to Cambridge, where country life fostered



A CHARCOAL SKETCH. BY WINSLOW HOMER.

the tastes and feelings he reveals so clearly in his art. Never was any painter more rurally minded. Never did any dweller in cities more completely ignore on canvas not their existence only, but also the existence of the human types they foster. This would not, of course, be remarkable if he were simply a landscape painter; but while landscape elements are very prominent in his work, humanity is rarely absent, and is usually his chief concern. But it is rustic humanity always. The rural American of his earlier pictures is shown with a persistence, a sympathy, and an artistic clearness and directness of speech quite unequaled in our art. We get the very essence of New England forms and faces and gestures, and of New England fields and hillsides, in this early work, and just as truly the very essence of negro life and its surroundings. No man could mistake the home and people of this artist. No man could doubt his being an American by birth and nature. This national quality it was—always a precious thing, but never so valuable as now when art has grown so eclectic and cosmopolitan—that caused his pictures to be so much noticed at the Paris Exposition of 1878, so much praised by critics who saw their technical peculiarities quite clearly, but forgave them, prized them, indeed, for the breath of genuine transatlantic sentiment they preserved.

Mr. Homer's taste for art seems to have developed very early, for we are told that by the time he was twelve years old he had already accumulated a large stock of crayon drawings. He was encouraged in his efforts and ambitions by his father,—a fact in refreshing contrast to the usual course of artistic true love,—and at the age of nineteen was apprenticed to Bufford, the Boston lithographer. The first work of his apprenticeship was in the shape of title-pages for sheet music. The most important, perhaps, was a series of portraits of all the members of the Massachusetts Senate. When he was of age, Mr. Homer abandoned the lithographer's craft, the mechanical and business requirements of which he had found alike galling, and set up a studio in Boston. He designed much for the Harpers' wood-engravers, and the firm soon offered him a permanent engagement. But he refused to bind himself in any way again, and worked on quite independently, studying diligently all the time. In 1859 he removed to New York and attended the night schools of the Academy. In 1861 he began to use color for the first time, going directly to nature for his models and to his own instincts for his methods. With the outbreak of the war, he went to Washington, and thrice accompanied the army of the Potomac

in its campaigns, the first time as artist correspondent of the Harpers, and later for his own private purposes. His first oil paintings were war scenes,—among them the famous "Prisoners from the Front," than which no American picture is more familiar to his countrymen.

In later years Mr. Homer has, I believe, lived chiefly in New York, though making trips to various places at home and across the water. He has been extremely prolific in oils, in water-colors, and in black-and-white. Most of his work has been, as I have said, in the line of outdoor *genre*, though he sometimes gives us landscape by itself, sometimes interiors, and occasionally figures without surroundings of importance. We all know the little water-colors he sent by the dozen for many years to our annual exhibitions,—the bare-footed, sun-bonneted little girls; the flocks of ragged sheep; the Yankee boys playing by the gaunt little school-house or under twisted apple-boughs through which the sun was sifting; the negro urchins eating water-melons; the tanned hay-makers in their shirt-sleeves and their coarse hide boots; the thousand and one rustic scenes—pictorial scenes merely, without incident or story—that were recorded with so much freshness and so much truth and strength, if often with so little beauty. Among his oil paintings we find, as is but natural, many subjects of more ambitious sorts, though almost always conceived from a pictorial and not a literary point of view. Just as well as we know his little water-color sketches, we know his thoroughly studied interiors of negro huts or New England rural homes, with the characteristic human types they shelter, and the groups of blue-coats that were prominent in war days. Even here, it is interesting to note, Mr. Homer is still the painter of character or simple incident, never of "story" or dramatic effect. His soldier-boys are shown in their more peaceful moods, there being, so far as I remember, no battle scenes among his military paintings.

With all these things every visitor to our galleries had been long familiar—every visitor, though of the most careless and unobserving sort. For a noteworthy point about Mr. Homer's work, one that proves its inherent originality of mood and strength of utterance, is that it always makes itself felt, no matter amid what surroundings. Every passer-by marks it at once, and is apt to give it an unusually decided verdict in his mind, whether of approval or dispraise. No one can be blind to it in the first place or indifferent in the second, as one may be to the things by which it is encompassed on the average ex-

hibition wall,—things probably more “pretty” or more “charming,” possibly more polished, but in almost every case much weaker, more conventional, less original, and at the same time much less truthful. As an instance in point, I may refer to the way in which it affected my own childish eyes, in days when I dared to hold very few positive opinions in such matters. As a youthful visitor to our exhibitions and student of our illustrated papers, I remember to have hated Mr. Homer in quite vehement and peculiar fashion, acknowledging thereby his individuality and his force, and also his freedom from the neat little waxy prettinesses of idea and expression which are so alien to true art, but always so delightful to childish minds, whether in bodies childish or adult.

Two or three years ago, Mr. Homer must have astonished, I think, many who, knowing his work so well, thought they had gauged his power and understood its preferences and its range; for he then exhibited a series of water-colors conceived in an entirely novel vein. No one could have guessed he might attempt such things. Yet the moment they were seen no one could doubt whose hand had been at work,—so strong were they, so entirely fresh and free and native. They were marine studies of no considerable size, done at Gloucester, Massachusetts. Never before had Mr. Homer made color his chief aim or his chief means of expression. In his paintings his scheme had usually been cold, neutral, unattractive. In his aquarelles he had often used very vivid color, but rather, apparently, for the purpose of meeting that most difficult of problems, the effect of full sunlight out-of-doors, than with an eye to the color in and for itself. And the result had usually been strength not unmixed with crudeness. But in these marine sketches color had been his chief concern, and there was much less of crudeness and more of beauty in the result. They were chiefly stormy sunset views—glowing, broadly indicated, strongly marked memoranda, done with deep reds and blacks. A sweep of red-barred black water, a stretch of black-barred red sky, and the great black sail of a fishing-boat set against them, with no detail and the fewest of rough brush strokes, gave us not only the intensified color-scheme of nature but nature’s movement, too,—the slow rise and fall of the billows, the motion of the boat, the heavy pulsation of the air. The hues were a palpable exaggeration of the hues of nature; but then all color that is homogeneous and good on canvas is and must be an exaggeration, either in the way of greater strength or of greater weakness. No one can paint nature just as she appears;

and if one could, the result would not be clear and expressive art. As a Frenchman has well said, “Art is a state of compromises, of sacrifices,”—much omitted or altered for the sake of the clear showing and the emphasizing of a little. Most artists accomplish this end, as we know, by the weakening process—by taking, to start with, a lower, duller, less positive key than nature’s, and by then still further modifying minor things in order that the chief may appear strong enough by contrast. To use the familiar phrase, they *tone things down*. But Mr. Homer had gone the other way to work in these little marines, and had toned things *up*. He had boldly omitted everything that could not serve his purpose,—which was to show the demoniac splendor of stormy sunset skies and waters,—and then, unsatisfied by the brilliant hues of nature, had keyed them to deeper force, made them doubly powerful, the reds stronger and the blacks blacker,—insisting upon and emphasizing a theme which another artist would have thought already too pronounced and too emphatic for artistic use. That he could do this and keep the balance of his work is a patent proof of his artistic power. For though over-statement is not more non-natural or less allowable in art than under-statement, yet under-statement is, of course, the easier, safer kind of adaptation. If this is unsuccessful, the result is simply weak; but if over-statement is unsuccessful, the result is an atrocity. Mr. Homer, however, was so artistic, so clear, so well poised in his exaggerations, that he did more than satisfy the eye. He opened it to the full force and beauty of certain natural effects, and filled for us the sky of every future stormy sunset with memories of how his brush had interpreted its characteristic beauty.

I would not be understood to mean, nevertheless, that even in these pictures Mr. Homer won himself a title to the name of colorist in its highest sense. His color was good in its way, and most impressive. But the finest color must always, no matter how great its strength, preserve an element of suavity; and suavity, sensuous charm of any kind, Mr. Homer’s brush is quite without. Its notes may be grand and powerful upon occasion, but, in color at least, are always a little rude and violent. Those who remember these pictures will remember also, I think, how they divided the honors of the exhibition with Mr. Currier’s, his also being color-studies of stormy sunset skies, though over moorland instead of water. In comparing them, we saw the difference between the temperament of a true colorist like Mr. Currier and a vigorous artistic temperament like Mr. Homer’s, making itself felt through color



"LOOKING OVER THE CLIFF."

which still was not its native element. Mr. Currier's drawings, in spite of their hurrying dash of method, were far more suave in tone, more subtle in suggestion, more harmonious, more beautiful. They were also more refined and skillful in handling. But they were no more artistic in conception than Mr. Homer's, — no stronger, no more valuable as fresh individual records of personal sensations in the face of nature. And they lacked, of course, the native American accent which Mr. Homer had put even into his waves and boats.

At the water-color exhibition of 1883, Mr. Homer again surprised us with drawings of a new kind and possessing novel claims to praise. They were pictures of English fisherwomen, set, as usual with him, in landscape surroundings of much importance, and were, I think, by far the finest works he had yet shown in any medium. They were lacking in but one quality we had prized in his earlier work—in the distinctively American accent hitherto so prominent. But we could not resent this fact, since, if an artist chooses a foreign theme, he must, of course, see it in its own light or do uncharacteristic and savorless work. To paint English girls as though they were Americans would have been as great an artistic sin as is the more common crime of painting Yankees to look like Bretons or Bavarians. It is a proof of his true artistic instinct and insight, and his freedom from conventionality of thought or method, that Mr. Homer, who had so clearly understood and expressed the American type during so many years of working, could now free himself so entirely from its memory as to make these English girls as distinctly, as typically English as any which have ever come from a British hand.

It is this most recent phase of Mr. Homer's work which is illustrated here,—both from his exhibited pictures and from the contents of his portfolio. "The Voice from the Cliffs" and the "Inside the Bar" were among the former, and seem to me not only, as I have said, the most complete and beautiful things he has yet produced, but among the most interesting American art has yet created. They are, to begin with, *pictures* in the truest sense, and not mere studies or sketches, like most of his earlier aquarelles. Then they are finer in color than anything except the sunset sketches just described, and finer than these in one way — as being more explicit and comprehensive in their scheme. Another exhibited picture, a harbor view called "Tynemouth," seen close at hand, with its pale sunset pinks and yellows, seemed a little crude as well as odd; but from the proper distance it was not only subtly truthful, but fine in harmony. The dark gray tone

of "Inside the Bar" was admirably kept and modulated through the entire landscape, giving us as marvelous a sky as I remember to have seen in water-color work from any hand. And though the flesh-tones were, as so often with the artist, too purplish for either truth or beauty, yet they worked in well with the general scheme. In "The Voice from the Cliffs," the same fault in the flesh-tones was noticeable. Yet I cannot say the picture was disagreeable in color. It was pitched in a peculiar and rather crude key, but held well together within that key, and this is always the first thing that must be secured to make color *good*, if not beautiful. And in handling, these works were, I think, a great improvement on all that had gone before—more skillful, more refined, more delicate, while not less strong and individual. But the most interesting and valuable thing about them was their beauty of line. Linear beauty is a rare thing in modern art, scarcely ever aimed at even by a modern artist without a lapse into conventionality or would-be-classic lifelessness. And it is a quality which we might have thought the very last to which Mr. Homer could attain. Certainly he had never seemed even to think of it before. In his paintings the composition had been sufficiently good, but not marked in any way, and in his water-colors it had usually been neglected altogether. Never had he shown, so far as I know his work, a care for really artistic, well-balanced composition, still less a trace of feeling for the charm and value of pure linear beauty. Compare the carelessly chosen attitudes, the angular outlines, the awkwardly truthful gestures of his New England figures, with the sculptural grace of these fisher-girls, and no contrast could be greater. The novel choice of material does not explain the matter. Had Mr. Homer seen with the same eyes as heretofore and worked with the same ends in view, he would not have marked and emphasized the splendid linear possibilities of his new models, more suggestive though they doubtless were than those of his native land. For they had been possibilities only, to be discovered and utilized by artistic selection, and not persistent, evident, and unmistakable characteristics inherent in every figure and every attitude he might see. The pose of the woman in "Inside the Bar" is fine in its rendering of strength, of motion, of rugged vitality. But it is very beautiful as well, even in the almost over-bold line of the apron twisted by the wind, which gives it accent, and greatly aids the impression of movement in air and figure. The grouping of "The Voice from the Cliffs" is still more remarkable. These outlines might almost be transferred



LISTENING TO THE VOICE FROM THE CLIFFS.

to a relief in marble; and yet there is none of the stiffness, the immobility, with which plastically symmetrical effects are usually attended in painted work. They are statuesque figures, but they are living, moving, breathing beings, and not statues; and they are as characteristic, as simply natural and unconventional, as are the most awkward of Mr. Homer's Yankee children. It is interesting to note how this fine symmetry has been secured—as it is often secured in art of very different kinds, though more frequently in marble than in paint. The method is one that needs a master hand to manage it aright. It works first, of course, by making the lines fine in themselves, and then by making the lines of one figure reproduce to a great degree the lines of its fellows—not nearly enough to produce monotony and stiffness, but nearly enough to secure repose, harmony, and a sort of rhythmical unity not to be obtained in other ways. This device—the word is correct, for what looks to us like artistic instinct is always, of course, artistic reasoning, conscious or unconscious—is used throughout these English pictures and studies of Mr. Homer's, and often with the most exquisite result. In a water-color not yet exhibited,—which is a most remarkable rendering of figures seen through a thick fog,—there is in particular a group of two girls with their arms

linked together, which as a bit of linear composition could hardly be surpassed by any pencil,—so statuesque is it, so superbly graceful, yet so simple, so natural, so apparently unstudied. In “The Voice from the Cliffs,” moreover, we may note the working of the same principle of delicately varied unity in the faces themselves. Instead of the strongly contrasted types which most artists would have chosen, we have but a single type, though distinctly individualized in every case. As with the outlines of the figures, so here, also, there is no monotony, no repetition. But variety has been secured in such subtle, reposeful ways that a wonderful harmony and artistic force are the result.

Nor is the linear beauty of these pictures confined to the figures only. The composition of the “Tynemouth”—with its waves and its drifting smoke-wreaths and the groups of figures in the foreground boat—is fine in every way; and in the “Inside the Bar,” and other similar works, the lines of cloud and shore are arranged with consummate skill, framing, as it were, the figure, giving it additional importance, and bringing it into close artistic relation with the landscape.*

* In the accompanying sketch, which shows the whole scheme of “Inside the Bar,” the boats, owing to the absence of *chiaroscuro*, seem much too prominent. They are well in the background, and the figure dominates

In oils, too, Mr. Homer has shown one work which belongs to the same series. This is "The Coming of the Gale," exhibited with the last Academy collection. A wide, wind-tormented sweep of gray, foamy sea stretches away to a gray and cloudy sky. In the middle distance is a group of fishermen beaching their boat, and on the pier in the foreground a sturdy young woman, with her baby strapped to her back by a shawl, striding vigorously against the gale. Sea and sky are finely painted, full of color, atmosphere, and motion; and there is the same sort of sturdy beauty in the principal figure, though the attitude is less well chosen than in the water-colors just described, since with as much of power it has less of naturalness and ease.

But no analysis of these pictures, no pointing out of the elements upon which their power depends, can convey the impression that they make,—the way in which all elements work together to produce an effect of artistic strength, of artistic dignity and beauty, that fall nothing short of grandeur. They are serious works of "high art," in spite of their peasant subjects and their water-color medium. That is to say, they have an ideal tinge which lifts them above the cleverest transcripts of mere prosaic fact. And this idealism, this high artistic sentiment on the part of the artist, is of so strong, so fresh, so vital, so original a sort, that his pictures took the life and vigor out of almost everything else upon the wall. Many other things were as well done, some were better done as concerned their technique only; but not one seemed quite so well worth the doing. Mr. Homer does indeed, in these pictures, show something quite different from the fresh and individual but crude and unpoetic suggestiveness of his earlier aquarelles, something different from the prosaic realism of his war paintings and his negro interiors, something different also from the fervid, half infernal poetry of the Gloucester studies. The dignity of these landscapes and the statuesque impressiveness and sturdy vigor of these figures, translated by the strong sincerity of his brush, prove an originality of mood, a vigor of conception, and a sort of stern poetry of feeling to which he had never reached before.

I began my chapter by saying that Mr. Homer holds a place in our art apart both from our elder and from our younger schools; and this not only by reason of the time when he gained his first fame, but by the nature of his work. He began to practice his art at a

distance from the schools and the popular artists of the day, and so it was not molded into conformity with the dry, detailed, conscientious, but unindividual and inartistic methods then in vogue. And he was born too soon to be drawn into the current which some fifteen years ago set so strongly toward the *ateliers* of Europe. He has worked out his technical manners for himself. The results show something of crudeness, of rugged angularity,—are unscholarly, perhaps, but extremely original, and also forcible and clearly expressive of what he has to say. He has invented in some sort a language of his own. It is not polished, not deft and rapid and graceful. We could never care for it in itself and apart from the message it delivers, as we so often care for really beautiful artistic workmanship. But it is not hesitating, confused, inadequate. It is always sure of itself, and always reaches its end, as ignorant or immature work does not, though it may reach that end in a rather blunt and uncompromising fashion. In a word, it is not childish, uncertain technique; but it is, I think, a little primitive, a little *rustic*. It is the strong, characteristic, personal, though unpolished, diction of a provincial poet. We do not resent the fact; we are tempted to feel, indeed, that upon this unconventional, unacademic accent of his brush depends something of the interest if not the value of his work. Perhaps it is *because* of his *naïveté*, his occasional *gaucheries*, his sturdy if angular independence, and not in spite of these things, that his handling seems so fresh, so unaffected, so peculiarly his own, so well adapted to the nature of the feeling it reveals. I think it is an open question whether, had Mr. Homer been born a few years later and taken an early flight to Paris or to Munich with our younger brood of callow painters, his art would have gained or lost in value. It might have grown more scholarly, more gracious, more beautiful, more delightful to the eye and to that second sight which rejoices in work well done simply because it *is* well done. But with its polish might have come some loss of its freshness, of its genuine, spontaneous rendering of genuine, untutored feeling. No artist has a more personal message to deliver than Mr. Homer, and none tells it more distinctly or in a more native way. And we can well afford to lose a little possible technical brilliancy or charm in the gain we register hereby. No man is less self-conscious, works less as though centuries of great painters were watching him from the pyramid of fine accomplishment. And his strong freshness of mood and manner is peculiarly precious in these days when most men *are* self-conscious,—these days of

the entire picture. In the original drawing of "Looking Over the Cliff," a wall of chalky rock is seen below the figures. It was necessary to omit it in the engraving, in order that these last might be of satisfactory size.



"INSIDE THE BAR."

cosmopolitan experience and hackneyed practice. Talents so produced and so self-nurtured are apt, perhaps, to fall into hard, unprogressive mannerisms of conception and of treatment. But we have seen that Mr. Homer

technique will not make up for conventionality of feeling, for lack of sentiment and personality on the artist's part. The way he feels and the way he speaks—these are the two parallel things which must always



OUTLINE OF "INSIDE THE BAR."

has been too true an artist to lose himself in such a way. I have already noted the variety of his work, its constant gain in poetic sentiment, in dignity and beauty of conception, and its constant growth in technical excellence as well. These last pictures are very different in treatment from those by which he has so long been known. A few years ago he could surely not have painted the fine and subtle sky in "The Coming Storm" or "Inside the Bar," or the delicate harmony of tones in "The Foggy Day." A few years ago his brush was stiffer, his tones were cruder, than they are to-day; his art altogether was harsher and more angular. That he will give us many different kinds of work in the years to come, no one who has followed his course thus far can greatly doubt. And I am equally sure it will be work that, while keeping all his early independence of mood and freshness of vision, will show an ever-growing feeling for beauty, and an ever-growing power to put it beautifully on canvas.

It may seem ungracious to have pointed out the flaws in art so good as this—so much better in many ways than much of the current work which is technically more lovely. But I have acknowledged them chiefly to get a chance of showing—no unnecessary preaching in these days of devotion to technique for itself alone—that there is something more in art than technical grace and charm. Of course, no art can be perfect, can be really great, which is not perfect and great in technical ways as well as in conception and in feeling. But even the most marvelous

be considered in judging of a painter. And when a man feels so strongly, so freshly, sometimes so grandly and poetically, as Mr. Homer, and when he expresses himself so clearly, so distinctly, so impressively, we are foolish indeed if we resent the fact that he does not speak as smoothly, as beautifully, as gracefully as he might. Beauty—sensuous charm of motive and of treatment—is a factor in art, and a factor of much value; but it is not *all* of art. There is no denying the fact that Mr. Homer's work has sometimes been positively ugly. Even the beauty of his later efforts is beauty of form, of idea, of feeling, and of strong expression only—very rarely beauty of color, and never, whether in color, in form, in handling, or in sentiment, beauty of the suave and sensuous sort; and, needless to say, of so-called "decorative" beauty we find not the slightest trace. But always, whether it be austere beautiful or frankly ugly, his work is *vital art*—not mere painting, not the record of mere artistic seeing, but the record of strong artistic *feeling* expressed in strong, frank, and decided ways. It is always artistic in sentiment if not artistically gracious in speech, always clear, always self-reliant, always genuine, and—to use again the word which comes inevitably to my pen—always *strong* to a remarkable degree. For the sake of these qualities—so important and to-day so very rare—we may a thousand times excuse all technical deficiencies we find; and the more gladly since, as I have said, they are gradually disappearing, year by year.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

MADAME MODJESKA.

OF the many foreign actors who have played during the last ten years in New York, not more than four, Salvini, Ristori, Bernhardt, and Modjeska, have acquired a permanent reputation. The great German artists who have visited us from time to time have acted in their own tongue and, chiefly, before their own countrymen, and cannot justly be said to have appeared before the American public at all. Charles Fechter—French, English, and German in one—was a cosmopolitan, and can scarcely be included in the category of foreigners. There are no names but these whose memory is likely to outlive the present generation or the fame of many English-speaking actors. The triumphs of Ristori already belong to the past; and it is uncommonly doubtful whether Bernhardt, great artist as she is, could repeat the successes achieved by her during her first engagement here. The public excitement attending her performances then was almost largely due to the notoriety insured by skillful management; and her audiences grew steadily smaller, both in numbers and enthusiasm, when the curiosity concerning the personal appearance of so reckless and eccentric a woman had been satisfied. That she is a consummate mistress of her art cannot be questioned; but her claim to the possession of positive genius rests upon a very shadowy foundation, while the fact remains that, although she spoke a language and acted in plays perfectly familiar to a large proportion of her hearers, she rarely reached the height of absolute illusion, or wrought the spell by which the inspired player overwhelms the intellect with the emotions. She has not, in other words, displayed that magnetic quality essential to true genius, but existing sometimes apart from it, by which public admiration and affection are aroused in spite of the obstacles opposed by foreign speech or any other difficulty whatever.

Salvini and Modjeska have both stood the test of public trial. Both of them won the most cordial critical appreciation on the occasion of their first appearance in this country, and both have grown constantly in popular favor. This, of course, is stated as a fact, not with any idea of instituting a comparison between the two. Salvini, in whom towering dramatic genius is strengthened and elevated by all the resources of the most exquisite art, stands by himself alone; but Modjeska, nevertheless,

possesses, in a modified degree, some of the qualities common to the great Italian and all actors of eminence, and it is the object of this brief sketch to consider what these qualities are.

It would be unnecessary, even if space permitted, to enter upon a minute history of the life of Madame Modjeska, or a recital of her personal characteristics. These have been treated at length in a former number of *THE CENTURY*.* All that is needful now is to refer to her work during her latest engagement in New York, and more especially to those characters in which she appeared then for the first time. These were *Rosalind*, *Viola*, and *Odette*, three parts which show with sufficient clearness the sum of her artistic attainments and the limitations of her dramatic power. Her brilliant success in the first and her comparative failure in the last of these characters once more prove that her greatest strength lies in the direction of pure comedy, and that she imposes too great a strain upon her physical strength and exceeds the limits of her inspiration in simulating the stormy passions of tragedy or even the emotional throes of the modern lachrymose drama. She can portray *hauteur*, anger, or scorn, but not the frenzy of either rage or despair; she can be infinitely tender and exquisitely pathetic, but the agony of a great nature is beyond her grasp. She can indicate the pangs of suppressed sorrow with admirable and touching truthfulness, but the full expression of tragic grief or horror is not within her range. The woes of *Camille* never found a more graceful or more pathetic interpreter; but the awful imaginings of the despairing *Juliet* at the one supreme moment in the potion scene, demand powers of a different and higher order than any which she possesses, although the impersonation, as a whole, is most poetic in ideal and brilliant and fascinating in execution, glowing, as it does, with the true southern ardor, and employing all the witchery of that personal charm which is the marked characteristic of this actress. Again, in *Odette*, a vile play upon which it is sheer waste to expend any intellectual effort, Madame Modjeska

* See this magazine for March, 1879; also see note in the May number, 1879, by her husband, C. Bozenta Chlapowski, who, it is interesting to know, recently became an American citizen, in California, the State in which Madame Modjeska's art first received recognition in America.—ED.



failed at the critical point in the first act, where nothing but a whirlwind of blind passion can give even the semblance of decency to the position assumed by the erring heroine, or furnish the slightest excuse for sympathy with her in her later sufferings. In this scene, both before and after her discovery of the removal of her child, the actress failed to maintain the illusion, because her assumed passion was plainly artificial; whereas in the final act, where the anguish of a breaking heart is suggested rather than expressed, her acting was so entirely natural and affecting as to move many persons in the audience to tears. There are, perhaps, two or three actresses upon the American stage who could use this opportunity with similar effect, that is, so far as the tears are concerned, but there is not one of them capable of creating the effect by means of the few and simple devices employed by Modjeska. It is only the accomplished artist who can draw a perfect picture in a few strokes.

It was by her *Rosalind* that Madame Modjeska chiefly added to her reputation last season. This was an impersonation full of charm, lovely to the eye, and satisfying to the sense, giving life to a poetic ideal, and presenting many of the rarest beauties of prosaic flesh and blood, without resolving a fanciful creation into a being essentially earthy. There was a sustained elevation in the performance which was delightful; a refinement which was not affectation, a delicacy which was not finical. It differed widely from the *Rosalind* prescribed by the traditions of the English stage; but no less an authority than Salvini has ventured to denounce traditions as cankerous, and they most certainly should not be allowed to trammel genius. The typical English *Rosalind* is perhaps a little more robust, a little less mercurial, as if infected by the heavy insular air, a little less prodigal of gesture, slower of speech, and more restrained in manner. But it is surely hypercriticism to object to Modjeska's brilliant audacity, in which there is no trace of immodesty, or to the elaboration of her by-play, which is invariably apt and graceful. Restlessness upon the stage is a vice, but the constant gesture of Modjeska is always guided by intelligent purpose, and is illustrative both of the text and of her conception. A remarkable instance of her skill in this respect is seen in her treatment of the love scenes with *Orlando*, in which, by an infinite variety of subtle touches, she suggests to the audience the archness and coquetry of a woman, while to her lover she is nothing but a wayward and fanciful boy. This same assumption of a double identity was maintained with brilliant effect in the scene with the bloody handkerchief, where,

amid all her extreme solicitude concerning the safety of her lover, she betrayed a semi-humorous perception of the incongruity between her masculine attire and her sinking heart. All this is comedy of the finest kind, and the remembrance of it will be treasured among some of the choicest memories of the contemporary stage.

Her *Viola*, a part to which she is yet new, promises to become a fit companion picture to her *Rosalind*. The distinction between the two characters is cleverly marked, and will, of course, grow more clear with future study and rehearsal. The sentimental side of *Viola* is projected into strong relief, and is treated with exquisite tenderness and grace. The key-note of the impersonation is given at the first entrance from the boat. At Booth's Theater, this coast scene was a marvel of shabbiness and grotesque unfitness; yet the actress, by her power of pantomime, created a vivid impression of cold and storm, of suffering, fatigue, and fear. The natural timidity of woman was substituted for the high courage of *Rosalind*, and this phase of the character was emphasized throughout the play, and was made manifest even in the love scenes with *Olivia*, which were treated most picturesquely, in varying moods of bewilderment, incredulity, and raillery, but with a constant suggestion of the pain inflicted for love's sake by a loving heart upon itself. The performance, as has been intimated, is not yet a finished work. There are rough spots in it here and there, and there are traces of labor and uncertainty which only time will remove. But these flaws are only discernible at intervals, and never at important crises. The versatility of the actress is displayed in the contrast between the delicate pathos and unsurpassable grace of the famous scene between *Viola* and *Orsino* and the admirable humor of the duel scene with *Sir Andrew*, which excites the heartiest merriment without recourse to any methods except those which belong legitimately to comedy. These scenes contain the promise of the completed work.

Madame Modjeska is undoubtedly advancing in artistic growth. She is and long has been entitled to a place in the first rank of living players, but it is not easy to determine her exact position. She has challenged comparison with Bernhardt, her chief female rival, and in comedy is at least the equal of the famous Frenchwoman; but the latter has a wider range of character in tragedy. In respect of artistic accomplishment, the mere mastery of stage device, there is little to choose between them; but Modjeska, when at her best, is far nearer to nature than Bernhardt ever is,

even if she sometimes fails to make so brilliant a theatrical effect. If Bernhardt has the brilliancy, she has also the coldness and hardness of the diamond; whereas Modjeska, in addition to the resources of her skill, possesses the sympathetic power which stirs the heart. It has been the fashion to name Bernhardt as the first of living actresses, chiefly because she has played so many parts; but in acting it is necessary to look for something more than the perfection of mechanism. This can be acquired by intellectual effort, and is no indication of genius or inspiration. It raises, indeed, something like a presumption in the opposite direction, for genius is impatient of restraint. Clara Morris has greater moments than either

Bernhardt or Modjeska; but as an artist she cannot be named in the same breath with either of them. She has genius, or something very nearly akin to it, and no training. Bernhardt has perfect training, but no genius. Whether Modjeska has genius or not is a question which the reader may decide in his own way, according to his own definition of that much abused term. She has, at least, the power of infusing life into her creations, and of exciting sympathy in their behalf, which is to create an illusion and to fulfill the principal aim of the actor. In this respect, if in no other, she is the superior of Bernhardt, and the public, which knows more about nature than art, will probably give the final verdict in her favor.

J. Ranken Towse.

IN ROME.

SOMETHING there is in Death not all unkind,
 He hath a gentler aspect, looking back;
 For flowers may grow in the dread thunder's track,
 And even the cloud that struck, with light was lined:
 Thus, when the heart is silent, speaks the mind;
 But there are moments when comes rushing, black
 And fierce upon us, the old, awful lack,
 And Death once more is cruel, senseless, blind.

So, when I saw beside a Roman portal
 "In this house died John Keats"—for tears that sprung,
 I could no further read. O bard immortal!
 Not for thy fame's sake,—but so young, so young!
 Such beauty vanished, spilled such priceless wine,
 And quenched such power of deathless song divine!

THE CELESTIAL PASSION.

O WHITE and midnight skies! O starry bath!
 Wash me in thy pure, heavenly, crystal flood;
 Cleanse me, ye stars! from earthly soil and scath,
 Let not one taint remain in spirit or blood!
 Receive my soul, ye burning, awful deeps!
 Touch and baptize me with the mighty power
 That in ye thrills, while the dark planet sleeps,—
 Make me all yours for one blest, secret hour.
 O glittering host! O high celestial choir!
 Silence each tone that with thy music jars—
 Fill me, even as an urn, with thy white fire,
 Till all I am is kindred to the stars.
 Make me thy child, thou infinite, holy night!
 So shall my days be full of heavenly light.

R. W. Gilder

THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS.

SKETCHES FROM A CALIFORNIAN MOUNTAIN.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "New Arabian Nights," "Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes," "An Inland Voyage," etc.

THE scene of these chapters is on a high mountain. There are, indeed, many higher; there are many of a nobler outline. It is no place of pilgrimage for the summary globe-trotter. But to one who lives upon its sides, Mount Saint Helena soon becomes a center of interest. It is the Mont Blanc of one section of the Californian Coast Range, none of its near neighbors rising to one-half its altitude. It looks down on much green, intricate country. It feeds in the spring-time many splashing brooks. From its summit you must have an excellent lesson of geography: seeing to the south San Francisco Bay, with Tamalpais on the one hand and Monte Diablo on the other; to the west and thirty miles away, the open ocean; eastward, across the corn lands and thick tule swamps of Sacramento Valley, to where the Central Pacific Railroad begins to climb the sides of the Sierra; and northward, for what I know, the white head of Shasta looking down on Oregon. Three counties, Napa County, Lake County, and Sonoma County, march across its cliffy shoulders. Its naked peak stands nearly four thousand five hundred feet above the sea. Its sides are fringed with forest, and the soil, where it is bare, glows warm with cin-nabar. Life in its shadow goes rustically forward. Bucks, and bears, and rattlesnakes, and former mining operations are the staple of men's talk. Agriculture has only begun to mount above the valley; and though, in a few years from now, the whole district may be smiling with farms, passing trains shaking the mountain to the heart, many-windowed hotels lighting up the night like factories, and a prosperous city occupying the site of sleepy Calistoga; yet in the meantime, around the feet of that mountain, the silence of nature reigns in great measure unbroken, and the people of hill and valley go sauntering about their business as in the days before the Flood.

To reach Mount Saint Helena from San Francisco, the traveler has twice to cross the bay, once by the busy Oakland Ferry, and again, after an hour or so of the railway, from Vallejo Junction to Vallejo. Thence he takes rail once more to mount the long green strath of Napa Valley.

Early the next morning we mounted the hill along a wooden footway, bridging one marish spot after another. Here and there, as we ascended, we passed a house embowered in white roses. More of the bay became apparent, and soon the blue peak of Tamalpais arose above the green level of the island opposite. It told us we were still but a little way from the city of the Golden Gates, already, at that hour, beginning to awake among the sand hills. It called to us over the waters as with the voice of a bird. Its stately head, blue as a sapphire on the paler azure of the sky, spoke to us of wider outlooks and the bright Pacific. Far Tamalpais stands sentry, like a light-house, over the Golden Gates, between the bay and the open ocean, and looks down indifferently on both. Even as we saw and hailed it from Vallejo, seamen far out at sea were scanning it with shaded eyes; and as if to answer to the thought, one of the great ships below began silently to clothe herself with white sails, homeward bound for England.

For some way beyond Vallejo the railway led us through bald green pastures. On the west, the rough highlands of Marin shut off the ocean; in the midst, in long, straggling, gleaming arms, the bay died out among the grass; there were few trees and few inclosures; the sun shone wide over open uplands, the displumed hills stood clear against the sky. But by and by these hills began to draw nearer on either hand, and first thicket and then wood began to clothe their sides, and soon we were away from all signs of the sea's neighborhood, mounting an inland, irrigated valley. A great variety of oaks stood, now severally, now in a becoming grove, among the fields and vineyards. The towns were compact, in about equal proportions, of bright new wooden houses, and great and growing forest trees; and the chapel bell on the engine sounded most festally that sunny Sunday as we drew up at one green town after another, with the towns-folk trooping in their Sunday's best to see the strangers, with the sun sparkling on the clean houses and great domes of foliage humming overhead in the breeze.

This pleasant Napa Valley is, at its north end, blockaded by our mountain. There, at Calistoga, the railroad ceases; and the trav-

eler who intends faring further, to the geysers or to the springs in Lake County, must cross the spurs of the mountain by stage. Thus, Mount Saint Helena is not only a summit, but a frontier; and, up to the time of writing, it has stayed the progress of the iron horse.

CALISTOGA.

It is difficult for a European to imagine Calistoga; the whole place is so new and of such an occidental pattern: the very name, I hear, was invented at a supper party by the man who found the springs.

The railroad and the highway come up the valley about parallel to one another. The street of Calistoga joins them, perpendicular to both,—a wide street with bright, clean, low houses; here and there a veranda over the sidewalk, here and there a horse-post, here and there lounging towns-folk. Other streets are marked out, and most likely named; for these towns in the New World begin with a firm resolve to grow larger, Washington and Broadway, and then First and Second, and so forth, being boldly plotted out as soon as the community indulges in a plan. But in the meanwhile all the life and most of the houses of Calistoga are concentrated upon that street between the railway station and the road. I never heard it called by any name, but I will hazard a guess that it is either Washington or Broadway. Here are the blacksmith's, the chemist's, the general merchant's, and Kong Sam Kee, the Chinese laundryman's; here, probably, is the office of the local paper (for the place has a paper, they all have papers); and here, certainly, is one of the hotels, Cheeseborough's, whence the daring Foss, a man dear to legend, starts his horses for the geysers.

It must be remembered that we are here in a land of stage-drivers and highwaymen: a land, in that sense, like England a hundred years ago. The highway robber—road-agent he is quaintly called—is still busy in these parts. The fame of Vasquez is still young. Only a few years ago, the Lakeport stage was robbed a mile or two from Calistoga. In 1879, the dentist of Mendocino City, fifty miles away upon the coast, suddenly threw off the garments of his trade, like Grindoff in "The Miller and his Men," and flamed forth in his second dress as a captain of banditti. A great robbery was followed by a long chase, a chase of days if not of weeks, among the intricate hill country; and the chase was followed by much desultory fighting, in which several—and the dentist, I believe, amongst the number—bit the dust. The grass was springing, for the first time, nourished upon their

blood, when I arrived in Calistoga. I am reminded of another highwayman of that same year. "He had been unwell," so ran his humorous defense, "and the doctor told him to take something; so he took the express box."

The cultus of the stage-coachman always flourishes highest where there are thieves on the road and where the guard travels armed, and the stage is not only a link between country and city and the vehicle of news, but has a faint wayfaring aroma, like a man who should be brother to a soldier. California boasts her famous stage-drivers; and among the famous, Foss is not forgotten. Along the unfenced, abominable mountain roads, he launches his team with small regard to human life or the doctrine of probabilities. Flinching travelers, who behold themselves coasting eternity at every corner, look with natural admiration at their driver's huge, impassive, fleshy countenance. He has the very face for the driver in Sam Weller's anecdote, who upset the election party at the required point. Wonderful tales are current of his readiness and skill. One, in particular, of how one of his horses fell at a ticklish passage of the road, and how Foss let slip the reins, and, driving over the fallen animal, arrived at the next stage with only three. This I relate as I heard it, without guarantee.

I only saw Foss once, though, strange as it may sound, I have twice talked with him. He lives out of Calistoga at a ranch called Fossville. One evening, after he was long gone home, I dropped into Cheeseborough's, and was asked if I should like to speak with Mr. Foss. Supposing that the interview was impossible, and that I was merely called upon to subscribe the general sentiment, I boldly answered yes. Next moment, I had one instrument at my ear, another at my mouth, and found myself, with nothing in the world to say, conversing with a man several miles off among desolate hills. Foss rapidly and somewhat plaintively brought the conversation to an end; and he returned to his night's grog at Fossville, while I strolled forth again on Calistoga high street. But it was an odd thing that here, on what we are accustomed to consider the very skirts of civilization, I should have used the telephone for the first time in my civilized career. So it goes in these young countries: telephones and telegraphs, and newspapers and advertisements, running far ahead among the Indians and the grizzly bears.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

WE drove off from the Springs Hotel about three in the afternoon. The sun

warmed me to the heart. A broad, cool wind streamed pauselessly down the valley, laden with perfume. Up at the top stood Mount Saint Helena, a great bulk of mountain, bare atop, with tree-fringed spurs, and radiating warmth. Once, we saw it framed in a grove of tall and exquisitely graceful white-oaks; in line and color a finished composition. We passed a cow stretched by the road-side, her bell slowly beating time to the movement of her ruminating jaws, her big, red face crawled over by half a dozen flies, a monument of content.

A little further, and we struck to the left up a mountain road, and for two hours threaded one valley after another, green, tangled, full of noble timber, giving us every now and again a sight of Mount Saint Helena and the blue, hilly distance, and crossed by many streams, through which we splashed to the carriage step. To the right or the left, there was scarce any trace of man but the road we followed; I think we passed but one ranch in the whole distance, and that was closed and smokeless. But we had the society of these bright streams, dazzlingly clear, as is their wont, splashing from the wheels in diamonds, and striking a lively coolness through the sunshine. And what, with the innumerable variety of greens, the masses of foliage tossing in the breeze, the glimpses of distance, the descents into seemingly impenetrable thickets, the continual dodging of the road, which made haste to plunge again into the covert, we had a fine sense of woods, and spring-time, and the open air.

Our driver gave me a lecture by the way on Californian trees: a thing I was much in need of, having fallen among painters who knew the name of nothing, and Mexicans who knew the name of nothing in English. He taught me the *madrona*, the *manzanita*, the *buckeye*, the *maple*; he showed me the crested mountain quail; he showed me where some young redwoods were already spiring heavenward from the ruins of the old; for in this district all had already perished—redwoods and redskins,—the two noblest indigenous living things alike condemned.

At length, in a lonely dell, we came on a huge wooden gate, with a sign upon it like an inn. "The Petrified Forest; proprietor, C. Evans," ran the legend. Within, on a knoll of sward, was the house of the proprietor, and another smaller house hard by to serve as a museum, where photographs and petrifications were retailed. It was a pure little isle of touistry among these solitary hills.

The proprietor was a brave, old, white-faced Swede. He had wandered this way, Heaven knows how, and taken up his acres, I forget

how many years ago, all alone, bent double with sciatica, and with six bits in his pocket and an axe upon his shoulder. Long, useless years of sea-faring had thus discharged him at the end, penniless and sick. Without doubt, he had tried his luck at the diggings, and got no good from that; without doubt, he had loved the bottle, and lived the life of Jack ashore. But at the end of these adventures, here he came; and the place hitting his fancy, down he sat to make a new life of it, far from crimps and the salt sea. And the very sight of his ranch had done him good. It was "the handsomest spot in the Californy mountains,"—"Isn't it handsome, now?"—he said. Every penny he makes goes into that ranch to make it handsomer. Then the climate, with the sea breeze every afternoon in the hottest summer weather, had gradually cured the sciatica; and his sister and a niece were now domesticated with him for company; or rather the niece came only once in the two days, teaching music meanwhile in the valley. And then, for a last piece of luck, the handsomest spot in the "Californy" mountains had produced a petrified forest, which Mr. Evans now shows at the modest figure of half a dollar a head, or two-thirds of his capital when he first came there with an axe and a sciatica.

This tardy favorite of fortune, hobbling a little, I think, as if in memory of the sciatica, but with not a trace that I can remember of the sea, thoroughly ruralized from head to foot, proceeded to escort us up the hill behind his house.

"Who first found the forest?" asked my wife.

"The first? I was that man," said he. "I was cleaning up the pasture for my beasts, when I found *this*"—kicking a great redwood, seven feet in diameter, that lay there on its side, hollow heart, clinging lumps of bark, all changed into gray stone with veins of quartz between what had been the layers of the wood.

"Were you surprised?"

"Surprised? No! What would I be surprised about? What did I know about petrifications—following the sea? Petrification! There was no such word in my language. I thought it was a stone; so would you, if you was cleaning up pasture."

And now he had a theory of his own, which I did not quite grasp, except that the trees had not "grewed" there. But he mentioned, with evident pride, that he differed from all the scientific people who had visited the spot; and he flung about such words as *tufa* and *silica* with irreverent freedom.

When I mentioned I was from Scotland,

—“My old country,” he said; “my old country,” with a smiling look and a tone of real affection in his voice. I was mightily surprised, for he was obviously Scandinavian, and begged him to explain. It seemed he had learned his English and done nearly all his sailing in Scotch ships “out of Glasgow,” said he, or Greenock, but that’s all the same; they all hail from Glasgow; and he was so pleased with me for being a Scotchman and his adopted compatriot that he made me a present of a very beautiful piece of petrification, I believe the most beautiful and portable he had.

Here was a man at least, who was a Swede, a Scot, and an American, acknowledging some kind of allegiance to three lands. Mr. Wallace’s Scoto-Circassian will not fail to come before the reader. I have, myself, met and spoken with a Fifeshire German, whose combination of abominable accents struck me dumb. But, indeed, I think we all belong to many countries. And perhaps this habit of much travel, and the engendering of scattered friendships, may prepare the euthanasia of ancient nations. And the forest itself? Well, on a tangled, briery hill-side (for the pasture would bear a little farther cleaning up, to my eyes) there lie scattered thickly various lengths of petrified trunk such as the one already mentioned. It is very curious, of course, and ancient enough if that were all. Doubtless, the heart of the geologist beats quicker at the sight; but for my part, I was mightily unmoved. Sight-seeing is the art of disappointment.

“There’s nothing under heaven so blue
That’s fairly worth the traveling to.”

But, fortunately, Heaven rewards us with many agreeable prospects and adventures by the way, and sometimes, when we go out to see a petrified forest, prepares a far more delightful curiosity in the form of Mr. Evans; whom may all prosperity attend throughout a long and green old age.

THE SCOT ABROAD.

I WROTE that a man belonged, in these days, to a variety of countries; but the old land is still the true love, the others are but pleasant infidelities. I task myself in vain to think what it is that makes up Scotland. Insurmountable differences of race divide us. Two languages, many dialects, many religions, many local patriotisms and prejudices split us among ourselves more widely than the extreme East and West of that great continent of America. When I am at home, I

feel a man from Glasgow to be something like a rival, a man from Barra to be more than half a foreigner. Yet let us meet in some far country, and whether we hail from the braes of Manar or the braes of Mar, some ready-made affection joins us on the instant. It is not race. Look at us. One is Norse, one Celtic, and another Saxon. It is not community of tongue. We have it not among ourselves; and we have it, almost to perfection, with English or Irish or American. It is no tie of faith, for we hate each other’s errors. And yet somewhere, deep down in the heart of each one of us, something yearns for the old land and the old, kindly people.

Of all mysteries of the human heart, I think this bears the bell. There is no special loveliness in that grim, gray land, with its rainy, sea-beat archipelago; its fields of dark mountains; its unsightly places black with coal; its treeless, sour, unfriendly-looking corn lands; its quaint, gray, castled city, where the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls and the salt showers fly and beat. I do not even know if I desire to live there; but let me hear, in some far land, a kindred voice sing out: “Oh, why left I my hame?” and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, can repay me for my absence from my country. And though, I think, I would rather die elsewhere, yet in my heart of hearts I long to be buried among good Scots clods. I will say it fairly,—it grows on me with every year,—there are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street lamps. When I forget thee, auld Reekie, may my right hand forget its cunning!

The happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotchman. You must pay for it in many ways, as for all other advantages on earth; you have to learn the paraphrases and the shorter catechism; you generally take to drink; your youth, as far as I can find out, is a time of louder war against society, of more outcry and tears and turmoil, than if you had been born, for instance, in England. But somehow, life is warmer and closer; the hearth burns more redly; the lights of home shine softer on the rainy street. The very names, endeared in verse and music, cling nearer around our hearts. An Englishman may meet an Englishman to-morrow upon Chimborazo, and neither of them care; but when McEckron, the Scotch wine-grower, told me of Mons Meg, it was like magic.

“From the dim shieling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and a world of seas;
Yet still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland;
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides.”

And Highland and Lowland, all our hearts are Scotch.

Only a few days after I had seen McEckron, a message reached me in my cottage. It was a Scotchman who had come down a long way from the hills to market. He had heard there was a countryman in Calistoga, and came round to the hotel to see him. We said a few words to each other; we had not much to say—should never have seen each other had we staid at home, separated alike in space and in society; and then we shook hands, and he went his way again to his ranch among the hills. That was all.

Another Scotchman there was, a resident, who for the mere love of the common country,—douce, serious, religious man,—drove me all about the valley and took as much interest in me as if I had been his son: more, perhaps; for the son has faults too keenly felt, while the abstract countryman is perfect—like a whiff of peats.

And there was yet another. Upon him I came suddenly as he was calmly entering my cottage, his mind quite evidently bent on plunder: a man of about fifty, filthy, ragged, roguish, with a chinney-pot hat and a tail coat, and a pursing of his mouth that might have been envied by an elder of the kirk. He had just such a face as I have seen a dozen times behind the plate.

"Hullo, sir!" I cried. "Where are you going?"

He turned round without a quiver.

"You're a Scotchman, sir?" he said, gravely. "So am I. I come from Aberdeen. This is my card," presenting me with a piece of pasteboard which he had raked out of some gutter in the period of the rains. "I was just examining this palm," he continued, indicating the misbegotten plant before our door, "which is the largest specimen I have yet observed in California."

There were four or five larger within sight, but where was the use of argument? He produced a tape-line, made me help him to measure the tree at the level of the ground, and entered the figures in a large and filthy pocket-book: all with the gravity of Solomon. He then thanked me profusely, remarking that such little services were due between countrymen, shook hands with me "for auld lang syne," as he said, and took himself solemnly away, radiating dirt and humbug as he went.

A more impudent rascal I have never seen; and, had he been American, I should have ragged. But then—he came from Aberdeen.

A month or two after this encounter of mine there came a Scot to Sacramento—perhaps from Aberdeen. Anyway, there never

was any one more Scotch in this wide world. He could sing and dance and drink, I presume, and he played the pipes with vigor and success. All the Scotch in Sacramento became infatuated with him, and spent their spare time and money driving him about in an open cab, between drinks, while he blew himself scarlet at the pipes. This is a very sad story. The piper must have been a relation of my friend with the tape; or else the devil in person; for after he had borrowed money from everybody all round, he and his pipes suddenly disappeared from Sacramento, and, when I last heard, the police were looking for him.

I cannot say how this story amused me, when I felt myself so thoroughly ripe on both sides to be duped in the same way.

It is at least a curious thing, to conclude, that the races which wander widest, Jews and Scotch, should be the most clannish in the world. But perhaps these two are cause and effect. "For ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

MR. KELMAR.

ONE thing in this new country very particularly strikes a stranger, and that is the number of antiquities. Already there have been many cycles of population succeeding each other and passing away and leaving behind them relics. These, standing on into changed times, strike the imagination as forcibly as any pyramid or feudal tower. The towns, like the vineyards, are experimentally founded; they grow great and prosper by passing occasions; and when the lode comes to an end, and the miners move elsewhere, the town remains behind them, like Palmyra in the desert. I suppose there are in no country in the world so many deserted towns as here in California.

The whole neighborhood of Mount Saint Helena, now so quiet and rural, was once alive with mining camps and villages: here there would be two thousand souls under canvas, there a thousand or fifteen hundred ensconced, as if forever, in a town of comfortable houses; but the luck had failed, the mines petered out, the army of miners had departed, and left this quarter of the world to the rattlesnakes and deer and grizzlies and to the slower but steadier advance of husbandry.

It was with an eye on one of these deserted places, Pine Flat, on the geysers road, that we had come first to Calistoga. There is something singularly enticing in the idea of going, rent-free, into a ready-made house; and to the British merchant, sitting at home at ease, it may appear that, with such a roof

over your head and a spring of clear water hard by, the whole problem of the squatter's existence would be settled. Food, however, has yet to be considered. I will go as far as most people on tinned meats; and some of the brightest moments of my life were passed over tinned mullagatawny in the cabin of a sixteen-ton schooner, storm-staid in Port-ree Bay; but after suitable experiments, I pronounce authoritatively that man cannot live by tins alone. Fresh meat must be had on an occasion. It is true that the great Foss, driving by along the geysers road, wooden-faced, but glorified with legend, might have been induced to bring us meat; but the great Foss could hardly bring us milk. To take a cow would have involved taking a field of grass and a milkmaid. After which it would have been hardly worth while to pause, and we might have added to our colony a flock of sheep and an experienced butcher.

Now my principal adviser in this matter was one whom I will call Kelmar. That was not what he called himself; but as soon as I set eyes on him, I knew it was or ought to be his name. Kelmar was the store-keeper, a Russian Jew, good-natured, in a very thriving way of business, and on equal terms one of the most serviceable of men. He also had something of the expression of a Scotch country elder who, by some peculiarity, should chance to be a Hebrew. He had a projecting under-lip, with which he continually smiled, or rather smirked. Mrs. Kelmar was a singularly kind woman; and the oldest son had quite a dark and romantic bearing, and might be heard on summer evenings playing sentimental airs on the violin.

I had no idea, at the time I made his acquaintance, what an important person Kelmar was. I believe, even from the little I saw, that Kelmar, if he chose to put on the screw, could send half the farmers packing in a radius of seven or eight miles round Calistoga. These are continually paying him, but are never suffered to get out of debt; he palms dull goods upon them, for they dare not refuse to buy; he goes and dines with them when he is on an outing, and no man is louder welcomed; he is their family friend, the director of their business, and, to a degree elsewhere unknown in modern days, their king.

For some reason Kelmar always shook his head at the mention of Pine Flat; and for some days I thought he disapproved of the whole scheme, and was proportionately angry. One fine morning, however, he met me, wreathed in smiles. He had found the very place for me: Silverado, another old mining town, right up the mountain; Rufe Hanson, the hunter,

could take care of us—fine people the Hansons; we should be close to the Toll House, where the Lakeport stage called daily; it was the best place for my health besides—Rufe had been consumptive, and was now quite a strong man—aint it? In short, the place and all its accompaniments seemed made for us on purpose.

He took me to his backdoor, whence, as from every point of Calistoga, Mount Saint Helena could be seen towering in the air. There, in the nick, just where the eastern foot-hills joined the mountain, and she herself began to rise above the zone of forest—there was Silverado. The name had already pleased me; the high station pleased me still more. I began to inquire with some eagerness. It was but a little while ago that Silverado was a *great* place; the mine, a silver mine, of course, had promised *great* things; there was quite a lively population, with several hotels and boarding-houses; and Kelmar himself had opened a branch store, and done extremely well. "Aint it?" he said, appealing to his wife. And she said "Yes, extremely well." Now there was no one living in the town but Rufe, the hunter; and once more I heard Rufe's praises by the yard, and this time sung in chorus.

I could not help perceiving at the time that there was something underneath, and that it was not an unmixed desire to have us comfortably settled which inspired the Kelmar family with this unusual eloquence. But I was impatient to be gone, to be about my kingly project; and when the Kelmars offered my wife and me a seat in their conveyance, I accepted on the spot. The plan of their next Sunday's outing took them, by good fortune, over the border into Lake County. They would carry us so far, drop us at the Toll House, present us to the Hansons, and call for us again on Monday morning early.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SILVERADO.

WE were to leave by six precisely. That was solemnly pledged on both sides, and a messenger came to us the last thing at night, to remind us of the hour. But it was eight before we got clear of Calistoga: Kelmar, Mrs. Kelmar, a friend of theirs, whom we named Abramina, her little daughter, my wife, myself, and, stowed away behind us, a cluster of ship's coffee-kettles. These last were highly ornamental in the sheen of their bright tin, but I could invent no reason for their presence. Our carriageful reckoned up, as near as we could get it, some three hundred years to the six of us. Four of the six,

besides, were Hebrews. But I never, in all my life, was conscious of so strong an atmosphere of holiday. No word was spoken but of pleasure; and even when we drove in silence, nods and smiles went round the party like refreshments.

The sun shone out of a cloudless sky. Close at the zenith rode the belated moon, still clearly visible and, along one margin, even bright. The wind blew a gale from the north; the trees roared, the corn and the deep grass in the valley fled in whitening surges; the dust towered into the air along the road and dispersed like the smoke of battle. It was clear in our teeth from the first, and, for all the windings of the road, it managed to keep clear in our teeth until the end.

For some two miles we rattled through the valley, skirting the eastern foot-hills; then we struck off to the right, through bough-land; and presently, crossing a dry water-course, entered the Toll road, or, to be more local, entered on "the grade." The road mounts the near shoulder of Mount Saint Helena, bound northward into Lake County. It is a private speculation, and must have cost a pretty penny to make, nor has it yet done costing. In one place, it skirts along the edge of a narrow and deep cañon filled with trees; and I was glad, indeed, not to be driven at this point by the dashing Foss. Kelmar, with his unvarying smile, jogging to the motion of the trap, drove for all the world like a good, plain country clergyman at home; and I thought that style the most suitable for the occasion.

Vineyards and deep meadows, islanded and framed with thicket, gave place more and more, as we ascended, to woods of oak and madrona, dotted with enormous pines. It was these pines, as they shot above the lower wood, that produced that penciling of single trees I had so often remarked from the valley. The oak is no baby; even the madrona, upon these spurs of Mount Saint Helena, comes to a fine bulk and ranks among forest trees; but the pines look down upon the rest for underwood. As Mount Saint Helena among her foot-hills, so these dark giants outtop their fellow vegetables. Alas, if they had left the redwoods, the pines, in turn, would have been dwarfed. But the redwoods, fallen from their high estate, are serving as family bedsteads, or yet more humbly as field-fences along all Napa Valley.

A rough smack of resin was in the air, and a crystal mountain purity. It came pouring over these green slopes by the oceanful. The woods sang aloud, and gave largely of their healthful breath. Gladness seemed to inhabit these upper zones, and we had left indiffer-

ence behind us in the valley. I to the hills will lift mine eyes! There are days in a life when thus to climb out of the lowlands seems like scaling heaven.

Some way beyond the cañon, there stands a white house, with *Saloon* painted on it, and a horse-trough with a spray of diamond water. On the other side of the road, we could see a few brown houses dotted in the bottom of the dell, and a great brown mill big as a factory, two stories high, and with tanks and ladders along the roof. This was Silverado mill and mill town: Lower Silverado, if you like; now long deserted and yielded up to squatters. Even the saloon was a saloon no longer; only its tenant, old Wash, kept up the character of the place by the amount and strength of his potatoes.

As we continued to ascend, the wind fell upon us with increasing strength. It was a wonder how the two stout horses managed to pull us up that steep incline and still face the athletic opposition of the wind, or how their great eyes were able to endure the dust. Ten minutes after we went by, a tree fell, blocking the road; and even before us, leaves were thickly strewn, and boughs had fallen, large enough to make the passage difficult. But now we were hard by the summit. The road crosses the ridge, just in the nick that Kelmar showed me from below, and then, without pause, plunges down a deep, thickly wooded glen on the farther side. At the highest point, a trail strikes up the main hill to the leftward; and that leads to Silverado. A hundred yards beyond, and in a kind of elbow of the glen, stands the Toll House Hotel. We came up the one side, were caught upon the summit by the whole weight of the wind as it poured over into Napa Valley, and a minute after had drawn up in shelter, but all buffeted and breathless, at the Toll House door.

A water-tank, and stables, and a gray house of two stories, with gable ends and a veranda, are jammed hard against the hill-side, just where a stream has cut for itself a narrow cañon, filled with pines. The pines go right up overhead; a little more, and the stream might have played, like a fire-hose, on the Toll House roof. In front, the ground drops as sharply as it rises behind. There is just room for the road and a sort of promontory of croquet-ground, and then you can lean over the edge and look deep below you through the wood. I said *croquet-ground*, not *green*; for the surface was of brown, beaten earth. The toll-bar itself was the only other note of originality: a long beam, turning on a post, and kept slightly horizontal by a counter-weight of stones. Regularly about sundown this rude barrier was swung, like a

derrick, across the road and made fast, I think, to a tree on the other side.

On our arrival, there followed a gay scene in the bar. I was presented to Mr. Corwin, the landlord; to Mr. Jennings, the engineer, who lives there for his health; to Mr. Hoddy, a most pleasant little gentleman, once a member of the Ohio Legislature, again the editor of a local paper, and now, with undiminished dignity, keeping the Toll House bar. I had a number of drinks and cigars bestowed on me, and enjoyed a famous opportunity of seeing Kelmar in his glory, friendly, radiant, smiling, steadily edging one of the ship's kettles on the reluctant Mr. Corwin. Corwin, plainly aghast, resisted gallantly, and for that bout victory crowned his arms.

At last we set forth for Silverado on foot. Kelmar and his jolly Jew girls were full of the sentiment of Sunday outings, and breathed geniality and vagueness. Kelmar suffered a little vile boy from the hotel to lead him here and there about the woods, without even explaining where he wished to go. So long as he might now and then draw up and descant upon the scenery, to get his wind again, it was identically the same to that Ebrew Jew whether we ever arrived anywhere or not.

For three people, all so old, so bulky in body, and belonging to a race so venerable, they could not but surprise us by their extreme and almost imbecile youthfulness of spirit. They were only going to stay ten minutes at the Toll House; had they not twenty long miles of road before them on the other side? Stay to dinner? Not they! Put up the horses? Never; let us attach them to the veranda by a wisp of straw rope, such as would not have held a person's hat that blustering day. And with all these protestations of hurry, they proved irresponsible, like children. Kelmar himself, shrewd old Russian Jew, with a smirk that seemed just to have concluded a bargain to its satisfaction, intrusted himself and us devoutly to that boy. Yet the boy was patently fallacious; and for that matter, a most unsympathetic urchin, raised apparently on gingerbread. He was bent on his own pleasure, nothing else, and Kelmar followed him to his ruin, with the same shrewd smirk. If the boy said there was "a hole there in the hill,"—a hole, pure and simple, neither more nor less,—Kelmar and his Jew girls would follow him a hundred yards to look complacently down that hole. For two hours we looked for houses, and for two hours they followed us, smelling trees, picking flowers, foisting false botany on the unwary; had we taken five, with that vile lad to lead them off on meaningless divagations, for five they would have smiled and stumbled through the woods.

However, we came forth at length upon a lawn, sparse-planted, like an orchard, but with forest instead of fruit trees. And that was the site of Silverado mining town. There was a piece of ground leveled up where Kelmar's store had been; and there was Rufe Hanson's house, still bearing on its front the legend, "Silverado Hotel." Not another sign of habitation. Silverado town had all been carted from the scene; one of the houses was now the school-house far down the road; one was gone here, one there, but all were gone away. It was now a sylvan solitude, and the silence was unbroken but by the great, vague voice of the wind. Some days before our visit, a cinnamon bear had been sporting around the Hanson's chicken-house.

Mrs. Hanson was at home alone, we found. Rufe had been out late after a "bar," had risen late, and was now gone, it did not clearly appear whither. Perhaps he had had wind of Kelmar's coming, and was now ensconced among the underwood, or watching us from the shoulder of the mountain. We, hearing there were no houses to be had, were for immediately giving up all hopes of Silverado. But this, somehow, was not to Kelmar's fancy. He first proposed that we should "camp someveres around, aint it?" waving his hand cheerily as though to weave a spell; and when that was firmly rejected, he decided that we must take up house with the Hansons. Mrs. Hanson had been, from the first, flustered, subdued, and a little pale; but from this proposition she recoiled with haggard indignation. So did we, who would have preferred, in a manner of speaking, death. But Kelmar was not to be put by. He edged Mrs. Hanson into a corner, where for a long time he threatened her with his forefinger, like a character in Dickens; and the poor woman, driven to her entrenchments, at last remembered with a shriek that there were still some houses at the tunnel.

Thither we went; the Jews, who should already have been miles into Lake County, still cheerily accompanying us. For about a furlong we followed a good road along the hill-side through the forest, until suddenly that road widened out and came abruptly to an end. A cañon, woody below, red, rocky, and naked overhead, was here walled across by a dump of rolling stones, dangerously steep, and from twenty to thirty feet in height. A rusty iron chute, on wooden legs, came flying, like a monstrous gargoyle, across the parapet. It was down this that they poured the precious ore; and below here, the carts stood to wait their lading, and carry it millward down the mountain.

The whole cañon was so entirely blocked, as if by some rude guerrilla fortification, that

we could only mount by lengths of wooden ladder, fixed in the hill-side. These led us round the further corner of the clump; and when they were at an end, we still persevered, over loose rubble and wading deep in poison oak, till we struck a triangular platform, filling up the whole glen, and shut in, on either hand, by bold projections of the mountain. Only in front the place was open like the proscenium of a theater, and we looked forth into a great realm of air, and down upon tree-tops and hill-tops, and far and near on wild and varied country. The place still stood as on the day it was deserted; a line of iron rails with a bifurcation, a truck in working order, a world of lumber, old wood, old iron; a blacksmith's forge on one side, half buried in the leaves of dwarf madronas; and on the other, an old brown wooden house.

Fanny and I dashed at the house. It consisted of three rooms, and was so plastered against the hill, that one room was right atop of another, that the upper floor was more than twice as large as the lower, and that all three apartments must be entered from a different side and level. Not a window-sash remained. The door of the lower room was smashed, and one panel hung in splinters. We entered it, and found a fair amount of lumber; sand and gravel that had been sifted in there by the mountain winds; straw, sticks and stones; a table, a barrel, a plate-rack on the wall; two home-made boot-jacks—signs of miners and their boots; and a pair of papers pinned on the boarding, headed respectively "Funnel No. 1" and "Funnel No. 2," but with the tails torn away. The window, sashless, of course, was choked with the green and sweetly smelling foliage of a bay; and through a chink in the floor, a spray of poison-oak had shot up, and was handsomely prospering in the interior. It was my first care to cut away that poison-oak, Fanny standing by at a respectful distance. That was our first improvement by which we took possession.

The room immediately above could only be entered by a plank propped against the threshold, along which the intruder must foot it gingerly, clutching for support to sprays of poison-oak, the proper product of the country. Herein was, on either hand, a triple tier of beds, where miners had once lain; and the other gable was pierced by a sashless window and a doorless door-way opening on the air of heaven, five feet above the ground. As for the third room, which entered squarely from the ground-level, only higher up the hill and further up the cañon, it contained only rubbish and the uprights for another triple tier of beds.

The whole building was overhung by a bold,

lion-like, red rock. Poison-oak, sweet bay-trees, calcanthus, brush and chaparral grew freely but sparsely all about it. In front, in the strong sunshine, the platform lay overstrewn with busy litter, as though the labors of the mine might begin again to-morrow in the morning.

Following back into the cañon, among the mass of rotting plant and through the flowering bushes, we came to a great crazy staging, with a windlass on the top; and clambering up, we could look into an open shaft, leading edgeways down into the bowels of the mountain, trickling with water, and lit by some stray sun-gleams, whence I know not. In that quiet place, the still, far-away tinkle of the water drops was loudly audible. Close by, another shaft led edgeways up into the superincumbent shoulder of the hill. It lay partly open, and, sixty or a hundred feet above our head, we could see the strata propped apart by solid wooden wedges, and a pine, half undermined, precariously nodding on the verge. Here also a rugged horizontal tunnel ran to I know not what depth. This secure angle in the mountain's flank was, even on this wild day, as still as my lady's chamber. But in the tunnel a cold, wet draught tempestuously blew. Nor have I ever known that place otherwise than cold and windy.

A little way back from there, some clear cold water lay in a pool at the foot of a choked trough; and forty or fifty feet higher up, through a thick jungle and hard by another house where Chinamen had slept in the days of the prosperity of Silverado, we were shown the intake of the pipe and the same bright water welling from its spring.

Such was our first prospect of Juan Silverado. I own I had looked for something different—a clique of neighborly houses on a village green, we shall say, all empty to be sure, but swept and varnished; a trout-stream brawling by; great elms or chestnuts, humming with bees and nested in by song-birds; and the mountains standing round about, as at Jerusalem. Here, mountain and house and the old tools of industry were all alike rusty and downfalling. The hill was here wedged up, and there poured forth its bowels in a spout of broken mineral; man, with his picks and powder, and nature, with her own great blasting tools of sun and rain, laboring together at the ruin of that proud mountain. The view of the cañon was a glimpse of devastation; dry red minerals sliding together, here and there a crag, here and there dwarf thicket clinging in the general glissade, and over all a broken outline trenching on the blue of heaven. Downward, indeed, from our rock eyrie we beheld the greener side of nature; and the bearing of the pines and the sweet smell

of bays and nutmegs commended themselves gratefully to our senses. One way and another, now the die was cast. Silverado be it!

After we had got back to the Toll House the Jews were not long of striking forward. But I observed that one of the Hanson lads came down before their departure and returned with a ship's kettle. Happy Hansons! Nor was it until after Kelmar was gone, if I remember rightly, that Rufe put in an appearance to arrange the details of our installation.

The latter part of the day Fanny and I sat in the veranda of the Toll House, utterly stunned by the uproar of the wind among the trees on the other side of the valley. Sometimes, we would have it, it was like a sea; but it was not various enough for that. And, again, we thought it like the roar of a cataract, but it was too changeful for the cataract; and then we would decide, speaking in sleepy voices, that it could be compared with nothing but itself. My mind was entirely preoccupied by the noise. I hearkened to it by the hour, gapingly hearkened, and let my cigarette go out. Sometimes the wind would make a sally nearer hand, and send a shrill, whistling crash among the foliage on our side of the glen; and sometimes a back-draught would strike into the elbow where we sat and cast the gravel and torn leaves into our faces. But, for the most part, this great, streaming gale passed unweariedly by us into Napa Valley, not two hundred yards away, visible by the tossing boughs, stunningly audible, and yet not moving a hair upon our heads. So it blew all night long while I was writing up my journal and after we were in bed, under a cloudless, star-set heaven; and so it was blowing still next morning when we rose.

It was a laughable thought to us what had become of our cheerful, wandering Hebrews. We could not suppose they had reached a destination. The meanest boy could lead them miles out of their way to see a gopher-hole. Boys, we felt to be their special danger. None others were of that exact pitch of cheerful irrelevancy to exercise a kindred sway upon their minds; but before the attractions of a boy, their most settled resolutions would be as wax. We thought we could follow in fancy these three aged Hebrew truants, wandering in and out on hill-top and in thicket, a demon boy trotting far ahead, their will-o'-the-wisp conductor; and at last, about midnight, the wind still roaring in the darkness, we had a vision of all three on their knees upon a mountain-top around a glow-worm.

Next morning we were up by half-past five, according to agreement; and it was ten by the clock before our Jew boys returned to pick us up: Kelmar, Mrs. Kelmar, and Abra-

mina, all smiling from ear to ear, and full of tales of the hospitality they had found on the other side. It had not gone unrewarded; for I observed with interest that the ship's kettles, all but one, had been "placed." Three Lake County families, at least, endowed for life with a ship's kettle: come, this was no mis-spent Sunday. The absence of the kettles told its own story.

Take them for all in all, few people have done my heart more good. They seemed so thoroughly entitled to happiness, and to enjoy it in so large a measure and so free from after-thought. Almost they persuaded me to be a Jew. There was, indeed, a chink of money in their talk. They particularly commended people who were well to do. "*He* don't care, aint it?" was their highest word of commendation to an individual fate; and here I seem to grasp the root of their philosophy. It was to be free from care, to be free to make these Sunday wanderings, that they so eagerly pursued after wealth; and all their carefulness was to be careless. The fine good humor of all three seemed to declare they had attained their end.

So ended our excursion with the village usurers; and now that it was done, we had no more idea of the nature of the business, nor of the part we had been playing in it, than the child unborn. That all the people we had met were the slaves of Kelmar, though in various degrees of servitude; that we ourselves had been sent up the mountain in the interests of none but Kelmar; that the money we laid out, dollar by dollar, cent by cent, and through the hands of various intermediaries, should all hop ultimately into Kelmar's till—these were facts that we only grew to recognize in the course of time and by the accumulation of evidence.

THE ACT OF SQUATTING.

THERE were four of us squatters, myself and my wife, the King and Queen of Silverado; Sam, the Crown Prince; and Chuchu, the Grand Duke. Chuchu, a setter crossed with spaniel, was the most unsuited for a rough life. He had been nurtured tenderly in the society of ladies. His heart was large and soft. He regarded the sofa-cushion as a bed-rock necessary of existence. Though about the size of a sheep, he loved to sit in ladies' laps. He never said a bad word in all his blameless days; and if he had seen a flute, I am sure he could have played upon it by nature. It may seem hard to say it of adog, but Chuchu was a tame cat.

The King and Queen, the Grand Duke, and a basket of cold provender for immediate

use, set forth from Calistoga in a double buggy; the Crown Prince, on horseback, led the way like an outrider. Bags and boxes and a second-hand stove were to follow close upon our heels by Hanson's team. It was a beautiful still day. The sky was one field of azure. Not a leaf moved, not a speck appeared in heaven. Only from the summit of the mountain one little snowy wisp of cloud after another kept detaching itself, like smoke from a volcano, and blowing southward in some high stream of air, Mount Saint Helena still at her interminable task, making the weather, like a Lapland witch.

By noon we had come in sight of the mill, which, as a pendicle of Silverado mine, we held to be an outlying province of our own. Thither, then, we went, crossing the valley by a grassy trail, and there lunched out of the basket, sitting in a kind of portico and wondering, while we ate, at this great bulk of useless building. Through a chink we could look far down into the interior and see sunbeams floating in the dust and striking on tier after tier of silent, rusty machinery. It cost six thousand dollars, twelve hundred English sovereigns; and now here it stands, deserted, like the temple of a forgotten religion, the busy millers toiling somewhere else. All the time we were there, mill and mill town showed no sign of life. That part of the mountain-side, which is very open and green, was tenanted by no living creature but ourselves and the insects; and nothing stirred but the cloud manufactory upon the mountain summit. It was odd to compare this with the former days, when the engine was in full blast, the mill palpitating to its strokes, and the carts came rattling down from Silverado charged with ore.

By two we had been landed at the mine, the buggy was gone again, and we were left to our own reflections and the basket of cold provender until Hanson should arrive. Hot as it was by the sun, there was something chill in such a home-coming, in that world of wreck and rust, splinter and rolling gravel, where, for so many years, no fire had smoked.

Silverado platform filled the whole width of a cañon. Above, as I have said, this was a wild, red, stony gully in the mountains. But below, it was a woody dingle, and through this I was told there had gone a path between the mine and the Toll House, our natural north-west passage to civilization. I found and followed it, clearing my way as I went through fallen branches and dead trees. It went straight down that steep cañon till it brought you out abruptly over the roofs of the hotel. There was nowhere any break in the descent. It almost seemed as if, were you to drop a stone down the old iron chute at our

platform, it would never rest until it hopped upon the Toll House shingles. The whole ravine is choked with madrona and low brush; thence spring great old pines, and, high as are the banks, plant their black spires against the sky. Signs were not wanting of the ancient greatness of Silverado. The foot-path was well marked, and had been well trodden in the old days by thirsty miners. And far down, buried in foliage, deep out of sight of Silverado, I came on a last outpost of the mine, a mound of gravel, some wreck of a wooden aqueduct, and the mouth of a tunnel, like a treasure grotto in a fairy story. A stream of water, fed by the invisible leakage from our shaft, and dyed red with cinnabar or iron, ran trippingly forth out of the bowels of the cave; and, looking far under the arch, I could see something like an iron lantern fastened on the rocky wall. It was a promising spot for the imagination. No boy could have left it unexplored.

The stream thenceforward stoie along the bottom of the dingle, and made, for that dry land, a pleasant warbling in the leaves. Once, I suppose, it ran splashing down the whole length of the cañon; but now its head-waters had been tapped by the shaft at Silverado, and for a great part of its course it wandered sunless among the joints of the mountain. No wonder that it should better its pace when it sees, far before it, daylight whitening in the arch; or that it should come trotting forth into the sunlight with a song.

The two stages had gone by when I got down; and the Toll House stood dozing in sun and dust and silence, like a place enchanted. My mission was after hay for bedding; and that I was readily promised. But when I mentioned that we were waiting for Rufe, the people shook their heads. Rufe was not a regular man, anyway, it seemed; and if he got playing poker—well, poker was too many for Rufe. I had not yet heard them bracketed together; but it seemed a natural conjunction, and commended itself swiftly to my fears; and as soon as I returned to Silverado, and had told my story, we practically gave Hanson up, and set ourselves to do what we could find do-able in our desert island state.

The lower room had been the assayer's office. The floor was thick with débris: part human, from the former occupants; part natural, sifted in by mountain winds. In a sea of red dust, there swam or floated sticks, boards, hay, straw, stones, and paper; ancient newspapers, above all, for the newspaper, especially when torn, soon becomes an antiquity; and bills of the Silverado boarding-house, some dated Silverado, some Calistoga mine. Here is one verbatim; and if any one

can calculate the scale of charges, they have my envious admiration :

" CALISTOGA MINE, May 3d, 1875.

" JOHN STANLEY.

" To S. CHAPMAN, DR.

" To board from April 1st to April 30th.....\$25.75
 " " " May 1st to 3rd 2.00

\$27.75

Where is John Stanley mining now ? Where is S. Chapman, within whose hospitable walls we were to lodge ? The date was but five years old ; but in that time the world had changed for Silverado ; like Palmyra in the desert, it had outlived its people and its purpose ; we camped, like Layard, amid ruins ; and these names spoke to us of pre-historic time. A boot-jack, a pair of boots, a dog-hutch, and these bills of Mr. Chapman's were the only speaking relics that we disinterred from all that vast Silverado rubbish-heap ; but what would I not have given to unearth a letter, a pocket-book, a diary, only a ledger, or a roll of names, to take me back, in a more personal manner, to the past ? It pleases me, besides, to fancy that Stanley or Chapman or one of their companions may light upon this chronicle, and be struck by the name, and read some news of their anterior home, coming, as it were, out of a subsequent epoch of history in that quarter of the world.

As we were tumbling the mingled rubbish on the floor, kicking it with our feet, and groping for these written evidences of the past, Sam, with a somewhat whitened face, produced a paper bag. " What's this ? " said he. It contained a granulated powder, something the color of Gregory's mixture, but rosier ; and as there were several of the bags, and each more or less broken, the powder was spread widely on the floor. Had any of us ever seen giant powder ? No, nobody had ; and instantly there grew up in my mind a shadowy belief, verging with every moment nearer to certitude, that I had somewhere heard somebody describe it as just such a powder as the one around us. I have learnt since that it is a substance not unlike tallow, and is made up in rolls for all the world like tallow candles.

Fanny, to add to our happiness, told us a story of a gentleman who had camped one night, like ourselves, by a deserted mine. He was a handy, thrifty fellow, and looked right and left for plunder ; but all he could lay his hands on was a can of oil. After dark he had to see to the horses with a lantern ; and not to miss an opportunity, filled up his lamp from the oil-can. Thus equipped, he set forth into the forest. A little after, his friends heard a loud explosion ; the mountain echoes bellowed, and then all was still. On examination, the can

proved to contain oil with the trifling addition of nitro-glycerine ; but no research disclosed a trace of either man or lantern.

It was a pretty sight, after this anecdote, to see us sweeping out the giant powder. It seemed never to be far enough away. And, after all, it was only some rock pounded for assay.

So much for the lower room. We scraped some of the rougher dirt off the floor, and left it. That was our sitting-room and kitchen, though there was nothing to sit upon but the table, and no provision for a fire except a hole in the roof of the room above, which had once contained the pipe of a stove.

To that upper room we now proceeded. There were the eighteen bunks in a double tier, nine on either hand, where from eighteen to thirty-six miners had once snored together all night long, John Stanley perhaps snoring loudest. There was the roof, with a hole in it, through which the sun now shot an arrow. There was the floor in much the same state as the one below, though perhaps there was more hay, and certainly there was the added ingredient of broken glass, the man who stole the window-panes having apparently made a miscarriage with this one. Without a broom, without hay or bedding, we could but look about us with a beginning of despair. The one bright arrow of day, in that gaunt and shattered barrack, made the rest look dirtier and darker ; and the sight drove us at last into the open.

Here, also, the handiwork of man lay ruined ; but the plants were all alive and thriving. The view below was fresh with the colors of nature, and we had exchanged a dim human garret for a corner, even although it were untidy, of the blue hall of heaven. Not a bird, not a beast, not a reptile. There was no noise in that part of the world, save when we passed beside the staging and heard the water musically falling in the shaft.

We wandered to and fro. We searched among that drift of lumber-wood and iron, nails and rails, and sleepers, and the wheels of trucks. We gazed up the cleft into the bosom of the mountain. We sat by the margin of the dump and saw, far below us, the green tree-tops standing still in the clear air. Beautiful perfumes, breaths of bay, resin, and nutmeg, came to us more often and grew sweeter and sharper as the afternoon declined. But still there was no word of Hanson.

I set to with pick and shovel and deepened the pool behind the shaft till we were sure of sufficient water for the morning ; and, by the time I had finished, the sun had begun to go down behind the mountain shoulder, the platform was plunged in quiet shadow, and a chill descended from the sky. Night began

early in our cleft. Before us, over the margin of the dump, we could see the sun still striking slant into the wooded nick below and on the battlemented, pine-besattered ridges on the further side.

There was no stove, of course, and no hearth, in our lodging; so we betook ourselves to the blacksmith's forge across the platform. If the platform be taken as a stage, and the out-curving margin of the dump to represent the line of the foot-lights, then our house would be the first wing on the actor's left, and this blacksmith's forge, although no match for it in size, the foremost on the right. It was a low, brown cottage, planted close against the hill and overhung by the foliage and peeling boughs of a madrona thicket. Within, it was full of dead leaves and mountain dust and rubbish from the mine. But we soon had a good fire brightly blazing, and sat close about it on impromptu seats. Chuchu, the slave of sofa-cushions, whimpered for a softer bed; but the rest of us were greatly revived and comforted by that good creature, fire, which gives us warmth and light and companionable sounds, and colors up the emptiest building with better than frescoes. For awhile it was even pleasant in the forge, with a blaze in the midst, and a look over our shoulders on the woods and mountains where the day was dying like a dolphin.

It was between seven and eight before Hanson arrived, with a wagonful of our effects and two of his wife's relatives to lend him a hand. The elder showed surprising strength. He would pick up a large packing-case, full of books, of all things, swing it on his shoulder, and away up the two crazy ladders and the break-neck spout of rolling mineral, familiarly termed a path, that led from the cart-track to our house. Even for a man unburdened, the ascent was toilsome and precarious; but Irvine scaled it with a light foot, carrying box after box, as the hero whisks the stage child up the practicable foot-way beside the water-fall of the fifth act. With so strong a helper, the business was speedily transacted. Soon the assayer's office was thronged with our belongings, piled higgledy-piggledy and upside down about the floor. There were our boxes, indeed, but my wife had left her keys in Calistoga. There was the stove; but alas! our carriers had forgotten the stove-pipe, and lost one of the plates along the road. The Silverado problem was scarce solved.

Rufe himself was grave and good-natured over his share of blame; he even, if I remember right, expressed regret. But his crew, to my astonishment and anger, grinned from ear

to ear and laughed aloud at our distress. They thought it "real funny" about the stove-pipe they had forgotten, "real funny" that they should have lost a plate. As for hay, the whole party refused to bring us any till they should have supped. See how late they were! Never had there been such a job as coming up that grade—nor often, I suspect, such a game of poker as that before they started. But about nine, as a particular favor, we should have some hay.

So they took their departure, leaving me still staring; and we resigned ourselves to wait for their return. The fire in the forge had been suffered to go out, and we were one and all too weary to kindle another. We dined, or—not to take that word in vain—we ate after a fashion, in the nightmare disorder of the assayer's office, perched among boxes. A single candle lighted us. It could scarce be called a house-warming, for there was, of course, no fire; and with the two open doors and the open window gaping on the night like breaches in a fortress, it began to grow rapidly chill. Talk ceased; nobody moved but the unhappy Chuchu, still in quest of sofa-cushions, who tumbled complainingly among the trunks. It required a certain happiness of disposition to look forward hopefully from so dismal a beginning, across the brief hours of night, to the warm shining of to-morrow's sun.

But the hay arrived at last; and we turned, with our last spark of courage, to the bedroom. We had improved the entrance; but it was still a kind of rope-walking, and it would have been droll to see us mounting, one after another, by candle-light, under the open stars.

The western door, that which looked up the cañon, and through which we entered by our bridge of flying plank, was still entire, a handsome, paneled door, the most finished piece of carpentry in Silverado. And the two lowest bunks next to this we roughly filled with hay for that night's use. Through the opposite or eastern-looking gable, with its open door and window, a faint, diffused starshine came into the room like mist; and when we were once in bed, we lay, awaiting sleep, in a haunted, incomplete obscurity. At first the silence of the night was utter. Then a high wind began in the distance among the tree-tops, and, for hours, continued to grow higher; it seemed to me much such a wind as we had found on our visit. Yet here in our open chamber we were fanned only by gentle and refreshing draughts, so deep was the cañon, so close our house was planted under the overhanging rock.

THE SCENES OF CABLE'S ROMANCES.

WHEN I first viewed New Orleans from the deck of the great steam-boat that had carried me from gray north-western mists into the tepid and orange-scented air of the South, my impressions of the city, drowsing under the violet and gold of a November morning, were oddly connected with memories of "Jean-ah Poquelin." That strange little tale had appeared in this magazine a few months previously; and its exotic picturesqueness had considerably influenced my anticipations of the Southern metropolis, and prepared me to idealize everything peculiar and semi-tropical that I might see. Even before I had left the steam-boat my imagination had already flown beyond the wilderness of cotton-bales, the sierra-shaped roofs of the sugar-sheds, the massive fronts of refineries and store-houses, to wander in search of the old slave-trader's mansion, or at least of something resembling it—"built of heavy cypress, lifted up on pillars, grim, solid, and spiritless." I did not even abandon my search for the house after I had learned that Tchoupitoulas "Road" was now a great business street, fringed not by villas but by warehouses; that the river had receded from it considerably since the period of the story; and that where marsh lands used to swelter under the sun, pavements of block stone had been laid, enduring as Roman causeways, though they will tremble a little under the passing of cotton-floats. At one time, I tried to connect the narrative with a peculiar residence near the Bayou Road—a silent wooden mansion with vast verandas, surrounded by shrubbery which had become fantastic by long neglect. Indeed, there are several old houses in the more ancient quarters of the city which might have served as models for the description of Jean-ah Poquelin's dwelling, but none of them is situated in his original neighborhood,—old plantation homes whose broad lands have long since been cut up and devoured by the growing streets. In reconstructing the New Orleans of 1810, Mr. Cable might have selected any one of these to draw from, and I may have found his model without knowing it. Not, however, until the last June CENTURY appeared, with its curious article upon the "Great South Gate," did I learn that in the early years of the nineteenth century such a house existed precisely in the location described by Mr. Cable. Readers of "The Great South Gate" must have been impressed

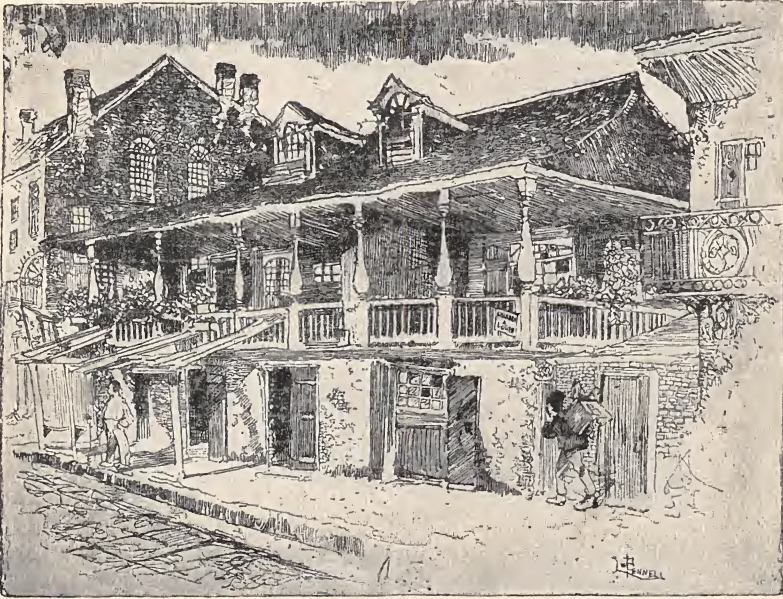
by the description therein given of "Doctor" Gravier's home, upon the bank of the long-vanished Poydras Canal,—a picture of desolation more than justified by the testimony of early municipal chronicles; and the true history of that eccentric "Doctor" Gravier no doubt inspired the creator of "Jean-ah Poquelin." An ancient city map informs us that the deserted indigo fields, with their wriggling amphibious population, extended a few blocks north of the present Charity Hospital; and that the plantation-house itself must have stood near the juncture of Poydras and Freret streets,—a region now very closely built and very thickly peopled.

The sharp originality of Mr. Cable's description should have convinced the readers of "Old Creole Days" that the scenes of his stories are in no sense fanciful; and the strict perfection of his creole architecture is readily recognized by all who have resided in New Orleans. Each one of those charming pictures of places—veritable pastels—was painted after some carefully selected model of French or Franco-Spanish origin,—typifying fashions of building which prevailed in colonial days. Greatly as the city has changed since the eras in which Mr. Cable's stories are laid, the old creole quarter still contains antiquities enough to enable the artist to restore almost all that has vanished. Through those narrow, multicolored, and dilapidated streets, one may still wander at random with the certainty of encountering eccentric façades and suggestive Latin appellations at every turn; and the author of "Madame Delphine" must have made many a pilgrimage into the quaint district, to study the wrinkled faces of the houses, or perhaps to read the queer names upon the signs,—as Balzac loved to do in old-fashioned Paris. Exceptionally rich in curiosities is the *Rue Royale*, and it best represents, no doubt, the general physiognomy of the colonial city. It appears to be Mr. Cable's favorite street, as there are few of his stories which do not contain references to it; even the scenery of incidents laid elsewhere has occasionally been borrowed from that "region of architectural decrepitude," which is yet peopled by an "ancient and foreign-seeming domestic life." For Louisiana dreamers, Mr. Cable has peopled it also with many delightful phantoms; and the ghosts of Madame Délicieuse, of Delphine Carraze, of 'Sieur George, will surely continue to haunt it until of all the dear

old buildings there shall not be left a stone upon a stone.

From the corner of Canal street at Royal, —ever perfumed by the baskets of the flower-sellers,—to the junction of Royal with Bien-ville, one observes with regret numerous evidences of modernization. American life is invading the thoroughfare,—uprearing concert-halls, with insufferably pompous names, multiplying flashy saloons and cheap restau-

arabesque work in wrought iron,—graceful tendrils and curling leaves of metal, framing some monogram of which the meaning is forgotten. Much lattice-work also will be observed about verandas, or veiling the ends of galleries, or suspended like green cage-work at the angle formed by a window-balcony with some lofty court-wall. And far down the street, the erratic superimposition of wire-hung signs, advertising the presence



MADAME JOHN'S LEGACY.

rants, cigar stores and oyster-rooms. Gambling indeed survives, but only through metamorphosis;—it is certainly not of that aristocratic kind wherein Colonel De Charleu, owner of “Belles Demoiselles Plantation,” could have been wont to indulge. Already a line of electric lights mocks the rusty superannuation of those long-disused wrought-iron lamp frames set into the walls of various creole buildings. But from the corner of Conti street,—where Jules St. Ange idled one summer morning “some seventy years ago,”—*Rue Royale* begins to display a picturesqueness almost unadulterated by innovation, and opens a perspective of roof lines astonishingly irregular, that jag and cut into the blue strip of intervening sky at every conceivable angle, with gables, eaves, dormers, triangular peaks of slate, projecting corners of balconies or verandas,—overtopping or jutting out from houses of every imaginable tint: canary, chocolate, slate-blue, speckled gray, ultramarine, cinnamon red, and even pale rose. All have sap-green batten shutters; most possess balconies balustraded with elegant

of many quiet, shadowy little shops that hide their faces from the sun behind slanting canvas awnings, makes a spidery confusion of lines and angles in the very center of the vista.

I think that only by a series of instantaneous photographs, tinted after the manner of Goupil, could the physiognomy of the street be accurately reproduced,—such is the confusion of projecting show-windows, the kaleidoscopic medley of color, the jumble of infinitesimal stores. The characteristics of almost any American street may usually be taken in at one glance; but you might traverse this creole thoroughfare a hundred times without being able to ordinate the puzzling details of its perspective.

But when the curious pilgrim reaches the corner of Royal and St. Peter streets (*Rue Saint Pierre*), he finds himself confronted by an edifice whose oddity and massiveness compel special examination,—a four-story brick tenement house with walls deep as those of a mediæval abbey, and with large square windows having singular balconies, the iron-work of which is wrought into scrolls and initials.



'SIEUR GEORGE'S.

Unlike any other building in the quarter, its form is that of an irregular pentagon, the smallest side of which looks down Royal and up St. Peter street at once and commands, through its windows, in a single view, three street angles. This is the house where 'Sieur George so long dwelt. It is said to have been the first four-story building erected in New Orleans; and it certainly affords a singular example of the fact that some very old buildings obstinately rebel against innovations of fashion, just as many old men do. Despite a desperate effort recently made to compel its acceptance of a new suit of paint and whitewash, the venerable structure persists in remaining almost precisely as Mr. Cable first described it. The cornices are still dropping plaster; the stucco has not ceased to peel off; the rotten staircases, "hugging the sides of the court," still seem "trying to climb up out of the rubbish"; the court itself is always "hung with many lines of wet clothes"; and the rooms are now, as ever, occupied by folk "who dwell there simply for lack of activity to find better and cheaper quarters elsewhere." Cheaper it would surely be easy to find, inasmuch as 'Sieur George's single-windowed room rents unfurnished at ten dollars per month. There

is something unique in the spectacle of this ponderous, dilapidated edifice, with its host of petty shops on the *rez-de-chaussée*,—something which recalls an engraving I once saw in some archæological folio, picturing a swarm of Italian fruit-booths seeking shelter under the crumbling arches of a Roman theater.

Upon the east side of *Rue Royale*, half a square farther up, the eye is refreshed by a delicious burst of bright green—a garden inclosed on three sides by spiked railings, above which bananas fling out the watered-satin of their splendid leaves, and bounded at its eastern extremity by the broad, blanched, sloping-shouldered silhouette of the cathedral. Here linger memories of Padre Antonio de Sedella (Père Antoine), first sent to Louisiana as a commissary of the Holy Inquisition, immediately shipped home again by sensible Governor Miro. But Padre Antonio returned to Louisiana, not as an inquisitor, but as a secular priest, to win the affection of the whole creole population, by whom he was venerated as a saint even before his death. Somewhere near this little garden, the padre used to live in a curious wooden hut; and the narrow, flagged alley on the southern side of the cathedral and its garden still bears the appellation, *Passage Saint Antoine*, in honor

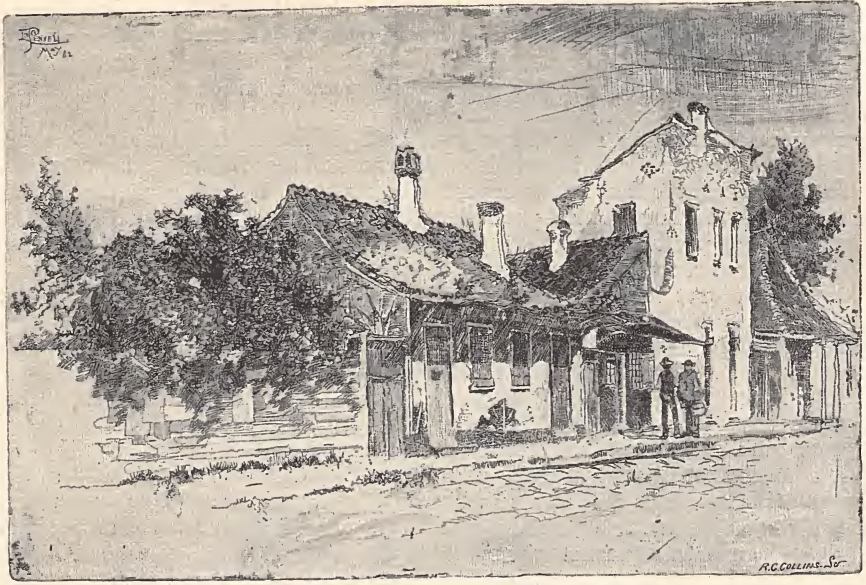
of the old priest's patron. The name is legibly inscribed above the show-windows of the Roman Catholic shop on the corner, where porcelain angels appear to be perpetually ascending and descending a Jacob's-ladder formed of long communion candles. The "Pères Jérômes" of our own day reside in the dismal brick houses bordering the alley farther toward Chartres street,—buildings which protrude, above the heads of passers-by, a line of jealous-looking balconies, screened with lattice-work, in which wicket lookouts have been contrived. On the northern side of garden and cathedral runs another flagged alley, which affects to be a continuation of Orleans street. Like its companion passage, it opens into Chartres street; but on the way it forks into a grotesque fissure in the St. Peter street block—into a marvelous mediæval-looking by-way, craggy with balconies and peaked with dormers. As this picturesque opening is still called Exchange alley, we must suppose it to have once formed part of the much more familiar passage of that name, though now widely separated therefrom by architectural reforms effected in *Rue Saint Louis* and other streets intervening. The northern side-entrance of the cathedral commands it,—a tall, dark, ecclesiastically severe archway, in whose shadowed recess Madame Delphine might safely have intrusted her anxieties to "God's own banker"; and Catholic quadroom women on their daily morning way to market habitually enter it with their baskets, to murmur a prayer in patois before the shrine of *Notre Dame de Lourdes*. Jackson square, with its rococo flower-beds and clipped shrubbery, might be reached in a moment by either of the flagged alleys above described; but it retains none of its colonial features, and has rightly been deprived of the military titles it once bore: *Place d'Armes*, or *Plaza de Armas*.

There stands, at the corner of St. Anne and Royal streets, a one-story structure with Spanish tile roof, a building that has become absolutely shapeless with age, and may be torn away at any moment. It is now a mere hollow carcass—a shattered brick skeleton to which plaster and laths cling in patches only, like shrunken hide upon the bones of some creature left to die and to mummify under the sun. An obsolete directory, printed in 1845, assures us that the construction was considered immemorially old even then; but a remarkable engraving of it, which accompanies the above remark, shows it to have at that time possessed distinct Spanish features and two neat entrances with semicircular stone steps. In 1835 it was the *Café des Réfugiés*, frequented by fugitives from the Antilles, West Indian strangers, filibusters, *révolutionnaires*,—all that sin-

gular class of Latin-Americans so strongly portrayed in Mr. Cable's "*Café des Exilés*."

At the next block, if you turn down Du-maine street from Royal, you will notice, about half-way toward Chartres a very peculiar house, half brick, half timber. It creates the impression that its builder commenced it with the intention of erecting a three-story brick, but changed his mind before the first story had been completed, and finished the edifice with second-hand lumber,—supporting the gallery with wooden posts that resemble monstrous balusters. This is the house bequeathed by "Mr. John," of the Good Children's Social Club, to the beautiful quadroom Zalli and her more beautiful reputed daughter, 'Tite Poulette. As Mr. Cable tells us, and as one glance can verify, it has now become "a den of Italians, who sell fuel by day, and by night are up to no telling what extent of deviltry." On the same side of Du-maine, but on the western side of Royal street, is another remarkable building, more imposing, larger,—“whose big, round-arched windows in the second story were walled up, to have smaller windows let into them again with odd little latticed peep-holes in their batten shutters.” It was to this house that Zalli and 'Tite Poulette removed their worldly goods, after the failure of the bank; and it was from the most westerly of those curious windows in the second story that Kristian Koppig saw the row of cigar-boxes empty their load of earth and flowers upon the head of the manager of the Salle Condé. Right opposite you may see the good Dutchman's one-story creole cottage. The resemblance of 'Tite Poulette's second dwelling-place to the old Spanish barracks in architectural peculiarity has been prettily commented upon by Mr. Cable; and, in fact, those barracks, which could shelter six thousand troops in O'Reilly's time, and must, therefore, have covered a considerable area, were situated not very far from this spot. But the only fragments of the barrack buildings that are still positively recognizable are the arched structures at Nos. 270 and 272 Royal street, occupied now, alas! by a prosaic seltzer factory. The spacious cavalry stables now shelter vulgar mules, and factory wagons protrude their shafts from the mouths of low, broad archways under which once glimmered the brazen artillery of the King of Spain.

A square west of Royal, at the corner of Bourbon and St. Philip streets, formerly stood the famed smithy of the Brothers Lafitte; but it were now useless to seek for a vestige of that workshop, whose chimes of iron were rung by African muscle. Passing St. Philip street, therefore, the visitor who follows the



MADAME DELPHINE'S HOUSE.

east side of Royal might notice upon the opposite side an elegant and lofty red-brick mansion, with a deep archway piercing its *rez-de-chaussée* to the court-yard, which offers a glimpse of rich foliage whenever the *porte cochère* is left ajar. This is No. 253 Royal street, the residence of "Madame Délicieuse"; and worthy of that honor, it seems, with its superb tiara of green verandas. A minute two-story cottage squats down beside it—a miniature shop having tiny show-windows that project like eyes. The cottage is a modern affair; but it covers the site of Dr. Mossy's office, which, you know, was a lemon-yellow creole construction, roofed with red tiles. What used to be "the Café de Poésie on the corner" is now a hat store. Further on, at the intersection of Royal and Hospital streets (*Rue d'Hôpital*, famous in creole ballads), one cannot fail to admire a dwelling solid and elegant as a Venetian palazzo. It has already been celebrated in one foreign novel; and did I not feel confident that Mr. Cable will tell us all about it one of these days, I should be tempted to delay the reader on this corner, although Madame Delphine's residence is already within sight.

No one can readily forget Mr. Cable's description of "the small, low, brick house of a story and a half, set out upon the sidewalk, as weather-beaten and mute as an aged beggar fallen asleep." It stands near Barracks street, on Royal; the number, I think, is 294. Still are its solid wooden shutters "shut with a grip that makes one's nails and knuckles feel lacerated"; and its coat of decaying plaster, patched with all varieties of neutral

tints, still suggests the raggedness of mendicancy. Even the condition of the garden gate, through which Monsieur Vignevielle first caught a glimpse of Olive's maiden beauty, might be perceived to-day as readily as ever by "an eye that had been in the blacksmithing business." But since the accompanying sketch was drawn, the picturesqueness of the upper part of the cottage has been greatly diminished by architectural additions made with a view to render the building habitable. Over the way may still be seen that once pretentious three-story residence "from whose front door hard times have removed all vestiges of paint," a door shaped like old European hall doors, and furnished with an iron knocker. It has not been repainted since Mr. Cable wrote his story, nor does it seem likely to be.

Only a few paces farther on yawns the dreamy magnificence of aristocratic Esplanade street, with its broad, central band of grass all shadow-flecked by double lines of trees. There Royal street terminates, Esplanade forming the southern boundary line of the old French quarter.

If the reader could now follow me westwardly along one of the narrow ways leading to the great *Rue des Remparts*, he would soon find himself in that quadron quarter, whose denizens still "drag their chairs down to the narrow gate-ways of their close-fenced gardens, and stare shrinkingly at you as you pass, like a nest of yellow kittens." He would be at once charmed and astonished by the irregularity of the perspective and the eccentricity of the houses: houses whose foreheads are fantastically encircled by

wooden parapets, striped like the *foulards* of the negresses; houses yellow-faced and sphinx-featured, like certain mulatto women; houses which present their profiles to the fence, so that as you approach they seem to

the Café des Exilés will bring you to Congo square, the last green remnant of those famous Congo plains, where the negro slaves once held their bamboulas. Until within a few years ago, the strange African dances were



CAFÉ DES EXILÉS.

turn away their faces with studied prudery, like young creole girls; houses that appear felinely watchful, in spite of closed windows and doors, gazing sleepily at the passer-by through the chinks of their green shutters, as through vertical pupils. Five minutes' walk over *banquettes* of disjointed brick-work, through which knots of tough grass are fighting their upward way, brings one to Rampart street, where Mr. Cable found the model for his "Café des Exilés." It was situated on the west side, No. 219, and THE CENTURY'S artist sketched it under a summer glow that brought out every odd detail in strong relief. But hereafter, alas! the visitor to New Orleans must vainly look for the window of Pauline, "well up in the angle of the broad side-gable, shaded by its rude awning of clapboards, as the eyes of an old dame are shaded by her wrinkled hand." Scarcely a week ago, from the time at which I write, the antiquated cottage that used to "squat right down upon the sidewalk, as do those Choctaw squaws who sell bay and sassafras and life-everlasting," was ruthlessly torn away, together with its oleanders, and palmettoes, and pomegranates, to make room, no doubt, for some modern architectural platitude.

A minute's walk from the vacant side of

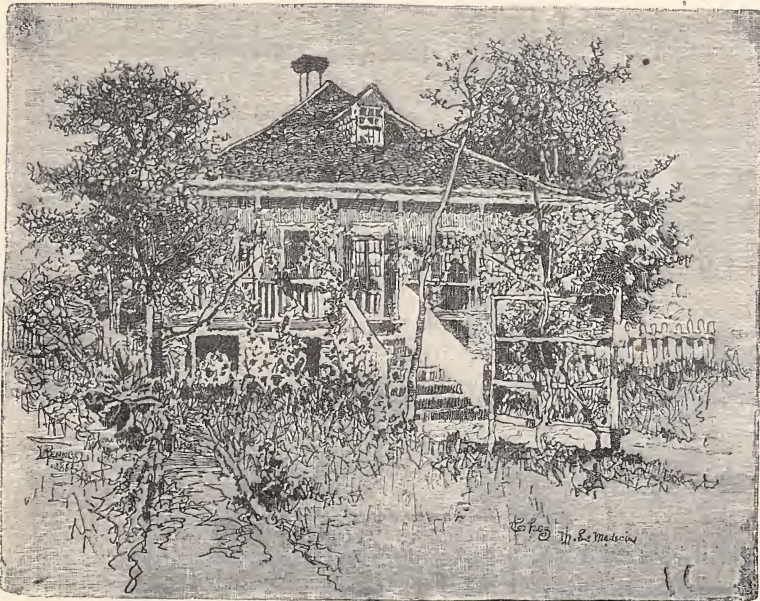
still danced and the African songs still sung by negroes and negresses who had been slaves. Every Sunday afternoon the bamboula dancers were summoned to a wood-yard on Dumaine street by a sort of drum-roll, made by rattling the ends of two great bones upon the head of an empty cask; and I remember that the male dancers fastened bits of tinkling metal or tin rattles about their ankles, like those strings of copper *gris-gris* worn by the negroes of the Soudan. Those whom I saw taking part in those curious and convulsive performances—subsequently suppressed by the police—were either old or beyond middle age. The veritable Congo dance, with its extraordinary rhythmic chant, will soon have become as completely forgotten in Louisiana as the signification of those African words which formed the hieratic vocabulary of the Voodooos.

It was where Congo square now extends that Bras-Coupé was lassoed while taking part in such a dance; it was in the same neighborhood that Captain Jean Grandissime of the Attakapas lay hiding—secure in his white man's skin "as if cased in steel"—to foil the witchcraft of Clemence; and it was there also that a crowd of rowdy American flat-boatmen, headed by "Posson Jone'," of

Bethesdy Church, stormed the circus and slew the tiger and the buffalo. Now, "Cayetano's circus" was not a fiction of Mr. Cable's imagining: such a show actually visited New Orleans in 1816 or thereabouts, and remained a popular "fixture" for several seasons. The creole-speaking negroes of that day celebrated its arrival in one of their singular ditties.*

And whosoever cares to consult certain musty newspaper files which are treasured up among the city archives may find therein

railings and gate-ways have been removed; the weeds that used to climb over the moldering benches have been plucked up; new graveled walks have been made; the grass, mown smooth, is now refreshing to look at; the trunks of the shade-trees are freshly white-washed; and, before long, a great fountain will murmur in the midst. Two blocks westward, the somber, sinister, Spanish façade of the Parish Prison towers above a huddling flock of dingy frame dwellings, and exhales



A CREOLE COTTAGE OF THE COLONIAL TIME.

the quaint advertisements of Señor Gaëtano's circus and the story of its violent disruption.

But Congo square has been wholly transformed within a twelvemonth. The high

far around it the heavy, sickly, musky scent that betrays the presence of innumerable bats. At sundown, they circle in immense flocks above it, and squeak like ghosts about its

* Some years ago, when I was endeavoring to make a collection, of patois songs and other curiosities of the oral literature of the Louisiana colored folk, Mr. Cable kindly lent me his own collection, with permission to make selections for my private use, and I copied therefrom this *chanson créole*:

C'est Michié Cayétane
Qui sorti la Havane
Avec so chouals et so macacs!
Li gagnin ein homme qui dansé dans sac;
Li gagnin qui dansé si yé la main;
Li gagnin zaut' à choual qui boi' di vin;
Li gagnin oussi ein zeine zolie mamzelle
Qui monté choual sans bride et sans selle;—
Pou di tou' ça mo pas capabe,—
Mais mo souvien ein qui valé sab'.
Yé n'en oussi tout sort bétail:
Yé pas montré pou' la négrail
Qui ya pou' dochans,—dos-brulés
Qui fé tapaze,—et pou' birlé
Ces gros mesdames et gros michiés
Qui ménein là tous p'tis yé
'Oir Michié Cayétane

Qui vivé la Havane
Avec so chouals et so macacs.†

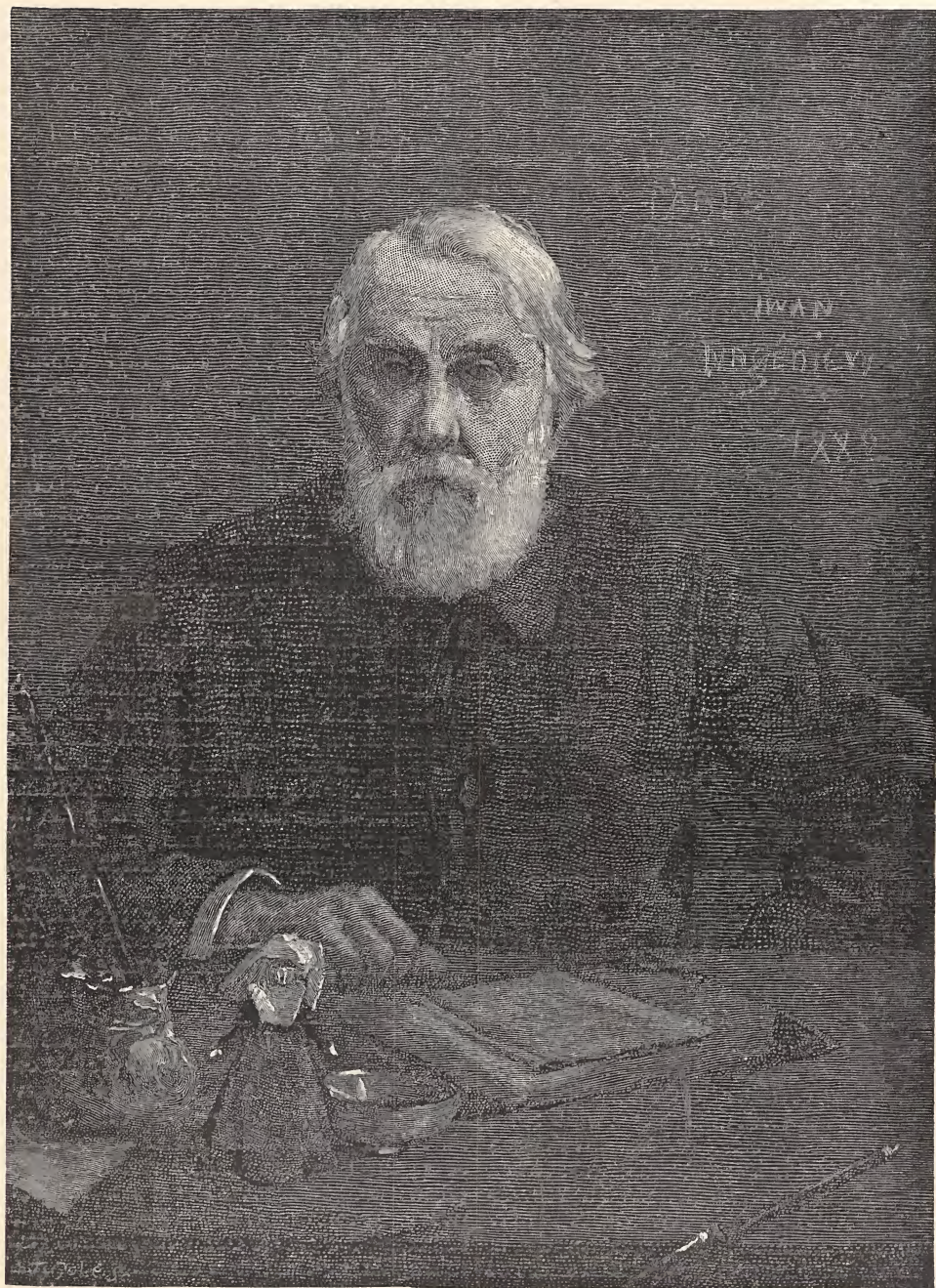
† "'Tis Monsieur Gaëtano
Who comes out from Havana
With his horses and his monkeys!
He has a man who dances in a sack;
He has one who dances on his hands;
He has another who drinks wine on horseback;
He has also a young pretty lady
Who rides a horse without bridle or saddle:
To tell you all about it I am not able,—
But I remember one who swallowed a sword.
There are all sorts of animals, too;—
They did not show to nigger-folk
What they showed to the trash,—the burnt-backs
[poor whites]
Who make so much noise,—nor what they had to
amuse
All those fine ladies and gentlemen,
Who take all their little children along with them
To see Monsieur Gaëtano
Who lives in Havana
With his horses and his monkeys!"

naked sentry towers. I have been told that this grim building will soon be numbered among those antiquities of New Orleans forming the scenery of Mr. Cable's romances.

The scene of perhaps the most singular tale in "Old Creole Days"—"Belles Demoiselles Plantation"—remains to be visited; but if the reader recollects the observation made in the very first paragraph of the story, that "the old Creoles never forgive a public mention," he will doubtless pardon me for leaving the precise location of "Belles Demoiselles" a mystery, authentic though it is, and for keeping secret its real and ancient name. I can only tell him that to reach it, he must journey far from the creole faubourg and beyond the limits of New Orleans to a certain unfamiliar point on the river's bank, whence a ferryman, swarthy and silent as Charon, will row him to the farther side of the Mississippi, and aid him to land upon a crumbling levee erected to prevent the very catastrophe anticipated in Mr. Cable's tale. Parallel with this levee curves a wagon-road whose farther side is bounded by a narrow and weed-masked ditch, where all kinds of marvelous wild things are growing, and where one may feel assured that serpents hide. Beyond this little ditch is a wooden fence, now overgrown and rendered superfluous by a grand natural barrier of trees and shrubs, all chained together by interlacements of wild vines and thorny creepers. This forms the boundary of the private grounds surrounding the "Belles Demoiselles" residence; and the breeze comes to you heavily-sweet with blossom-scents, and shrill with vibrant music of cicadas and of birds.

Fancy the wreck, of a vast garden created by princely expenditure,—a garden once filled with all varieties of exotic trees, with all species of fantastic shrubs, with the rarest floral products of both hemispheres, but left utterly uncared for during a generation, so that the groves have been made weird with hanging moss, and the costly vines have degenerated into parasites, and richly cultured plants returned to their primitive wild forms. The alley-walks are soft and sable with dead leaves; and all is so profoundly beshadowed by huge trees that a strange twilight prevails there even under a noonday sun. The lofty hedge is becrimsoned with savage roses, in whose degenerate petals still linger traces of former high cultivation. By a little gate set into that hedge, you can enter the opulent wilderness within, and pursue a winding path between mighty trunks that lean at a multitude of angles, like columns of a decaying cathedral about to fall. Crackling of twigs under foot, leaf whispers, calls of birds and

cries of tree-frogs are the only sounds; the soft gloom deepens as you advance under the swaying moss and snaky festoons of creepers: there is a dimness and calm, as of a place consecrated to prayer. But for their tropical and elfish drapery, one might dream those oaks were of Dodona. And even with the passing of the fancy, lo! at a sudden turn of the narrow way, in a grand glow of light, *even the Temple appears*, with splendid peripteral of fluted columns rising boldly from the soil. Four pillared façades,—east, west, north, and south,—four superb porches, with tiers of galleries suspended in their recesses; and two sides of the antique vision ivory-tinted by the sun. Impossible to verbally describe the effect of this matchless relic of Louisiana's feudal splendors, that seems trying to hide itself from the new era amid its neglected gardens and groves. It creates such astonishment as some learned traveler might feel, were he suddenly to come upon the unknown ruins of a Greek temple in the very heart of an equatorial forest; it is so grand, so strangely at variance with its surroundings! True, the four ranks of columns are not of chiseled marble, and the stucco has broken away from them in places, and the severe laws of architecture have not been strictly obeyed; but these things are forgotten in admiration of the building's majesty. I suspect it to be the noblest old plantation-house in Louisiana; I am sure there is none more quaintly beautiful. When I last beheld the grand old mansion, the evening sun was resting upon it in a Turneresque column of yellow glory, and the oaks reaching out to it their vast arms through ragged sleeves of moss, and beyond, upon either side, the crepuscular dimness of the woods, with rare golden luminosities spattering down through the serpent knot-work of lianas, and the heavy mourning of mosses, and the great drooping and clinging of multitudinous disheveled things. And all this subsists only because the old creole estate has never changed hands, because no speculating utilitarian could buy up the plantation to remove or remodel its proud homestead and condemn its odoriferous groves to the saw-mill. The river is the sole enemy to be dreaded, but a terrible one: it is ever gnawing the levee to get at the fat cane-fields; it is devouring the road-way; it is burrowing nearer and nearer to the groves and the gardens; and while gazing at its ravages, I could not encourage myself to doubt that, although his romantic anticipation may not be realized for years to come, Mr. Cable has rightly predicted the ghastly destiny of "Belles Demoiselles Plantation."



Ivan Turgenev

TOURGUÉNEFF IN PARIS.*

REMINISCENCES BY DAUDET.

It was ten or twelve years ago, at Gustave Flaubert's, in the Rue Murillo,—an apartment of small dainty rooms with Algerian upholstery, opening on the Parc Monceaux, the resort of good breeding and propriety, whose masses of verdure stretched across the windows, with the effect of green blinds.

We used to meet there every Sunday, always the same, and with something exquisite in our intimacy,—the doors being closed to supernumeraries and bores.

One Sunday, as I came back as usual to the old master and the rest of us, Flaubert took possession of me on the threshold.

"You don't know Tourguéneff?" And without waiting for my answer, he pushed me into the little drawing-room.

There, on a divan, was stretched a great Slavic figure with a white beard, who rose to his height as he saw me come in, unfolding on the pile of cushions a kind of serpentine prolongation, and raising a pair of surprised, enormous eyes.

We Frenchmen live in extraordinary ignorance of everything in the way of foreign literature. With us, the national mind stays at home as much as the body, and, with our aversion to traveling, we read beyond our borders as little as we colonize.

It so happened, however, that I knew, and knew well, what Tourguéneff had done. I had read with deep emotion the "Memoirs of a Russian Squire"; and this book of the great novelist, on which I had lighted by chance, led me to an intimate acquaintance with the others. We were united before we met by our love of nature in its grander aspects, and the fact that we felt it in the same way.

In general, the descriptive genius has only its eyes, and contents itself with a picture. Tourguéneff has his olfactories and his ears. All his senses have doors that swing open and place each in communication with the others. He is full of the odors of the country, of the sounds of water, of the transpar-

encies of the sky, and gives himself up, without calculation of effect, to this music-making of his sensations.

It is a music that doesn't reach every ear. The cockney organization, deafened from childhood by the uproar of great cities, never perceives it, and never will; never hears the voices that speak in that false silence of the woods, when Nature believes that she is alone, and man, holding his peace, is forgotten for awhile. These delicate perceptions of sound are a part of the training of primeval woods or of the desert places of nature. In some novel of Fenimore Cooper, which I have forgotten, we hear at a distance a pair of paddles dipped from a boat, amid the stillness of a great lake. The boat is three miles off, and of course out of sight; but the sleeping plain of water, and the woods on its shores, are made larger by this far-away sound of oars, and we feel something of the shudder of solitude. For myself, who have worked so much in the forest of Sénart, I shall never forget the canter of the rabbits over the foot-path that led to the pools, and the visit of the squirrels, whom a gesture would send off, and whom I used to hear for hours passing from one tree-top to another.

It is the Russian steppe that has given its expansion to the senses and the heart of Tourguéneff. People grow better for listening to Nature, and those who love her do not lose their interest in men. From such a source as this springs that pitying sweetness, as sad as the song of a *moujik*, which sobs in the depths of the Slavic novelist's work. It is the human sigh of which the Creole song speaks, the open valve that prevents the world from suffocating. "*Si pas té gagné soupi n'en mouné, mouné t'a touffé.*"† And this sigh, repeated again and again, in the long story and the short tale, arrived at last at imperial ears. The late Czar said of Tourguéneff's novels, "They are my own books"; and the "Memoirs of a Russian Squire" helped on largely the cause of the poor serfs. It is

* The following reminiscences were received from M. Daudet during the past summer. Tourguéneff's death took place September 3, 1883. The engraving here given is from a monochrome oil study from life, by the young American artist, Mr. E. R. Butler. It represents the author as he appeared in his last years, with broken health; an earlier portrait, from a photograph, will be found on page 200 of Vol. XIV., in connection with an article on his life and works by Professor Boyesen. Translations of Tourguéneff's "Living Mummy" and "Nobleman of the Steppe" appeared in our Vol. XII., page 563, and Vol. XIV., page 313. See also Vol. XIV., page 257.—Ed.

† "If the world couldn't sigh, the world would suffocate."

another "Uncle Tom," with a less overt attempt to point a moral.

I knew all this. Tourguéneff had a throne in my Olympus,—a chair of ivory among my gods. But far from suspecting that he was in Paris, I had not even asked myself whether he were living or dead. My astonishment may therefore be guessed when I found myself in presence of this strange personage, in a Parisian drawing-room, on a third floor looking into the Parc Monceaux.

I told him gayly how the matter stood, and expressed my admiration with the exuberance of my enthusiasm and of the South that is in me. I told him that I had read him in those woods of mine. There I had found out the soul that was in him; and the double remembrance of the scenery and the story was so effectually interfused that a certain tale of his had remained in my mind under the color of a small field of pink heather, a little withered by autumn.

Tourguéneff could not get over this.

"Really, now, you have read me?"

And he gave me various details on the small sale of his books in Paris, the obscurity of his name in France. The publisher Hetzel brought him out for charity. His popularity had not passed his own borders. He suffered, from remaining unknown in a country that was dear to him. He confessed his disappointments rather sadly, but without rancor; on the contrary, our disasters in 1870 had attached him more strongly to France. He was unwilling for the future to leave it. Before the war, he used to pass his summers cheerfully at Baden-Baden; but now he would not return there; he would content himself with Bougival and the banks of the Seine.

It happened on that Sunday that Flaubert had no other guests, and our mutual talk grew long. I questioned Tourguéneff on his manner of work, and expressed my surprise that he should not himself be his translator; for he spoke French with great purity, with a trace of slowness caused by the subtlety of his mind. He admitted to me that the Academy and its dictionary simply froze him. He turned over this terrible dictionary with a tremor, as if it had been a code declaring the law of words and the punishment of him who should dare. He emerged from these researches with his conscience rankling with literary scruples which were fatal to his spontaneity. I remember that, in a tale that he wrote at this time, he had not thought it well to risk "her pale eyes" [*ses yeux pâles*], for fear of the Academic forty and their definition of the epithet.

It was not the first time that I had encountered these alarms; I had already found

them in the Provençal Mistral, who had also suffered the blighting fascination of the cupola of the Institute, that macaronic monument which, in a circular medallion, ornaments the covers of the editions of the house of Didot. On this matter I said to Tourguéneff what I had upon my heart: that the French language is not a dead language, to be written with a dictionary of settled expressions, classed in order, as in a *gradus*. For myself, I feel it to be all quivering with life, all swelling and surging. It is a great river which rolls full to the brink; it picks up refuse on the way, and everything is thrown into it. But let it run; it will filter its waters itself.

Hereupon, as the day was waning, Tourguéneff said he was to go and fetch "the ladies" from the Padeloup concert, and I went down with him. On our way we talked of music; I was delighted to find that he was fond of it. In France, it is the fashion among men of letters to detest music; painting has invaded everything. Théophile Gautier, Paul de Saint-Victor, Victor Hugo, Edmond de Goncourt, Zola, Leconte de Lisle are so many music-phobists. To my knowledge, I am the first who has confessed aloud his ignorance of colors and his passion for notes. That belongs doubtless to my southern temperament and my near-sightedness; one sense has developed itself to the detriment of another. With Tourguéneff the musical sense had been educated in Paris; he had acquired it in the circle in which he lived. This circle had been formed by an intimacy of thirty years with Madame Viardot, the great singer, sister of the Malibran. Independent and a bachelor, Tourguéneff occupied an apartment in the detached house, 50 Rue de Douai, of which this lady and her family inhabited the remainder. "The ladies," of whom he had spoken to me at Flaubert's, were Madame Viardot and her daughters, whom Tourguéneff loved as his own children. It was in this hospitable dwelling that I presently called on him.

The mansion was furnished with a refinement of luxury; it denoted a care for art and a love of comfort. As I passed across the entrance floor, I perceived through an open door a bright gallery of pictures. Fresh voices, of young girls, pierced through the hangings. They alternated with the passionate contralto of Orpheus, which filled the stair-case and ascended with me.

Above, on the third floor, was a little curtained and cushioned apartment as encumbered with furniture as a boudoir. Tourguéneff had borrowed from his friends their tastes in art—music from the wife and painting from the husband.

He was lying on a sofa, according to his

habit. I seated myself near him, and we immediately took up our conversation where we had left it. He had been struck with my observations, and promised to bring, the next Sunday we should be at Flaubert's, a tale which we should all translate together, under his eyes. Then he spoke to me of a book that he wished to write—"Virgin Soil," a dark picture of the new social strata that grumble together in the depths of Russian life and are rising to the light; the history of those poor votaries of "simplification" which a dreadful mistake drives into the arms of the people. The people has no understanding of them, and mocks and repudiates them. And while he talked, I reflected that Russia is indeed a virgin soil,—a soil still soft, where the least step leaves its trace,—a soil where all is new, is yet to be done and to be discovered. Whereas, with us, there is now not an alley untrodden, not a path on which the crowd has not trampled. To speak only of the novel, the shade of Balzac is at the end of every avenue.

Dating from this interview, our relations became more frequent. Among all the moments we passed together, I remember but an afternoon in spring, a Sunday in the Rue Murillo, which has remained in my mind as luminous and rare.

We had spoken of Goethe at one of our dinners, and Tourguéneff had said: "My friends, you don't know him."

The next Sunday he brought the "Prometheus" and the "Satyr," which, with its tone of revolt and impiety, might have been a tale of Voltaire enlarged to a poem by a mind inspired.

The Parc Monceaux sent us up the cries of its children, its clear sunshine, the freshness of its watered greenery; and we four, shaken by this rich improvisation, listened to genius translated by genius. In a tremor, while he held the pen, Tourguéneff had, as he stood there, all the daring of the poet; and it was not the usual mendacity of a translation that stiffens and petrifies, it was the soul of Goethe waked and speaking to us.

Often, too, Tourguéneff used to come and find me in the depths of the Marais, in the old mansion of the time of Henry II., which I occupied at that time. He was amused by the strange exhibition of that stately court, a royal, gabled habitation, littered with the petty industries of Parisian commerce: a manufacture of spinning-tops, of Seltzer water, of sugared almonds.

One day, as he came into my apartment on Flaubert's arm, my little boy, much daunted, cried out:

"Why, papa, they are giants!"

Yes, indeed, giants; good giants: large brains, great hearts, in proportion to chest and shoulders. There was a bond, an affinity of unconscious goodness in these two genial natures. It was George Sand who had married them. Flaubert, a talker and a free-lance,—Don Quixote with the voice of a trumpeter of the guards, with the powerful irony of his observation, the semblance of a Norman (as he was) of the Conquest,—was certainly the virile half in this spiritual matrimony. Yet who, in that other Colossus, with his white beard and his fleecy eyebrows, would have suspected the feminine nature, the nature of that woman of acute sensibilities whom Tourguéneff has painted in his books,—that nervous, languorous, passionate Russian, slumbering like an Oriental, and tragic like a loosened force? So true it is that souls sometimes take up the wrong envelope—souls of men embodied in slender women, souls of women incarnate in Cyclopean form. One might think that, in the great human workshop, an ironical "hand" had taken pleasure in misleading our judgment by the falsity of the label.

It was at this period that we conceived the idea of a monthly gathering at which we friends should meet: it was to be called "the Flaubert dinner," or "the dinner of hissed authors." Flaubert belonged to it by right of his "Candidat," I by that of my "Arlésienne," Zola with "Bouton de Rose," De Goncourt with "Henriette Maréchal." Émile de Girardin wished to slip into our group; but though he had been heartily hissed at the theater, he was not a writer in our sense of the word, and we excluded him. As for Tourguéneff, he gave us his word that he had been hissed in Russia; and as it was very far off, none of us went to see.

Nothing can be more delightful than these friendly feasts, where you talk in perfect freedom, with your wits all present and your elbows on the cloth. Like men of experience, we were all enlightened diners. Naturally, there were as many forms of this enlightenment as there were different temperaments, and as many receipts for dishes as different provinces. Flaubert had to have his Norman butter-pats, and his ducks from Rouen à l'étouffade. De Goncourt pushed refinement and criticism to the point of demanding preserved ginger! I did honor to my *bouillabaisse*, as well as to sea-urchins and shell-fish; and Tourguéneff kept on tasting his caviare.

Ah, we were not easy to feed, and the restaurants of Paris must remember us well! We tried a great many. At one time we were with Adolphe & Pelé, behind the Opéra; then in the Place de l'Opéra Comique; then

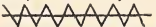
with Voisin, whose cellar pacified all our exactions and reconciled all our appetites.

We sat down at seven o'clock, and at two in the morning we were still at table. Flaubert and Zola dined in their shirt-sleeves, Tourguéneff stretched himself on the divan; we turned the waiters out of the room,—a needless precaution, as the mighty "jaw" of Flaubert was heard from the top to the bottom of the house,—and then we talked of literature. Some one of us always had a book just out; it was the "Tentation de Saint-Antoine" and the "Trois Contes" of Flaubert, the "Fille Élixa" of De Goncourt, the "Abbé Mouret" and the "Assommoir" of Zola. Tourguéneff brought the "Living Relics" and "Virgin Soil"; I, "Fromont Jeune," "Jack," "The Nabab." We talked to each other openheartedly, without flattery, without the complicity of mutual admiration.

I have here, before my eyes, a letter of Tourguéneff, in a large foreign hand, the hand of an old manuscript, and I transcribe it completely, as it gives the tone of our relations:

"Monday, 24th May, '77.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: If I haven't spoken to you yet of your book, it is because I wished to do it at length, and not content myself with a few matter-of-course phrases. I will put all that off to our interview, which will soon take place, I hope; for Flaubert will be coming back one of these days, and our dinners will begin again.

"I will confine myself to saying one thing. 'Le Nabab' is the most remarkable and the most unequal book you have written. If 'Fromont et Risler' is represented by a straight line, ———, 'Le Nabab' ought to be figured thus, ; and the summits of the zigzags can be attained only by a talent of the first order.

"I have had a very long and very violent attack of gout. I went out for the first time yesterday, and I have the legs and the knees of a man of ninety. I am very much afraid I have become what the English call a 'confirmed invalid.'

"A thousand remembrances to Madame Daudet; I give you a cordial hand-shake. Yours,

"IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF."

When we had finished with the books and the preoccupations of the day, our talk took a wider scope: we came back to those themes, those ideas which are always with us; we spoke of love, of death, particularly of death.

Every one said his word. The Russian, on his divan, was silent.

"And you, Tourguéneff?"

"Oh, me? I don't think of death. In my country, no one has it as an image in his mind; it remains distant, covered—the Slavic mist."

That word spoke volumes on the nature of his race and of his own genius. The Slavic mist floats over all his work, blurs its edges, makes it waver; and his conversation as well was suffused with it. What he said always

began with difficulty, with uncertainty; then, suddenly, the cloud was dissipated, pierced by a shaft of light, by a decisive word. He talked to us of Russia—not of the Russia of Napoleon's winter, icy, historic, and conventional, but of a Russia of summer-time, and of wheat and flowers that have nestled out of the snow-flurries—Little Russia, a land of bursting herbage and of the hum of bees. Accordingly, as we must always locate somewhere the stories that are told us, Russian life has appeared to me through Tourguéneff as a manorial existence on an Algerian estate surrounded with huts.

Tourguéneff lifted the veil which covered this queer, quaint, stupefied people. He spoke to us of its deep alcoholism, of its benumbed, inactive conscience, of its ignorance of liberty! Or else, he opened some fresher page—a glimpse of an idyl, the recollection of a little mill-servant whom he met once on his hunting-ground and fell in love with for three days. He had asked her what she would like to have, and the fair maid had answered: "You must bring me a piece of soap from town, so that I may make my hands smell sweet and you may kiss them, as you do to ladies!"

After love and death, we talked about forms of illness, about one's slavery to the body, that is dragged after us like a chained bull. Sad avowals of men who have entered their forties! For me, who had not yet begun to be gnawed with rheumatism, I rather chaffed my friends and made merry at the expense of poor Tourguéneff, who was tortured by gout and used to hobble to our dinners. Since then I have lowered my pitch!

Death, alas, of which we used to talk, came to us. It took Flaubert, who was the soul, the link. With his departure, life changed for us, and we met only at longish intervals; for none of us had the courage to take up our little parties again, after the break made by our mourning.

Months afterward Tourguéneff tried to bring us together. Flaubert's place was to remain marked at our table. But his big voice and his large laugh were too deeply missed; they were no longer the dinners of the old time, and we gave them up.

Since then I have met Tourguéneff at a party at the house of Madame Adam. He had brought the Grand-Duke Constantine, who, passing through Paris, wished to see some of the celebrities of the day—a Tussaud-museum of living and supping figures. I hasten to say that he saw nothing but attitudes—attitudes of people who pretended to turn their back and of others who presented themselves as fully as possible. Alexandre Dumas,

furious at being taken for a curious animal, refused to say good things. Carolus Duran, the painter, sang; Munkácsy whistled; M. de Beust played a pretty valse, which was rather long.

Tourguéneff and I talked together in a corner. He was sad and ill. Always his gout! It laid him flat on his back for weeks together, and he asked his friends to come and see him.

Two months ago was the last time I have seen him. The house was still full of flowers; the sound of singing was still in the hall; my friend was still upstairs, on his divan, but much weakened and changed.

He was suffering from an *angina pectoris*, and, in addition, from a horrible wound in the abdomen, the result of the extraction of a cyst. Not having taken chloroform, he described to me the operation with a perfect lucidity of memory. First, there had been the sharp pain of the blade in the flesh; then a circular sensation, as of a fruit being peeled. And he added:

"I analyzed my suffering so as to be able to relate it to you, thinking it would interest you."

As he was still able to walk a little, he came down the staircase to accompany me to the door.

At the bottom, he took me into the gallery of pictures and showed me the works of his national painters,—a halt of Cossacks, a cornfield swept by a gust, landscapes from that warm Russia which he has described.

Old Viardot was there, rather out of health; Garcia was singing in the neighboring room; and Tourguéneff, surrounded by the arts that he loved, smiled as he bade me farewell.

A month later, I learned that Viardot was dead and that Tourguéneff had been taken to the country, very ill.

I cannot believe in the fatal issue of this malady. There must be, for beautiful and sovereign minds, so long as they have not said all that they have to say, a respite—a commutation. Time and the mildness of Bougival will give Tourguéneff back to us; but he will know no more of those friendly meetings to which he was so happy to come.

Ah, the Flaubert dinner! We tried it again the other day: there were only three of us left!

Alphonse Daudet.

YOUTH AND DEATH.

WHAT hast thou done to this dear friend of mine,
Thou cold, white, silent Stranger? From my hand
Her clasped hand slips to meet the grasp of thine;
Her eyes that flamed with love, at thy command
Stare stone-blank on blank air; her frozen heart
Forgets my presence. Teach me who thou art,
Vague shadow sliding 'twixt my friend and me.

I never saw thee till this sudden hour.

What secret door gave entrance unto thee?

What power is thine, o'er-mastering Love's own power?

AGE AND DEATH.

COME closer, kind, white, long-familiar friend,

Embrace me, fold me to thy broad, soft breast.

Life has grown strange and cold, but thou dost bend

Mild eyes of blessing wooing to my rest.

So often hast thou come, and from my side

So many hast thou lured, I only bide

Thy beck, to follow glad thy steps divine.

Thy world is peopled for me; this world's bare.

Through all these years my couch thou didst prepare.

Thou art supreme Love—kiss me—I am thine!

Emma Lazarus.

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

I.

THE DOCTOR.

THE main road to wealth in New Orleans has long been Carondelet street. There you see the most alert faces; noses—it seems to one—with more and sharper edge, and eyes smaller and brighter and with less distance between them than one notices in other streets. It is there that the stock and bond brokers hurry to and fro and run together promiscuously—the cunning and the simple, the headlong and the wary—at the four clanging strokes of the Stock Exchange gong. There rises the tall façade of the Cotton Exchange. Looking in from the sidewalk as you pass, you see its main hall, thronged but decorous, the quiet engine-room of the surrounding city's most far-reaching occupation, and at the hall's farther end you descry the "Future Room," and hear the unearthly ramping and bellowing of the bulls and bears. Up and down the street, on either hand, are the ship-brokers and insurers, and in the upper stories foreign consuls among a multitude of lawyers and notaries.

In 1856 this street was just assuming its present character. The cotton merchants were making it their favorite place of commercial domicile. The open thoroughfare served in lieu of the present exchanges; men made fortunes standing on the curb-stone, and during bank hours the sidewalks were perpetually crowded with cotton factors, buyers, brokers, weighers, reweighers, classers, pickers, pressers, and samplers, and the air was laden with cotton quotations and prognostications.

Number 3½, second floor, front, was the office of Dr. Sevier. This office was convenient to everything. Immediately under its windows lay the sidewalks where congregated the men who, of all in New Orleans, could best afford to pay for being sick, and least desired to die. Canal street, the city's leading artery, was just below at the near left-hand corner. Beyond it lay the older town, not yet impoverished in those days,—the French quarter. A single square and a half off at the right, and in plain view from the front windows, shone the dazzling white walls of the St. Charles Hotel, where the nabobs of the river plantations came and dwelt

with their fair-handed wives in seasons of peculiar anticipation, when it is well to be near the highest medical skill. In the opposite direction, a three minutes' quick drive around the upper corner and down Common street carried the Doctor to his ward in the great Charity Hospital, and to the school of medicine where he filled the chair set apart to the holy ailments of maternity. Thus, as it were, he laid his left hand on the rich and his right on the poor; and he was not left-handed.

Not that his usual attitude was one of benediction. He stood straight up in his austere pure-mindedness, tall, slender, pale, sharp of voice, keen of glance, stern in judgment, aggressive in debate, and fixedly untender everywhere, except—but always except—in the sick chamber. His inner heart was all of flesh; but his demands for the rectitude of mankind pointed out like the muzzles of cannon through the embrasures of his virtues. To demolish evil! That seemed the finest of aims; and even as a physician, that was, most likely, his motive until later years and a better self-knowledge had taught him that to do good was still finer and better. He waged war—against malady. To fight; to stifle; to cut down; to uproot; to overwhelm; these were his springs of action. That their results were good proved that his sentiment of benevolence was strong and high; but it was well-nigh shut out of sight by that impatience of evil which is very fine and knightly in youngest manhood, but which we like to see give way to kindlier moods as the earlier heat of the blood begins to pass.

He changed in later years; this was in 1856. To "resist not evil" seemed to him then only a rather feeble sort of knavery. To face it in its nakedness and to inveigh against it in high places and low, seemed the consummation of all manliness; and manliness was the key-note of his creed. There was no other necessity in this life.

"But a man must live," said one of his kindred, to whom, truth to tell, he had refused assistance.

"No, sir; that is just what he can't do. A man must die! So, while he lives, let him be a man!"

How inharmonious a setting, then, for Dr. Sevier, was 3½ Carondelet street. As he drove, each morning, down to that point,

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he had to pass through long, irregular files of fellow-beings thronging either sidewalk, a sadly unchivalric grouping of men whose daily and yearly life was subordinated only and entirely to the getting of wealth, and whose every eager motion was a repetition of the sinister old maxim that "Time is money."

"It's a great deal more, sir; it's life!" the Doctor always retorted.

Among these groups, moreover, were many who were all too well famed for illegitimate fortune. Many occupations connected with the handling of cotton yielded big harvests in perquisites. At every jog of the Doctor's horse, men came to view whose riches were the outcome of semi-respectable larceny. It was a day of reckless operation; much of the commerce that came to New Orleans was simply, as one might say, beached in Carondelet street. The sight used to keep the long, thin, keen-eyed doctor in perpetual indignation.

"Look at the wreckers," he would say.

It was breakfast at eight, indignation at nine, dyspepsia at ten.

So his setting was not merely inharmonious; it was damaging. He grew sore on the whole matter of money-getting.

"Yes, I have money. But I don't go after it. It comes to me because I seek and render service for the service's sake. It will come to anybody else the same way; and why should it come any other way?"

He not only had a low regard for the motives of most seekers of wealth; he went further and fell into much disbelief of poor men's needs. For instance, he looked upon a man's inability to find employment, or upon a poor fellow's run of bad luck, as upon the placarded woes of a hurdy-gurdy beggar.

"If he wants work, he will find it. As for begging, it ought to be easier for any true man to starve than to beg."

The sentiment was ungentle, but it came from the bottom of his belief concerning himself, and a longing for moral greatness in all men.

"However," he would add, thrusting his hand into his pocket and bringing out his purse, "I'll help any man to make himself useful. And the sick—well, the sick, as a matter of course. Only I must know what I'm doing."

Have some of us known Want? To have known her—though to love her was impossible—is "a liberal education." The Doctor was learned, but this acquaintanceship, this education, he had never got. Hence his untenderness. Shall we condemn the fault? Yes. And the man? We have not the face. To be *just*, which he never knowingly failed to be, and at the same time to feel tenderly for

the unworthy, to deal kindly with the erring,—it is a double grace that hangs not always in easy reach even of the tallest. The Doctor attained to it—but in later years; meantime, this story—which, I believe, had he ever been poor, would never have been written.

II.

A YOUNG STRANGER.

IN 1856, New Orleans was in the midst of the darkest ten years of her history. Yet she was full of new-comers from all parts of the commercial world,—strangers seeking livelihood. The ravages of cholera and yellow fever, far from keeping them away, seemed actually to draw them. In the three years 1853, '54, and '55, the cemeteries had received over thirty-five thousand dead; yet here in 1856, besides shiploads of European immigrants, came hundreds of unacclimated youths, from all parts of the United States, to fill the wide gaps which they imagined had been made in the ranks of the great exporting city's clerking force.

Upon these pilgrims Dr. Sevier cast an eye full of interest and often of compassion hidden under outward impatience. "Who wants to see," he would demand, "men—and women—increasing the risks of this uncertain life?" But he was also full of respect for them. There was a certain nobility rightly attributable to emigration itself in the abstract. It was the cutting loose from friends and aid,—those sweet-named temptations,—and the going forth into self-appointed exile and into dangers known and unknown, trusting to the help of one's own right hand to exchange honest toil for honest bread and raiment. His eyes kindled to see the goodly, broad, red-cheeked fellows. Sometimes, though, he saw women, and sometimes tender women, by their side, and that sight touched the pathetic chord of his heart with a rude twangle that vexed him.

It was on a certain bright, cool morning early in October that, as he drove down Carondelet street toward his office, and one of those little white omnibuses of the old Apollo street line, crowding in before his carriage, had compelled his driver to draw close in by the curbstone and slacken speed to a walk, his attention chanced to fall upon a young man of attractive appearance, glancing stranger-wise and eagerly at signs and entrances while he moved down the street. Twice, in the moment of the Doctor's enforced delay, he noticed the young stranger make inquiry of the street's more accustomed frequenters, and that in each case he was directed farther on. But the way opened, the Doctor's horse switched

his tail and was off, the stranger was left behind, and the next moment the Doctor stepped across the sidewalk and went up the stairs of Number 3½ to his office. Something told him — we are apt to fall into thought on a stair-way — that the stranger was looking for a physician.

He had barely disposed of the three or four waiting messengers that arose from their chairs against the corridor wall, and was still reading the anxious lines left in various hand-writings on his slate, when the young man entered. He was of fair height, slenderly built, with soft auburn hair a little untrimmed, neat dress, and a diffident yet expectant and courageous face.

"Dr. Sevier?"

"Yes, sir."

"Doctor, my wife is very ill. Can I get you to call at once and see her?"

"Who is her physician?"

"I have not called any; but we must have one now."

"I don't know about going at once. This is my hour for being in the office. How far is it, and what's the trouble?"

"We are only three squares away, just here in Custom-house street." The speaker began to add a faltering enumeration of some very grave symptoms. The Doctor noticed that he was slightly deaf; he uttered his words as though he did not hear them.

"Yes," interrupted Dr. Sevier, speaking half to himself as he turned around to a standing case of cruel-looking silver-plated things on shelves, "that's a small part of the penalty women pay for the doubtful honor of being our mothers. I'll go. What is your number? But you had better drive back with me if you can." He drew back from the glass case, shut the door, and took his hat.

"Narcisse."

On the side of the office nearest the corridor a door let into a hall-room that afforded merely good space for the furniture needed by a single accountant. The Doctor had other interests besides those of his profession, and, taking them all together, found it necessary, or at least convenient, to employ continuously the services of a person to keep his accounts and collect his bills. Through the open door the book-keeper could be seen sitting on a high stool at a still higher desk — a young man of handsome profile and well-knit form. At the call of his name, he unwound his legs from the rounds of the stool and leaped into the Doctor's presence with a superlatively high-bred bow.

"I shall be back in fifteen minutes," said the Doctor. "Come, Mr. —," and went out with the stranger.

Narcisse had intended to speak. He stood a moment, then lifted the last half inch of a cigarette to his lips, took a long, meditative inhalation, turned half round on his heel, dashed the remnant with fierce emphasis into a spittoon, ejected two long streams of smoke from his nostrils, and, extending his fist toward the door by which the Doctor had gone out, said:

"All right, ole hoss!" No, not that way. It is hard to give his pronunciation by letter. In the word "right" he substituted an *a* for the *r*, sounding it almost in the same instant with the *i*, yet distinct from it: "All *a*-ight, ole hoss!"

Then he walked slowly back to his desk, with that feeling of relief which some men find in the renewal of a promissory note, twined his legs again among those of the stool, and, adding not a word, resumed his pen.

The Doctor's carriage was hurrying across Canal street.

"Dr. Sevier," said the physician's companion, "I don't know what your charges are —"

"The highest," said the Doctor, whose dyspepsia was gnawing him just then with fine energy. The curt reply struck fire upon the young man.

"I don't propose to drive a bargain, Dr. Sevier!" He flushed angrily after he had spoken, breathed with compressed lips, and winked savagely, with the sort of indignation that school-boys show to a harsh master.

The physician answered with better self-control.

"What do you propose?"

"I was going to propose — being a stranger to you, sir — to pay in advance." The announcement was made with a tremulous but triumphant *hauteur*, as though it must cover the physician with mortification. The speaker stretched out a rather long leg and, drawing a pocket-book, produced a twenty-dollar piece.

The Doctor looked full in his face with impatient surprise, then turned his eyes away again as if he restrained himself, and said, in a subdued tone:

"I would rather you had haggled about the price."

"I don't hear—" said the other, turning his ear. The Doctor waved his hand:

"Put that up, if you please."

The young stranger was disconcerted. He remained silent for a moment, wearing a look of impatient embarrassment. He still extended the piece, turning it over and over with his thumb-nail as it lay on his fingers.

"You don't know me, Doctor," he said. He got another cruel answer:

"We're getting acquainted," replied the physician.

The victim of the sarcasm bit his lip, and

protested, by an unconscious, sidewise jerk of the chin :

"I wish you'd ——" and he turned the coin again.

The physician dropped an eagle's stare on the gold.

"I don't practice medicine on those principles."

"But, Doctor," insisted the other, appeasingly, "you can make an exception if you will. Reasons are better than rules, my old professor used to say. I am here without friends, or letters, or credentials of any sort; this is the only recommendation I can offer."

"Don't recommend you at all; anybody can do that."

The stranger breathed a sigh of overtaken patience, smiled with a baffled air, seemed once or twice about to speak but doubtful what to say, and let his hand sink.

"Well, Doctor,"—he rested his elbow on his knee, gave the piece one more turn over, and tried to draw the physician's eye by a look of boyish pleasantness,—“I'll not ask you to take pay in advance, but I will ask you to take care of this money for me. Suppose I should lose it, or have it stolen from me, or—Doctor, it would be a real comfort to me if you would."

"I can't help that. I shall treat your wife and then send in my bill." The Doctor folded arms and appeared to give attention to his driver. But at the same time he asked :

"Not subject to epilepsy, eh?"

"No, sir!" The indignant shortness of the retort drew no sign of attention from the Doctor; he was silently asking himself what this nonsense meant. Was it drink, or gambling, or a confidence game? Or was it only vanity, or a mistake of inexperience? He turned his head unexpectedly and gave the stranger's facial lines a quick, thorough examination. It startled them from a look of troubled meditation. The physician as quickly turned away again.

"Doctor," began the other, but added no more.

The physician was silent. He turned the matter over once more in his mind. The proposal was absurdly unbusinesslike. That his part in it might look ungenerous was nothing; so his actions were right, he rather liked them to bear a hideous aspect; that was his war-paint. There was that in the stranger's attitude that agreed fairly with his own theories of living. A fear of debt, for instance; if that was genuine it was good. And beyond and better than that, a fear of money. He began to be more favorably impressed.

"Give it to me," he said, frowning; "mark you, this is your way,"—he dropped the gold into his vest pocket,—“it isn't mine."

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The young man laughed with visible relief, and rubbed his knee with his somewhat too delicate hand. The doctor examined him again with a milder glance.

"I suppose you think you've got the principles of life all right, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," replied the other, taking his turn at folding arms.

"H-m-m, I dare say you do. What you lack is the practice." The Doctor sealed his utterance with a nod.

The young man showed amusement; more, it may be, than he felt, and presently pointed out his lodging place.

"Here, on this side; Number 40," and they alighted.

III.

HIS WIFE.

In former times, the presence in New Orleans, during the cooler half of the year, of large numbers of mercantile men from all parts of the world, who did not accept the fever-plagued city as their permanent residence, made much business for the renters of furnished apartments. At the same time, there was a class of persons whose residence was permanent, and to whom this letting of rooms fell by an easy and natural gravitation; and the most respectable and comfortable rented rooms of which the city could boast were those *chambres garnies* in Custom-house and Bienville streets, kept by worthy free or freed mulatto or quadroon women.

In 1856, the gala days of this half-caste people were quite over. Difference was made between virtue and vice, and the famous quadroon balls were shunned by those who aspired to respectability, whether their whiteness was nature or only toilet powder. Generations of domestic service under ladies of Gallic blood had brought many of them to a supreme pitch of excellence as housekeepers. In many cases, money had been inherited; in other cases, it had been saved up. That Latin feminine ability to hold an awkward position with impregnable serenity, and like the yellow Mississippi to give back no reflection from the overhanging sky, emphasized this superior fitness. That bright, womanly business ability that comes of the same blood added again to their excellence. Not to be home itself, nothing could be more like it than were the apartments let by Madame Cécile, or Madame Sophie, or Madame Athalie, or Madame Polyxène, or whatever the name might be.

It was in one of these houses, that presented its dull brick front directly upon the sidewalk of Custom-house street, with the unfailing little square sign of *Chambres à*

louer (Rooms to let), dangling by a string from the overhanging balcony and twirling in the breeze, that the sick wife lay. A waiting slave-girl opened the door as the two men approached it, and both of them went directly upstairs and into a large, airy room. On a high, finely carved, and heavily hung mahogany bed, to which the remaining furniture corresponded in ancient style and massiveness, was stretched the form of a pale, sweet-faced little woman.

The proprietress of the house was sitting beside the bed, a quadron of good, kind face, forty-five years old or so, tall and broad. She rose and responded to the Doctor's silent bow with that pretty dignity of greeting which goes with all French blood, and remained standing. The invalid stirred.

The physician came forward to the bedside. The patient could not have been much over nineteen years of age. Her face was very pleasing; a trifle slender in outline; the brows somewhat square, not wide; the mouth small. But it is needless to be minute; she would not have been called beautiful, even in health, by those who lay stress on correctness of outlines. Yet she had one thing that to some is better. Whether it was in the dark blue eyes that were lifted to the Doctor's with a look which changed rapidly from inquiry to confidence, or in the fine, scarcely perceptible strands of pale-brown hair that played about her temples, he did not make out; but for one cause or another her face was of that kind which almost any one has seen once or twice, and no one has seen often,—that seems to give out a soft but veritable light.

She was very weak. Her eyes quickly dropped away from his and turned wearily but peacefully to those of her husband.

The Doctor spoke to her. His greeting and gentle inquiry were full of a soothing quality that was new to the young man. His long fingers moved twice or thrice softly across her brow, pushing back the thin, waving strands, and then he sat down in a chair, continuing his kind, direct questions. The answers were all bad.

He turned his glance to the quadron; she understood it; the patient was seriously ill. The nurse responded with a quiet look of comprehension. At the same time, the Doctor disguised from the young strangers this interchange of meanings by an audible question to the quadron.

"Have I ever met you before?"

"No, seh."

"What is your name?"

"Zénobie."

"Madame Zénobia," softly whispered the invalid, turning her eyes, with a glimmer of

feeble pleasantry, first to the quadron and then to her husband.

The physician smiled at her an instant, and then gave a few concise directions to the quadron. "Get me"—thus and so.

The woman went and came. She was a superior nurse, like so many of her race. So obvious, indeed, was this, that when she gently pressed the young husband an inch or two aside and murmured that "*de doctah*" wanted him to "*go h-out*," he left the room, although he knew the physician had not so indicated.

By and by he returned, but only at her beckon, and remained at the bedside while Madame Zénobie led the Doctor into another room to write his prescription.

"Who are these people?" asked the physician, in an undertone, looking up at the quadron and pausing with the prescription half torn off.

She shrugged her large shoulders and smiled perplexedly.

"Mizzez—Reechin?" The tone was one of query rather than assertion. "Dey ses so," she added.

She might nurse the lady like a mother, but she was not going to be responsible for the genuineness of a stranger's name.

"Where are they from?"

"I dunno? — Some pless? — I nevva yeh dat nem biff?"

She made a timid attempt at some word ending in "*walk*," and smiled, ready to accept possible ridicule.

"Milwaukee?" asked the Doctor.

She lifted her palm, smiled brightly, pushed him gently with the tip of one finger, and nodded. He had hit the nail on the head.

"What business is he in?"

The questioner rose.

She cast a sidelong glance at him with a slight enlargement of her eyes, and compressing her lips gave her head a little decided shake. The young man was not employed.

"And has no money either, I suppose," said the physician as they started again toward the sick-room.

She shrugged again and smiled; but it came to her mind that the Doctor might be considering his own interests, and she added in a whisper:

"Dey pay me."

She changed places with the husband, and the physician and he passed down the stairs together in silence.

"Well, Doctor?" said the young man as he stood, prescription in hand, before the carriage-door.

"Well," responded the physician, "you should have called me sooner."

The look of agony that came into the stranger's face caused the Doctor instantly to repent his hard speech.

"You don't mean ——" exclaimed the husband.

"No, no; I don't think it's too late. Get that prescription filled and give it to Mrs. ——"

"Richling," said the young man.

"Let her have perfect quiet," continued the Doctor. "I shall be back this evening."

And when he returned she had improved.

She was better again the next day, and the next; but on the fourth she was in a very critical state. She lay quite silent during the Doctor's visit, until he, thinking he read in her eyes a wish to say something to him alone, sent her husband and the quadroom out of the room on separate errands at the same moment. And immediately she exclaimed:

"Doctor, save my life! You mustn't let me die! Save me for my husband's sake! To lose all he's lost for me, and then to lose me too,—save me, Doctor, save me!"

"I'm going to do it!" said he. "You shall get well!"

And what with his skill and her endurance, it turned out so.

IV.

CONVALESCENCE AND ACQUAINTANCE.

A MAN'S clothing is his defense; but with a woman all dress is adornment. Nature decrees it; adornment is her instinctive delight. And above all the adorning of a bride; it brings out so charmingly the meaning of the thing. Therein centers the gay consent of all mankind and womankind to an innocent, sweet apostasy from the ranks of both. The value of living—which is loving; the sacreddest wonders of life; all that is fairest and of best delight in thought, in feeling, yea, in substance,—all are apprehended under the floral crown and hymeneal veil. So, when at length one day Mrs. Richling said, "Madame Zénobie, don't you think I might sit up?" it would have been absurd to doubt the quadroom's willingness to assist her in dressing. True, here was neither wreath nor veil, but here was very young wifehood, and its re-attiring would be like a proclamation of victory over the malady that had striven to put two hearts asunder. Her willingness could hardly be doubted,—though she smiled irresponsibly and said:

"If you thing ——?" She spread her eyes and elbows suddenly in the manner of a crab, with palms turned upward and thumbs outstretched—"Well?"—and so dropped them. "You don't want wait till de doctah comin'?" she asked.

"I don't think he's coming; it's after his time."

"Yass?"

The woman was silent a moment, and then threw up one hand again with the forefinger lifted alertly forward.

"I make a lill fi' biffio."

She made a fire. Then she helped the convalescent to put on a few loose drapings. She made no concealment of the enjoyment it gave her, though her words were few and generally were answers to questions; and when at length she brought from the wardrobe, pretending not to notice her mistake, a loose and much too ample robe of woolen and silken stuffs to go over all, she moved as though she trod on holy ground, and distinctly felt, herself, the thrill with which the convalescent, her young eyes beaming their assent, let her arms into the big sleeves, and drew about her small form the soft folds of her husband's morning-gown.

"He goin' to fine that droll," said the quadroom.

The wife's face confessed her pleasure.

"It's as much mine as his," she said.

"Is you mek dat?" asked the nurse as she drew its silken cord about the convalescent's waist.

"Yes. Don't draw it tight; leave it loose; so; but you can tie the knot tight. That will do; there." She smiled broadly. "Don't tie me in as if you were tying me in forever."

Madame Zénobie understood perfectly and, smiling in response, did tie it as if she were tying her in forever.

Half an hour or so later the quadroom, being—it may have been by chance—at the street door, ushered in a person who simply bowed in silence.

But as he put one foot on the stair he paused and, bending a severe gaze upon her, asked:

"Why do you smile?"

She folded her hands limply on her bosom, and drawing a cheek and shoulder toward each other, replied:

"Nuttin'—?"

The questioner's severity darkened.

"Why do you smile at nothing?"

She laid the tips of her fingers upon her lips to compose them.

"You din come in you' carridge. She goin' to thing 'tis Miché Reechin." The smile forced its way through her fingers. The visitor turned in quiet disdain and went upstairs, she following.

At the top he let her pass. She led the way and, softly pushing open the chamber door, entered noiselessly, turned and, as the other stepped across the threshold, nestled

her hands one on the other at her waist, shrank inward with a sweet smile, and waved one palm toward the huge, blue-hung mahogany four-poster,—empty.

The visitor gave a slight double nod and moved on across the carpet. Before a small coal fire, in a grate too wide for it, stood a broad, cushioned rocking-chair with the corner of a pillow showing over its top. The visitor went on around it. The girlish form lay in it, with eyes closed, very still; but his professional glance quickly detected the false pretense of slumber. A slippered foot was still slightly reached out beyond the bright colors of the long gown, and toward the brazen edge of the hearth-pan, as though the owner had been touching her tiptoe against it to keep the chair in gentle motion. One cheek was on the pillow; down the other curled a few light strands of hair that had escaped from her brow.

Thus for an instant. Then a smile began to wreath about the corner of her lips, she faintly stirred, opened her eyes—and lo! Dr. Sevier, motionless, tranquil, and grave.

"Oh, Doctor!" The blood surged into her face and down upon her neck. She put her hands over her eyes and her face into the pillow. "Oh, Doctor!"—rising to a sitting posture—"I thought, of course, it was my husband."

The Doctor replied while she was speaking:

"My carriage broke down." He drew a chair toward the fire-place and asked, with his face toward the dying fire:

"How are you feeling to-day, madam,—stronger?"

"Yes, I can almost say I'm well." The blush was still on her face as he turned to receive her answer, but she smiled with a bright courageousness that secretly amused and pleased him. "I thank you, Doctor, for my recovery; I certainly should thank you." Her face lighted up with that soft radiance which was its best quality, and her smile became half introspective as her eyes dropped from his and followed her outstretched hand as it re-arranged the farther edges of the dressing-gown one upon another.

"If you will take better care of yourself hereafter, madam," responded the Doctor, thumping and brushing from his knee some specks of mud that he may have got when his carriage broke, "I will thank you. But"—brush—brush—"I—doubt it."

"Do you think you should?" she asked, leaning forward from the back of the great chair and letting her wrists drop over the front of its broad arms.

"I do," said the Doctor, kindly. "Why shouldn't I? This present attack was by your

own fault." While he spoke, he was looking into her eyes, contracted at their corners by her slight smile. The face was one of those that show not merely that the world is all unknown to them, but that it always will be so. It beamed with inquisitive intelligence, and yet had the innocence almost of infancy. The doctor made a discovery; it was this that made her beautiful. "She *is* beautiful," he insisted to himself when his critical faculty dissented.

"You needn't doubt me, Doctor. I'll try my best to take care. Why of course I will,—for John's sake." She looked up into his face from the tassel she was twisting around her finger, touching the floor with her slippers' toe and faintly rocking.

"Yes, there's a chance there," replied the grave man, seemingly not overmuch pleased; "I dare say everything you do or leave undone is for his sake."

The little wife betrayed for a moment a pained perplexity, and then exclaimed,—

"Well, of course!" and waited his answer with bright eyes.

"I have known women to think of their own sakes," was the response.

She laughed, and with unprecedented sparkle replied,—

"Why,—whatever's his sake is my sake. I don't see the difference. Yes, I see, of course, how there might be a difference; but I don't see how a woman——" She ceased, still smiling, and, dropping her eyes to her hands, slowly stroked one wrist and palm with the tassel of her husband's robe.

The Doctor rose, turned his back to the mantelpiece, and looked down upon her. He thought of the great, wide world: its thorny ways, its deserts, its bitter waters, its unrighteousness, its self-seeking greeds, its weaknesses, its under and over reaching, its unfaithfulness; and then again of this—child, thrust all at once a thousand miles into it, with never—so far as he could see—an implement, a weapon, a sense of danger, or a refuge; well pleased with herself as it seemed, lifted up into the bliss of self-obliterating wifeness, and resting in her husband with such an assurance of safety and happiness as a saint might pray for grace to show to Heaven itself. He stood silent, feeling too grim to speak, and presently Mrs. Richling looked up with a sudden liveliness of eye and a smile that was half apology and half persistence.

"Yes, Doctor, I'm going to take care of myself."

"Mrs. Richling, is your father a man of fortune?"

"My father is not living," said she, gravely. "He died two years ago. He was the pastor of

a small church. No, sir; he had nothing but his small salary—except that for a few years he taught a few scholars. He taught me.” She brightened up again. “I never had any other teacher.”

The Doctor folded his hands behind him and gazed abstractedly through the upper sash of the large French windows. The street door was heard to open.

“There’s John,” said the convalescent quickly, and the next moment her husband entered. A tired look vanished from his face as he saw the doctor. He hurried to grasp his hand, then turned and kissed his wife. The physician took up his hat.

“Doctor,” said the wife, holding the hand he gave her, and looking up playfully, with her cheek against the chair-back, “you surely didn’t suspect me of being a rich girl, did you?”

“Not at all, madam.” His emphasis was so pronounced that the husband laughed.

“There’s one comfort in the opposite condition, Doctor,” said the young man.

“Yes?”

“Why, yes; you see, it requires no explanation.”

“Yes, it does,” said the physician; “it is just as binding on people to show good cause why they are poor as it is to show good cause why they’re rich. Good-day, madam.” The two men went out together. His word would have been good-bye, but for the fear of fresh acknowledgments.

V.

HARD QUESTIONS.

DR. SEVIER had a simple abhorrence of the expression of personal sentiment in words. Nothing else seemed to him so utterly hollow as the attempt to indicate by speech a regard or affection which was not already demonstrated in behavior. So far did he keep himself aloof from insincerity that he had barely room enough left to be candid.

“I need not see your wife any more,” he said, as he went down the stairs with the young husband at his elbow; and the young man had learned him well enough not to oppress him with formal thanks, whatever might have been said or omitted upstairs.

Madame Zénobie contrived to be near enough, as they reached the lower floor, to come in for a share of the meager adieu. She gave her hand with a dainty grace and a bow that might have been imported from Paris.

Dr. Sevier paused on the front step, half turned toward the open door where the husband still tarried. That was not speech; it was scarcely action; but the young man understood it and was silent. In truth, the Doctor

himself felt a pang in this sort of farewell. A physician’s way through the world is paved, I have heard one say, with these broken bits of others’ lives, of all colors and all degrees of beauty. In his reminiscences, when he can do no better, he gathers them up, and turning them over and over in the darkened chamber of his retrospection, sees patterns of delight lit up by the softened rays of by-gone time. But even this renews the pain of separation, and Dr. Sevier felt, right here at this door-step, that, if this was to be the last of the Richlings, he would feel the twinge of parting every time they came up again in his memory.

He looked at the house opposite—where there was really nothing to look at—and at a woman who happened to be passing, and who was only like a thousand others with whom he had nothing to do.

“Richling,” he said, “what brings you to New Orleans, any way?”

Richling leaned his cheek against the door-post:

“Simply seeking my fortune, Doctor.”

“Do you think it is here?”

“I’m pretty sure it is; the world owes me a living.”

The Doctor looked up.

“When did you get the world in your debt?”

Richling lifted his head pleasantly, and let one foot down a step.

“It owes me a chance to earn a living, doesn’t it?”

“I dare say, replied the other: “that’s what it generally owes.”

“That’s all I ask of it,” said Richling; “if it will let us alone, we’ll let it alone.”

“You’ve no right to allow either,” said the physician. “No sir; no,” he insisted, as the young man looked incredulous. There was a pause. “Have you any capital?” asked the Doctor.

“Capital! No,”—with a low laugh.

“But surely you have something to——?”

“Oh, yes,—a little.”

The Doctor marked the southern “Oh.” There is no “O” in Milwaukee.

“You don’t find as many vacancies as you expected to see, I suppose, h-m-m?”

There was an under-glow of feeling in the young man’s tone as he replied,—

“I was misinformed.”

“Well,” said the Doctor, staring down street, “you’ll find something. What can you do?”

“Do? Oh, I’m willing to do anything.”

Dr. Sevier turned his gaze slowly, with a shade of disappointment in it. Richling rallied to his defenses:

“I think I could make a good book-keeper, or correspondent, or cashier, or any such——”

The Doctor interrupted, with the back of his head toward his listener looking this time up the street, riverward :

"Yes?—or a shoe,—or a barrel,—h-m-m?"

Richling bent forward with the frown of defective hearing, and the physician raised his voice—

"Or a cartwheel—or a coat?"

"I can make a living," rejoined the other, with a needlessly resentful-heroic manner that was lost, or seemed to be, on the physician.

"Richling,"—the Doctor suddenly faced around and fixed a kindly severe glance on him,—“why didn't you bring letters?"

"Why,"—the young man stopped, looked at his feet, and distinctly blushed. "I think," he stammered,—“it seems to me"—he looked up with a faltering eye—"don't you think—I think a man ought to be able to recommend *himself*."

The Doctor's gaze remained so fixed that the self-recommended man could not endure it silently.

"I think so," he said, looking down again and swinging his foot. Suddenly he brightened. "Doctor, isn't this your carriage coming?"

"Yes; I told the boy to drive by here when it was mended, and he might find me." The vehicle drew up and stopped. "Still, Richling," the physician continued, as he stepped toward it, "you had better get a letter or two, yet; you might need them."

The door of the carriage clapped to. There seemed a touch of vexation in the sound. Richling, too, closed his door, but in the soft way of one in troubled meditation. Was this a proper farewell? The thought came to both men.

"Stop a minute!" said Dr. Sevier to his driver. He leaned out a little at the side of the carriage and looked back. "Never mind; he has gone in."

The young husband went upstairs slowly and heavily;—more slowly and heavily than might be explained by his all-day unsuccessful tramp after employment. His wife still rested in the rocking-chair. He stood against it, and she took his hand and stroked it.

"Tired?" she asked, looking up at him. He gazed into the languishing fire.

"Yes."

"You're not discouraged, are you?"

"Discouraged? N-no. And yet," he said, slowly shaking his head, "I can't see why I don't find something to do."

"It's because you don't hunt for it," said the wife.

He turned upon her with flashing countenance only to meet her laugh and to have his head pulled down to her lips. He dropped into the seat left by the physician, laid his

head back in his knitted hands, and crossed his feet under the chair.

"John, I do *like* Dr. Sevier."

"Why?" The questioner looked at the ceiling.

"Why, don't you like him?" asked the wife, and as John smiled she added,—“You know you like him."

The husband grasped the poker in both hands, dropped his elbows upon his knees, and began touching the fire, saying slowly,—“I believe the Doctor thinks I'm a fool."

"That's nothing," said the little wife, "that's only because you married me."

The poker stopped rattling between the grate-bars; the husband looked at the wife. Her eyes, though turned partly away, betrayed their mischief. There was a deadly pause; then a rush to the assault, a shower of Cupid's arrows, a quick surrender—

But we refrain. Since ever the world began it is Love's real, not his sham battles, that are worth the telling.

VI.

NESTING.

A FORTNIGHT passed. What with calls on his private skill, and appeals to his public zeal, Dr. Sevier was always loaded like a dromedary. Just now he was much occupied with the affairs of the great American people. For all, he was the furthest remove from a mere party contestant or spoilsman; neither his righteous pugnacity nor his human sympathy would allow him to "let politics alone." Often across this preoccupation there flitted a thought of the Richlings.

At length one day he saw them. He had been called by a patient, lodging near Madame Zénobie's house. The proximity of the young couple occurred to him at once, but he instantly realized the extreme poverty of the chance that he should see them. To increase the improbability, the short afternoon was near its close, an hour when people generally were sitting at dinner.

But what a coquette is that same Chance! As he was driving up at the sidewalk's edge before his patient's door, the Richlings came out of theirs, the husband talking with animation, and the wife, all sunshine, skipping up to his side and taking his arm with both hands, and attending eagerly to his words.

"Heels!" muttered the Doctor to himself, for the sound of Mrs. Richling's gaiters betrayed that fact. Heels were an innovation still new enough to rouse the resentment of masculine conservatism. But for them, she would have pleased his sight entirely. Bonnets, for years microscopic, had again be-

come visible, and her girlish face was prettily set in one whose flowers and ribbon, just joyous and no more, were reflected again in the double-skirted silk *barège*, while the dark mantilla that drooped away from the broad lace collar, shading, without hiding, her "Parodi" waist, seemed made for that very street of heavy-grated archways, iron-railed balconies, and high lattices. The Doctor even accepted patiently the free northern step, which is commonly so repugnant to the southern eye.

A heightened gladness flashed into the faces of the two young people as they desecrated the physician.

"Good-afternoon," they said, advancing.

"Good-evening," responded the Doctor, and shook hands with each. The meeting was an emphatic pleasure to him. He quite forgot the young man's lack of credentials.

"Out taking the air?" he asked.

"Looking about," said the husband.

"Looking up new quarters," said the wife, knitting her fingers about her husband's elbow and drawing closer to it.

"Were you not comfortable?"

"Yes; but the rooms are larger than we need."

"Ah!" said the Doctor; and there the conversation sank. There was no topic suited to so fleeting a moment, and when they had smiled all round again, Dr. Sevier lifted his hat. Ah, yes, there was one thing.

"Have you found work?" asked the Doctor of Richling.

The wife glanced up for an instant into her husband's face, and then down again.

"No," said Richling, "not yet. If you should hear of anything, Doctor——" He remembered the Doctor's word about letters, stopped suddenly, and seemed as if he might even withdraw the request; but the Doctor said:

"I will; I will let you know." He gave his hand to Richling. It was on his lips to add—"and should you need," etc.; but there was the wife at the husband's side. So he said no more. The pair bowed their cheerful thanks; but beside the cheer, or behind it, in the husband's face, was there not the look of one who feels the odds against him? And yet, while the two men's hands still held each other, the look vanished, and the young man's light grasp had such firmness in it that, for this cause also, the Doctor withheld his patronizing utterance. He believed he would himself have resented it had he been in Richling's place.

The young pair passed on, and that night as Dr. Sevier sat at his fireside, an uncompanioned widower, he saw again the young wife look quickly up into her husband's face, and across

that face flit and disappear its look of weary dismay, followed by the air of fresh courage with which the young couple had said good-bye.

"I wish I had spoken," he thought to himself; "I wish I had made the offer."

And again:

"I hope he didn't tell her what I said about the letters. Not but I was right, but it'll only wound her."

But Richling had told her; he always "told her everything"; she could not possibly have magnified wifehood more, in her way, than he did in his. May be both ways were faulty; but they were extravagantly, youthfully confident that they were not.

UNKNOWN to Dr. Sevier, the Richlings had returned from their search unsuccessful. Finding prices too much alike in Custom-house street, they turned into Burgundy. From Burgundy they passed into Du Maine. As they went, notwithstanding disappointments, their mood grew gay and gayer. Everything that met the eye was quaint and droll to them: men, women, things, places, all were more or less outlandish. The grotesqueness of the African, and especially the French-tongued African, was to Mrs. Richling particularly irresistible. Multiplying upon each and all of these things was the ludicrousness of the pecuniary strait that brought themselves and these things into contact. Everything turned to fun.

Mrs. Richling's mirthful mood prompted her by and by to begin letting into her inquiries and comments covert double meanings intended for her husband's private understanding. Thus they crossed Bourbon street.

About there, their mirth reached a climax; it was in a small house, a sad, single-story thing cowering between two high buildings, its eaves, four or five feet deep, overshadowing its one street door and window.

"Looks like a shade for weak eyes," said the wife.

They had debated whether they should enter it or not. He thought no, she thought yes; but he would not insist and she would not insist; she wished him to do as he thought best, and he wished her to do as she thought best, and they had made two or three false starts and retreats before they got inside. But they were in there at length and busily engaged inquiring into the availability of a small, lace-curtained, front room, when Richling took his wife so completely off her guard by addressing her as "Madame," in the tone and manner of Dr. Sevier, that she laughed in the face of the householder, who had been trying to talk English with a French accent and a harelip, and they fled with haste to the

sidewalk and around the corner, where they could smile and smile without being villains.

"We must stop this," said the wife, blushing. "We *must* stop it. We're attracting attention."

And this was true at least as to one ragamuffin who stood on a neighboring corner staring at them. Yet there is no telling to what higher pitch their humor might have carried them if Mrs. Richling had not been weighted down by the constant necessity of correcting her husband's statement of their wants. This she could do, because his exactions were all in the direction of her comfort.

"But, John," she would say each time as they returned to the street and resumed their quest, "those things cost; you can't afford them; can you?"

"Why, you can't be comfortable without them," he would answer.

"But that's not the question, John; we *must* take cheaper lodgings, mustn't we?"

Then John would be silent, and by little's their gayety would rise again.

One landlady was so good-looking, so manifestly and entirely Caucasian, so melodious of voice, and so modest in her account of the rooms she showed, that Mrs. Richling was captivated. The back room on the second floor, overlooking the inner court and numerous low roofs beyond, was suitable and cheap.

"Yes," said the sweet proprietress, turning to Richling, who hung in doubt whether it was quite good enough, "Yessch, I think you be pretty well in that room yeh.* Yessch, I'm shoe you be *very* well; yessch."

"Can we get them at once?"

"Yes? At once? Yes? Oh, yes?"

No downward inflections from her.

"Well,"—the wife looked at the husband—he nodded—"well, we'll take it."

"Yes?" responded the landlady; "well?" leaning against a bedpost and smiling with infantile diffidence, "you dunt want no refence?"

"No," said John, generously, "Oh, no; we can trust each other that far, eh?"

"Oh, yes?" replied the sweet creature. Then suddenly changing countenance as though she remembered something. "But daz de troub'—de room not goin' be vacate for t'ree mont'."

She stretched forth her open palms and smiled, with one arm still around the bedpost.

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Richling, the very statue of astonishment, "you said just now we could have it at once!"

"Dis room? Oh, no; nod *dis* room."

"I don't see how I could have misunderstood you."

The landlady lifted her shoulders, smiled, and clasped her hands across each other

* "Heah"—*ye*, as in *yearn*.

under her throat. Then throwing them apart she said brightly:

"No, I say, at Madame La Rose. Me, my room's all fill'. At Madame La Rose, I say, I think you be pritty well. I'm shoe you be verrie well at Madame La Rose. I'm sorry. But you kin paz yondeh—'tiz juz ad the cawneh? And I am shoe I think you be pritty well at Madame La Rose."

She kept up the repetition, though Mrs. Richling, incensed, had turned her back, and Richling was saying good-day.

"She did say the room was vacant!" exclaimed the little wife, as they reached the sidewalk. But the next moment there came a quick twinkle from her eye, and waving her husband to go on without her, she said: "You kin paz yondeh; at Madame La Rose I am shoe you be pritty sick." Thereupon she took his arm,—making everybody stare and smile to see a lady and gentleman arm in arm by daylight,—and they went merrily on their way.

The last place they stopped at was in Royal street. The entrance was bad. It was narrow even for those two. The walls were stained by dampness, and the smell of a totally undrained soil came up through the floor. The stairs ascended a few steps, came too near a low ceiling, and shot forward into cavernous gloom to find a second rising place farther on. But the rooms, when reached, were a tolerably pleasant disappointment, and the proprietress a person of reassuring amiability.

She bestirred herself in an obliging way that was the most charming thing yet encountered. She gratified the young people every moment afresh with her readiness to understand or guess their English queries and remarks, hung her head archly when she had to explain away little objections, delivered her no sirs with gravity and her yes sirs with bright eagerness, shook her head slowly with each negative announcement, and accompanied her affirmations with a gracious bow and a smile full of rice powder.

She rendered everything so agreeable, indeed, that it almost seemed impolite to inquire narrowly into matters, and when the question of price had to come up it was really difficult to bring it forward, and Richling quite lost sight of the economic rules to which he had silently acceded in the *Rue Du Maine*.

"And you will carpet the floor?" he asked, hovering off of the main issue.

"Put coppit? Ah! certtainlee!" she replied, with a lovely bow and a wave of the hand toward Mrs. Richling, whom she had already given the same assurance.

"Yes," responded the little wife, with a captivated smile, and nodded to her husband.

"We want to get the decentest thing that

is cheap," he said, as the three stood close together in the middle of the room.

The landlady flushed.

"No, no, John," said the wife, quickly, "don't you know what we said?" Then, turning to the proprietress, she hurried to add, "We want the cheapest thing that is decent."

But the landlady had not waited for the correction.

"*Dissent!* You want somesin *dissent!*" She moved a step backward on the floor, scoured and smeared with brick-dust, her ire rising visibly at every heart-throb, and pointing her outward-turned open hand energetically downward, added:

"'Tis yeh!" She breathed hard. "*Mais*, no; you don't *want* somesin dissent. No!" She leaned forward interrogatively: "You want somesin tchip?" She threw both elbows to the one side, cast her spread hands off in the same direction, drew the cheek on that side down into the collar-bone, raised her eyebrows, and pushed her upper lip with her lower, scornfully.

At that moment her ear caught the words of the wife's apologetic amendment. They gave her fresh wrath and new opportunity. For her new foe was a woman, and a woman trying to speak in defense of the husband against whose arm she clung.

"Ah-h-h!" Her chin went up; her eyes shot lightning; she folded her arms fiercely, and drew herself to her best height; and, as Richling's eyes shot back in rising indignation, cried:

"Ziss pless? 'Tis not ze pless! Ziss pless—is diss'nt pless! I am diss'nt woman, me! Fo' w'at you come in yeh?"

"My dear madam! My husband——"

"Dass you' uzban'?" pointing at him.

"Yes!" cried the two Richlings at once.

The woman folded her arms again, turned half aside, and, lifting her eyes to the ceiling, simply remarked, with an ecstatic smile:

"Humph?" and left the pair, red with exasperation, to find the street again through the darkening cave of the stair-way.

It was still early the next morning, when Richling entered his wife's apartment with an air of brisk occupation. She was pinning her brooch at the bureau glass.

"Mary," he exclaimed, "put something on and come see what I've found! The queerest, most romantic old thing in the city; the most comfortable—and the cheapest! Here, is this the wardrobe key? To save time I'll get your bonnet."

"No, no, no!" cried the laughing wife, confronting him with sparkling eyes, and throwing herself before the wardrobe; "I can't let you touch my bonnet!"

There is a limit, it seems, even to a wife's subserviency.

However, in a very short time afterward, by the feminine measure, they were out in the street, and people were again smiling at the pretty pair to see her arm in his, and she actually *keeping step*. 'Twas very funny.

As they went, John described his discovery: A pair of huge, solid green gates immediately on the sidewalk, in the dull façade of a tall, red brick building, with old carved vinework on its window and door frames. Hinges a yard long on the gates; over the gates a semicircular grating of iron bars an inch in diameter; in one of these gates a wicket, and on the wicket a heavy, battered, highly burnished brass knocker. A short-legged, big-bodied, and very black slave to usher one through the wicket into a large, wide, paved corridor, where from the middle joist overhead hung a great iron lantern. Big double doors at the far end, standing open, flanked with diamond-paned side-lights of colored glass, and with an arch of the same, fan-shaped, above. Beyond these doors, showing through them a flagged court, bordered all around by a narrow, raised parterre under pomegranate and fruit-laden orange, and overtopped by vine-covered and latticed walls, from whose ragged eaves vagabond weeds laughed down upon the flowers of the parterre below, robbed of late and early suns. Stairs old-fashioned, broad; rooms their choice of two; one looking down into the court, the other into the street; furniture faded, capacious; ceilings high; windows, each opening upon its own separate small balcony, where, instead of balustrades, was graceful iron scroll-work, centered by some long-dead owner's monogram two feet in length; and on the balcony next the division wall, close to another on the adjoining property, a quarter circle of iron-work set like a blind-bridle, and armed with hideous prongs for house-breakers to get impaled on.

"Why, in there," said Richling, softly, as they hurried in, "we'll be hid from the whole world, and the whole world from us."

The wife's answer was only the upward glance of her blue eyes into his, and a faint smile.

The place was all it had been described to be, and more,—except in one particular.

"And my husband tells me—" The owner of said husband stood beside him, one foot a little in advance of the other, her folded parasol hanging down the front of her skirt from her gloved hands, her eyes just returning to the landlady's from an excursion around the ceiling, and her whole appearance as fresh as the pink flowers that nestled between her

brow and the rim of its precious covering. She smiled as she began her speech, but not enough to spoil what she honestly believed to be a very business-like air and manner. John had quietly dropped out of the negotiations, and she felt herself put upon her metal as his agent. "And my husband tells me the price of this front room is ten dollars a month."

"Munse?"

The respondent was a very white, corpulent woman, who constantly panted for breath, and was everywhere sinking down into chairs, with her limp, unfortified skirt dropping between her knees, and her hands pressed on them exhaustedly.

"Munse?" She turned from husband to wife and back again a glance of alarmed inquiry.

Mary tried her hand at French.

"Yes; *oui, madame*. Ten dollah the month — *le mois*."

Intelligence suddenly returned. Madame made a beautiful, silent O with her mouth and two others with her eyes.

"Ah, *non!* By munse? No, madame. Ah-h! impossybl'! By *wick*, yes; ten dollah de wick! Ah!"

She touched her bosom with the wide-spread fingers of one hand and threw them toward her hearers.

The room-hunters got away, yet not so quickly but they heard behind and above them her scornful laugh, addressed to the walls of the empty room.

A day or two later they secured an apartment, cheap, and — morally — decent; but otherwise — ah!

VII.

DISAPPEARANCE.

It was the year of a presidential campaign. The party that afterward rose to overwhelming power was, for the first time, able to put its candidate fairly abreast of his competitors. The South was all afire. Rising up or sitting down, coming or going, week-day or Sabbath-day, eating or drinking, marrying or burying, the talk was all of slavery, abolition, and a disrupted country.

Dr. Sevier became totally absorbed in the issue. He was too unconventional a thinker ever to find himself in harmony with all the declarations of any party, and yet it was a necessity of his nature to be in the *mêlée*. He had his own array of facts, his own peculiar deductions; his own special charges of iniquity against this party and of criminal forbearance against that; his own startling political economy; his own theory of rights; his own interpretations of the Constitution; his own threats and warnings; his own exhortations, and his own prophecies, of which one

cannot say all have come true. But he poured them forth from the mighty heart of one who loved his country, and sat down with a sense of duty fulfilled and wiped his pale forehead while the band played a polka.

It hardly need be added that he proposed to dispense with politicians, or that, when "the boys" presently counted him into their party team for campaign haranguing, he let them clap the harness upon him and splashed along in the mud with an intention as pure as snow.

"Hurrah for —"

Whom, is no matter now. It was not Fremont. Buchanan won the race. Out went the lights, down came the platforms, rockets ceased to burst; it was of no use longer to "Wait for the wagon"; "Old Dan Tucker" got "out of the way," small boys were no longer fellow-citizens, dissolution was postponed, and men began again to have an eye single to the getting of money.

A mercantile friend of Dr. Sevier had a vacant clerkship which it was necessary to fill. A bright recollection flashed across the Doctor's memory.

"Narcisse!"

"Yessseh!"

"Go to Number 40 Custom-house street and inquire for Mr. Fledgeling; or, if he isn't in, for Mrs. Fledge — humph! Richling, I mean; I —"

Narcisse laughed aloud.

"Ha-ha-ha! daz de way, sometime! My hant she got a honcl' — he says, once 'pon a time —"

"Never mind! Go at once!"

"All a-ight, seh!"

"Give him this card —"

"Yessseh!"

"These people —"

"Yessseh!"

"Well, wait till you get your errand, can't you? These —"

"Yessseh!"

"These people want to see him."

"All a-ight, seh!"

Narcisse threw open and jerked off a worsted jacket, took his coat down from a peg, transferred a snowy handkerchief from the breast pocket of the jacket to that of the coat, felt in his pantaloons to be sure that he had his match-case and cigarettes, changed his shoes, got his hat from a high nail by a little leap, and put it on a head as handsome as Apollo's.

"Doctah Seveeah," he said, "in fact, I fine that a ve'y gen'lemanly young man, that Mistoo Itchlin, weely, Doctah."

The Doctor murmured to himself from the letter he was writing.

"Well; *au 'evoi*, Doctah; I'm goin'."

Out in the corridor he turned and jerked

his chin up and curled his lip, brought a match and cigarette together in the lee of his hollowed hand, took one first, fond draw, and went down the stairs as if they were on fire.

At Canal street, he fell in with two noble fellows of his own circle, and the three went around by way of Exchange alley to get a glass of soda at McCloskey's old down-town stand. His two friends were out of employment—at the moment,—making him, consequently, the interesting figure in the trio as he inveighed against his master.

"Ah, phoo!" he said, indicating the end of his speech by dropping the stump of his cigarette into the sand on the floor and softly spitting upon it,—"*le Shylock de la rue Carondelet!*"—and then in English, not to lose the admiration of the Irish waiter—

"He don't want to haugment me! I din hass 'im, because the 'lection. But you juz wait till dat firce of Jannawerry!"

The waiter rubbed the zinc counter and inquired why Narcisse did not make his demands at the present moment.

"W'y I don't hass 'im now? Because w'en I hass 'im he know' he's got to *do* it! You thing I'm goin' to kill myseff workin'?"

Nobody said yes, and by and by he found himself alive in the house of Madame Zénobie. The furniture was being sold at auction, and the house was crowded with all sorts and colors of men and women. A huge sideboard was for sale as he entered, and the crier was crying:

"Faw-ty-fi' dollah! faw-ty-fi' dollah, ladies an' gentymen! On'y faw-ty-fi' dollah fo' thad magniffyzan sidebode! *Quarante-cinq piastres, seulement, messieurs! Les knobs vaut bien cette prix!* Gentymen, de knobs is worse de money! Ladies, if you don' stop dat talk-in', I will not sell one thing mo'! *Et quarante-cinq piastres*—faw-ty-fi' dollah——"

"Fifty!" cried Narcisse, who had not owned that much at one time since his father was a constable; realizing which fact, he slipped away upstairs and found Madame Zénobie half crazed at the slaughter of her assets.

She sat in a chair against the wall of the room the Richlings had occupied, a spectacle of agitated dejection. Here and there about the apartment, either motionless in chairs or moving noiselessly about and pulling and pushing softly this piece of furniture and that, were numerous vulture-like persons of either sex, waiting the up-coming of the auctioneer. Narcisse approached her briskly.

"Well, Madame Zénobie!"—he spoke in French—"is it you who lives here? Don't you remember me? What! No? You don't remember how I used to steal figs from you?" The vultures slowly turned their heads. Madame Zénobie looked at him in a dazed way.

No, she did not remember. So many had robbed her—all her life.

"But you don't look at me, Madame Zénobie. Don't you remember, for example, once pulling a little boy—as little as *that*—out of your fig-tree, and taking the half of a shingle, split lengthwise, in your hand, and his head under your arm,—swearing you would do it if you died for it,—and bending him across your knee"—he began a vigorous but graceful movement of the right arm which few members of our fallen race could fail to recognize,—“and you don't remember me, my old friend?"

She looked up into the handsome face with a faint smile of affirmation. He laughed with delight.

"The shingle was *that* wide! Ah! Madame Zénobie, you did it well!" He softly smote the memorable spot first with one hand and then with the other, shrinking forward spasmodically with each contact, and throwing utter woe into his countenance. The general company smiled. He suddenly put on great seriousness.

"Madame Zénobie, I hope your furniture is selling well?" He still spoke in French.

She cast her eyes upward pleadingly, caught her breath, threw the back of her hand against her temple, and dashed it again to her lap, shaking her head.

Narcisse was sorry.

"I have been doing what I could for you down-stairs—running up the prices of things. I wish I could stay to do more, for the sake of old times. I came to see Mr. Richling, Madame Zénobie; is he in? Dr. Sevier wants him."

Richling? Why, the Richlings did not live there. The Doctor must know it. Why should she be made responsible for this mistake? It was his oversight. They had moved long ago. Dr. Sevier had seen them looking for apartments. Where did they live now? Ah, me! *she* could not tell. Did Mr. Richling owe the doctor something?

"Owe? Certainly not. The Doctor—on the contrary——"

Ah! well, indeed, she didn't know where they lived, it is true; but the fact was, Mr. Richling happened to be there just then!—*à-c't'eure!* He had come to get a few trifles left by his madame.

Narcisse made instant search. Richling was not on the upper floor. He stepped to the landing and looked down. There he went!

"Mistoo 'Itchlin!"

Richling failed to hear. Sharper ears might have served him better. He passed out by the street door. Narcisse stopped the auction by the noise he made coming down-stairs after

him. He had some trouble with the front door,—lost time there; but got out.

Richling was turning a corner. Narcisse ran there and looked; looked up—looked down—looked into every store and shop on either side of the way clear back to Canal street; crossed it, went back to the Doctor's office, and reported. If he omitted such details as his having seen and then lost sight of the man he sought, it may have been in part from the Doctor's indisposition to give him speaking license. The conclusion was simple; the Richlings could not be found.

THE months of winter passed. No sign of them.

"They've gone back home," the Doctor often said to himself. How much better that was than to stay where they had made a mistake in venturing, and become the nurselings of patronizing strangers! He gave his

admiration free play, now that they were quite gone. True courage that Richling had—courage to retreat when retreat is best! And his wife—ah! what a reminder of—hush, memory!

"Yes, they must have gone home!" The Doctor spoke very positively, because, after all, he was haunted by doubt.

One spring morning he uttered a soft exclamation as he glanced at his office-slate. The first notice on it read:

Please call as soon as you can at number 292 St. Mary street: corner of Prytania. Lower corner—opposite the asylum.

John Richling.

The place was far up in the newer part of the American quarter. The signature had the appearance as if the writer had begun to write some other name and had changed it to Richling.

(To be continued.)

QUEEN VICTORIA.*

IF there is a difficulty in writing an account of the life of any notable person still living, the difficulty is increased when the subject is a woman, and scarcely diminished by the fact that this woman is a queen,—for though we hold it one of the most absurd of poetical fallacies that "love" in the ordinary sense of the word is "woman's whole existence," yet it is very true that the history of a woman is chiefly the history of her affections and the close relationships in which her dearest interests are always concentrated. It is true also of a man that in these lie the real records of his happiness or misery; but there is more of the external in his life, and we can more easily satisfy the attention of the spectator with his work or his amusements, or even the accidents that happen to him and diversify his existence. A king's life is very much the life of his kingdom, with brief references to the consort and children, about whom the "Almanach de Gotha" is the easy authority.

The life of the Queen of England, for so long a reigning sovereign, and in whose reign so many great things have happened, might be written in the same way; but this would satisfy no one, and it would be all the less satisfactory, because our Queen, we are proud to think, has made herself quite a distinct position in the world,—a phrase which, in her case, does not mean, as in ours, the little society in which we are known, but is really the world, and includes the great Republican continent of the west, besides all the European nations and, transcending even the bounds of Christendom, includes unknown myriads in the East. Her Majesty has been to multitudes the most eminent type of feminine character in this vast world; she has been the wife *par excellence*, an emblem of the simplest and most entire devotion; her fame, in this respect, has penetrated more deeply than the fame of poet or of general; she has helped to give luster to those virtues

*The portrait of Queen Victoria, printed as a frontispiece to this number of THE CENTURY, is from the original oil study made from life by the young American artist, Thomas Sully, in the year 1838, now in the possession of Francis T. Sully Darley, Esq., by whose kind permission it is here engraved. This study was preliminary to a full-length and life-size portrait of the Queen in full regalia, painted at Buckingham Palace, for the St. George's Society of Philadelphia. In his "Recollections of an Old Painter," in "Hours at Home" for November, 1869, Mr. Sully states that he gave a copy of the large portrait to the Thistle Society of Charleston, in acknowledgment of their kindness to him. The painter says in these recollections that he told the Queen that he would get his daughter to sit with the regalia, if there would be no impropriety—in order to save her majesty the trouble. The latter replied that there would be no impropriety—but that he must not spare her; if she could be of service, she would sit. "After that," he adds, "my daughter sat with the regalia, which weighed thirty or forty pounds. * * * One day the Queen sent word that she would come in if my daughter would remain where she was. But, of course, Blanche stepped down, and the two girls, who were almost the same age, chatted together quite familiarly."—The portrait on p. 73 was engraved by permission, by T. Johnson, from a photograph by Alex. Bassano.—Ed.]

on which the happiness of the universe depends, but which wit and fashion have often held lightly. In the days when her young example became first known, and the beauty of the domestic interior in which she presented herself, smiling, before her people, it was thought that fashionable vice was slain, in England at least, by the pure eyes of the wedded Una,—as it was thought, in those halcyon days, that war too was slain, and would never again lift its hydra head against mankind; and if some shadow has fallen upon these hopes, it is because human nature is too strong for any individual, and the purest influence has not yet been able to conquer the lower instincts of the mass. But wherever the Queen has stood, there has been the standard of goodness, the head-quarters of honor and purity. It is this, above all the peculiar attractions of her position, which has given her the hold she has always retained upon the interest—we might almost say the affections—of the world.

That position at its outset, however, was one of especial picturesqueness and attraction. After a distracted period, during which the history of the royal family is not one to cheer the loyal, or recommend the institution to those educated in other theories of national life, the advent of the young Queen, eighteen years old, brought up in a stainless retirement under the close care of a good mother, and unconnected, even in the most distant way, with any of the royal scandals or miseries, was like a sudden breath of fresh air let into the vitiated atmosphere. No one knew anything but good of the young lady destined to such a charge; but there were, no doubt, many alarms among the statesmen to whom it was committed to guide her first steps in life, and who had been accustomed to the obstinacy and caprice of princes, and knew that the house of Guelf had no more natural love for constitutionalism than any other reigning house. There is a picture in the corridor at Windsor Castle (a gallery full of beautiful and costly things, but where the state pictures that clothe the walls *laisent beaucoup à désirer* in the way of art) in which is represented the first council of the young Queen; and it would be a hard heart which could look without some tenderness of sympathy at the young creature, with her fair, braided locks, and the extremely simple dress of the period, a dress which increases her youthful aspect, seated alone among so many remarkable men, no one of them less than double her age, and full of experience of that world which it was impossible she could know anything of. A hundred years hence, in all likelihood, this incident will attract the

imagination of both painter and poet with all the enchantment added that distance lends, and the young Victoria, in her early introduction to life, will refresh the student of those arid fields of diplomacy and politics with the sudden introduction of human interest, tenderness, and hope. How finely she responded to the lessons of her early mentors, and how thoroughly in accordance with all the highest tenets of constitutionalism her life has been, it is not necessary here to tell. Queen Victoria is indeed the ideal of the constitutional monarch. No one before her has fulfilled the duties of this exalted and difficult post with the same devotion, with so much self-denial, and so little self-assertion. She has made the machine of state work easily when it was in her power to create a hundred embarrassments, and has suppressed her own prepossessions and dislikes in a manner which has been little less than heroic. She is the first of English sovereigns who has never been identified with any political party, nor ever hesitated to accept the man whom the popular will or the exigencies of public affairs have brought to the front. It is known that in some cases this has been a real effort; but it has always been done with a dignified abstinence from unnecessary protest or complaint. The very few early mistakes of her girlish career are just enough to prove that it is to no want of spirit or natural will that this fine decorum is to be attributed. A tame character might have obeyed the logic of circumstances, but this has never been the characteristic of the house of Brunswick, which without much demonstration of talent has always had abundant character both in the English and French sense of the word. No one should be able to understand this better than the great American nation, which might have been another vast England, as loyal as Canada, had King George been as wise, as self-restrained, and as constitutional as his granddaughter. Perhaps the world will say that, so far as this goes, it was well that the hot-headed old monarch was not constitutional, but obstinate as any Bourbon.

It is an additional charm to the general heart which in all bosoms beats so much alike, that the Queen acquired this noble self-command, as she has herself most ingeniously told us, by the teaching of love. A girl full of animation, very warm in her friendships, and disposed, perhaps, to take up with equal warmth the prepossessions of those about her, it was her good fortune to find in her husband one of those rare characters which appear, like great genius, only now and then in the world's history. A mind so perfectly balanced,

so temperate, so blameless, so impartial as that of the Prince Consort, is almost as rare as a Shakspeare, and its very perfection gives it an aspect of coldness, which stands between it and the appreciation of the crowd. Thus, it was not till after his death that England was at all duly conscious of the manner of man he had been; but from the date of the marriage, this wonderful, calm, and passionless, but strong and pure personality enfolded and inspired the quicker instincts and less guarded susceptibilities of the Queen. The story of their courtship has been given by herself to the world, and forms a little romance of the most perfect originality, in which something of the Arabian Nights, or the old courtly fairy tale, mingles with the perennial enchantment which is in the eyes of the simplest youth and maiden. The rarity of the circumstances,—the touching and childlike dignity of the young Queen, conscious how much she has to bestow, and how large a circle of spectators are watching, breathless, for her decision, yet, full of a girl's sweet sense of secondariness to the object of her love and proud delight in his superiority,—gives such a reading of the well-known subject as fiction dares not venture upon. There are many who think the position of the young monarch, for whom it was necessary to make her own choice and signify it, a most unnatural one; but we venture to say these critics would change their opinion after reading that pretty chapter of royal wooing. Had either the young Queen or the Prince been of the wayward kind, which choose perversely and will not see what is most befitting for them, the story might have been very different; but happily, this was not so, and it is the Prince Charmant, gallant and modest, approaching his Fairy Queen, whom we see in the handsome young German bowing low before those blue eyes, regal in their full and open regard, which veil themselves only before him. There was a story current at the time, that at a state ball, very near the period of their betrothal, the young lady gave her princely suitor a rose, which he, without a button-hole in his close-fitting uniform, slit the breast of his coat to find a place for, and that this was a token to all the court of the final determination of the great event,—her Majesty, as it is pleasant to hear, having shown herself a little coy and disposed to put off the explanation, as happy girls are wont to do. No more perfect marriage has ever been recorded; the Queen herself attributes the formation of her character to it, and all that is most excellent in her life. The spectator will naturally add that, even were this true to its fullest extent, the mind which took so high an impress, and has

preserved it for so many years after the forming influence was gone, must have been very little inferior to it. As a matter of fact, her Majesty's less perfect balance of mental qualities has always furnished the little variety that ordinary people love, and she was at all times more popular than her husband, better understood and more beloved.

The first time I saw the Queen was on the occasion of some great public ceremonial in Liverpool, when she must have been in the fullness of her early prime, somewhere about thirty. She was then much like the portrait which the readers of this magazine have now presented to them.* Her eyes seemed to me her most remarkable feature: they were blue, of the clearest color, not dark enough ever to be mistaken for black, but with nothing of the washy grayness into which blue eyes occasionally fall on the other side. This beauty was very much enhanced by the straightforward, all-embracing look, which, to my fancy,—that of an admiring girl some ten years younger,—was queenly in the highest degree. It was the look of one who knew, with all modesty and composure, yet with full conviction, that she could encounter no glance so potent, so important, as her own. She met the thousand faces turned toward her with a royal serenity which it is impossible to describe. By nature the Queen is shy, and shrinks from the gaze of the crowd, but her look was sovereign over all such natural tendencies,—the true gaze of a Queen. This is less remarkable now, perhaps, than it was in her younger days; but the reader will see something of this open-eyed serenity in the eyes of the portrait, though they are those of a girl of nineteen.

With this royal look is conjoined the faculty, most important to a royal personage, of never forgetting any one who has been presented to her, a piece of princely courtesy which is most captivating to the unremarkable individuals who know no reason why their homely personality should be remembered by the Queen. Considering the numbers of people who are brought under her notice, this is a very remarkable gift, and it is essentially a royal one. Perhaps it is the kind of endowment which we can most readily imagine to have been transmitted through generations of royal persons, trained to this quickness of discrimination and retentiveness of memory: it is, we believe, a quality of all her family, and it is one of the special politenesses of princes. The Queen's extraordinary memory is evidenced in other ways. It is said there is no such genealogist in her kingdom, no one who remembers so clearly who is who,

* [See frontispiece.]

and by what alliances and descent he came to be what he is. I remember a story told by a court lady of a question which arose at the royal table between herself and Lord Beaconsfield as to some obscure Italian duke who had brought himself into notice on account of a piece of public business. Who was he? "There is one person who could give us the information," said the astute statesman, and when an occasion offered he asked his question. "The Duca di——? Oh, yes, I remember perfectly," the Queen is reported to have said, and forthwith gave a sketch of his family history, whom he had married, and whom his father had married, and how his importance came about. The humblest person who has this gift becomes a most amusing companion, and considering that the Queen has in her life received almost everybody of importance in the civilized world, the extent of her information in this particular only must be prodigious, as well as of the deepest interest. She has acquired many other kinds of knowledge during the long period of her reign, and, it is said, is more deeply learned in the noble craft of statesmanship than any of her councillors. She knows precedents and examples as a lawyer who has pleaded half the cases in the records knows those that belong to his trade. Every public document, and all the correspondences and negotiations going on throughout the world, have to pass through her hands; and if the Blue Books afford occupation for all the spare time of an assiduous member of Parliament, it may be supposed what the Queen has to work through, whose office does not permit her to dwell upon one point that may interest her and slur over the others, but who must give her attention to all. We have it on the authority of a cabinet minister that this work has never been retarded by a post, never failed at the period appointed, throughout years of uninterrupted diligence; for, whatever holidays the rest of us may indulge in, there are no holidays for the Queen. There is always something going on in one part or other of her great dominions, always some foreign event to keep attention vigilant, even when the most profound tranquillity may reign at home. A prime minister even is occasionally out of office, though not perhaps with his own will; but the sovereign is constantly in office and, wherever she goes, has always a messenger in waiting and dispatches and state papers pursuing her. Thus, of all the laborious professions in the world, that of constitutional monarch may be reckoned among the most arduous; nor are the pageants of the court the lighter parts of the work,—the shows and cere-

monies to which the presence of the Queen lends dignity, are not at all matters of play to the principal figures. If ever the Queen risked her popularity for a moment, it was when she intermitted these regal appearances and gave up the shows of state. No one can be more popular than the Princess of Wales, of whose beauty the English people are proud, and whose amiability is one of the dogmas of the national creed: yet when that fair and beloved Princess takes for her Majesty the fatiguing and unmeaning duty of a drawing-room, there is a general sense of disappointment. The English public is without bowels in this respect, and would have the Queen do everything. To stand for hours and see the fair procession file past, and extend a hand to be kissed, or acknowledge a courtesy in monotonous succession,—to form the most important part in a state procession, marshaled and regulated by anxious care as if it were an affair of the most vital national importance,—even to drive at a foot's pace through innumerable streets, and bow to cheering throngs for hours together,—involve a strain of nerves and muscles and an amount of bodily fatigue which would break down many a humbler woman. But all this is in the day's work, in addition to her far more important duties, for the Queen. The most severe critic has never asserted that she neglected the greater affairs of state; but she has shrunk, as we all know, from some of the lighter ones, though never with the consent of her people. There were many younger and more beautiful in the procession which passed up the noble nave of St. George's, ushered by gorgeous mediæval heralds, on the last occasion of a royal marriage, but none that fixed the crowd like the one small figure walking alone, with the miniature crown (not the one worn in the frontispiece, but a model of the *couronne fermée*, the royal crown of a reigning sovereign) in a white blaze of diamonds upon her head, above the wedding veil which she had worn at her own marriage, and which now, folded back from her mature maternal countenance, fell over the black dress of her widowhood, which she never changes for any ceremonial.

"On her each courtier's eye was bent,
To her each lady's look was lent."

Much of the divinity which hedged a king has disappeared in these days; loyalty as a sentiment is rather laughed at than otherwise (though we believe it exists as strong and genuine as ever, at least in England); but yet there is something beyond the mere respect for a good woman which inspires this universal feeling.

When the period which will be known in

history as the reign of Queen Victoria is as the reign of Queen Anne, and the historical critic, looking back, sums up her character with the same impartiality, it will probably be upon the great grief, which has made two distinct chapters of her existence, that the regard of posterity will chiefly fall. Queen Anne was a much less interesting woman in her own personality, although her surroundings and her favorites have afforded large scope for animadversion; but the tragedy of her life, the loss of her children, though a dumb and dull one according to her nature, must always create a certain sympathy for her. The tragedy of Queen Victoria's life is more clearly upon the records. As it recedes into the distance and, apart from all gossip, the spectator of the future looks back upon the story, with what interest will he see the triumphant, prosperous, happy career interrupted in its midst: one of these two royal companions suddenly falling in his prime, and the other unprepared, unwarned, stricken to the heart, lifting up her hands in an appeal to heaven and earth with that astonishment of grief which is one of its bitterest ingredients,—then rising, as every mourner must, going on again with reluctant steps, shrouded and silenced in that calamity which has taken half of herself away, for a long time stumbling along the darkened path, and never, though serenity and calm come with the years, putting aside for a moment the sense of her loss, nor ever feeling that this is more than a part of her which fulfills the duties and shrinks from the pageants of life. When, in the calm of the future, this picture rises against the horizon, it will be the point upon which all attention will concentrate. How we remember, among the confusing records of battles and conquests, the few words in which it is recorded of a great king Henry, that after his son's loss he never smiled again. The Queen has smiled again: she is too natural, too simple-hearted to shroud herself in an artificial solemnity; but the two parts of her life are distinctly marked, and the calamity which separated them cannot, by any who contemplate her history, ever be forgotten.

Her touching and brief contribution to the literature of this history will never cease to interest the historical student. There she tells the story of her love with a simplicity which is above criticism. I am aware that a great many adventitious circumstances must be taken into consideration when we estimate the immediate effect produced by such a work. A Princess publishes a birthday book in which there is nothing of the least importance, and it has a success beyond that of any

work of genius, because the Princess has done it. That is one thing, but the Queen's work is another. It is not a great literary achievement, but it has all the truth and genuine feeling and unadorned sincerity which make any human record valuable. The historian in after days will resort to it with eagerness; he will quote it entire; it will be to him the most wonderful material, the most valuable addition to his work. We will not ask to judge it as we judge George Eliot; but we may be permitted to say of it, in its perfect simplicity, something like what has been said of Rafael's sonnets and Dante's angel by a great poet,—and he never wrote any lines more beautiful and more true:

"This: no artist lives and loves, that longs not
Once, and only once, and for one only,
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—
Using nature that 's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that 's turned his nature.
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry,—
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for one only."

This is what, without any pretensions, or claim to excellence in the "art alien to the artist's," has been done by the Queen.

She has reached the calm of distance, and the soothing influence of age has, perhaps, begun to touch the unbroken vigor of her life. And it is of itself at once amusing and touching to conclude the few pages which are intended to accompany the portrait of a girl of nineteen by repeating, that the position of Queen Victoria is now that of one of the most experienced and instructed statesmen of the age; one of the natural governors and sovereigns—not by absolute power, but by knowledge and the force of judicious counsel, and large acquaintance with the practical working of human affairs for very nearly half a century.*

M. O. W. Oliphant.

* The writer of this short sketch would be glad to be permitted to make a personal explanation. She was persuaded some years ago to write a sort of biography of the Queen, to accompany a number of pictures in a popular newspaper, of which, as it was written only in that view as a newspaper article, she prevented any republication in England. But in America, owing to the state of the law, an English writer is helpless, and accordingly, without her sanction, the newspaper article, intended for the mere use of the moment and to form the accompanying letter-press to a number of engravings, has been republished in America under the formal title of the *Life of the Queen*. It is one of the most unfortunate contingencies of the absence of any copyright law, that a writer is thus prevented from determining which of his productions are to be given in a permanent form to the public.



GLIMPSES OF PARIS.

Go where you may, I defy you to find any scene more exhilarating than the Paris boulevards. Naples is not to be compared to them, although that Italian capital has advantages in bay, sky, landscape, and in the animation and loquacity of its streets, which Paris does not possess. But then Naples has its Vesuvius, which is continually intruding upon the feast of life with a *memento mori*. Now, the charm of Paris is, that on the boulevards life seems eternal. You remember the story of the brawny young English girl under sentence of death. Baring her arms and breast on the eve of her execution-day, and striking them with conscious health and strength, she exclaimed: "It is not possible I shall be a corpse to-morrow! I don't—I can't believe it!" This is the sort of feeling engendered on the boulevards. You cannot believe there that Death has entered the world. You could as easily expect people to tremble at a ghost story told in summer's noon. Life reigns there. Mammon is its god. In Paris you hear of nothing but earth. At funerals the dirges transport you to the opera-houses. There is nothing in the streets which challenges reflection. Vice floats as the malaria lurks above the Pontine marshes. You see nothing but objects of admiration—the lovely sky, the splendid houses, the broad avenues filled with idle animation.

There is no prettier sight in Paris, unless perhaps the Place de la Concorde should be excepted, than the Avenue de l'Observatoire. Southward lies the massive Observatory, preceded by an avenue of horse-chestnuts, so thickly planted one is chilled under them even in the dog-days. East is the new broad Boulevard du Port-Royal, with all that is left of the famous convent associated with memories of the great family of Arnauld, with Pascal, Racine, Nicole. It is now a lying-in hospital, and has the unenviable reputation of being the hospital of Paris with the greatest mortality. The boulevard is a gentle declivity to the river. West is the Boulevard Denfert Rochereau, ended by the colossal bronze Belfort Lion, and with the Foundling Hospital and Visitation Convent near its commencement at the Avenue de l'Observatoire. North lies Carpeaux's last public monument, at the end of the Luxembourg Garden; back of it are four lines of horse-chestnuts, with grass, flowers, statues, marble vases, marble pillars between them, all the walks animated by people seated,

by people walking, by children at play,—a great public drawing-room in the open air, a garden-party given daily, an ever-changing, revolving kaleidoscope; all these sights, together with Carpeaux's fountain, madly tossing torrents of water in every direction till they break in silver spray, make this scene one of the prettiest in Paris. I have never admired the group which surmounts Carpeaux's fountain. The catalogue of the Fine Arts Exhibition of 1872 describes it as the four parts of earth upholding the sphere; but it is generally called the four seasons bearing the sphere, and is the only piece of sculpture in the world which represents women as beasts of burden.

Who has not seen an engraving of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Market," the great mart at the corner of the Boulevards St. Marcel and de l'Hôpital? It is not as animated as it was when she depicted it. The better horses are taken to the French Tattersalls in the Rue de Ponthieu. Now, a buyer in broad-cloth is rarely seen in the corner market; blue smock-shirts have it all to themselves. The scene, however, is still animated. Long strings of horses come and go, all with a wisp of straw under their tails (a sign they are to be sold),—these with orange, those with red, others with blue blankets, as the owner thinks this or that color best sets off his horse. Mules are rare. Donkeys and ponies are plenty. I have seen Newfoundland dogs larger than some of the ponies. Second-hand harness, saddlery, and vehicles of every description are also on sale. All this trade is in the hands of Normans, who are famed throughout France for sharpness.

Many people find Paris a labyrinth which makes no impression at first; but try to leave it! Wasn't it Madame de Staël who said: "Paris is of all places on earth the place where one can best do without happiness." Of course, Necker's daughter had money in her purse. There is no part of Paris which I pace with more delight than the out-of-the-way quarter east of the Rue Pascal, south of the Boulevard St. Marcel. It was still more picturesque before this boulevard came, sweeping away narrow, tortuous streets and their old houses, all wall on the street, save one or two windows with iron bars, and a thick oaken door with a *judas*, and a knocker which none but men strong enough to bear armor could lift. Is not the "*judas*" well named? It was designed to protect the in-

mates of a house from traitors who came in friendly disguise. A judas is a square iron lattice with such small spaces in the metal that no weapon could be thrust through them while the warder was reconnoitering

thirty inches wide filled with lazy slime, whose surface is all white with foam, save where larger bubbles of noxious gas drowsily float. There is no visible current. If there be no tanners or tawers, with long poles beating



A FOUNTAIN IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

the visitor. Some "judases" have a double lattice; all have an iron flap inside to keep inquisitive eyes from prying into the house and yard. In this part of Paris live all tanners and tawers and their kindred. Here, too, slink all of the shipwrecked who wish to hide from eyes which once saw them, all sails set, sailing on summer seas. Who visits those streets? Nobody who is anybody. There are the haunts of Italian models, itinerant musicians, monkey-masters, organ-grinders, chimney-sweeps. It is a picturesque sight to see them in winter, soon after nightfall, huddled around the fitful fires of some stithy (they are common in this quarter), now all aglow with the fanned coals, presently softened to shadows during the nap of the bellows. It is picturesque by day, looking for all the world like some nook of Venice or some corner of Amsterdam. Just behind the stone wall on the right, near which an Italian model is standing (her costume betrays nativity and calling) basking in the sun, and on which a laundress is resting as she chews the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,—just behind this wall sleeps the Bièvre "river," an open sewer about

measures of St. Vitus's dance and making the skins tied to those *bâtons* keep the frantic time, be sure the "river's" banks are filled with laundresses, sunken to the waist in stone holes or in wooden barrels, that their arms may be nearer the water's level. Presently we get a glimpse of the Panthéon, looming high above houses which rise terrace-like. It seems to fill all the north-western horizon. Here are no sidewalks. Vehicles never enter, except wagons with green hides, or tan-bark, or leather. In the street's middle is the kennel filled with inky water. Stone posts, such as are seen in our picture, keep vehicles at a respectful distance from houses. Though policemen now closely scan well-dressed men seen in this quarter, it had its days of splendor. The palace in which Queen Blanche lived and died is here, and is still standing,—a noble edifice, now divided into lodgings and let to tanners' clerks. It must be cold and damp, for it is sunless, as it faces north, and is at the back of a yard. Here and there are massive carved stone portals mantled with traditions of high-born lords and ladies and their revelries. Now it is the



HORSE-DEALERS.

most savage quarter of Paris. The Faubourg St. Marcel is now what the Faubourg St. Antoine was in the first French Revolution. Nowhere was the fighting more merciless than here in the days of June and during the Commune. Their beau ideal of government is anarchy. Their model society is nihilism. While the Faubourg St. Marcel is full of poor people and of the working classes, it has not many beggars. It holds more men who would knock you down, more women who would throttle you, to strip you of watch and purse, than people who would outstretch a hand for alms. The latter abound in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Few beggars are to be met in Paris, except at church doors when a costly funeral or marriage is to take place within the sacred edifice. Fewer still are ill-dressed: a Frenchman's first thought is for show; substance comes afterward. Beggars of offensive appearance are rare. They are to be seen in the remoter quarters, in neighborhoods where the working classes live, and where charity is not roused unless some gong is sounded. Moans, like "out of work," "no bread at home," "illness in the house," find deaf ears in those neighborhoods, for there such trying times come often, and are not thought to warrant piteous cry and outstretched hand. But rags, hands

which have lost their cunning, legs which refuse their office, melt hearts and loosen purse-strings in labor's haunts, for there all know that when toil ends wretchedness begins. The poor man's mite is rarely denied such woe as is represented in our woodcut, crouching under a door of the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, where nine-tenths of the Parisian cabinet-makers and upholsterers live and work, and to whom "Uncle" Lazarus's dumb-show is rarely a vain appeal.

Paris exercises its fascination still more on the French, even of the lower classes, than on the foreigner. The French are fond of company. You see this in a map of their country. It has more villages than any other land. Nobody lives in the champaign. Everybody is huddled in hamlets. The plowman plods miles to his furrow that both elbows may touch elbows when the hours of toil are ended. The stage directions Molière added to one of his plays exhibit his countrymen's opinion of the country: "The stage represents a rural scene, but nevertheless agreeable." This was the scene-painter's business. Paris is fascinating to the French because it offers a ceaseless round of company. Again, in Paris there are none of those social restrictions, vestiges of more aristocratic days, which chained the

working-girl to cap and woollen dress, the workman to smock-shirt and cap. In Paris the former may wear the coveted bonnet and silk dress, the latter may don what clothes his purse can provide, without challenging any emotion but envy. Besides, the see-saw of fortune, is observed by no eye, which is a great relief to vanity. Moreover, hospital and almonry open portal and purse with a facility which the provinces never know.

of dust out of the window upon the luckless servant of the first floor.

There is more unhappiness, less happiness, in Paris than in any other place on earth. There can be no happiness where houses are built as dove-cotes and families are huddled like pigeons. Did you ever read Dickens's description of a London rookery tenanted by Irish? It is a true picture of the incessant warfare waged in Paris houses.



ST. ANTOINE BEGGARS.

This fascination of Paris will be still greater to the French as the revolution of progress goes on. The Parisians themselves are getting tired of their many-storied houses.* The people of the provinces, and especially those of French Flanders and of the counties on the German and Swiss borders, say (it is a proverb with them): "A Paris house is a hell." Life is one long quarrel in most of them. Tenants must put up with a great many annoyances, if they would not be constantly in hot water. A Frenchman once told me that a servant of the story below him complained that his footman threw dust out of the window, and appealed to the hall-porter to stop it. The servants of the higher stories heard the complaint and resented it. All of them threw bushels

Frenchmen and Frenchwomen have a way of insulting people which makes chastisement impossible. One day, a well-dressed woman of eighteen entered the train for Versailles. The coach was two-thirds full of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. I was the only foreigner. As the new-comer entered, a scrawny, brazen-faced, faded, ill-dressed woman, seated in the farthest corner of the coach, looked out of the window next her and said, in a very loud tone: "Another chick-weed seller!" Had she been taken to task for her insolence, she would have sworn by everything held sacred that her ejaculation was called forth by seeing a chick-weed seller walking on the farther side of the station, and that, so far from intending to apply it to the new-comer, she had not so much as seen the latter enter the coach. The Frenchmen and Frenchwomen giggled; it was a cowardly insult, just after their hearts, for it could not be avenged. Parisian streets are filled with decayed women, who, in the heyday of their prosperity, gave no heed to darker days

* "Everybody who has any talent of observation and any knowledge of Parisian manners and customs knows that now house-rent has become the greatest expense of wealthy people, in consequence of the general and *very moral* taste, which is daily become wider spread, for having a house of one's own, and with no tenants but one's own family."—"Journal des Débats," 8 Dec., 1878.

(their coming undreamt of), and who, at life's twilight, are obliged to sell chick-weed or to become rag-pickers to fill mouth and cover back till borne to the hospital for the last time. The insolent hag's meaning was that the new-

lapin), coming from the Champs Elysées, as she crosses the Place de la Concorde meets a music-teacher on her way to the Faubourg St. Germain to give lessons. As is a red pennon to a bull, so is a tidy dress to a hag.



IN THE STREET.

comer was doomed to this fate, for she put all her money on her back. The cowardly shaft struck, and the poor young woman turned crimson. I left the train at Asnières. It was her destination, too. I gave her my hand as she alighted. When out of the station and in the street, she showed a green cushion, such as lace-makers use, held up the delicate "woven wind" on it, and said, in a voice still trembling with emotion: "As long as I have these lissome fingers I need fear no chick-weed basket!" Our wood-cut represents just such another scene. The hag on the left, a buyer of rabbit-skins and odds and ends (there is no cry of Paris so unintelligible to foreign ears as her *Peaudpain* for *Peaux de*

She vents her spite by whispering an insult. The music-teacher casts an indignant glance at her; nothing more can be done. Who can touch pitch and not be defiled?

The Place de la Concorde is one of the most beautiful squares of Paris. The reader sees in front of him the Rue Royale, with the Madeleine Church in the distance; on the right corner of the Rue Royale is the Navy Department; on the left, its very counterpart, let out as lodgings. On the right is the Tuileries Garden; on the left, the Champs Elysées. The Place de la Concorde itself is beautiful, with its fountains, obelisk, allegorical statues of chief French cities, rostral and other lamp-posts, on which gilding has been lavished, its

throng of promenaders and greater throng of vehicles. At night it fairly glows, so many are its lighted lamps.

Would you know to whom we owe a great part of this beauty? Glance at the engraving on page 80. It represents "a fairy." The lovely arrangement of trees, the incessant round of flowers which delight us from one year's end to another, their skillful grouping, the wonderful or beautiful mosaic of plants with colored leaves, the well-trimmed lawns, broken only by Pampas grass in tufts,—all these pleasures we owe to the gardener. He is seated on a marble bench in what was once the private garden of the Tuileries. He forgets the beds of monthly roses, the violets, rhododendrons, and other floral wealth of this garden. He is gazing on the workmen busy in tearing down the palace of the Tuileries and the vehicles passing along the street, for a broad street has been made through the private garden.

There have always been in Paris many more houses occupied by only one family than foreigners commonly suppose. Again, many other families are housed substantially as if they were the only tenants under the roof which covers them. Shop-keepers, for instance, who live on the ground-floor, with the half-floor above as lodgings and the cellar below for wine-vault and coal-cellar, are as completely independent as if the whole house were tenanted by them alone. They go, they come, they receive whom they please, without attracting anybody's attention. A great many artists enjoy similar independence. Their studio occupies two-thirds of the space rented. Their lodgings are back of it. The studio is so high-pitched it reaches to the ceiling of the half-floor above; back of the studio the artist has kitchen and dining-room on the ground-floor, bed-chambers on the half-floor above. These studios, like shops, are rented on condition that six months' rent be paid in advance, and subsequent quarters' rent on the usual rent days, as collateral security that the tenant will not disappear with all his household goods some dark night. In all the uncommercial streets the ground-floor is let for lodgings. These have no door on the street (as shops and studios have); their windows are grated; so there is no danger of the tenants' disappearance against the landlord's will; hence, their rent is not paid in advance. Their tenants are almost as independent as if they were sole occupants of the house of six stories.

The number of private houses tenanted by one family is also much greater than foreigners imagine. These houses are of all classes, from the mansions of the Faubourg St.



A TYPE.

Germain and avenues near the Triumphal Arch to the cozy Anglo-American houses (planned by Napoleon III.) of the Rue de l'Elysée, down to the petty lodges in the Rue Bézout and its neighborhood. I have been offered a house of the latter class for \$160 a year. The house has a yard, plentiful water, excellent cellars, a ground-floor, a "first" floor, and a garret,—really a very snug abode, within two minutes of Montparnasse station, where pass five lines of tramways and innumerable omnibuses.

Railways and tramways, which now reach almost every suburban village, have led a great many people to move to the country. Here a whole cottage may be had for less than the cost of lodgings in Paris. Families where children are numerous are almost goaded to these suburban villages, for Parisian landlords are most inhospitable to infants. One is constantly told as one negotiates for lodgings: "If you have a dog, or a cat, or a bird, or a piano, or children, or a sewing-machine, we cannot let to you." Grass asks no questions.

Another way to secure almost all the independence enjoyed in our American houses is to take lodgings in a small house. There are thousands of houses which contain only three families; and as these houses are sought by



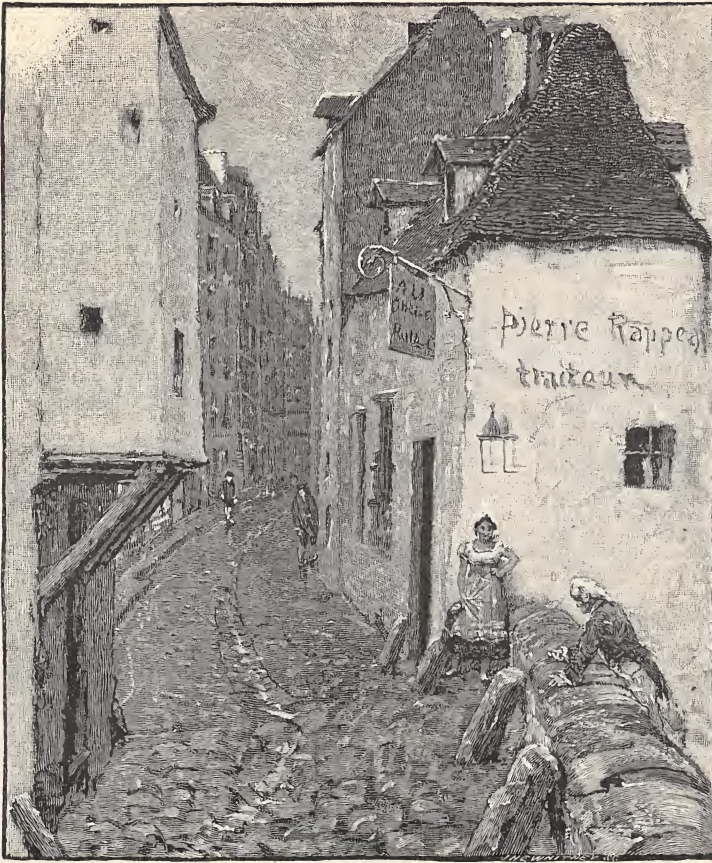
THE "FAIRY" OF THE TUILERIES GARDEN.

people fond of a quiet and independent life, they are noiseless. Moreover, being small in every way, no large family can live in them. I have for years lived in a house where we were only six persons all told. These small houses are really like clubs. Their tenants rarely change. My lodgings, for instance, have had only two tenants in forty years. My predecessor took them when the house was built, and quitted them solely because the landlord doubled the rent. In these small houses tenants have known each other for years, and show a forbearance toward each other never found in larger houses, where every three months somebody leaves and a new neighbor comes. Again, this union of tenants makes them all-powerful in the house, and keeps the hall-porter their very humble

servant; he holds office at their good-will and pleasure.

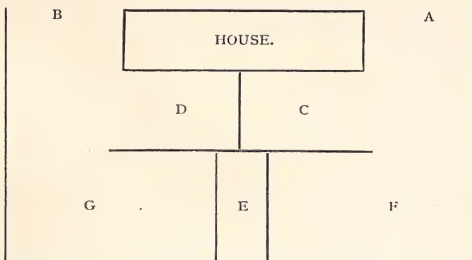
A great many of these small houses are rented by two families. I have time and again been asked to join another tenant as co-tenant of one of these houses. The arrangement would have added only \$60 a year to my house-rent. The hall-porter is discarded. A common letter-box is added to the front door. Each tenant has his own door-bell. One may live very cheaply and comfortably in this way.

One now constantly sees in Paris newspapers this advertisement: "To be let, a large set of rooms on the first floor, forming a private mansion; five large bed-chambers, five dressing-rooms, a smoking-room, a dining-room, two drawing-rooms, ball-room, stable,



STREET IN OLD PARIS.

coach-house, cellars, water, gas, private yard, for \$1200 a year." This privacy is secured by a very simple artifice, which may be indicated roughly as follows, though not in the proper proportions:



- A Carriage-way and street door of first floor.
 B Carriage-way and street door common to all other floors.
 C Staircase to first floor with hall-porter's lodge.
 D Common staircase and common hall-porter's lodge.
 E First floor's stable and coach-house.
 F First floor's private yard. G Common yard.

By this arrangement, all ground-floor, *entresol*, and first-floor lodgings are substantially as private as if they were respectively so many private houses.

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In mansions, each floor is a complete house in itself. Each floor contains two or three drawing-rooms, many bed-chambers (each with its own dressing-room), a billiard-room, a study, a dining-room, a bath-room, a kitchen, a state staircase and a servants' staircase (these are common to the whole house). Breakfast is invariably served in the bed-chamber. All the members of the family meet only at lunch and at dinner.

When I came to observe the conditions of Paris life, I was amazed at the better air and greater privacy the rich enjoy here. The wealthier classes of New York possess no such advantages. I could mention street after street where householders (by which I mean tenants on each floor) may throw front and back windows wide open without fear of peering eyes opposite.

In front of these houses is a large yard with buildings (stables, offices, coach-houses) a story and a half high. The houses on the other side of the street have similar yards and buildings in front of them. The houses on each side of the street are so far removed

from this thoroughfare, that the low buildings in the front yard completely intercept the view. The carriage-way is always closed by massive doors eighteen or twenty feet high. It is impossible to conceive how completely

neath them, rarely grass, still more rarely flowers. You see nothing but sodden earth covered with weeds.

This quiet and privacy are pleasing. You seem to be buried in some rural park. And



PUBLIC BENCHES.

all street noises are shut out by this arrangement. The streets where these mansions are to be found are not noisy; but even in the Bibliothèque Nationale, when the Rue Richelieu was twenty times more noisy than it now is (then the Avenue de l'Opéra was unopened), I have often been astonished at the rural quiet students enjoyed in its reading-room. There was not heard the least rumble of the street's ceaseless traffic. Marshal Von Moltke, in his recently published letters to his wife, makes a similar remark about the quiet of the Tuileries.

Back of all houses in the Faubourg St. Germain, garden abuts on garden on three sides. I ought rather to say grove than garden. There is nothing but trees. They are planted as thickly as they can be. They are put there not for shade or for ornament, but simply as screens. There is rarely a walk be-

yet the operas, theaters, museums, libraries, boulevards, and the Bois de Boulogne, are near by.

Few people imagine the wealth and splendor of Paris mansions. I should not like to estimate the market value of the two marble palaces owned by the Rothschilds,—these palaces are in the very heart of Paris, in the Rue Laffitte, have large front yards, and still larger gardens,—or of the late Duke de Galliera's mansion in the Rue de Varenne, familiar to Americans as the residence of one of our ministers here, and of Colonel Thorne years afterward. But I do know that the Baroness de Pontalba spent a million of dollars on her mansion forty years ago, and every year added something to its beauty. At her death, which recently occurred, the Baron Gustave de Rothschild gave a million of dollars for it, and has spent \$300,-

ooo more in fitting it for habitation. When the late Mr. Hope bought his mansion, forty-five years ago (now well known as the Princess de Sagan's home), the "Black Band" made sure of getting it, and subscribed \$50,000 among themselves to strip the house of its works of art and keep them in their hands for speculation. The "Black Band" were a set of speculators who clubbed together to buy valuable houses throughout France, strip them of every work of art, then sell the houses and divide the works of art among themselves for resale. Baron Seillière bought this mansion at Mr. Hope's death; it is understood he gave \$800,000 for it, and got it at a bargain at this price; even the floors of that mansion are works of art. Mme. Lehon paid \$27,000 for the paving of the yard of her mansion in the Rond-Point des Champs Elysées (it is now the Italian embassy). Mme. de Paiva spent above a million on her mansion in the same neighborhood. In her house, every door-knob, window-knob, each banister of the staircase, is of bronze, designed especially for her, and the mold broken after the piece was cast. The stairs and mantel-pieces of this house are of malachite.

It is extremely interesting to wander among these splendid mansions, built at different periods of time, and to note the changes which civilization has made in their arrangements. The older houses reveal the insecurity of the age in which they were built. A man's house is now his castle much more truly than when it was defended by battlements and protected by moat and portcullis. Isaac of York now puts his valuables behind plate glass, under a gas-jet.

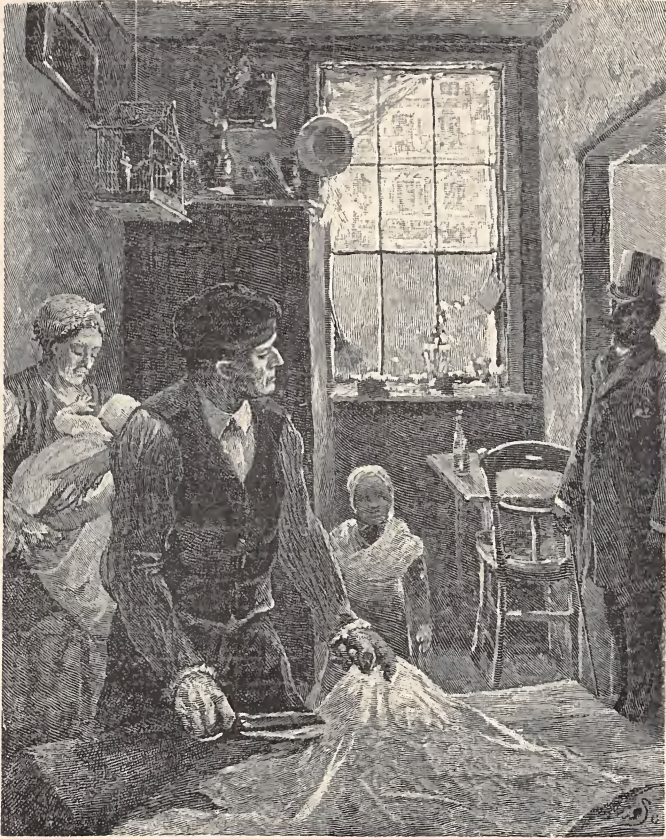
I saw with pleasure the hospitable stone benches let into the wall on each side of the portal of nearly all of these houses. 'Tis something to give the weary rest. 'Tis a beginning of hospitality—or, may be, the last vestige left of an earlier hospitality when every door was open, a chamber for silk, offices for rags, and a hall with endless, generous board for all.

In the newer and "improved" parts of Paris, iron railings now bar these antique seats from the wayfarer. The Rothschilds' mansions alone give the olden hospitality. Elsewhere, the public provide for the public. Free seats are everywhere to be found. They are always full. Nothing in Paris astonishes a stranger more than the number of idlers, of both sexes, found at every turn. One expects to see soldiers sauntering everywhere; for, despite Prince von Schwartzenberg's warning to Louis Napoleon when the latter made his *coup d'état*, "You can



ANGLERS.

do everything with bayonets but sit upon them," no Continental government has yet been able to make for itself any other than this very expensive and extremely uncomfortable seat. But the other idlers must eat, at least sometimes; must lodge, even though in garret; must cover themselves with smock-shirt and trowsers if with nothing else. Garret, food, and clothes cost money; and even nickels cannot be had without labor. How do all these idlers live? Many of them are thieves. Nine-tenths of Parisian workmen ply their trades only four or five of the days of the week, just enough to earn a scanty support. Hence it has been found that the enormous increase of wages of Parisian workmen (it is at least fifty per cent.) has in no manner bettered their condition. On the contrary, they are worse off. The larger their daily pay, the fewer days they work; idleness lessens their skill; toil becomes distasteful; expensive habits are contracted; home, wife, and children are deserted; the hospital is reckoned on in illness, the poor-house in old age. Many a Frenchman's ideal of earthly bliss is to be idle, to stroll the streets. During the siege, in 1871, the Parisians led their ideal life. They had no rent to pay; they had eighteen cents a day and no work to do. When the war was ended, and it became necessary to pay house-rent and to set to work, they flew to arms rather than accept the harsh alternative. Our illustration represents one of these idlers. She is a maid-



LE CONCIERGE.

of-all-work who has retired from service. If she have twenty cents a day to live on, she is more than satisfied. She lives in a garret closet without a chimney, with sky-light for a window, which she gets cheap in some old house in a narrow street of the Latin Quarter. She is her own laundress. She buys her clothes, even her shoes and stockings, second-hand. She breakfasts on bread and cheese, buys a few cents' worth of beef-tea in which she soaks bread for dinner, eats dry bread rubbed with garlic or onion, and followed by two cents' worth of fire-water as corrosive as modern chemistry can make it, and consents to vegetate in this wretched way that she may live in idleness, sitting all day long on a public bench of the Luxembourg Garden if the weather be fair, or in a chair of some church or chapel if the day be inclement. She might still get occupation, have chamber free, a plenty of good food and wine; but she would have to work for them. She prefers to starve in idleness. The river's banks, too, are lined with idlers. They are not on the bank alone. If you think a patient Frenchman is not to be found, go to the river and use your

eyes. You will find there in mid-stream bipeds with long hoes scraping up river sand, to gather from it gleanings of all the objects crime or accident or flood tosses into the stream. There are shops in the Quai de l'Horloge where these objects may be seen and bought. There are some of them in the Hôtel de Cluny; more in the Hôtel Carnavalet. You will find on the river's banks gatherers of corks, which are always found in eddies; these corks are recut and made to do duty again. But of all the patient Frenchmen to be seen, there are none so patient as the fishermen represented in our wood-cut. They are at the foot of the Louvre, half-way between the Pont Neuf and Pont des Arts (the bridge seen in our wood-cut, with the Palais de l'Institut across the river beyond it). There they stand all day, though the only object which sinks their bob be floating weed. Fish they never catch. What fish could live in those polluted waters? Nevertheless they are happy, for they are idle.

Old architects sacrificed everything to security. The value of sun and air was unknown. Science has let light and pure air into all these abodes, where the lattice had

more lead than glass, where not a casement opened save on a court, and no draught changed the air on the court. See the mediæval houses on streets narrower than lanes, with the well in the central court (the sole supply of water), receiving with the aid of wind and rain all the refuse of roof and yard, and with their ground-floor rooms chilling in August, and you will not wonder at the story of the plague; your wonder will be that people could have lived amid all these foes to life.

But even now the full value of sun and air is unknown to Frenchmen. You are made very sensible of this when you go hunting lodgings. The first question asked is invariably, "What is the rent?" And you may ask what question you please, the hall-porter always answers, "The rent is so much a year"; until you let him know that the price suits your purse, it is vain for you to ply him with queries. The reason is plain. In Paris, lodging is a mere episode of life. The epic is dress. The necessities of life are marshaled in this order: Dress, Dress, Dress, Theaters, Cafés, Eating, Lodgings. And do you suppose that "plaster-wipers" appreciate the full value of sun and pure air? "Plaster-wipers" are people who have discovered the art of living in Paris rent-free. The Italians have a saying: "When I build a house, the first year after its completion I give it to my enemy; I rent it to my friend the second year; I myself tenant it the third year." The first year after a house has been built the dampness and drying of the walls make it fatal to the tenant; a twelvemonths' habitation, with fires all winter, open windows all summer, greatly lessens its dangers; in twenty-four months all peril has disappeared. The French hold the same opinion. People who care or who can afford to care for their health shun new houses. So a new house cannot be let except to "plaster-wipers." They flock wherever they see a new house built. They have no furniture, except the objects which the law exonerates from levy of distress warrant. No inquiries are made about them. While a bill for rent is sent to them on quarter-day, it is rather to assert authority than with hope of payment. When the third quarter comes around, notice to quit is served on them, but never enforced until a tenant appears who wants the lodgings they occupy. Then adieu! No rent is expected of them. They have done all that was asked of them: they have wiped the plaster dry; they have given the house an inhabited look; they have decoyed to it respectable tenants. At what cost to themselves! They are lucky if they have only rheumatism, and have lost only

teeth and hair. Diseases of the throat and chest decimate them. But they can pay rent with life easier than with money, for they can lay down life; they cannot lay down coin.

How lenient Paris is to these tall houses built to be rented! Paris refuses to admit that there is a single house within its walls more than five stories high. What knowledge of human nature it reveals in the nomenclature of stories! Here is "the level-with-the-street." No story, mind you! Above it, is "the between-ground" (and first floor understood). Then when you are fairly three stories above ground comes the first floor. Next—second, third, fourth, fifth. Here the stories end. If the landlord's purse is buoyant enough to bear the tenant up still higher, he reaches the *mansarde*, or, higher still, *combles*. If you have a poor acquaintance perched half-way to Uranus, call on him and ask the hall-porter to direct your ascent. The hall-porter will not use even these words, but will say, "Go to the fifth floor, turn to your left, and then *mount!*" If you ask, "Mansard?" "Attic?" he will notice no other reply. They lie beyond Hercules' Pillars.

Our wood-cut shows the hall-porter, his family, and his lodge. He is a tailor. This trade is preferred to the shoemaker's as being less noisy. But the lodge is not quiet. Frenchmen cannot live without noise. Bird in cage, infant in arms, child old enough to play letter-carrier to the household, and especially Madame Cerbère, supply all necessary noise. According to tradition, when Hugh Cape determined to make La Cité his home, somewhere nigh a thousand years ago, he added two immense buildings to the palace. One of these wings was (and is to this day) called *Conciergerie*, and served both for barracks and for jail. The command and management of the *Conciergerie* were confided to a captain of noble birth, who received the title (from which the building took its name) of Comte des Cierges (the Earl of Wax-Tapers), and was invested with many prerogatives and privileges. It continued to be an office of lucre and importance even so late as 1712, when it was shorn of its judicial powers.

It has not been many years since the hall-porters of Paris assumed the venerable title of Comte des Cierges. When Sterne visited Paris they were called Suisses. The familiar proverb, "*Point d'argent, point de Suisse*," means, "If you be penniless, you can't have a hall-porter"; or, in other words, "If you be penniless, you yourself must answer the door-bell."

The Swiss were for centuries, indeed down to July, 1830, the king's body-guard. The Swiss nearly monopolized the places of hall-

porters, messengers, and bank-collectors. They owed this monopoly to their sterling integrity of character. Down to the revolution of 1848, ninety-seven of every hundred collectors of the Bank of France were Swiss. During those stormy days a mob insisted that the Bank of France should employ none but Frenchmen, and the Bank was obliged to discard its Swiss until quieter times returned. The lesson was not lost on the Bank. As the Swiss collectors died or retired, Frenchmen were appointed to the vacancies. In the English embassy, and in some of the old noble mansions of the Faubourg St. Germain, you may still see the direction over the hall-porter's lodge, "Speak to the Swiss!" The beadle in churches is still called the Swiss. In new houses the old direction has been discarded for "Speak to the *concierge*," and the tendency now is to omit everything except the word *concierge*. After Swiss went out of use, *portier* came into vogue; but its favor was ephemeral, and it is now to be seen only in some of the older houses near the great markets, and even here I have noticed it only on two or three lodges. The more aristocratic term, *Comte des Cierges*, is now generally in currency, having been corrupted into *concierge*, just as *Chère Reine Croix* has become Charing-Cross.

Most travelers tell how, in Paris, one may live for years in a house without knowing anything about neighbors. These travelers could not have spoken French. I am not, I believe, very inquisitive, and find little charm in gossip. Nevertheless, I not only have never lived in a Paris house without knowing the name, history, and occupation of each tenant

and his family, but the same information about everybody in the neighborhood. The more secluded, the more retired a street is, the less seclusion the inhabitants enjoy.

The hall-porter's lodge is the place where the skeletons that haunt the families overhead are kept. He knows all their secrets,—butcher, baker, coal-dealer, tailor, milliner, mantua-maker, servants, all tell their tales to him. A thousand stealthy figures come and go over his threshold, asking a thousand questions, and by these very questions throwing a flood of light on his tenants' history. There, creditors obtain, by palm-crossing, ink-lings of their debtor's true position. There, tenants in debt, by still more generous palm-crossing, throw dust into creditors' eyes. There, the police ascertain the hours when their prey may be caught and carried to jail. Arrests usually take place between 2 and 3 o'clock A. M., the only hour of the four-and-twenty when the tides of Paris life know slack water. You hear the door-bell sharply rung. The portal is no sooner suddenly closed with a slam, which makes the whole house quiver, than the law's intruders strike a light. The short, abrupt questions, the heavy, imperious tread on the staircase, confirm your suspicion that they are the police. The door they seek is reached—its bell is jerked till answered. A woman's shriek is followed by hasty steps on the staircase. A door is slammed—a carriage driven rapidly away. The staircase is filled with the sobs and shrieks of a woman. Another incident is added to the hall-porter's store of gossip.

J. D. Osborne.

THOUGHT-FALL.

WHEN south-winds are richest with wealth of the rose,
And sweetness increases, each breath that blows;
When that human obscure of the sky bends above me
Like a dark eye saying its silent "I love thee!"
When his music sings on tho' the bird be at rest,
And there's light on the lily and none in the west;
When the star and the hill have gone under cover,
To the dwelling of dreams, like loved one and lover;
When passionate earth has her will with the sky,
And the black clouds stop tho' the brooks go by,—
There's a falling of thought like drops from the eaves,
And it rests in my heart like the rain in the leaves.

John Vance Cheney.

THE BREAD-WINNERS.*

XII.

A HOLIDAY NOT IN THE CALENDAR.

THE next morning while Farnham was at breakfast he received a note from Mr. Temple in these words :

"Strikes will begin to-day, but will not be general. There will be no disturbance, I think. They don't seem very gritty."

After breakfast he walked down to the City Hall. On every street corner he saw little groups of men in rather listless conversation. He met an acquaintance crossing the street.

"Have you heard the news?" The man's face was flushed with pleasure at having something to tell. "The firemen and stokers have all struck, and run their engines into the round-house at Riverley, five miles out. There won't be a train leave or come in for the present."

"Is that all?"

"No, that aint a start. The Model Oil men have struck, and are all over the North End, shutting up the other shops. They say there won't be a lick of work done in town the rest of the week."

"Except what Satan finds for idle hands," Farnham suggested, and hastened his steps a little to the municipal buildings.

He found the chief of police in his office, suffering from nervousness and a sense of importance. He began by reminding him of the occurrence of the week before in the wood. The chief waited with an absent expression for the story to end, and then said, "My dear sir, I cannot pay any attention to such little matters with anarchy threatening our city. I must protect life and property, sir—life and property."

"Very well," rejoined Farnham, "I am informed that life and property are threatened in my own neighborhood. Can you detail a few policemen to patrol Algonquin avenue, in case of a serious disturbance?"

"I can't tell you, my dear sir; I will do the best I can by all sections. Why, man," he cried, in a voice which suddenly grew a shrill falsetto in his agitation, "I tell you I haven't a policeman for every ten miles of street in this town. I can't spare but two for my own house!"

Farnham saw the case was hopeless, and

went to the office of the mayor. That official had assumed an attitude expressive of dignified and dauntless energy. He sat in a chair tilted back on its hind feet; the boots of the municipal authority were on a desk covered with official papers; a long cigar adorned his eloquent lips; a beaver hat shaded his eyes.

He did not change his attitude as Farnham entered. He probably thought it could not be changed for the better.

"Good-morning, Mr. Quinlin."

"Good-morning, sorr, to you." This salutation was uttered through teeth shut as tightly as the integrity of the cigar would permit.

"There is a great deal of talk of possible disturbance to-night, in case the strikes extend. My own neighborhood, I am told, has been directly threatened. I called to ask whether, in case of trouble, I could rely on any assistance from the city authorities, or whether we must all look out for ourselves."

The mayor placed his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and threw his head back so that he could stare at Farnham from below his hat brim. He then said, in a measured voice, as if addressing an assembly: "Sir! I would have you to know that the working-men of Buffland are not thaves and robbers. In this struggle with capital they have my profound sympathy. I expect their conduct to be that of perr-fect gentlemen. I, at least, will give no orders which may tend to array one class of citizens against another. That is my answer, sir; I hope it does not disappoint you."

"Not in the least," said Farnham, putting on his hat. "It is precisely what I should have expected of you."

"Thank you, sir. Call again, sir."

As Farnham disappeared, the chief magistrate of the city tilted his hat to one side, shut an eye with profoundly humorous significance, and said to the two or three loungers who had been enjoying the scene:

"That is the sort of T-rail I am. That young gentleman voted agin me, on the ground I wasn't high-toned enough."

Farnham walked rapidly to the office of the evening newspaper. He found a man in the counting-room, catching flies and trimming their wings with a large pair of office shears. He said, "Can you put an advertisement for me in your afternoon editions?"

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The man laid down his shears, but held on to his fly, and looked at his watch.

"Have you got it ready?"

"No, but I will not be a minute about it."

"Be lively! You haven't got but a minute."

He picked up his scissors and resumed his surgery, while Farnham wrote his advertisement. The man took it, and threw it into a tin box, blew a whistle, and the box disappeared through a hole in the ceiling. A few minutes later the boys were crying the paper in the streets. The advertisement was in these words:

"Veterans, Attention! All able-bodied veterans of the Army of the Potomac, and especially of the Third Army Corps, are requested to meet at seven this evening, at No. — Public Square."

From the newspaper office Farnham went to a gunsmith's. The dealer was a German and a good sportsman, whom Farnham knew very well, having often shot with him in the marshes west of the city. His name was Leopold Grosshammer. There were two or three men in the place when Farnham entered. He waited until they were gone, and then said:

"Bolty, have you two dozen repeating rifles?"

"Ja wohl! Aber, Herr Gott, was machen Sie denn damit?"

"I don't know why I shouldn't tell you. They think there may be a riot in town, and they tell me at the City Hall that everybody must look out for himself. I am going to try to get up a little company of old soldiers for patrol duty."

"All right, mine captain, and I will be the first freiwilliger. But I don't dink you wants rifles. Revolvers and clubs—like the pleecemen—dat's de dicket."

"Have you got them?"

"Oh, yes, and the belts thereto. I got der gonduct to furnish 'em to de city."

"Then you will send them, wrapped up in bundles, to my office in the Square, and come yourself there at seven."

"Freilich," said Leopold, his white teeth glistening through his yellow beard at the prospect of service.

Farnham spent an hour or two visiting the proprietors of the large establishments affected by the strikes. He found, as a rule, great annoyance and exasperation, but no panic. Mr. Temple said, "The poor — fools! I felt sorry for them. They came up here to me this morning,—their committee, they called it,—and told me they hated it, but it was orders! 'Orders from where?' I asked. 'From the chiefs of sections,' they said; and

that was all I could get out of them. Some of the best fellows in the works were on the committee. They put 'em there on purpose. The sneaks and lawyers hung back."

"What will they do if the strike should last?" asked Farnham.

"They will be supported for awhile by the other mills. Our men are the only ones that have struck so far. They were told off to make the move, just as they march out a certain regiment to charge a battery. If we give in, then another gang will strike."

"Do you expect to give in?"

"Between us, we want nothing better than ten days' rest. We want to repair our furnaces, and we haven't a — thing to do. What I told you this morning holds good. There wont be any riot. The whole thing is solemn fooling, so far."

The next man Farnham saw was in a far less placid frame of mind. It was Jimmy Nelson, the largest grocer in the city. He had a cargo of perishable groceries at the station, and the freight hands would not let them be delivered. "I talked to the rascals," he said. "I asked them what they had against *me*; that they was injuring Trade!" a deity of which Mr. Nelson always spoke with profound respect. "They laughed in my face, sir. They said, 'That's just our racket. We want to squeeze you respectable merchants till you get mad and hang a railroad president or two!' Yes, sir; they said that to me, and five thousand dollars of my stuff rotting in the depot."

"Why don't you go to the mayor?" asked Farnham, though he could not suppress a smile as he said it.

"Yes, I like that!" screamed Jimmy. "You are laughing at me. I suppose the whole town has heard of it. Well, it's a fact. I went and asked that infernal scoundrel what he was going to do. He said his function was to keep the peace, and there wasn't a word in the statutes about North Carliny water-melons. If I live till he gits out of office, I'll lick him."

"Oh, I think you wont do that, Jimmy."

"You think I wont!" said Nelson, absolutely incandescent with the story of his wrongs. "I'll swear by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, that I will thrash the hide off him next spring — if I don't forget it."

Farnham went home, mounted his horse, and rode about the city to see what progress the strike was making. There was little disorder visible on the surface of things. The "sections" had evidently not ordered a general cessation of labor; and yet there were curious signs of demoralization, as if the spirit of work was partially disintegrating

and giving way to something not precisely lawless, but rather listless. For instance, a crowd of workmen were engaged industriously and, to all appearance, contentedly upon a large school-building in construction. A group of men, not half their number, approached them and ordered them to leave off work. The builders looked at each other and then at their exhorters in a confused fashion for a moment, and ended by obeying the summons in a sullen and indifferent manner. They took off their aprons, went to the hydrant and washed their hands, then put on their coats and went home in silence and shamefacedness, amid the angry remonstrances of the master-builder. A little farther on Farnham saw what seemed like a burlesque of the last performance. Several men were at work in a hole in the street; the tops of their heads were just visible above the surface. A half-grown, ruffianly boy, with a boot-black's box slung over his shoulder, came up and shouted, "You — — rats, come out of that, or we'll knock the scalps off'n you." The men, without even looking to see the source of the summons, threw down their tools and got out of the hole. The boy had run away; they looked about for a moment, as if bewildered, and then one of them, a gray-headed Irishman, said, "Well, we'd better be a lavin' off, if the rest is," and they all went away.

In this fashion it came about that by nightfall all the squares and public places were thronged with an idle and expectant crowd, not actively mischievous or threatening, but affording a vast mass of inflammable material in case the fire should start in any quarter. They gathered everywhere in dense groups, exchanging rumors and surmises, in which fact and fiction were fantastically mingled.

"The rolling-mills all close to-morrow," said a sallow and hollow-eyed tailor. "That'll let loose twenty thousand men on the town, — big, brawny fellows. I'm glad my wife is in Clevalo."

"All you know about it! Clevalo is twice as bad off as here. The machine shops has all struck there, and the men went through the armory this afternoon. They're camped all along Delaware street, every man with a pair of revolvers and a musket."

"You don't say so!" said the schneider, turning a shade more sallow. "I'd better telegraph my wife to come home."

"I wouldn't hurry," was the impassive response. "You don't know where we'll be to-morrow. They have been drilling all day at Riverley, three thousand of 'em. They'll come in to-morrow, mebbe, and hang all the railroad presidents. That may make trouble."

Through these loitering and talking crowds Farnham made his way in the evening to the office which he kept, on the public square of the town, for the transaction of the affairs of his estate. He had given directions to his clerk to be there, and when he arrived found that some half-dozen men had already assembled in answer to his advertisement. Some of them he knew; one, Nathan Kendall, a powerful young man, originally from the north of Maine, now a machinist in Buffland, had been at one time his orderly in the army. Bolty Grosshammer was there, and in a very short time some twenty men were in the room. Farnham briefly explained to them his intention. "I want you," he said, "to enlist for a few days' service under my orders. I cannot tell whether there will be any work to do or not; but it is likely we shall have a few nights of patrol at least. You will get ten dollars apiece anyhow, and ordinary day's wages besides. If any of you get hurt, I will try to have you taken care of."

All but two agreed to the proposition. These two said "they had families and could not risk their skins. When they saw the advertisement they had thought it was something about pensions, or the county treasurer's office. They thought soldiers ought to have the first chance at good offices." They then grumblingly withdrew.

Farnham kept his men for an hour longer, arranging some details of organization, and then dismissed them for twenty-four hours, feeling assured that there would be no disturbance of public tranquillity that night. "I will meet you here to-morrow evening," he said, "and you can get your pistols and sticks and your final orders."

The men went out one by one, Bolty and Kendall waiting for awhile after they had gone and going out on the sidewalk with Farnham. They had instinctively appointed themselves a sort of body-guard to their old commander, and intended to keep him in sight until he got home. As they reached the door, they saw a scuffle going on upon the sidewalk. A well-dressed man was being beaten and kicked by a few rough fellows, and the crowd was looking on with silent interest. Farnham sprang forward and seized one of the assailants by the collar; Bolty pulled away another. The man who had been cuffed turned to Kendall, who was standing by to help where help was needed, and cried, "Take me away somewhere; they will have my life;" an appeal which only excited the jeers of the crowd.

"Kendall, take him into my office," said Farnham, which was done in an instant, Farnham and Bolty following. A rush was

made,—not very vicious, however,—and the three men got safely inside with their prize, and bolted the door. A few kicks and blows shook the door, but there was no movement to break it down; and the rescued man, when he found himself in safety, walked up to a mirror there was in the room and looked earnestly at his face. It was a little bruised and bloody, and dirty with mud, but not seriously injured.

He turned to his rescuers with an air more of condescension than gratitude. "Gentlemen, I owe you my thanks, although I should have got the better of those scoundrels in a moment. Can you assist me in identifying them?"

"Oh! it is Mayor Quinlin, I believe," said Farnham, recognizing that functionary more by his voice than by his rumpled visage. "No, I do not know who they were. What was the occasion of this assault?"

"A most cowardly and infamous outrage, sir," said the Mayor. "I was walking along the sidewalk to me home, and I came upon this gang of ruffians at your door. Impatient at being delayed,—for me time is much occupied,—I rebuked them for being in my way. One of them turned to me and insolently inquired, 'Do you own this street, or have you just got a lien on it?' which unendurable insult was greeted with a loud laugh from the other ruffians. I called them by some properly severe name, and raised my cane to force a passage,—and the rest you know. Now, gentlemen, is there anything I can do?"

Farnham did not scruple to strike while the iron was hot. He said: "Yes, there is one thing your Honor may do, not so much for us as for the cause of order and good government, violated to-night in your own person. Knowing the insufficiency of the means at your disposal, a few of us propose to raise a subsidiary night-patrol for the protection of life and property during the present excitement. We would like you to give it your official sanction."

"Do I understand it will be without expense to my—to the city government?" Mr. Quinlin was anxious to make a show of economy in his annual message.

"Entirely," Farnham assured him.

"It is done, sir. Come to-morrow morning and get what papers you want. The spirit of disorder must be met and put down with a bold and defiant hand. Now, gentlemen, if there is a back door to this establishment, I will use it to make my way home."

Farnham showed him the rear entrance, and saw him walking homeward up the quiet street; and, coming back, found Bolty and Kendall writhing with merriment.

"Well, that beats all," said Kendall. "I guess I'll write home like the fellow did from Iowa to his daddy, 'Come out here quick. Mighty mean men gits office in this country.'"

"Yes," assented Bolty. "Dot burgermeister ish better as a circus mit a drick mule."

"Don't speak disrespectfully of dignitaries," said Farnham. "It's a bad habit in soldiers."

When they went out on the sidewalk the crowd had dispersed. Farnham bade his recruits good night and went up the avenue. They waited until he was a hundred yards away, and then, without a word to each other, followed him at that distance till they saw him enter his own gate.

XIII.

A BUSY SUNDAY FOR THE MATCHINS.

MATTERS were not going on pleasantly in the Matchin cottage. Maud's success in gaining an eligible position, as it was regarded among her friends, made her at once an object of greater interest than ever; but her temper had not improved with her circumstances, and she showed herself no more accessible than before. Her father, who naturally felt a certain satisfaction at having, as he thought, established her so well, regarded himself as justified in talking to her firmly and seriously respecting her future. He went about it in the only way he knew. "Mattie," he said one evening, when they happened to be alone together, "when are you and Sam going to make a match?"

She lifted her eyes to him, and shot out a look of anger and contempt from under her long lashes that made her father feel very small and old and shabby.

"Never!" she said, quietly.

"Come, come, now," said the old man; "just listen to reason. Sam is a good boy, and with what he makes and what you make——"

"That has nothing to do with it. I won't discuss the matter any further. We have had it all out before. If it is ever mentioned again, Sam or I will leave this house."

"Hoity-toity, Missy! is that the way you take good advice——" but she was gone before he could say another word. Saul walked up and down the room a few moments, taking very short steps, and solacing his mind by muttering to himself: "Well, that's what I get by having a scholar in the family. Learning goes to the head and the heels—makes 'em proud and skittish."

He punctually communicated his failure to Sam, who received the news with a sullen quietness that perplexed still more the puzzled carpenter.

On a Sunday afternoon, a few days later, he received a visit from Mr. Bott, whom he welcomed, with great deference and some awe, as an ambassador from a ghostly world of unknown dignity. They talked in a stiff and embarrassed way for some time about the weather, the prospect of a rise in wages, and other such matters, neither obviously taking any interest in what was being said. Suddenly Bott drew nearer and lowered his voice, though the two were alone in the shop.

"Mr. Matchin," he said, with an uneasy grin, "I have come to see you about your daughter."

Matchin looked at him with a quick suspicion.

"Well, who's got anything to say against my daughter?"

"Oh, nobody that I know of," said Bott, growing suspicious in his turn. "Has anything ever been said against her?"

"Not as I know," said Saul. "Well, what have you got to say?"

"I wanted to ask how you would like me as a son-in-law?" said Bott, wishing to bring matters to a decision.

Saul stood for a moment without words in his astonishment. He had always regarded Bott as "a professional character," even as a "litrary man"; he had never hoped for so lofty an alliance. And yet he could not say that he wholly liked it. This was a strange creature—highly gifted, doubtless, but hardly comfortable. He was too "thick" with ghosts. One scarcely knew whether he spent most of his time "on earth or in hell," as Saul crudely phrased it. The faint smell of phosphorus that he carried about with him, which was only due to his imperfect ablutions after his séances, impressed Saul's imagination as going to show that Bott was a little too intimate with the under-ground powers. He stood chewing a shaving and weighing the matter in his mind a moment before he answered. He thought to himself, "After all, he is making a living. I have seen as much as five dollars at one of his seeunes." But the only reply he was able to make to Bott's point-blank question was:

"Well, I dunno."

The words were hardly encouraging, but the tone was weakly compliant. Bott felt that his cause was gained, and thought he might chaffer a little.

"Of course," he said, "I would like to have a few things understood, to start with. I am very particular in business matters."

"That's right," said Saul, who began to think that this was a very systematic and methodical man.

"I am able to support a wife, or I would not ask for one," said Bott.

"Exactly," said Saul, with effusion; "that's just what I was saying to myself."

"Oh, you was!" said Bott, scowling and hesitating. "You was, was you?" Then, after a moment's pause, in which he eyed Saul attentively, he continued, "Well—that's so. At the same time, I am a business man, and I want to know what you can do for your girl."

"Not much of anything, Mr. Bott, if you must know. Mattie is makin' her own living."

"Yes. That's all right. Does she pay you for her board?"

"Look here, Mr. Bott, that aint none of your business yet, anyhow. She don't pay no board while she stays here; but that aint nobody's business."

"Oh, no offense, sir, none in the world. Only I am a business man, and don't want misunderstandings. So she don't. And I suppose you don't want to part with your last child—now, do you? It's like breaking your heart-strings, now, aint it?" he said, in his most sentimental lecture voice.

"Well, no, I can't say it is. Mattie's welcome in my house while I live, but of course she'll leave me some day, and I'll wish her joy."

"Why should that be? My dear sir, why should that be?" Bott's voice grew greasy with sweetness and persuasion. "Why not all live together? I will be to you as a son. Maud will soothe your declining years. Let it be as it is, Father Saul."

The old carpenter looked up with a keen twinkle of his eye.

"You and your wife would like to board with us when you are married? Well, mebbe we can arrange that."

This was not quite what Bott expected, but he thought best to say no more on that subject for the moment.

Saul then asked the question that had all along been hovering on his lips.

"Have you spoke to Mattie yet?"

The seer blushed and simpered, "I thought it my duty to speak first to you; but I do not doubt her heart."

"Oh! you don't," said Saul, with a world of meaning. "You better find out. You'll find her in the house."

Bott went to the house, leaving Saul pondering. Girls were queer cattle. Had Mattie given her word to this slab-sided, lanky fellow? Had she given Sam Sleeney the mitten for him? Perhaps she wanted the glory of being Mrs. Professor Bott. Well, she could do as she liked; but Saul swore softly to himself, "If Bott comes to live offen me, he's got to pay his board."

Meanwhile, the seer was walking, not without some inward perturbation, to the house, where his fate awaited him. It would have been hard to find a man more confident and more fatuous; but even such fools as he have their moments of doubt and faltering when they approach the not altogether known. He had not entertained the slightest question of Maud's devotion to him, the night she asked from him the counsel of the spirits. But he had seen her several times since that, and she had never renewed the subject. He was in two minds about it. Sometimes he imagined she might have changed her purpose; and then he would comfort himself with the more natural supposition that maiden modesty had been too much for her, and that she was anxiously awaiting his proffer. He had at last girded up his loins like a man and determined to know his doom. He had first ascertained the amount of Maud's salary at the library, and then, as we see, had endeavored to provide for his subsistence at Saul's expense; and now nothing was wanting but the maiden's consent. He trembled a little, but it was more with hope than fear. He could not make himself believe that there was any danger—but he wished it were over and all were well. He paused as he drew near the door. He was conscious that his hands were disagreeably cold and moist. He took out his handkerchief and wiped them, rubbing them briskly together, though the day was clear and warm, and the perspiration stood beaded on his forehead. But there was no escape. He knocked at the door, which was opened by Maud in person, who greeted him with a free and open kindness that restored his confidence. They sat down together, and Maud chatted gayly and pleasantly about the weather and the news. A New York girl, the daughter of a wealthy furrier, was reported in the newspaper as about to marry the third son of an English earl. Maud discussed the advantages of the match on either side as if she had been the friend from childhood of both parties.

Suddenly, while she was talking about the forthcoming wedding, the thought occurred to Bott, "Mebbe this is a hint for me," and he plunged into his avowal. Turning hot and cold at once, and wringing his moist hands as he spoke, he said, taking everything for granted:

"Miss Maud, I have seen your father and he gives his consent, and you have only to say the word to make us both happy."

"What?"

Anger, surprise, and contempt were all in the one word and in the flashing eyes of the young woman, as she leaned back in her rocking-chair and transfixed her unhappy suitor.

"Why, don't you understand me? I mean ——"

"Oh, yes, I see what you mean. But I *don't* mean; and if you had come to me, I'd have saved you the trouble of going to my father."

"Now, look here," he pleaded, "you aint a-going to take it that way, are you? Of course, I'd have come to you first if I had 'a' thought you'd preferred it. All I wanted was ——"

"Oh," said Maud, with perfect coolness and malice,—for in the last moment she had begun heartily to hate Bott for his presumption,—"*I* understand what *you* want. But the question is what *I* want—and I don't want you."

The words, and still more the cold monotonous tone in which they were uttered, stung the dull blood of the conjurer to anger. His mud-colored face became slowly mottled with red.

"Well, then," he said, "what did you mean by coming and consulting the sperrits, saying you was in love with a gentleman ——"

Maud flushed crimson at the memory awakened by these words. Springing from her chair, she opened the door for Bott, and said, "Great heavens! the impudence of some men! You thought I meant *you*?"

Bott went out of the door like a whipped hound, with pale face and hanging head. As he passed by the door of the shop, Saul hailed him and said with a smile, "What luck?"

Bott did not turn his head. He growled out a deep imprecation and walked away. Matchin was hardly surprised. He mused to himself, "I thought it was funny that Mattie should sack Sam Sleeney for that fellow. I guess he didn't ask the sperrits how the land lay," chuckling over the discomfiture of the seer. Spiritualism is the most convenient religion in the world. You may disbelieve two-thirds of it and yet be perfectly orthodox. Matchin, though a pillar of the faith, always keenly enjoyed the defeat and rout of a medium by his tricky and rebellious ghosts.

He was still laughing to himself over the retreat of Bott, thinking with some paternal fatuity of the attractiveness and spirit of his daughter, when a shadow fell across him, and he saw Offitt standing before him.

"Why, Offitt, is that you? I did not hear you. You always come up as soft as a spook!"

"Yes, that's me. Where's Sam?"

"Sam's gone to Shady Creek on an excursion with his lodge. My wife went with him."

"I wanted to see him. I think a heap of Sam."

"So do I. Sam is a good fellow."

"Excuse my making so free, Mr. Matchin,

but I once thought Sam was going to be a son-in-law of yours."

"Well, betwixt us, Mr. Offitt, I hoped so myself. But you know what girls is. She jest wouldn't."

"So it's all done, is it? No chance for Sam?" Offitt asked eagerly.

"Not as much as you could hold sawdust in your eye," the carpenter answered.

"Well, now, Mr. Matchin, I have got something to say." ("Oh, Lordy," groaned Saul to himself, "here's another one.") "I wouldn't take no advantage of a friend; but if Sam's got no chance, as you say, why shouldn't I try? With your permission, sir, I will."

"Now look ye here, Mr. Offitt. I don't know as I have got anything against you, but I don't know nothing *fur* you. If it's a fair question, how do you make your livin'?"

"That's all right. First place, I have got a good trade. I'm a locksmith."

"So I have heard you say. But you don't work at it."

"No," Offitt answered; and then, assuming a confidential air, he continued, "As I am to be one of the family, I'll tell you. I don't work at my trade, because I have got a better thing. I am a Reformer."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Saul. "I never heard o' your lecturin'."

"I don't lecture. I am secretary of a grand section of Labor Reformers, and I git a good salary for it."

"Oh, I see," said Saul, not having the least idea of what it all meant. But, like most fathers of his kind, he made no objection to the man's proposal, and told him his daughter was in the house. As Offitt walked away on the same quest where Bott had so recently come to wreck, Saul sat smiling, and nursing his senile vanity with the thought that there were not many mechanics' daughters in Buffland that could get two offers in one Sunday from "professional men." He sat with the contented inertness of old men on his well-worn bench, waiting to see what would be the result of the interview.

"I don't believe she'll have him," he thought. "He aint half the man that Sam is, nor half the scholar that Bott is."

It was well he was not of an impatient temperament. He sat quietly there for more than an hour, as still as a knot on a branch, wondering why it took Offitt so much longer than Bott to get an answer to a plain question; but it never once occurred to him that he had a right to go into his own house and participate in what conversation was going on. To American fathers of his class, the parlor is sacred when the daughter has company.

There were several reasons why Offitt staid longer than Bott.

The seer had left Maud Matchin in a state of high excitement and anger. The admiration of a man so splay and ungainly was in itself insulting, when it became so enterprising as to propose marriage. She felt as if she had suffered the physical contact of something not clean or wholesome. Besides, she had been greatly stirred by his reference to her request for ghostly counsel, which had resulted in so frightful a failure and mortification. After Bott had gone, she could not dismiss the subject from her mind. She said to herself, "How can I live, hating a man as I hate that Captain Farnham? How can I breathe the same air with him, blushing like a peony whenever I think of him, and turning pale with shame when I hear his name? That ever I should have been refused by a living man! What *does* a man want," she asked, with her head thrown back and her nostrils dilated, "when he don't want me?"

As she was walking to and fro, she glanced out of the window and saw Offitt approaching from the direction of the shop. She knew instantly what his errand would be, though he had never before said a word to her out of the common. "I wonder if father has sent him to me—and how many more has he got in reserve there in the shop? Well, I will make short work of this one."

But when he had come in and taken his seat, she found it was not so easy to make short work of him. Dealing with this one was very different from dealing with the other—about the difference between handling a pig and a panther. Offitt was a human beast of prey—furtive, sly, and elusive, with all his faculties constantly in hand. The sight of Maud excited him like the sight of prey. His small eyes fastened upon her; his sinewy hands tingled to lay hold of her. But he talked, as any casual visitor might, of immaterial things.

Maud, while she chatted with him, was preparing herself for the inevitable question and answer. "What shall I say to him? I do not like him. I never did. I never can. But what shall I do? A woman is of no use in the world by herself. He is not such a dunce as poor Sam, and is not such a gawk as Bott. I wonder whether he would make me mind? I am afraid he would, and I don't know whether I would like it or not. I suppose if I married him I would be as poor as a crow all my days. I couldn't stand that. I wont have him. I wish he would make his little speech and go."

But he seemed in no hurry to go. He was talking volubly about himself, lying with the marvelous fluency which interest and practice

give to such men, and Maud presently found herself listening intently to his stories. He had been in Mexico, it seemed. He owned a silver mine there. He got a million dollars out of it, but took it into his head one day to overturn the Government, and was captured and his money taken; barely escaped the garrote by strangling his jailer; owned the mine still, and should go back and get it some day, when he had accomplished certain purposes in this country. There were plenty of people who wished he was gone now. The President had sent for him to come to Washington; he went, and was asked to breakfast; nobody there but them two; they ate off gold plates like he used to in Mexico; the President then offered him a hundred thousand to leave, was afraid he would make trouble; told the President to make it a million and then he wouldn't. His grandfather was one of the richest men in Europe; his father ran away with his mother out of a palace. "You must have heard of my father, General Offitt, of Georgy? No? He was the biggest slaveholder in the State. I have got a claim against the Government, now, that's good for a million if it's worth a cent; going to Washington next winter to prosecute it."

Maud was now saying to herself, "Why, if half this is true, he is a remarkable man," like many other credulous people, not reflecting that, when half a man says is false, the other half is apt to be also. She began to think it would be worth her while, a red feather in her cap, to refuse such a picturesque person; and then it occurred to her that he had not proposed to marry her, and possibly had no such intention. As his stream of talk, dwelling on his own acts of valor and craft, ran on, she began to feel slightly piqued at its lack of reference to herself. Was this to be a mere afternoon call after all, with no combat and no victory? She felt drawn after awhile to bring her small resources of coquetry into play. She interrupted him with saucy doubts and questions; she cast at him smiles and glances, looking up that he might admire her eyes, and down that her lashes might have their due effect.

He interpreted all these signs in a favorable sense, but still prudently refrained from committing himself, until directly challenged by the blush and simper with which she said:

"I suppose you must have seen a great many pretty ladies in Mexico?"

He waited a moment, looking at her steadily until her eyelids trembled and fell, and then he said, seriously and gravely:

"I used to think so; but I never saw there or anywhere else as pretty a lady as I see at this minute."

This was the first time in her life that Maud had heard such words from a man. Sam Sleeney, with all his dumb worship, had never found words to tell her she was beautiful, and Bott was too grossly selfish and dull to have thought of it. Poor Sleeney, who would have given his life for her, had not wit enough to pay her a compliment. Offitt, whose love was as little generous as the hunger of a tiger, who wished only to get her into his power, who cared not in the least by what means he should accomplish this, who was perfectly willing to have her find out all his falsehoods the day after her wedding, relying upon his brute strength to retain her then,—this conscienceless knave made more progress by these words than Sam by months of the truest devotion. Yet the impression he made was not altogether pleasant. Thirsting for admiration as she did, there was in her mind an indistinct consciousness that the man was taking a liberty; and in the sudden rush of color to her cheek and brow at Offitt's words, there was at first almost as much anger as pleasure. But she had neither the dignity nor the training required for the occasion, and all the reply she found was:

"Oh, Mr. Offitt, how can you say so?"

"I say so," he answered, with the same unsmiling gravity, "because it's the fact. I have been all over the world. I have seen thousands of beautiful ladies, even queens and markisses, and I never yet saw and I never expect to see such beauty as yours, Miss Maud Matchin, of Buffland."

She still found no means to silence him or defend herself. She said, with an uneasy laugh, "I am sure I don't see where the wonderful beauty is."

"That's because your modesty holds over your beauty. But I see where it is. It's in your eyes, that's like two stars of the night; in your forehead, that looks full of intellect and sense; in your rosy cheeks and smiling lips; in your pretty little hands and feet——" Here she suddenly rolled up her hands in her frilled white apron, and, sitting up straight, drew her feet under her gown. At this performance, they both laughed loud and long, and Maud's nerves were relieved.

"What geese we are," she said at last. "You know I don't believe a word you say."

"Oh, yes, you do. You've got eyes and a looking-glass. Come now, be honest. You know you never saw a girl as pretty as yourself, and you never saw a man that didn't love you on sight."

"I don't know about that."

"Don't all the men you know love you?"

"There is one man I know hates me, and I hate him"

"Who is it? This is very interesting."

Maud was suddenly seized with a desire to tell an adventure, something that might match Offitt's tales of wonder.

"You'll never tell?"

"Hope I may die."

"It's Arthur Farnham!" She had succeeded in her purpose, for Offitt stared at her with looks of amazement. "He once wanted to be rather too attentive to me, and I did not like it. So he hates me, and has tried to injure me"

"And you don't like him very well?"

"I don't. I would owe a good deal to the man who would give him a beating."

"All right. You give me—what?—a kiss, or a lock of your hair, and he shall have his thrashing."

"You do it and bring me the proofs, and we will talk about it."

"Well, I must be off," he said, picking up his hat. He saw on her face a slight disappointment. He put out his hand to take leave. She folded her arms.

"You needn't be in such a hurry," she said, poutingly. "Mother won't be back for ever so long, and I was half asleep over my book when you came in."

"Oh, very well," he said. "That suits me."

He walked deliberately across the room, picked up a chair, and seated himself very near to Maud. She felt her heart beat with something like terror, and regretted asking him to stay. He had been very agreeable, but she was sure he was going to be disagreeable now. She was afraid that if he grew disagreeable she could not manage him as she could the others. Her worst fears were realized with his first words.

"Miss Matchin, if you ask me to stay longer, you must take the consequences. I am going to say to you what I never said to mortal woman before: I love you, and I want you for my wife."

She tried to laugh. "Oh, you do?" but her face grew pale, and her hands trembled.

"Yes, I do; and I am going to have you, too."

He tried to speak lightly, but his voice broke in spite of him.

"Oh, indeed!" she replied, recovering herself with an effort. "Perhaps I'll have something to say about that, Mr. Confidence."

"Of course; excuse me for talking like a fool. It shall be as you say. Only have me, and you shall have everything else. All that wealth can buy shall be yours. We'll leave this dull place and go around the world seeking pleasure where it can be found, and everybody will envy me my beautiful bride."

"That's very pretty talk, Mr. Offitt; but where is all this wealth to come from?"

He did not resent the question, but heard

it gladly, as imposing a condition he might meet. "The money is all right. If I lay the money at your feet, will you go with me? Only give me your promise."

"I promise nothing," said Maud; "but when you are ready to travel, perhaps you may find me in a better humor."

The words seemed to fire him. "That's promise enough for me," he cried, and put out his arms toward her. She struck down his hands, and protested with sudden, cattish energy:

"Let me alone. Don't you come so near me. I don't like it."

"Now you can go," she added. "I have got a lot to think about."

He thought he would not spoil his success by staying. "Good-bye, then," he said, kissing his fingers to her. "Good-bye for a little while, my own precious."

He turned at the door. "This is between us, ain't it?"

"Yes, what there is of it," she said, with a smile that took all sting from the words.

He walked to the shop, and wrung the old man's hand. His look of exultation caused Saul to say, "All settled, eh?"

"No," said Offitt; "but I have hopes. And now, Mr. Matchin, you know young ladies and the ways of the world. I ask you, as a gentleman, not to say nothing about this, for the present, to nobody."

Saul, proud of his secret, readily promised.

XIV.

CAPTAIN FARNHAM SEES ACTIVE SERVICE AGAIN.

FARNHAM lost no time in calling upon the Mayor to fulfill his engagement. He found his Honor a little subdued by the news of the morning. None of the strikers of the day before had gone back to work, and considerable accessions were reported from other trades. The worst symptom seemed to be that many shops were striking without orders. The cessation of work was already greater than seemed at first contemplated by the leading agitators themselves. They seemed to be losing their own control of the working-men, and a few tonguy vagrants and convicts from the city and from neighboring towns, who had come to the surface from nobody knew where, were beginning to exercise a wholly unexpected authority. They were going from place to place, haranguing the workmen, preaching what they called socialism, but what was merely riot and plunder. They were listened to without much response. In some places the men stopped work; in others they drove out the agitators; in others they would listen awhile, and then shout,

"Give us a rest!" or "Hire a hall!" or "Wipe off your chin!" But all the while the crowds gradually increased in the streets and public places; the strike, if it promised nothing worse, was taking the dimensions of a great, sad, anxious holiday. There was not the slightest intention on the part of the authorities to interfere with it, and to do them justice, it is hard to see what they could have done, with the means at their disposal. The Mayor, therefore, welcomed Farnham with great cordiality, made him a captain of police, for special duty, on the spot, and enrolled his list of recruits of the night before as members of the police force of the city, expressly providing that their employment should cost the city nothing, now or hereafter.

Farnham again made his rounds of the city, but found nothing especially noteworthy or threatening. The wide town, in spite of the large crowds in the streets, had a deserted look. A good many places of business were closed. There was little traffic of vehicles. The whistle of the locomotives and the rush of trains—sounds which had grown so familiar in that great railroad center that the ear ceased to be affected by them—being suddenly shut off, the silence which came in their place was startling to the sense. The voices of the striking employees, who retained possession of the Union Passenger Depot, resounded strangely through the vast building, which was usually a babel of shrill and strident sounds.

On the whole, the feature which most struck him in this violent and unnatural state of things was the singular good-nature of almost all classes. The mass of the workingmen made no threats; the greater number of employers made no recriminations. All hoped for an arrangement, though no one could say how it was to come. The day passed away in fruitless parleys, and at night the fever naturally rose, as is the way of fevers.

When nightfall came, the crowd had become so great in the public square that Farnham thought it might be better not to march his improvised policemen in a body up-town. He therefore dispatched orders to Kendall to send them up with their arms, singly or by twos and threes, to his house. By eight o'clock they were all there, and he passed an hour or so in putting them through a rude form of drill and giving them the instructions which he had prepared during the day. His intention was to keep them together on his own place during the early part of the night, and if, toward midnight, all seemed quiet, to scatter them as a patrol about the neighborhood; in case of serious disturbance anywhere else, to be ready to take part in restoring order.

About nine o'clock a man was seen coming rapidly from the house to the rear garden, where Farnham and his company were. The men were dispersed about the place; some on the garden seats, some lying on the grass in the clear moonlight. Farnham was a little apart, talking with Kendall and Grosshammer. He started up to meet the intruder; it was Mr. Temple.

"What's all this?" said Temple.

"The manly art of self-defense," said Farnham, smiling.

"I see, and I am glad to see it, too," answered Temple, warmly. "One of my men told me an hour ago that in the Tramps' Lodging House, last night, it was the common talk that there would be a rush on the houses in this region to-night. I went to the Mayor and tried to see him, but he was hiding, I think. I went to the Chief of Police, and he was in a blue funk. So I thought I would come up myself and see you. I knew you could raise a few men among your servants over here, and I would bring half a dozen, and we could answer for a few tramps, anyhow. But you are all right, and there is nothing to do but wait for them."

"Yes, thank you!" said Farnham, "though I am a thousand times obliged to you for your good-will. I won't forget it in a hurry, old man. Are you going home now? I will walk a block or two with you."

"No, I am not going home—not by"—[we draw the veil over Temple's language at this point]. "I have come to spend the evening. Have you any tools for me?"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow! there is not the least use of it. There is not one chance in a million that there will be anything to do."

The two men were walking toward the house. Temple said: "Don't be too sure of it. As I passed by the corner of the Square ten minutes ago, there was a fellow in front of Mouchem's gin-mill, a long-haired, sal-low-looking pill, who was making as ugly a speech to a crowd of ruffians as I ever heard. One phrase was something like this: 'Yes, my fellow-toilers'—he looked like he had never worked a muscle in his life except his jaw-tackle,—'the time has come. The hour is at hand. The people rule. Tyranny is down. Enter in and take possession of the spoilers' gains. Algonquin Avenue is heaped with riches wrung from the sweat of the poor. Clean out the abodes of blood guiltiness.' And you ought to have heard the ki-yi's that followed. That encouraged him, and he went on: 'Algonquin Avenue is a robbers' cave. It's very handsome, but it needs one thing more.' 'What's that?' some fellows yelled. 'An aristocrat hung to every lamp-post.'

This was very popular, too, you can bet your boots. On that I toddled off, so as to get you a chance to say your peccavy, anyhow."

Walking and talking together, they had passed the house and come to the gate opening on the avenue.

"You might shut these wide gates," said Temple.

"I do not think they have been shut in ten years," Farnham answered. "Let's try it."

The effort was unsuccessful. The heavy gates would not budge. Suddenly a straggling, irregular cheer was heard from the direction of the Square. "There!" said Temple, "my friend the orator has got off another good thing."

But Farnham, who had stepped outside at the sound and gazed on the moon-lighted avenue, said, "There they come now!"

They both ran back to the house, Farnham blowing his watchman's whistle. "See here," said Temple, "I must have some tools. You have a club and revolver. Give me the club," which he took without more ceremony. The men came up from the garden in an instant, and fell in at Farnham's word of command in a moment. Masked by the shadows of the trees and the shrubbery, they were not discernible from the street.

"Remember," said Farnham. "Use your clubs as much as you see fit, if you come to close quarters; but do not fire without orders, unless to save your own lives. I don't think it is likely that these fellows are armed."

The clattering of feet grew louder on the sidewalk, and in a moment the leaders of the gang—it could hardly be called a mob—stopped by the gates. "Here's the place. Come along, boys!" one of them shouted, but no one stirred until the whole party came up. They formed a dense crowd about the gates and half-filled the wide avenue. There was evidently a moment of hesitation, and then three or four rushed through the gate, followed by a larger number, and at last by the bulk of the crowd. They had come so near the porch that it could now be seen by the light of the moon that few of them carried arms. Some had sticks; one or two men carried heavy stones in their hands; one young man brandished an axe; one had a hammer. There was evidently no attempt at organization whatever.

Farnham waited until they were only a few feet away, and then shouted:

"Forward! Guide right! Double time! March!"

The men darted out from the shadow and began to lay about them with their clubs. A yell of dismay burst from the crowd. Those in front turned and met those behind, and

the whole mass began striking out wildly at each other. Yelling and cursing, they were forced back over the lawn to the gate. Farnham, seeing that no shots had been fired, was confirmed in his belief that the rioters were without organization and, to a great extent, without arms. He therefore ordered his men to the right about and brought them back to the house. This movement evidently encouraged the mob. Loud voices were distinctly heard.

"Who's afraid of half a dozen cops?" said a burly ruffian, who carried a slung-shot. "There's enough of us to eat 'em up."

"That's the talk, Bowersox," said another. "You go in and get the first bite."

"That's my style," said Bowersox. "Come along, Offitt. Where's Bott? I guess he don't feel very well. Come along, boys! We'll slug 'em this time!" And the crowd, inspired by this exhortation and the apparent weakness of the police force, made a second rush for the house.

Temple was standing next to Farnham. "Arthur," he whispered, "let's change weapons a moment," handing Farnham his club and taking the revolver from his hand. Farnham hardly noticed the exchange, so intently was he watching the advance of the crowd, which he saw, in a moment, was far more serious than the first. They were coming up more solidly, and the advantage of the surprise was now gone. He waited, however, until they were almost as near as they had been before, and then gave the order to charge, in the same words as before, but in a much sharper and louder tone, which rang out like a sudden blast from a trumpet.

The improvised policemen darted forward and attacked as vigorously as ever, but the assailants stood their ground. There were blows given as well as taken this time. There was even a moment's confusion on the extreme right of the line, where the great bulk of Bowersox bore down one of the veterans. Farnham sprang forward and struck the burly ruffian with his club; but his foot slipped on the grass, and he dropped on one knee. Bowersox raised his slung-shot; a single report of a pistol rang out, and he tumbled forward over Farnham, who sprang to his feet and shouted, "Now, men, drive 'em!" Taking the right himself and profiting by the momentary shock of the shot, they got the crowd started again, and by vigorous clubbing drove them once more into the street.

Returning to the shadow by the house, Farnham's first question was, "Is anybody hurt?"

"I've got a little bark knocked off," said one quiet fellow, who came forward showing a ghastly face bathed in blood from a wound

in his forehead. Farnham looked at him a moment, and then, running to his door, opened it and called Budsey, who had been hiding in the cellar, praying to all his saints.

"Here, Budsey, take this man down to the coachman's house, and then go round the corner and bring Dr. Cutts. If he isn't there, get somebody else. It does not amount to much, but there will be less scar if it is attended to at once."

The man was starting away with Budsey, when Temple said, "Look here! You wont need that arsenal any more to-night. Pass it over," and took the man's belt, with club and pistol, and buckled them around his own slim waist. Handing Farnham his own pistol, he said: "Thanks, Arthur. I owe you one cartridge."

"And I owe you, God knows how much!"

Farnham then briefly announced to his men that the shot which had just been fired was not by a member of the company, and was, therefore, not a disobedience of orders. Catching sight of Bowersox lying motionless on the grass, he ordered,

"Two file-closers from the right, go and bring in that man!"

But at that moment Bowersox moved, sat up and looked about him, and, suddenly remembering where he was, struggled to his feet and half-ran, half-staggered to his friends in the street. They gathered about him for a moment, and then two of them were seen supporting him on his way into the town.

Farnham was standing behind his men, and a little apart. He was thinking whether it might not be best to take them at once into the street and disperse the crowd, when he felt a touch at his elbow. He turned, and saw his gardener, Ferguson.

"If I might speak a word, sir!"

"Certainly—what is it? But be quick about it."

"I think all is not right at the Widow Belding's. I was over there but now, and a dozen men—I did not count them,—but—"

"Heavens! why did I not think of that? Kendall, you take command of these men for a moment. Bolty, you and the three files on the left come with me. Come, Temple,—the back way." And he started at a pace so rapid that the others could hardly keep him in sight.

After the first repulse of the crowd, Offitt, Bott, and a few more of the Bread-winners, together with some of the tramps and jail-birds who had come for plunder, gathered together across the street and agreed upon a diversion. It was evident, they said, that Farnham had a considerable police force with him to protect his property; it was useless to waste any more time there; let the

rest stay there and occupy the police; they could have more fun and more profit in some of the good houses in the neighborhood. "Yes," one suggested, "Jairus Belding's widdler lives just a step off. Lots o' silver and things. Less go there."

They slipped away in the confusion of the second rush, and made their way through the garden to Mrs. Belding's. They tried the door, and, finding it locked, they tore off the shutters and broke the windows, and made their way into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Belding and Alice were sitting.

They had been alarmed by the noise and tumult in front of Farnham's house, and had locked and bolted their own doors in consequence. Passing through the kitchen in their rounds, they found Ferguson there in conversation with the cook. "Why, Fergus!" said the widow: "why are you not at home? They are having lively times over there, are they not?"

"Yes," said the gardener; "but they have a plenty of men with arms, and I thought I'd e'en step over here and hearten up Bessie a bit."

"I'm sure she ought to be very much obliged," responded Mrs. Belding, dryly, though, to speak the truth, she was not displeased to have a man in the house, however little she might esteem his valor.

"I have no doubt he sneaked away from the fuss," she said to Alice; "but I would rather have him in the kitchen than nothing."

Alice assented. "That is what they mean by moral support, I suppose."

She spoke with a smile, but her heart was ill at ease. The man she loved was, for all she knew, in deadly danger, and she could not show that she cared at all for him, for fear of showing that she cared too much.

"I am really anxious about Arthur Farnham," continued Mrs. Belding. "I hope he will not get himself into any scrape with those men."

The tumult on the street and on the lawn had as yet presented itself to her in no worse light than as a labor demonstration, involving cheers and rude language. "I am afraid he wont be polite enough to them. He might make them a little speech, complimenting Ireland and the American flag, and then they would go away. That's what your father did, in that strike on the Wabash. It was in the papers at the time. But these soldiers—I'm afraid Arthur mayn't be practical enough."

"Fortunately, we are not responsible for him," said Alice, whose heart was beating violently.

"Why, Alice! what a heartless remark!"

At this instant the windows came crashing in, and a half-dozen ruffians burst into the room. Alice sprang, pale and silent, to the

side of her mother, who sat, paralyzed with fright, in her rocking-chair.

A man came forward from the group of assailants. His soft hat was drawn down over his eyes, and a red handkerchief concealed the lower part of his face. His voice was that of Offitt, as he said, "Ladies, we don't want to do no violence; but, in the name of the Revolutionary Committee, we have called to collect an assessment on you." This machinery was an invention of the moment, and was received with great satisfaction by the Bread-winners.

"That's what's the matter," they said, in chorus. "Your assessment, and be lively about it. All you've got handy."

"I have no money in the house," Mrs. Belding cried. "What shall I do?"

"You forget, mamma," said Alice. "There is some upstairs. If these gentlemen will wait here a moment, I will go and get it."

Offitt looked at her sharply. "Well, run and get it. Bott, you go with her."

Bott turned angrily upon his chief. "What's the use of calling names? What if I said your name was ——"

"There, there, don't keep the lady waiting."

Alice turned from the room, closely followed by Bott. Reaching the stairs, she swept up the long flight with the swift grace of a swallow. Bott hurried after her as fast as he could; but she gained her bedroom door enough in advance to shut and lock it between them, leaving him kicking and swearing in the hall. She ran to her open window, which looked toward Farnham's, and sent the voice of her love and her trouble together into the clear night in one loud cry, "Arthur!"

She blushed crimson as the word involuntarily broke from her lips, and cried again as loudly as she could, "Help!"

"I hope he did not hear me at first," she said, covering her face with her hands, and again she cried, "Help!"

"Shut up that noise," said Bott, who was kicking violently at the door, but could not break it down. "Shut up, or I'll wring your neck."

She stopped, not on account of his threats, which suddenly ceased, but because she heard the noise of footsteps on the porch, and of a short but violent scuffle, which showed that aid of some sort had arrived. In a few moments she heard Bott run away from her door. He started toward the stairs, but finding his retreat cut off ran to the front window, closely pursued. She heard a scramble. Then a voice which made her heart beat tumultuously said, "Look out below there."

A moment after, the same voice said, "Have

you got him?" and then, "All right! keep him."

A light knock on her door followed, and Farnham said, "Miss Belding."

Alice stood by the door a moment before she could open it. Her heart was still thumping, her voice failed her, she turned white and red in a moment. The strongest emotion of which she was conscious was the hope that Arthur had not heard her call him by his name.

She opened the door with a gravity which was almost ludicrous. Her first words were wholly so.

"Good evening, Captain Farnham," was all she could find to say. Then, striving desperately to add something more gracious, she stammered, "Mamma will be very ——"

"Glad to see me in the drawing-room," Farnham laughed. "I have no doubt of it. She is quite safe there, and your visitors have gone. Will you join her now?"

She could not help perceiving the slight touch of sarcasm in his tone. She saw he was hurt by her coldness and shyness, and that made her still more cold and shy. Without another word she walked before him to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Belding still sat in her rocking-chair, moaning and wringing her hands. Mr. Temple was standing beside her, trying to soothe her, telling her it was all over. Bolt was tying the arms of one of the ruffians behind him, who lay on the floor on his face. There was no one else in the room.

Alice knelt on the floor by her mother and took her in her arms. "You are not hurt, are you, mamma dear?" she said, in a soft, tender tone, as if she were caressing a crying child.

"Oh, no! I suppose not," said the widow; "but I am not used to such doings at this time of night, and I don't like them. Captain Farnham, how shall I ever thank you? and you, Mr. Temple? Goodness knows what we should have done without you. Alice, the moment you left the room, some of them ran to the sideboard for the silver, another one proposed to set the house afire, and that vile creature with the red handkerchief asked me for my ear-rings and my brooch. I was trying to be as long as I could about getting them off, when these gentlemen came in. I tell you they looked like angels, and I'll tell your wife so when I see her, Mr. Temple; and as for Arthur ——"

At this moment Bolt, having finished the last knot to his satisfaction, rose and touched his prisoner with his foot. "Captain," he said, saluting Farnham, "vot I shall do mit dis schnide?"

"They have got the one I dropped from the window?"

"Jawohl! on de gravel-walk draussen!"

"Very well. Take them both to the stable behind my house for the present, and make them fast together. Then come back here and stand guard awhile with the men on the porch, till I relieve you."

"All right. Git up mid yourself," he said, touching his prostrate foe not so gently, "and vorwaerts."

As they went out, Farnham turned to Mrs. Belding and said, "I think you will have no more trouble. The men I leave as a guard will be quite sufficient, I have no doubt. I must hurry back and dismiss the friends who have been serenading me."

She gazed at him, not quite comprehending, and then said, "Well, if you must go, good-night, and thank you a thousand times. When I have my wits about me I will thank you better."

Arthur answered laughingly as he shook hands, "Oh, that is of no consequence. It was merely neighborly. You would have done as much for me, I am sure." And the gentlemen took their leave.

When the ladies were alone, Mrs. Belding resumed her story of the great transaction. "Why, it will be something to tell about as long as I live," she said. "You had hardly got upstairs when I heard a noise of fighting outside on the walk and the porch. Then Arthur and Mr. Temple came through that window as if they were shot out of a cannon. The thief who stood by me, the red handkerchief one, did not stop, but burst through the hall into the kitchen and escaped the back way. Then Mr. Temple took another one and positively threw him through the win-

dow, while Arthur, with that policeman's club, knocked the one down whom you saw the German tying up. It was all done in an instant, and I just sat and screamed for my share of the work. Then Arthur came and caught me by the shoulder and almost shook me and said, 'Where is Alice?' Upon my word, I had almost forgotten you. I said you were upstairs and one of those wretches was there too. He looked as black as a fury and went up in about three steps. I always thought he had such a sweet temper, but to-night he seemed just to *love* to fight. Now I think of it, Alice, you hardly spoke to him to-night. You must not let him think we are ungrateful. You must write him a nice note to-morrow."

Alice laid her head upon her mother's shoulder, where her wet eyes could not be seen. "Mamma," she asked, "did he say 'Where is Alice?' Did he say nothing but 'Alice'?"

"Now, don't be silly," said Mrs. Belding. "Of course he said 'Alice.' You wouldn't expect a man to be Miss Beldinging you at such a time. You are quite too particular."

"He called me Miss Belding when he came upstairs," said Alice, still hiding her face.

"And what did you say to him—for saving this house and all our lives?"

The girl's overwrought nerves gave way. She had only breath enough to say, "I said 'Good evening, Captain Farnham!' Wasn't it too perfectly ridiculous?" and then burst into a flood of mingled laughter and tears which nothing could check, until she had cried herself quiet upon her mother's bosom.

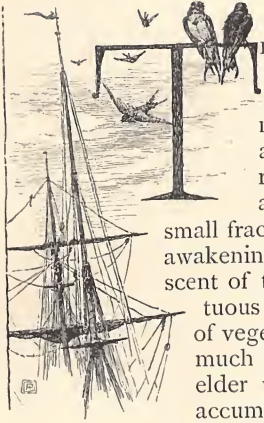
(To be continued.)

THE PINES' THOUGHT.

WITHIN the shadow of ourselves we stand,
 And see a thousand brilliancies unfold
 Where autumn woods, in gorgeous ruin, hold
 One late, last revel. Upon every hand
 Riot of color, death in pomp and state,
 Decay magnificent, inconstant blaze,—
 We have no part or splendor in these days.
 They shall be changed,—we are inviolate;
 Their voices shall be hushed on every hill,
 Their lights be quenched—all color fade and die,
 And when they stand like specters gaunt and still,
 With naked boughs against the far, cold sky,
 Lo! we shall hide the flying moon from sight,
 And lead the wind on many a roaring night.

Juliet C. Marsh.

NATURE IN ENGLAND.



THE first whiff we got of transatlantic nature was the peaty breath of the peasant chimneys of Ireland while we were yet many miles at sea. What a home-like, fireside smell it was; it seemed to make something long forgotten stir within one. One recognizes it as a characteristic Old World odor, it savors so of the soil and of a ripe and mellow antiquity. I know no other fuel that yields so agreeable a perfume. Unless the Irishman in one has dwindled to a very

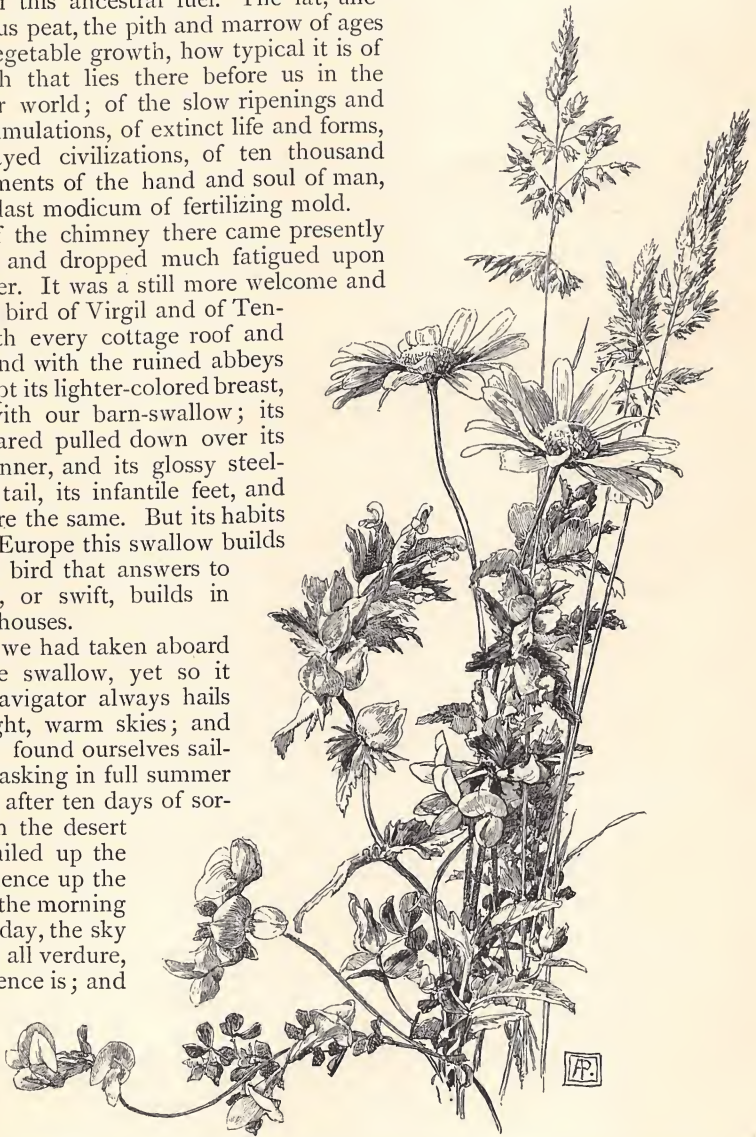
small fraction, he will be pretty sure to dilate his nostrils and feel some dim awakening of memory on catching the scent of this ancestral fuel. The fat, un-

ctuous peat, the pith and marrow of ages of vegetable growth, how typical it is of much that lies there before us in the elder world; of the slow ripenings and accumulations, of extinct life and forms, decayed civilizations, of ten thousand

growths and achievements of the hand and soul of man, now reduced to their last modicum of fertilizing mold.

With the breath of the chimney there came presently the chimney-swallow, and dropped much fatigued upon the deck of the steamer. It was a still more welcome and suggestive token: the bird of Virgil and of Tennyson, acquainted with every cottage roof and chimney in Europe, and with the ruined abbeys and castle walls. Except its lighter-colored breast, it seemed identical with our barn-swallow; its little black cap appeared pulled down over its eyes in the same manner, and its glossy steel-blue coat, its forked tail, its infantile feet, and its cheerful twitter were the same. But its habits are different; for in Europe this swallow builds in chimneys, and the bird that answers to our chimney-swallow, or swift, builds in crevices in barns and houses.

We did not suspect we had taken aboard our pilot in the little swallow, yet so it proved; this light navigator always hails from the port of bright, warm skies; and the next morning we found ourselves sailing between shores basking in full summer sunshine. Those who after ten days of sorrowing and fasting in the desert of the ocean have sailed up the frith of Clyde, and thence up the Clyde to Glasgow, on the morning of a perfect mid-May day, the sky all sunshine, the earth all verdure, know what this experience is; and only those can know it. It takes a good many foul days in Scotland to breed one fair one; but when the fair day does come, it is



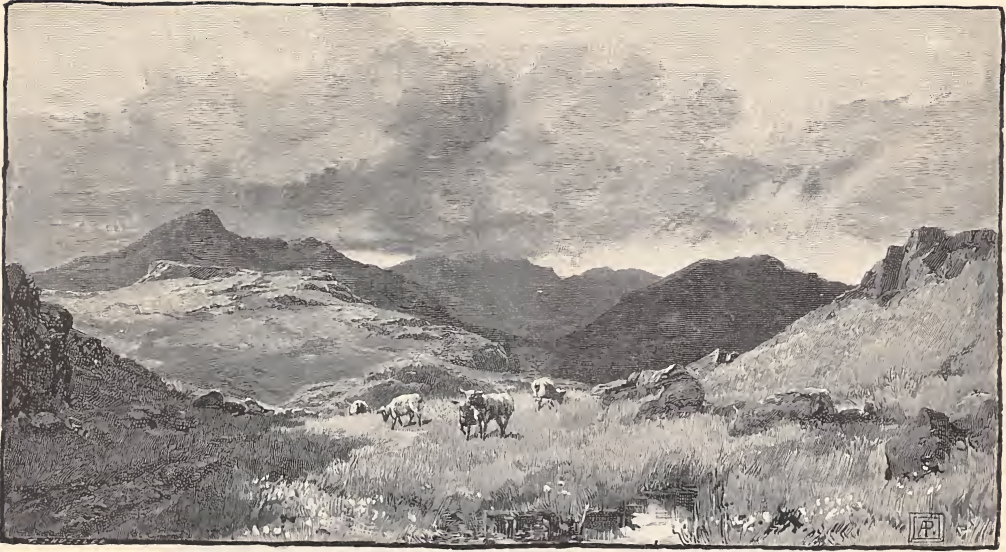
SOME MEADOW FLOWERS—LADIES' FINGERS, YELLOW RATTLE, MOON DAISIES, AND SOFT GRASS.

worth the price paid for it. The soul and sentiment of all fair weather is in it; it is the flowering of the meteorological influences, the rose on this thorn of rain and mist. These fair days, I was told, may be quite confidently looked for in May; we were so fortunate as to strike a series of them, and the day we entered port was such a one as you would select from a hundred.

The traveler is in a mood to be pleased after clearing that Atlantic gulf, the eye in its exuberance is full of caresses and flattery, and the deck of a steamer is a rare vantage-ground on any occasion of sight-seeing; it affords just the isolation and elevation needed. Yet fully discounting these favorable conditions, the fact remains that Scotch sunshine is bewitching, and that the scenery of the Clyde is unequaled by any other approach to Europe. It is Europe, abridged and assorted and passed before you in the space of a few hours: the highlands and lochs and castle-crowned crags on the one hand; and the lowlands, with their parks and farms, their manor halls and matchless verdure, on the other. The eye is conservative, and loves a look of permanence and order, of peace and contentment; and these Scotch shores, with their stone houses, compact masonry, clean fields, grazing herds, ivied walls, massive foliage, perfect roads, verdant mountains, etc., fill all the conditions. We pause an hour in front of Greenock, and then, on the crest of the tide, make our way slowly upward. The landscape closes around us. We can almost hear the cattle ripping off the lush grass in the fields. One feels as if he could eat grass himself. It is a pastoral paradise. We can see the daisies and buttercups; and from above a meadow on the right, a part of the song of a sky-lark reaches my ear. Indeed, not a little of the charm and novelty of this part of the voyage was the impression it made as of going afield in an ocean steamer. We had suddenly passed from a wilderness of waters into a verdurous, sunlit landscape, where scarcely any water was visible. The Clyde, soon after you leave Greenock, becomes little more than a large, deep canal, inclosed between meadow banks, and from the deck of the great steamer only the most charming rural sights and sounds greet you. You are at sea amid verdant parks and fields of clover and grain. You behold farm occupations—sowing, planting, plowing—as from the middle of the Atlantic. Playful heifers and skipping lambs take the place of the leaping dolphins and the basking sword-fish. The ship steers her way amid turnip-fields and broad acres of newly planted potatoes. You are not surprised that she needs piloting. A little tug with a rope at her

bow pulls her first this way and then that, while one at her stern nudges her right flank and then her left. Presently we come to the ship-building yards of the Clyde, where rural, pastoral scenes are strangely mingled with those of quite another sort. "First a cow and then an iron ship," as one of the voyagers observed. Here a pasture, or a meadow, or a field of wheat or oats, and close beside it, without an inch of waste or neutral ground between, rise the skeletons of innumerable ships, like a forest of slender growths of iron, with the workmen hammering amid it like so many noisy woodpeckers. It is doubtful if such a scene can be witnessed anywhere else in the world—an enormous mechanical, commercial, and architectural interest, alternating with the quiet and simplicity of inland farms and occupations. You could leap from the deck of a half-finished ocean steamer into a field of waving wheat or Winchester beans. These vast ship-yards are set down here upon the banks of the Clyde with as little interference with the scene as possible; one would say the vessels had come up out of the water like seals to sun themselves here on the grassy bank.

Of the factories and founderies that put this iron in shape you get no hint; here the ships rise as if they sprouted from the soil, without waste or litter, but with an incessant din. They stand as thickly as a row of cattle in stanchions, almost touching each other, and in all stages of development. Now and then a stall will be vacant, the ship having just been launched, and others will be standing with flags flying and timbers greased or soaped, ready to take to the water at the word. Two such, both large ocean steamers, waited for us to pass. We looked back, saw the last block or wedge knocked away from one of them, and the monster ship sauntered down to the water and glided out into the current in the most gentle, nonchalant way imaginable. I wondered at her slow pace, and at the grace and composure with which she took to the water; the problem nicely studied and solved—just power enough, and not an ounce to spare. The vessels are launched diagonally up or down stream, on account of the narrowness of the channel. But to see such a brood of ships, the largest in the world, hatched upon the banks of such a placid little river, amid such quiet country scenes, is a novel experience. But this is Britain: a little island, with little lakes, little rivers, quiet, bosky fields, but mighty interests and power that reach round the world. I was conscious that the same scene at home would have been less pleasing. It would not have been so compact and tidy. There



GRASSY MOUNTAINS.

would not have been a garden of ships and a garden of turnips side by side; hay-makers and ship-builders in adjoining fields; milch-cows and iron steamers seeking the water within sight of each other. We leave wide margins and ragged edges in this country, and both man and nature sprawl about at greater lengths than in the Old World.

I was perhaps least prepared for the utter tranquillity, and shall I say domesticity, of the mountains. At a distance they appear to be covered with a tender green mold that one could brush away with his hand. On nearer approach it is seen to be grass. They look nearly as rural and pastoral as the fields. Goat Fell is steep and stony, but even it does not have a wild and barren look. At home, one thinks of a mountain as either a vast pile of barren, frowning rocks and precipices, or else a steep acclivity covered with a tangle of primitive forest timber. But here, the mountains are high, grassy sheep-walks, smooth, treeless, rounded, and as green as if dipped in a fountain of perpetual spring. I did not wish my Catskills any different; but I wondered what would need to be done to them to make them look like these Scotch highlands. Cut away their forests, rub down all inequalities in their surfaces, pulverizing their loose boulders, turf them over, leaving the rock to show through here and there; then, with a few large black patches to represent the heather, and the softening and ameliorating effect of a mild, humid climate, they might in time come to bear some resemblance to these shepherd mountains. Then over all the landscape is that new look—that mellow,

legendary, half-human expression which nature wears in these ancestral lands, an expression familiar in pictures and in literature, but which a native of this side of the Atlantic has never before seen in gross, material objects and open-air spaces,—the added charm of the sentiment of time and human history, the ripening and ameliorating influence of long ages of close and loving occupation of the soil,—naturally a deep, fertile soil under a mild, very humid climate.

There is an unexpected, an unexplained lure and attraction in the landscape, a pensive, reminiscent feeling in the air itself. Nature has grown mellow under these humid skies, as in our fiercer climate she grows harsh and severe. One sees at once why this fragrant Old World has so dominated the affections and the imagination of our artists and poets: it is saturated with human qualities; it is unctuous with the ripeness of ages, the very marrow-fat of time.

II.

I HAD come to Great Britain less to see the noted sights and places, than to observe the general face of nature. I wanted to steep myself long and well in that mellow, benign landscape, and put to further tests the impressions I had got of it during a hasty visit one autumn, eleven years before. Hence I was mainly intent on roaming about the country, it mattered little where. Like an attic stored with relics and heir-looms, there is no place in England where you cannot instantly turn from nature to scenes and

places of deep historical or legendary or artistic interest. With a suitable companion, I should probably have made many long pedestrian tours. As it was, I took many short but delightful walks both in England

ment to the smell. When I plucked the flowers, which seemed precisely like our own, the odor was rank and disagreeable; but at the distance of a few yards it floated upon the moist air, a spicy and pleasing perfume. The



OLD ELDER-TREES.

and Scotland, with a half day's walk in the north of Ireland about Moville. 'Tis an admirable country to walk in,—the roads are so dry and smooth and of such easy grade, the foot-paths so numerous and so bold, and the climate so cool and tonic. One night, with a friend, I walked from Rochester to Maidstone, part of the way in a slow rain and part of the way in the darkness. We had proposed to put up at some one of the little inns on the road, and get a view of the weald of Kent in the morning; but the inns refused us entertainment, and we were compelled to do the eight miles at night, stepping off very lively the last four in order to reach Maidstone before the hotels were shut up, which takes place at eleven o'clock. I learned this night how fragrant the English elder is while in bloom, and that distance lends enchant-

ment to the smell. When I plucked the flowers, which seemed precisely like our own, the odor was rank and disagreeable; but at the distance of a few yards it floated upon the moist air, a spicy and pleasing perfume. The elder here grows to be a veritable tree: I saw specimens seven or eight inches in diameter and twenty feet high. In the morning we walked back by a different route, taking in Boxley Church, where the pilgrims used to pause on their way to Canterbury, and getting many good views of Kent grain-fields and hop-yards. Sometimes the road wound through the landscape like a foot-path, with nothing between it and the rank growing crops. An occasional newly plowed field presented a curious appearance. The soil is upon the chalk formation, and is full of large fragments of flint. These work out upon the surface, and, being white and full of articulations and processes, give to the ground the appearance of being thickly strewn with bones—with thigh-bones greatly foreshortened. Yet these old bones in skillful hands

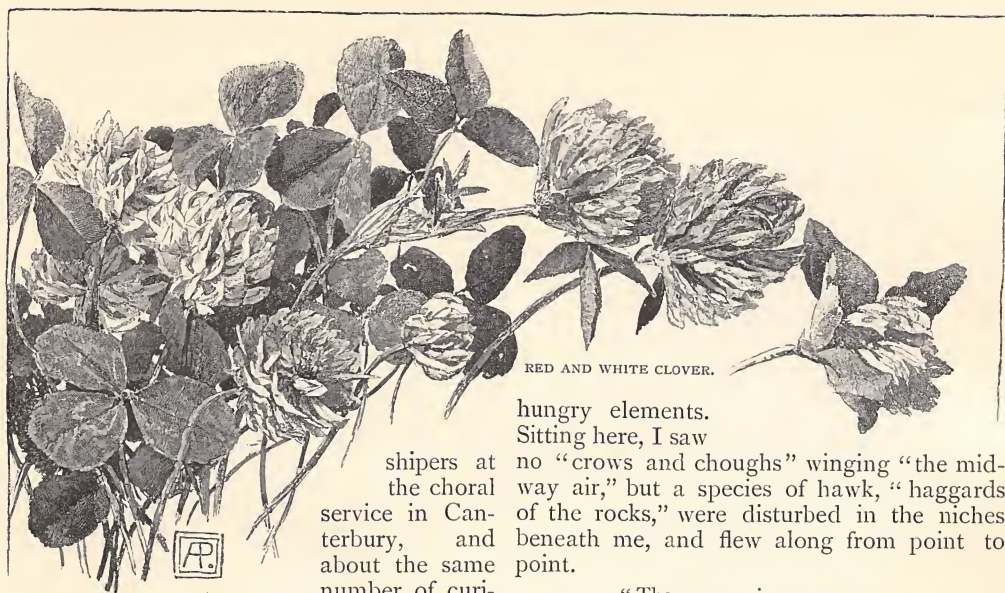


make a most effective building material. They appear in all the old churches and ancient buildings in the south of England. Broken squarely off, the flint shows a fine semi-transparent surface that, in combination with coarser material, has a remarkable crystalline effect. One of the most delicious bits of architectural decoration I saw in England was produced, in the front wall of one of the old buildings attached to the cathedral at Canterbury, by little squares of these flints in brick panel-work. The cool, pellucid, illuminating effect of the flint was just the proper foil to the warm, glowing, livid brick.

From Rochester we walked to Gravesend, over Gad's Hill; the day soft and warm, half sunshine, half shadow; the air full of the songs of sky-larks; a rich, fertile landscape all about us; the waving wheat just in bloom, dashed with scarlet poppies; and presently, on the right, the Thames in view dotted with vessels. Seldom any cattle or grazing herds in Kent; the ground is too valuable; it is all given up to wheat, oats, barley, hops, fruit, and various garden-produce.

A few days later we walked from Feversham to Canterbury, and from the top of Harbledown hill saw the magnificent cathedral suddenly break upon us as it did upon the foot-sore and worshipful pilgrims centuries ago. At this point, it is said, they knelt down, which seems quite probable, the view is so imposing. The cathedral stands out from and

above the city, as if the latter were the foundation upon which it rested. On this walk we passed several of the famous cherry orchards of Kent—the thriftiest trees and the finest fruit I ever saw; not stung by insects, as with us. About the best glimpses I had of the cathedral—after the first view from Harbledown hill—were obtained while lying upon my back on the grass, under the shadow of its walls, and gazing up at the jackdaws flying about the central tower and going out and in weather-worn openings three hundred feet above me. There seemed to be some wild, pinnacled mountain peak or rocky ledge up there toward the sky, where the fowls of the air had made their nests, secure from molestation. The way the birds make themselves at home about these vast architectural piles is very pleasing. Doves, starlings, jackdaws, swallows, sparrows take to them as to a wood or to a cliff. If there were only something to give a corresponding touch of nature or a throb of life inside! But their interiors are only impressive sepulchers—tombs within a tomb. Your own footfalls seem like the echo of past ages. These cathedrals belong to the pleistocene period of man's religious history—the period of gigantic forms. How vast, how monstrous, how terrible in beauty and power! but as empty and dead as the shells upon the shore. The cold, thin ecclesiasticism that now masquerades in them hardly disturbs the dust in their central aisles. I saw five wor-



RED AND WHITE CLOVER.

ous spectators. For my part, I could not take my eyes off the remnants of some of the old stained windows up aloft. If I worshiped at all, it was my devout admiration of those superb relics. There could be no doubt about the faith that inspired those. Below them were some gorgeous modern memorial windows: stained glass, indeed! loud, garish, thin, painty; while these were like a combination of precious stones and gems, full of depth and richness of tone, and, above all, serious, not courting your attention. My eye was not much taken with them at first, and not till after it had recoiled from the hard, thin glare in my immediate front.

From Canterbury I went to Dover, and spent part of a day walking along the cliffs to Folkestone. There is a good foot-path that skirts the edge of the cliffs, and it is much frequented. It is characteristic of the compactness and neatness of this little island that there is not an inch of waste land along this sea margin; the fertile rolling landscape, waving with wheat and barley, and with grass just ready for the scythe, is cut squarely off by the sea; the plow and the reaper come to the very brink of the chalky cliffs. As you sit down on Shakspeare's Cliff, with your feet dangling in the air at a height of three hundred and fifty feet, you can reach back and pluck the grain heads and the scarlet poppies. Never have I seen such quiet pastoral beauty take such a sudden leap into space. Yet the scene is tame, in one sense: there is no hint of the wild and the savage; the rock is soft and friable, a kind of chalky bread, which the sea devours readily; the hills are like freshly cut loaves; slice after slice has been eaten away by the

hungry elements.

Sitting here, I saw

no "crows and choughs" winging "the mid-way air," but a species of hawk, "haggards of the rocks," were disturbed in the niches beneath me, and flew along from point to point.

—"The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high."

I had wondered why Shakspeare had made his sea-shores pebbly instead of sandy, and now I saw why: they are pebbly, with not a grain of sand to be found. This chalk formation, as I have already said, is full of flint nodules; and as the shore is eaten away by the sea, these rounded masses remain. They soon become worn into smooth pebbles, that beneath the pounding of the surf give out a strange rattling, clinking sound. Across the Channel, on the French side, there is more sand, but it is of the hue of mud and not pleasing to look upon.

Of other walks I had in England, I recall with pleasure a Sunday up the Thames toward Windsor: the day perfect, the river alive with row-boats, the shore swarming with pedestrians and picnickers; young athletic London, male and female, rushing forth as hungry for the open air and the water as young mountain herds for salt. One shore of the Thames, sometimes the right, sometimes the left, it seems, belongs to the public. No private grounds, however lordly, are allowed to monopolize both sides.

Another salutary walk was along the borders of Surrey and Sussex, and through Gilbert White's country, in quest of the night-ingale. I was everywhere a day or a half day, or else a few hours, too late to hear the famous bird in full song, so sharply and abruptly does their musical period end. Another walk was about Winchester and Salisbury, with more cathedral viewing. One of the most human things to be seen

in the great cathedrals is the carven image of some old knight or warrior prince resting above his tomb, with his feet upon his faithful dog. I was touched by this remembrance of the dog. In all cases he looked alert and watchful, as if guarding his master while he slept. I noticed that Cromwell's soldiers were less apt to batter off the nose and ears of the dog than they were those of the knight.

the yellow-hammer, two or three being within ear-shot. The song is much like certain sparrow songs, only inferior: *Sip, sip, sip, see-e-e-e*; or, *If, if, if, you pleas-e-e-e*. Honey-bees on the white clover. Turf very thick and springy, supporting two or three kinds of grass resembling redtop and bearded rye-grass. Narrow-leaved plantain, a few buttercups, a small yellow flower unknown to me (probably ladies' fingers), also a species of dan-



IN KENT—NEAR GRAVESEND.

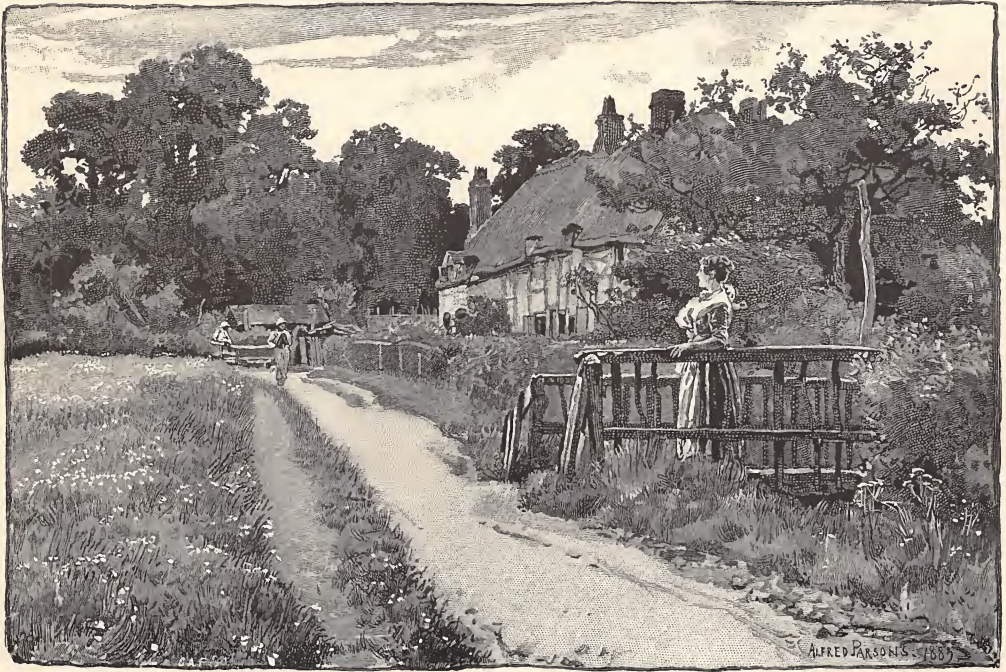
At Stratford I did more walking. After a row on the river, we strolled through the low, grassy field in front of the church, redolent of cattle and clover, and sat for an hour on the margin of the stream and enjoyed the pastoral beauty and the sunshine. In the afternoon (it was Sunday) I walked across the fields to Shottery, and then followed the road as it wound amid the quaint little thatched cottages till it ended at a stile from which a foot-path led across broad, sunny fields to a stately highway. To give a more minute account of English country scenes and sounds in midsummer, I will here copy some jottings in my note-book, made then and there:

"July 16. In the fields beyond Shottery. Bright and breezy, with appearance of slight showers in the distance. Thermometer probably 66 or 68 degrees; a good working temperature. Clover—white, red, and yellow (white predominating)—in the fields all about me. The only noticeable bird voice that of

delion and prunella. The land thrown into marked swells twenty feet broad. Two Sunday-school girls lying on the grass in the other end of the field. A number of young men playing some game, perhaps cards, seated on the ground in an adjoining field. Scarcely any signs of midsummer to me; no ripeness or maturity in Nature yet. The grass very tender and succulent, the streams full and roily. Yarrow and cinque-foil also in the grass where I sit. The plantain in bloom and fragrant. Along the Avon, the meadow-sweet in full bloom, with a fine cinnamon odor. A wild rose here and there in the hedge-rows. The wild clematis nearly ready to bloom. The wheat and oats full-grown, but not yet turning. The clouds soft and fleecy. Prunella dark purple. The red clover very ruddy; the white large. A few paces farther on I enter a highway, one of the broadest I have seen, the road-bed hard and smooth as usual, about sixteen feet wide, with grassy margins

twelve feet wide, redolent with white and red clover. A rich farming landscape spreads around me, with blue hills in the far west. Cool and fresh like June. Bumble-bees here and there, more hairy than at home. A plow

islands of shade in a sea of grass. Drovers of sheep grazing, and herds of cattle reposing in the succulent fields. Now the just felt breeze brings me the rattle of a mowing machine, a rare sound here. The great motion-

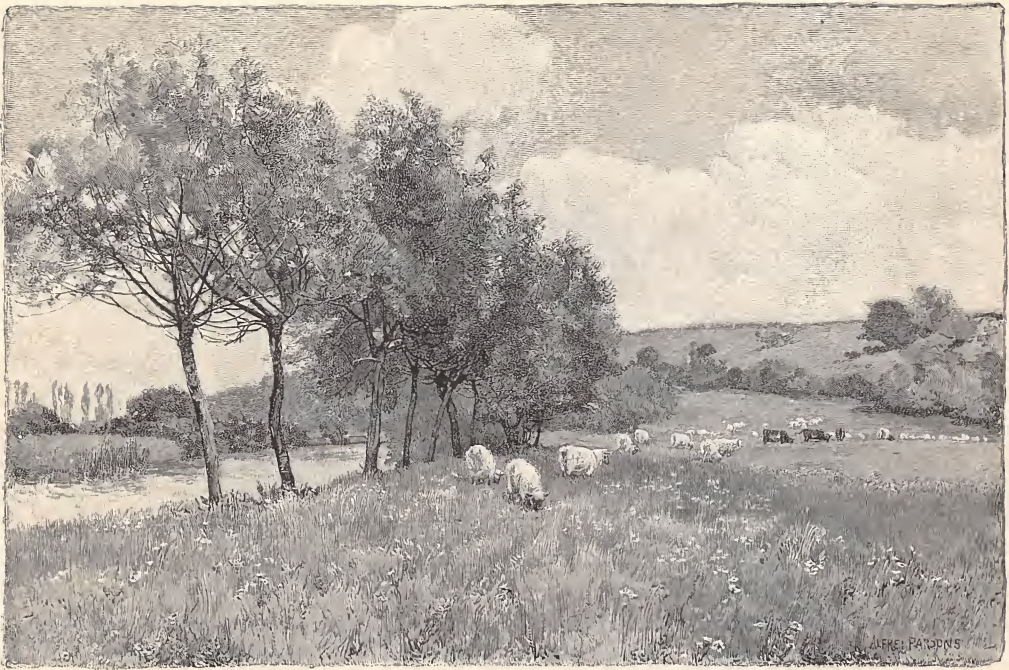


COTTAGES AT SHOTTERY.

in a field by the road-side is so heavy I can barely move it—at least three times as heavy as an American plow; beam very long, tails four inches square, the mold-board a thick plank. The soil like putty; where it dries crumbling into small, hard lumps, but sticky and tough when damp,—Shakspeare's soil, the finest and most versatile wit of the world, the product of a sticky, stubborn clay-bank. Here is a field where every alternate swell is small. The large swells heave up in a very molten-like way—real turfy billows, crested with white clover-blossoms."

"July 17. On the road to Warwick, two miles from Stratford. Morning bright, with sky full of white, soft, high-piled thunderheads. Plenty of pink blackberry blossoms along the road; herb Robert in bloom, and a kind of Solomon's-seal as at home, and what appears to be a species of golden-rod with a midsummery smell. The note of the yellow-hammer and the wren here and there. Beech-trees loaded with mast and humming with bumble-bees, probably gathering honeydew, which seems to be more abundant here than with us. The landscape like a well-kept park dotted with great trees, which make

less arms of a windmill rising here and there above the horizon. A gentleman's turn-out goes by, with glittering wheels and spanking team; the footman in livery behind, the gentleman driving. I hear his brake scrape as he puts it on down the gentle descent. Now a lark goes off. Then the mellow horn of a cow or heifer is heard. Then the bleat of sheep. The crows caw hoarsely. Few houses by the road-side, but here and there behind the trees in the distance. I hear the greenfinch, stronger and sharper than our goldfinch, but less pleasing. The matured look of some fields of grass alone suggests midsummer. Several species of mint by the road-side, also certain white, umbelliferous plants. Everywhere that royal weed of Britain, the nettle. Shapely piles of road material and pounded stone at regular distances, every fragment of which will go through a two-inch ring. The roads are mended only in winter, and are kept as smooth and hard as a rock. No swells or 'thank-y'-ma'ms' in them to turn the water; they shed the water like a rounded pavement. On the hill, three miles from Stratford, where a finger-post points you to Hampton Lucy, I turn and see the spire of Shak-



MEADOW BY AVON.

spere's church between the trees. It lies in a broad, gentle valley, and rises above many trees. 'I hope and praise God it will keep foine,' said the old woman at whose little cottage I stopped for ginger-beer, attracted by a sign in the window. 'One penny, sir, if you please. I made it myself, sir. I do not leave the front door unfastened' (undoing it to let me out) 'when I am down in the garden.' A weasel runs across the road in front of me, and is scolded by a little bird. The body of a dead hedgehog festering beside the hedge. A species of St. Johnswort in bloom, teasels, and a small convulvulus. Also a species of plantain with a head large as my finger, purple tinged with white. Road margins wide, grassy, and fragrant with clover. Privet in bloom in the hedges, panicles of small white flowers faintly sweet-scented. 'As clean and white as privet when it flowers,' says Tennyson in 'Walking to the Mail.' The road an avenue between noble trees, beech, ash, elm, and oak. All the fields are bounded by lines of stately trees; the distance is black with them. A large thistle by the road-side, with homeless bumble-bees on the heads as at home, some of them white-faced and stingless. Thistles rare in this country. Weeds of all kinds rare except the nettle. The place to see the Scotch thistle is not in Scotland or England, but in America."

III.

ENGLAND is like the margin of a spring-run, near its source—always green, always cool, always moist, comparatively free from frost in winter and from drought in summer. The spring-run to which it owes this character is the Gulf stream, which brings out of the pit of the southern ocean what the fountain brings out of the bowels of the earth—a uniform temperature, low but constant; a fog in winter, a cloud in summer. The spirit of gentle, fertilizing summer rain perhaps never took such tangible and topographical shape before. Cloud-evolved, cloud-enveloped, cloud-protected, it fills the eye of the American traveler with a vision of greenness such as he has never before dreamed of; a greenness born of perpetual May, tender, untarnished, ever renewed, and as uniform and all-pervading as the rain-drops that fall, covering mountain, cliff, and vale alike. The softened, rounded, full outlines given to our landscape by a deep fall of snow is given to the English by this depth of vegetable mold and this all-prevailing verdure which it supports. Indeed, it is caught upon the shelves and projections of the rocks as if it fell from the clouds,—a kind of green snow,—and it clings to their rough or slanting sides like moist flakes. In the little valleys and chasms it appears to lie deepest. Only the peaks and broken rocky crests of the highest Scotch



SOME HEDGE-ROW FLOWERS—PRIVET, DOGROSE, BRAMBLE, HONEYSUCKLE.

sides the moist, fresh greenness fairly drips. Grass, grass, grass, and evermore grass. Is there another country under the sun so be-cushioned, becarpeted, and becurtained with grass? Even the woods are full of grass, and I have seen them mowing in a forest. Grass grows upon the rocks, upon the walls, on the tops of the old castles, on the roofs of the houses. Turf used as capping to a stone fence thrives and blooms as if upon the ground. There seems to be a deposit from the atmosphere,—a slow but steady accumulation of a black, peaty mold upon all reposed surfaces,—that by and by supports some of the lower or cryptogamous forms of vegetation. These decay and add to the soil, till thus in time grass and other plants will grow. The walls of the old castles and cathedrals support a variety of plant life. On Rochester Castle I saw two or three species of large wild flowers growing one hundred feet from the ground, and tempting the tourist to perilous reachings and climbings to get them. The very stones seem to sprout. My companion made a sketch of a striking group of red and white flowers blooming far up on one of the buttresses of Rochester Cathedral. The soil will climb to any height. Indeed, there seems to be a kind of finer soil floating in the air. How else can one account for the general smut of the human face and hands in this country, and the impossibility of keeping his own

and Cumberland mountains are bare. A down their treeless

clean? The unwashed hand here quickly leaves a deposit on whatever it touches. A prolonged neglect of soap and water, and I think one would be presently covered with a fine green mold, like that upon the boles of the trees in the woods. If the rains were not occasionally heavy enough to clean them off, I have no doubt that the roofs of all buildings in England would in a few years be covered with turf, and that daisies and buttercups would bloom upon them. How quickly all new buildings take on the prevailing look of age and mellowness. One needs to have seen the great architectural piles and monuments of Britain to appreciate Shakspeare's line—

"That unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish Time."

He must also have seen those Scotch or Cumberland mountains to appreciate the descriptive force of this other line—

"The turfy mountains where live the nibbling sheep."

The turfy mountains are the unswept stones that have held and utilized their ever increasing capital of dirt. These vast rocky eminences are stuffed and padded with peat; it is the sooty soil of the house-tops and of the grimy human hand, deepened and accumulated till it nourishes the finest, sweetest grass.

It was this turfy and grassy character of these mountains—I am tempted to say their cushiony character—that no reading or picture viewing of mine had prepared me for. In the cut or on canvas they appeared like hard and frowning rocks; and here I beheld them as

green and succulent as any meadow-bank in April or May,—vast, elevated sheep-walks and rabbit-warrens, treeless, shrubless, generally without loose bowlders, shelving rocks, or sheer precipices; often rounded, feminine, dimpled, or impressing one as if the rock had been thrust up beneath an immense stretch of the finest lawn, and had carried the turf with it heavenward, rending it here and there, but preserving acres of it intact.

larklike tail. No sound of wind in the trees; there were no trees, no seared branches and trunks that so enhance and set off the wildness of our mountain-tops. On the summit the wind whistled around the outcropping rocks and hummed among the heather, but the great mountain did not purr or roar like one covered with forests.

I lingered for an hour or more, and gazed upon the stretch of mountain and vale



OLD BRIDGE ON AVON.

In Scotland I ascended Ben Venue, not one of the highest or ruggedest of the Scotch mountains, but a fair sample of them, and my foot was seldom off the grass or bog, often sinking into them as into a saturated sponge. Where I expected a dry course, I found a wet one. The thick, springy turf was oozing with water. Instead of being balked by precipices, I was hindered by swamps. Where a tangle of brush or a chaos of bowlders should have detained me, I was picking my way as through a wet meadow-bottom tilted up at an angle of forty-five degrees. My feet became soaked when my shins should have been bruised. Occasionally, a large deposit of peat in some favored place had given way beneath the strain of much water, and left a black chasm a few yards wide and a yard or more deep. Cold spring-runs were abundant, wild flowers few, grass universal. A loping hare started up before me; a pair of ringed ousels took a hasty glance at me from behind a rock; sheep and lambs, gray as the outcropping rock, were scattered here and there; the wheat-ear uncovered its white rump as it flitted from rock to rock, and the mountain pipit displayed its

about me. The summit of Ben Lomond, eight or ten miles to the west, rose a few hundred feet above me. On four peaks I could see snow or miniature glaciers. Only four or five houses, mostly humble shepherd dwellings, were visible in that wide circuit. The sun shone out at intervals; the driving clouds floated low, their keels scraping the rocks of some of the higher summits. The atmosphere was filled with a curious white film, like water tinged with milk, an effect only produced at home by a fine mist. "A certain tameness in the view, after all," I recorded in my note-book on the spot, "perhaps because of the trim and grassy character of the mountain; not solemn and impressive; no sense of age or power. The rock crops out everywhere, but it can hardly look you in the face; it is crumbling and insignificant; shows no frowning walls, no tremendous cleavage; nothing overhanging and precipitous; no wrath and revel of the elder gods."

Even in rugged Scotland, nature is scarcely wilder than a mountain sheep, certainly a good way short of the ferity of the moose and caribou. There is everywhere marked



STRATFORD—FROM BARDON HILL.

repose and moderation in the scenery, a kind of aboriginal Scotch canniness and propriety that gives one a new sensation. On and about Ben Nevis there is barrenness, cragginess, and desolation; but the characteristic feature of wild Scotch scenery is the moor, lifted up into mountains, covering low, broad hills, or stretching away in undulating plains, black, silent, melancholy, it may be, but never savage or especially wild. "The vast and yet not savage solitude," Carlyle says, referring to these moorlands. The soil is black and peaty, often boggy; the heather short and uniform as prairie grass; a shepherd's cottage or a sportsman's "box" stuck here and there amid the hills. The highland cattle are shaggy and picturesque, but the

moors and mountains are close cropped and uniform. The solitude is not that of a forest full of still forms and dim vistas, but of wide, open, somber spaces. Nature did not look alien or unfriendly to me; there must be barrenness or some savage threatening feature in the landscape to produce this impression; but the heather and whin are like a permanent shadow, and one longs to see the trees stand up and wave their branches. The torrents leaping down off the mountains are very welcome to both eye and ear. And the lakes—nothing can be prettier than Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, though one wishes for some of the superfluous rocks of the New World to give their beauty a granite setting.

IV

It is characteristic of nature in England that most of the stone with which the old bridges, churches, and cathedrals are built is so soft that people carve their initials in it with their jackknives, as we do in the bark of a tree or in a piece of pine timber. At Stratford they have posted a card upon the outside of the old church, imploring visitors to refrain from this barbarous practice. One sees names and dates there more than a century old. Often, in leaning over the parapets of the bridges along the highways, I would find them covered with letters and figures. Tourists have made such havoc chipping off fragments from the old Brig o' Doon in Burns's country, that the parapet has had to be repaired. One could cut out the key of the arch with his pocket-knife. And yet these old structures outlast empires. A few miles from Glasgow I saw the remains of an old Roman bridge, the arch apparently as perfect as when the first Roman chariot passed over it, probably fifteen centuries ago. No wheels but those of time pass over it in these later centuries, and these seem to be driven slowly and gently in this land, with but little wear and tear to the ancient highways.

England is not a country of granite and marble, but of chalk, marl, and clay. The old Plutonic gods do not assert themselves; they are buried and turned to dust, and the more modern humanistic divinities bear sway. The land is a green cemetery of extinct rude forces. Where the highway or the railway gashed the hills deeply, I could seldom tell where the soil ended and the rock began, as they gradually assimilated, blended, and became one.

And this is the key to nature in England: 'tis granite grown ripe and mellow and issuing in grass and verdure; 'tis aboriginal force and fecundity become docile and equable and mounting toward higher forms,—the harsh, bitter rind of the earth grown sweet and edible. There is such body and substance in the color and presence of things that one thinks the very roots of the grass must go deeper than usual. The crude, the raw, the discordant, where are they? It seems a comparatively short and easy step from nature to the canvas or to the poem in this cozy land. Nothing need be added; the idealization has already taken place. A much sterner problem confronts the artist in America: a greater gulf has to be bridged, a gulf like that between the animal and the mineral. Life is less picturesque, and nature less moral, less mindful of man. The Old World is deeply covered with a kind of human leaf-mold, while the New is for the most part yet raw, undigested hard-

pan. This is why these scenes haunt one like a memory. One seems to have youthful associations with every field and hill-top he looks upon. The complete humanization of nature has taken place. The soil has been mixed with human thought and substance. These fields have been alternately Celt, Roman, British, Norman, Saxon; they have moved and walked and talked and loved and suffered; hence one feels kindred to them and at home among them. The mother-land, indeed. Every foot of its soil has given birth to a human being and grown tender and conscious with time.

England is like a seat by the chimney-corner, and is as redolent of human occupancy and domesticity. It satisfies to the full one's utmost craving for the home-like and for the fruits of affectionate occupation of the soil. It does not satisfy one's craving for the wild, the savage, the aboriginal, what our poet describes as his

"Hungering, hungering, hungering, for primal energies and Nature's dauntlessness."

But probably in the matter of natural scenes we hunger most for that which we most do feed upon. At any rate, I can conceive that one might be easily contented with what the English landscape affords him.

Nature, with us, is a harsh, unloving step-mother. She has the continental swing and stride and the continental indifference. Things are on a large scale, and not so readily appropriated and domesticated as in England. Except here and there in New England, we have cropped and shorn the earth without taming her.

In the British island the whole physiognomy of the land bespeaks the action of slow, uniform, conservative agencies. There is an elemental composure and moderation in things that leave their mark everywhere,—a sort of aboriginal sweetness and docility that are a surprise and a charm. One does not forget that the evolution of man probably occurred in this hemisphere, and time would seem to have proved that there is something here more favorable to his perpetuity and longevity.

The dominant impression of the English landscape is repose. Never was such a restful land to the eye, especially to the American eye, sated as it is very apt to be with the mingled squalor and splendor of its own landscape, its violent contrasts, and general spirit of unrest. But the completeness and composure of this outdoor nature is like a dream. It is like the poise of the tide at its full: every hurt of the world is healed, every shore

covered, every unsightly spot is hidden. The circle of the horizon is brimming with the green equable flood. (I did not see the fens of Lincolnshire nor the wolds of York.) This look of repose is partly the result of the maturity and ripeness brought about by time and ages of patient and thorough husbandry, and partly the result of the gentle, continent spirit of Nature herself. She is contented, she is happily wedded, she is well clothed and fed. Her offspring swarm about her, her paths have fallen in pleasant places. The foliage of the trees, how dense and massive! The turf of the fields, how thick and uniform! The streams and rivers, how placid and full, showing no devastated margins, no widespread sandy wastes and unsightly heaps of drift bowlders! To the returned traveler the foliage of the trees and groves of New England and New York looks thin and disheveled when compared with the foliage he has just left. This effect is probably owing to our cruder soil and sharper climate. In mid-summer the hair of our trees seems to stand on end; the woods have a wild, frightened look, or as if they were just recovering from a debauch. In our intense light and heat, the leaves, instead of spreading themselves full to the sun and crowding out upon the ends of the branches as they do in England, retreat, as it were, hide behind each other, stand edgewise, perpendicular, or at any angle, to avoid the direct rays. In Britain, from the slow, dripping rains and the excessive moisture, the leaves of the trees droop more, and the branches are more pendent. The rays of light are fewer and feebler, and the foliage disposes itself so as to catch them all, and thus presents a fuller and broader surface to the eye of the beholder. The leaves are massed upon the outer ends of the branches, while the interior of the tree is comparatively leafless. The European plane-tree is like a tent. The foliage is all on the outside. The bird voices in it reverberate as in a chamber.

"The pillar'd dusk of sounding sycamores,"

says Tennyson. At a little distance, it has the mass and solidity of a rock. A number of European maples growing in a park near me still keep up their foreign habit under our fierce skies, and sometimes get their leaves scorched. They spread the greatest possible leaf-surface to the light, and no ray penetrates their interiors. When their foliage begins to turn in the fall, the trees appear as if they had been lightly and hastily brushed with gold. The outer edges of the branches become a light yellow, while, a little deeper,

the body of the foliage is still green. It is this solid and sculpturesque character of the English foliage that so fills the eye of the artist. The feathery, formless, indefinite, not to say thin, aspect of our leafage is much less easy to paint, and much less pleasing when painted.

The same is true of the turf in the fields and upon the hills. The sward with us, even in the oldest meadows, will wear more or less a ragged, uneven aspect. The frost heaves it, the sun parches it; it is thin here and thick there, crabbed in one spot and fine and soft in another. Only by the frequent use of a heavy roller, copious waterings and top-dressings, can we produce sod that approaches in beauty even that of the elevated sheep ranges in England and Scotland.

The greater activity and abundance of the earth-worm, as disclosed by Darwin, probably has much to do with the smoothness and fatness of those fields when contrasted with our own. This little yet mighty engine is much less instrumental in leavening and leveling the soil in New England than in Old. The greater humidity of the mother-country, the deep clayey soil, its fattening for ages by human occupancy, the abundance of food, the milder climate, etc., are all favorable to the life and activity of the earth-worm. Indeed, according to Darwin, the gardener that has made England a garden is none other than this little obscure creature. It plows, drains, airs, pulverizes, fertilizes, and levels. It cannot transport rocks and stone, but it can bury them; it cannot remove the ancient walls and pavements, but it can undermine them and deposit its rich castings above them. On each acre of land, he says, "in many parts of England, a weight of more than ten tons of dry earth annually passes through their bodies and is brought to the surface." "When we behold a wide, turf-covered expanse," he further observes, "we should remember that its smoothness, on which so much of its beauty depends, is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly leveled by worms."

The small part which worms play in this direction in our landscape is, I am convinced, more than neutralized by our violent or disrupting climate; but England looks like the product of some such gentle, tireless, and beneficent agent. I have referred to that effect in the face of the landscape as if the soil had snowed down; it seems the snow came from the other direction, namely, from below, but was deposited with equal gentleness and uniformity.

The repose and equipoise of nature of which I have spoken appears in the fields

of grain no less than in the turf and foliage. One may see vast stretches of wheat, oats, barley, beans, etc., as uniform as the surface of a lake, every stalk of grain or bean the size and height of every other stalk. This, of course, means good husbandry; it means a mild, even-tempered nature back of it, also. Then the repose of the English landscape is enhanced, rather than marred, by the part man has played in it. How those old arched bridges rest above the placid streams; how easily they conduct the trim, perfect highways over them! Where the foot finds an easy way, the eye finds the same; where the body finds harmony, the mind finds harmony. Those ivy-covered walls and ruins, those finished fields, those rounded hedge-rows, those embowered cottages, and that gray, massive architecture, all contribute to the harmony and to the repose of the landscape. Perhaps in no other country are the grazing herds so much at ease. One's first impression, on seeing British fields in spring or summer, is that the cattle and sheep have all broken into the meadow and have not yet been discovered by the farmer; they have taken their fill, and are now reposing upon the grass or dreaming under the trees. But you presently perceive that it is all meadow or meadow-like, that there are no wild, weedy, or barren pastures about which the herds toil, but that they are in grass up to their eyes everywhere. Hence their contentment; hence another element of repose in the landscape.

The softness and humidity of the English

climate act in two ways in promoting that marvelous greenness of the land, namely, by growth and by decay. As the grass springs quickly, so its matured stalk or dry leaf decays quickly. No field growths are desiccated and preserved as with us; there are no dried stubble and seared leaves remaining over the winter to mar and obscure the verdancy of spring. Every dead thing is quickly converted back to vegetable mold. In the woods, in May, it is difficult to find any of the shed leaves of the previous autumn; in the fields and copses and along the highways, no stalk of weed or grass remains; while our wild, uplying pastures and mountain-tops always present a more or less brown and seared appearance from the dried and bleached stalks of the growth of the previous year, through which the fresh springing grass is scarcely visible. Where rain falls on nearly three hundred days in the year, as in the British islands, the conversion and reconversion of the mold into grass, and *vice versa*, take place very rapidly.

I have not been at all afraid of over-praising the beauty and the geniality of the face of the mother-country, and have not consciously exaggerated my impressions of any feature. 'Tis the old homestead; 'tis grandfather's and grandmother's land. Nature has been kind to it; man has been kind to it; 'tis the seat of the dominant race. The American feels at home there; the press of his foot to the soil, in Whitman's phrase, springs a hundred affections—affections and admirations he need not be ashamed to give free rein to.

John Burroughs.

SEMITONES.

Ah me, the subtle boundary between
 What pleases and what pains! The difference
 Between the word that thrills our every sense
 With joy, and one which hurts, although it mean
 No hurt! It is the things that are unseen,
 Invisible, not things of violence,
 For which the mightiest are without defense.
 On kine most fair to see one may grow lean
 With hunger. Many a snowy bread is doled
 Which is far harder than the hardest stones.
 'Tis but a narrow line divides the zones
 Where suns are warm from those where suns are cold.
 'Twixt harmonies divine as chords can hold
 And torturing discords, lie but semitones!

H. H.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A COUSIN.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "The Portrait of a Lady," "Roderick Hudson," "Daisy Miller," etc.

PART I.

NEW YORK, April 3, 1873.—There are moments when I feel that she has asked too much of me—especially since our arrival in this country. These three months have not done much toward making me happy here. I don't know what the difference is—or rather I do; and I say this only because it's less trouble. It is no trouble, however, to say that I like New York less than Rome; that, after all, *is* the difference. And then there's nothing to sketch! For ten years I have been sketching, and I really believe I do it very well. But how can I sketch Fifty-third street? There are times when I even say to myself, How can I even endure Fifty-third street? When I turn into it from the Fifth Avenue, the vista seems too hideous: the narrow, impersonal houses, with the dry, hard tone of their brown-stone, a surface as uninteresting as that of sand-paper; their steep, stiff stoops, giving you such a climb to the door; their lumpish balustrades, porticoes, and cornices, turned out by the hundred and adorned with heavy excrescences,—such an eruption of ornament and such a poverty of effect! I suppose my superior tone would seem very pretentious if anybody were to read this shameless record of personal emotion; and I should be asked why an expensive up-town residence is not as good as a slimy Italian palazzo. My answer, of course, is that I can sketch the palazzo and can do nothing with the up-town residence. I can live in it; of course, and be very grateful for the shelter; but that doesn't count. Putting aside that odious fashion of popping into the "parlors" as soon as you cross the threshold,—no interval, no approach,—these places are wonderfully comfortable. This one of Eunice's is perfectly arranged; and we have so much space that she has given me a sitting-room of my own—an immense luxury. Her kindness, her affection, are the most charming, delicate, natural thing I ever conceived. I don't know what can have put it into her head to like me so much; I suppose I should say into her heart, only I don't like to write about Eunice's heart—that tender, shrinking, shade-loving, and above all fresh

and youthful organ. There is a certain self-complacency, perhaps, in my assuming that her generosity is mere affection; for her conscience is so inordinately developed that she attaches the idea of duty to everything,—even to her relations to a poor, plain, unloved and unlovable third cousin. Whether she is fond of me or not, she thinks it right to be fond of me; and the effort of her life is to do what is right. In matters of duty, in short, she is a real little artist; and her masterpiece (in that way) is coming back here to live. She can't like it; her tastes are not here. If she did like it, I am sure she would never have invented such a phrase as the one of which she delivered herself the other day,—“I think one's life has more dignity in one's own country.” That's a phrase made up after the fact. No one ever gave up living in Europe because there is a want of dignity in it. Poor Eunice talks of “one's own country” as if she kept the United States in the back-parlor. I have yet to perceive the dignity of living in Fifty-third street. This, I suppose, is very treasonable; but a woman isn't obliged to be patriotic. I believe I should be a good patriot if I could sketch my native town. But I can't make a picture of the brown-stone stoops in the Fifth Avenue, or the platform of the elevated railway in the Sixth. Eunice has suggested to me that I might find some subjects in the Park, and I have been there to look for them. But somehow, the blistered *sentiers* of asphalt, the rock-work caverns, the huge iron bridges spanning little muddy lakes, the whole crowded, cockneyfied place, making up so many faces to look pretty, don't appeal to me—haven't, from beginning to end, a discoverable “bit.” Besides, it's too cold to sit on a camp-stool under this clean-swept sky, whose depths of blue air do very well, doubtless, for the floor of heaven, but are quite too far away for the ceiling of earth. The sky over here seems part of the world at large; in Europe it's part of the particular place. In summer, I dare say, it will be better; and it will go hard with me if I don't find somewhere some leafy lane, some cottage-roof, something in some degree mossy or mellow. Nature here, of course, is

very fine, though I am afraid only in large pieces; and with my little yard-measure (it used to serve for the Roman Campagna!) I don't know what I shall be able to do. I must try to rise to the occasion.

The Hudson is beautiful; I remember that well enough; and Eunice tells me that when we are in *villeggiatura* we shall be close to the loveliest part of it. Her cottage, or villa, or whatever they call it (Mrs. Ermine, by the way, always speaks of it as a "country-seat"), is more or less opposite to West Point, where it makes one of its grandest sweeps. Unfortunately, it has been let these three years that she has been abroad, and will not be vacant till the first of June. Mr. Caliph, her trustee, took upon himself to do that;—very impertinently, I think, for certainly if I had Eunice's fortune I shouldn't let my houses—I mean, of course, those that are so personal. Least of all should I let my "country-seat." It's bad enough for people to appropriate one's sofas and tables, without appropriating one's flowers and trees and even one's views. There is nothing so personal as one's horizon,—the horizon that one commands, whatever it is, from one's window. Nobody else has just that one. Mr. Caliph, by the way, is apparently a person of the incalculable, irresponsible sort. It would have been natural to suppose that, having the greater part of my cousin's property in his care, he would be in New York to receive her at the end of a long absence and a boisterous voyage. Common civility would have suggested that, especially as he was an old friend, or rather a young friend of both her parents. It was an odd thing to make him sole trustee; but that was Cousin Letitia's doing: "she thought it would be so much easier for Eunice to see only one person." I believe she had found that effort the limit of her own energy; but she might have known that Eunice would have given her best attention, every day, to twenty men of business, if such a duty had been presented to her. I don't think poor Cousin Letitia knew very much; Eunice speaks of her much less than she speaks of her father, whose death would have been the greater sorrow if she dared to admit to herself that she preferred one of her parents to the other. The number of things that the poor girl doesn't dare to admit to herself! One of them, I am sure, is that Mr. Caliph is acting improperly in spending three months in Washington, just at the moment when it would be most convenient to her to see him. He has pressing business there, it seems (he is a good deal of a politician—not that I know what people do in Washington), and he writes to Eunice every week or two that he will "finish it up"

in ten days more, and then will be completely at her service; but he never finishes it up,—never arrives. She has not seen him for three years; he certainly, I think, ought to have come out to her in Europe. She doesn't know that, and I haven't cared to suggest it, for she wishes (very naturally) to think that he is a pearl of trustees. Fortunately, he sends her all the money she needs; and the other day he sent her his brother,—a rather agitated (though not in the least agitating) youth, who presented himself about lunch-time, Mr. Caliph having (as he explained) told him that this was the best hour to call. What does Mr. Caliph know about it, by the way? It's little enough he has tried! Mr. Adrian Frank had, of course, nothing to say about business; he only came to be agreeable, and to tell us that he had just seen his brother in Washington—as if that were any comfort! They are brothers only in the sense that they are children of the same mother; Mrs. Caliph having accepted consolations in her widowhood, and produced this blushing boy, who is ten years younger than the accomplished Caliph. (I say accomplished Caliph for the phrase. I haven't the least idea of his accomplishments. Somehow, a man with that name ought to have a good many.) Mr. Frank, the second husband, is dead, as well as herself, and the young man has a very good fortune. He is shy and simple, colors immensely, and becomes alarmed at his own silences; but is tall and straight and clear-eyed, and is, I imagine, a very estimable youth. Eunice says that he is as different as possible from his step-brother; so that, perhaps, though she doesn't mean it in that way his step-brother is not estimable. I shall judge of that for myself, if he ever gives me a chance.

Young Frank, at any rate, is a gentleman, and in spite of his blushes has seen a great deal of the world. Perhaps that is what he is blushing for: there are so many things we have no reason to be proud of. He staid to lunch, and talked a little about the far East,—Babylon, Palmyra, Ispahan, and that sort of thing,—from which he is lately returned. He also is a sketcher, though evidently he doesn't show. He asked to see my things, however; and I produced a few old water-colors, of other days and other climes, which I have luckily brought to America,—produced them with my usual calm assurance. It was clear he thought me very clever; so I suspect that in not showing he himself is rather wise. When I said there was nothing here to sketch, that rectangular towns wont do, etc., he asked me why I didn't try people. What people? the people in the Fifth Avenue? They are even less pictorial than their houses. I don't perceive

that those in the Sixth are any better, or those in the Fourth and Third, or in the Seventh and Eighth. Good heavens! what a nomenclature! The city of New York is like a tall sum in addition, and the streets are like columns of figures. What a place for me to live, who hate arithmetic! I have tried Mrs. Ermine; but that is only because she asked me to: Mrs. Ermine asks for whatever she wants. I don't think she cares for it much, for though it's bad, it's not bad enough to please her. I thought she would be rather easy to do, as her countenance is made up largely of negatives—no color, no form, no intelligence; I should simply have to leave a sort of brilliant blank. I found, however, there was difficulty in representing an expression which consisted so completely of the absence of that article. With her large, fair, featureless face, unilluminated by a ray of meaning, she makes the most incoherent, the most unexpected remarks. She asked Eunice, the other day, whether she should not bring a few gentlemen to see her—she seemed to know so few, to be so lonely. Then when Eunice thanked her, and said she needn't take that trouble: she was not lonely, and in any case did not desire her solitude to be peopled in that manner,—Mrs. Ermine declared blandly that it was all right, but that she supposed this was the great advantage of being an orphan, that you might have gentlemen brought to see you. "I don't like being an orphan, even for that," said Eunice; who, indeed, does not like it at all, though she will be twenty-one next month, and has had several years to get used to it. Mrs. Ermine is very vulgar, yet she thinks she has high distinction. I am very glad our cousinship is not on the same side. Except that she is an idiot and a bore, however, I think there is no harm in her. Her time is spent in contemplating the surface of things,—and for that I don't blame her, for I myself am very fond of the surface. But she doesn't see what she looks at, and, in short, is very tiresome. That is one of the things poor Eunice won't admit to herself,—that Lizzie Ermine will end by boring us to death. Now that both her daughters are married, she has her time quite on her hands; for the sons-in-law, I am sure, can't encourage her visits. She may, however, contrive to be with them as well as here, for, as a poor young husband once said to me, a *belle-mère*, after marriage, is as inevitable as stickiness after eating honey. A fool can do plenty of harm without deep intentions. After all, intentions fail; and what you know an accident by is that it doesn't. Mrs. Ermine doesn't like me;

she thinks she ought to be in my shoes—that when Eunice lost her old governess, who had remained with her as "companion," she ought, instead of picking me up in Rome, to have come home and thrown herself upon some form of kinship more cushiony. She is jealous of me, and vexed that I don't give her more opportunities; for I know she has made up her mind that I ought to be a Bohemian: in that case she could persuade Eunice that I am a very unfit sort of person. I am single, not young, not pretty, not well off, and not very desirous to please; I carry a palette on my thumb, and very often have stains on my apron—though except for those stains I pretend to be immaculately neat. What right have I *not* to be a Bohemian, and not to teach Eunice to make cigarettes? I am convinced Mrs. Ermine is disappointed that I don't smoke. Perhaps, after all, she is right, and that I am too much a creature of habits, of rules. A few people have been good enough to call me an artist; but I am not. I am only, in a small way, a worker. I walk too straight; it's ten years since any one asked me to dance! I wish I could oblige you, Mrs. Ermine, by dipping into Bohemia once in awhile. But one can't have the defects of the qualities one doesn't possess. I am not an artist, I am too much of a critic. I suppose a she-critic is a kind of monster; women should only be criticised. That's why I keep it all to myself—myself being this little book. I grew tired of myself some months ago, and locked myself up in a desk. It was a kind of punishment, but it was also a great rest, to stop judging, to stop caring, for awhile. Now that I have come out, I suppose I ought to take a vow not to be ill-natured.

As I read over what I have written here, I wonder whether it was worth while to have re-opened my journal. Still, why not have the benefit of being thought disagreeable,—the luxury of recorded observation? If one is poor, plain, proud—and in this very private place I may add, clever,—there are certain necessary revenges!

April 10.—Adrian Frank has been here again, and we rather like him. (That will do for the first note of a more genial tone.) His eyes are very blue, and his teeth very white,—two things that always please me. He became rather more communicative, and almost promised to show me his sketches—in spite of the fact that he is evidently as much as ever struck with my own ability. Perhaps he has discovered that I am trying to be genial! He wishes to take us to drive—that is, to take Eunice; for, of course, I shall go only for propriety. She doesn't go with young men

alone; that element was not included in her education. She said to me yesterday, "The only man I shall drive alone with will be the one I marry." She talks so little about marrying that this made an impression on me. That subject is supposed to be a girl's inevitable topic; but no young women could occupy themselves with it less than she and I do. I think I may say that we never mention it at all. I suppose that if a man were to read this, he would be greatly surprised and not particularly edified. As there is no danger of any man's reading it, I may add that I always take tacitly for granted that Eunice will marry. She doesn't in the least pretend that she won't; and if I am not mistaken, she is capable of conjugal affection. The longer I live with her, the more I see that she is a dear girl. Now that I know her better, I perceive that she is perfectly natural. I used to think that she tried too much—that she watched herself, perhaps, with a little secret admiration. But that was because I couldn't conceive of a girl's motives being so simple. She only wants not to suffer—she is immensely afraid of that. Therefore, she wishes to be universally tender—to mitigate the general sum of suffering, in the hope that she herself may come off easily. Poor thing! she doesn't know that we can diminish the amount of suffering for others only by taking to ourselves a part of their share. The amount of that commodity in the world is always the same; it is only the distribution that varies. We all try to dodge our portion; and some of us succeed. I find the best way is not to think about it, and to make little water-colors. Eunice thinks that the best way is to be very generous, to condemn no one unheard.

A great many things happen that I don't mention here; incidents of social life, I believe they call them. People come to see us, and sometimes they invite us to dinner. We go to certain concerts, many of which are very good. We take a walk every day; and I read to Eunice, and she plays to me. Mrs. Ermine makes her appearance several times a week, and gives us the news of the town—a great deal more of it than we have any use for. She thinks we live in a hole; and she has more than once expressed her conviction that I can do nothing socially for Eunice. As to that, she is perfectly right; I am aware of my social insignificance. But I am equally aware that my cousin has no need of being pushed. I know little of the people and things of this place; but I know enough to see that, whatever they are, the best of them are at her service. Mrs. Ermine thinks it a great pity that Eunice should have come too late in the season to "go out" with her; for after this,

there are few entertainments at which my protecting presence is not sufficient. Besides, Eunice isn't eager; I often wonder at her indifference. She never thinks of the dances she has missed, nor asks about those at which she still may figure. She isn't sad, and it doesn't amount to melancholy; but she certainly is rather detached. She likes to read, to talk with me, to make music, and to dine out when she supposes there will be "real conversation." She is extremely fond of real conversation; and we flatter ourselves that a good deal of it takes place between us. We talk about life and religion and art and George Eliot; all that, I hope, is sufficiently real. Eunice understands everything, and has a great many opinions; she is quite the modern young woman, though she hasn't modern manners. But all this doesn't explain to me why, as Mrs. Ermine says, she should wish to be so dreadfully quiet. That lady's suspicion to the contrary notwithstanding, it is not I who make her so. I would go with her to a party every night if she should wish it, and send out cards to proclaim that we "receive." But her ambitions are not those of the usual girl; or at any rate, if she is waiting for what the usual girl waits for, she is waiting very patiently. As I say, I can't quite make out the secret of her patience. However, it is not necessary I should; it was no part of the bargain on which I came to her that we were to conceal nothing from each other. I conceal a great deal from Eunice; at least I hope I do: for instance, how fearfully I am bored. I think I am as patient as she; but then I have certain things to help me—my age, my resignation, my ability, and, I suppose I may add, my conceit. Mrs. Ermine doesn't bring the young men, but she talks about them, and calls them Harry and Freddy. She wants Eunice to marry, though I don't see what she is to gain by it. It is apparently a disinterested love of matrimony,—or rather, I should say, a love of weddings. She lives in a world of "engagements," and announces a new one every time she comes in. I never heard of so much marrying in all my life before. Mrs. Ermine is dying to be able to tell people that Eunice is engaged: that distinction should not be wanting to a cousin of hers. Whoever marries her, by the way, will come into a very good fortune. Almost for the first time, three days ago, she told me about her affairs.

She knows less about them than she believes,—I could see that; but she knows the great matter, which is, that in the course of her twenty-first year, by the terms of her mother's will, she becomes mistress of her property, of which for the last seven years Mr. Caliph

has been sole trustee. On that day Mr. Caliph is to make over to her three hundred thousand dollars, which he has been nursing and keeping safe. So much on every occasion seems to be expected of this wonderful man! I call him so because I think it was wonderful of him to have been appointed sole depository of the property of an orphan by a very anxious, scrupulous, affectionate mother, whose one desire, when she made her will, was to prepare for her child a fruitful majority, and whose acquaintance with him had not been of many years, though her esteem for him was great. He had been a friend—a very good friend—of her husband, who, as he neared his end, asked him to look after his widow. Eunice's father didn't, however, make him trustee of his little estate; he put that into other hands, and Eunice has a very good account of it. It amounts, unfortunately, but to some fifty thousand dollars. Her mother's proceedings with regard to Mr. Caliph were very feminine—so I may express myself in the privacy of these pages. But I believe all women are very feminine in their relations with Mr. Caliph. "Haroun-al-Raschid" I call him to Eunice; and I suppose he expects to find us in a state of Oriental prostration. She says, however, that he is not the least of a Turk, and that nothing could be kinder or more considerate than he was three years ago, before she went to Europe. He was constantly with her at that time, for many months; and his attentions have evidently made a great impression on her. That sort of thing naturally would on a girl of seventeen; and I have told her she must be prepared to think him much less brilliant a personage to-day. I don't know what he will think of some of her plans of expenditure,—laying out an Italian garden at the house on the river, founding a cot at the children's hospital, erecting a music-room in the rear of this house. Next winter Eunice proposes to receive; but she wishes to have an originality, in the shape of really good music. She will evidently be rather extravagant, at least at first. Mr. Caliph, of course, will have no more authority; still, he may advise her as a friend.

April 23.—This afternoon, while Eunice was out, Mr. Frank made his appearance, having had the civility, as I afterward learned, to ask for me, in spite of the absence of the *padronina*. I told him she was at Mrs. Ermine's, and that Mrs. Ermine was her cousin.

"Then I can say what I should not be able to say if she were here," he said, smiling that singular smile which has the effect of showing his teeth and drawing the lids of his eyes together. If he were a young countryman, one would call it a grin. It is not exactly a grin, but it is very simple.

"And what may that be?" I asked, with encouragement.

He hesitated a little, while I admired his teeth, which I am sure he has no wish to exhibit; and I expected something wonderful. "Considering that she is fair, she is really very pretty," he said at last.

I was rather disappointed, and I went so far as to say to him that he might have made that remark in her presence.

This time his blue eyes remained wide open. "So you really think so?"

"Considering that she's fair, that part of it, perhaps, might have been omitted; but the rest surely would have pleased her."

"Do you really think so?"

"Well, 'really very pretty' is, perhaps, not quite right; it seems to imply a kind of surprise. You might have omitted the 'really.'"

"You want me to omit everything," he said, laughing, as if he thought me wonderfully amusing.

"The gist of the thing would remain, 'You are very pretty'; that would have been unexpected and agreeable."

"I think you are laughing at me!" cried poor Mr. Frank, without bitterness. "I have no right to say that till I know she likes me."

"She does like you; I see no harm in telling you so." He seemed to me so modest, so natural, that I felt as free to say this to him as I would have been to a good child; more, indeed, than to a good child, for a child to whom one would say that would be rather a prig; and Adrian Frank is not a prig. I could see that by the way he answered; it was rather odd.

"It will please my brother to know that!"

"Does he take such an interest in the impressions you make?"

"Oh, yes; he wants me to appear well."

This was said with the most touching innocence; it was a complete confession of inferiority. It was, perhaps, the tone that made it so; at any rate, Adrian Frank has renounced the hope of ever appearing as well as his brother. I wonder if a man must be really inferior, to be in such a state of mind as that. He must at all events be very fond of his brother, and even, I think, have sacrificed himself a good deal. This young man asked me ever so many questions about my cousin; frankly, simply, as if, when one wanted to know, it was perfectly natural to ask. So it is, I suppose; but why should he want to know? Some of his questions were certainly idle. What can it matter to him whether she has one little dog or three; or whether she is an admirer of the music of the future? "Does she go out much, or does she like a quiet evening at home?" "Does she like living in

Europe, and what part of Europe does she prefer?" "Has she many relatives in New York, and does she see a great deal of them?" On all these points I was obliged to give Mr. Frank a certain satisfaction; and after that, I thought I had a right to ask why he wanted to know. He was evidently surprised at being challenged, blushed a good deal, and made me feel for a moment as if I had asked a vulgar question. I saw he had no particular reason; he only wanted to be civil, and that is the way best known to him of expressing an interest. He was confused; but he was not so confused that he took his departure. He sat half an hour longer, and let me make up to him, by talking very agreeably, for the shock I had administered. I may mention here—for I like to see it in black and white—that I *can* talk very agreeably. He listened with the most flattering attention, showing me his blue eyes and his white teeth in alternation, and laughing largely, as if I had a command of the comical,—I am not conscious of that. At last, after I had paused a little, he said to me, apropos of nothing: "Do you think the realistic school are—a—to be admired?" Then I saw that he had already forgotten my earlier check,—such was the effect of my geniality,—and that he would ask me as many questions about myself as I would let him. I answered him freely, but I answered him as I chose. There are certain things about myself I never shall tell, and the simplest way not to tell is to say the contrary. If people are indiscreet, they must take the consequences. I declared that I held the realistic school in horror; that I found New York the most interesting, the most sympathetic of cities; and that I thought the American girl the finest result of civilization. I am sure I convinced him that I am a most remarkable woman. He went away before Eunice returned. He is a charming creature—a kind of Yankee Donatello. If I could only be his Miriam, the situation would be almost complete, for Eunice is an excellent Hilda.

April 26.—Mrs. Ermine was in great force to-day; she described all the fine things Eunice can do when she gets her money into her own hands. A set of Mechlin lace, a *rivière* of diamonds which she saw the other day at Tiffany's, a set of Russian sables that she knows of somewhere else, a little English phaeton with a pair of ponies and a tiger, a family of pugs to waddle about in the drawing-room—all these luxuries Mrs. Ermine declares indispensable. "I should like to know that you have them—it would do me real good," she said to Eunice. "I like to see people with handsome things. It would give me more pleasure to know you have

that set of Mechlin than to have it myself. I can't help that—it's the way I am made. If other people have handsome things I see them more; and then I do want the good of others—I don't care if you think me vain for saying so. I sha'n't be happy till I see you in an English phaeton. The groom oughtn't to be more than three foot six. I think you ought to show for what you are."

"How do you mean, for what I am?" Eunice asked.

"Well, for a charming girl, with a very handsome fortune."

"I shall never show any more than I do now."

"I will tell you what you do—you show Miss Condit." And Mrs. Ermine presented me her large, foolish face. "If you don't look out, she'll do you up in Morris papers, and then all the Mechlin lace in the world won't matter!"

"I don't follow you at all—I never follow you," I said, wishing I could have sketched her just as she sat there. She was quite grotesque.

"I would rather go without you," she repeated.

"I think that after I come into my property I shall do just as I do now," said Eunice. "After all, where will the difference be? I have to-day everything I shall ever have. It's more than enough."

"You won't have to ask Mr. Caliph for everything."

"I ask him for nothing now."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Ermine, "you don't deserve to be rich."

"I am not rich," Eunice remarked.

"Ah, well, if you want a million!"

"I don't want anything," said Eunice.

That's not exactly true. She does want something, but I don't know what it is.

May 2.—Mr. Caliph is really very delightful. He made his appearance to-day, and carried everything before him. When I say he carried everything, I mean he carried me; for Eunice had not my prejudices to get over. When I said to her, after he had gone, "Your trustee is a very clever man," she only smiled a little, and turned away in silence. I suppose she was amused with the air of importance with which I announced this discovery. Eunice had made it several years ago, and could not be excited about it. I had an idea that some allusion would be made to the way he has neglected her—some apology, at least, for his long absence. But he did something better than this. He made no definite apology; he only expressed, in his manner, his look, his voice, a tenderness, a kind of charming benevolence, which included and exceeded all apologies. He

looks rather tired and preoccupied; he evidently has a great many irons of his own in the fire, and has been thinking these last weeks of larger questions than the susceptibilities of a little girl in New York, who happened several years ago to have an exuberant mother. He is thoroughly genial, and is the best talker I have seen since my return. A totally different type from the young Adrian. He is not in the least handsome—is, indeed, rather ugly; but with a fine, expressive, pictorial ugliness. He is forty years old, large and stout, may even be pronounced fat; and there is something about him that I don't know how to describe except by calling it a certain richness. I have seen Italians who have it, but this is the first American. He talks with his eyes as well as with his lips, and his features are wonderfully mobile. His smile is quick and delightful; his hands are well shaped, but distinctly fat; he has a pale complexion and a magnificent brown beard—the beard of Haroun-al-Raschid. I suppose I must write it very small; but I have an intimate conviction that he is a Jew, or of Jewish origin. I see that in his plump, white face, of which the tone would please a painter, and which suggests fatigue, but is nevertheless all alive; in his remarkable eye, which is full of old expressions—expressions which linger there from the past, even when they are not active to-day; in his profile, in his anointed beard, in the very rings on his large pointed fingers. There is not a touch of all this in his step-brother; so I suppose the Jewish blood is inherited from his father. I don't think he looks like a gentleman; he is something apart from all that. If he is not a gentleman, he is not in the least a *bourgeois*,—neither is he of the artist type. In short, as I say, he is a Jew; and Jews of the upper class have a style of their own. He is very clever, and I think genuinely kind. Nothing could be more charming than his way of talking to Eunice—a certain paternal interest mingled with an air of respectful gallantry (he gives her good advice, and at the same time pays her compliments); the whole thing being not in the least overdone. I think he found her changed—"more of a person," as Mrs. Ermine says;—I even think he was a little surprised. She seems slightly afraid of him, which rather surprised me—she was, from her own account, so familiar with him of old. He is decidedly florid, and was very polite to me—that was a part of the floridity. He asked if we had seen his step-brother; begged us to be kind to him, and to let him come and see us often. He doesn't know many people in New York, and at that age it is everything (I quote Mr. Caliph) for a

young fellow to be at his ease with one or two charming women. "Adrian takes a great deal of knowing; is horribly shy; but is most intelligent, and has one of the sweetest natures! I'm very fond of him—he's all I've got. Unfortunately, the poor boy is cursed with a competence. In this country there is nothing for such a young fellow to do; he hates business, and has absolutely no talent for it. I shall send him back here the next time I see him." Eunice made no answer to this, and, in fact, had little answer to make to most of Mr. Caliph's remarks, only sitting looking at the floor, with a smile. I thought it proper, therefore, to reply that we had found Mr. Frank very pleasant, and hoped he would soon come again. Then I mentioned that the other day I had had a long visit from him alone; we had talked for an hour, and become excellent friends. Mr. Caliph, as I said this, was leaning forward with his elbow on his knee and his hand uplifted, grasping his thick beard. The other hand, with the elbow out, rested on the other knee; his head was turned toward me, askance. He looked at me a moment with his deep bright eye—the eye of a much older man than he; he might have been posing for a water-color. If I had painted him, it would have been in a high-peaked cap and an amber-colored robe, with a wide girdle of pink silk wound many times round his waist, stuck full of knives with jeweled handles. Our eyes met, and we sat there exchanging a glance. I don't know whether he's vain, but I think he must see I appreciate him; I am sure he understands everything.

"I like you when you say that," he remarked, at the end of a minute.

"I'm glad to hear you like me!" This sounds horrid and pert as I relate it.

"I don't like every one," said Mr. Caliph.

"Neither do Eunice and I; do we, Eunice?"

"I am afraid we only try to," she answered, smiling her most beautiful smile.

"Try to? Heaven forbid! I protest against that," I cried. I said to Mr. Caliph that Eunice was too good.

"She comes honestly by that. Your mother was an angel, my child," he said to her.

Cousin Letitia was not an angel, but I have mentioned that Mr. Caliph is florid. "You used to be very good to her," Eunice murmured, raising her eyes to him.

He had got up; he was standing there. He bent his head, smiling like an Italian. "You must be the same, my child."

"What can I do?" Eunice asked.

"You can believe in me—you can trust me."

"I do, Mr. Caliph. Try me and see!"

This was unexpectedly gushing, and I instinctively turned away. Behind my back, I don't know what he did to her—I think it possible he did kiss her. When you call a girl "my child," I suppose you may kiss her; but that may be only my bold imagination. When I turned round he had taken up his hat and stick, to say nothing of buttoning a very tightly fitting coat around a very spacious person, and was ready to offer me his hand in farewell.

"I am so glad you are with her. I am so glad she has a companion so accomplished—so capable."

"So capable of what?" I said, laughing; for the speech was absurd, as he knows nothing about my accomplishments.

There is nothing solemn about Mr. Caliph: but he gave me a look which made it appear to me that my levity was in bad taste. Yes, humiliating as it is to write it here, I found myself rebuked by a Jew with fat hands! "Capable of advising her well!" he said, softly.

"Ah, don't talk about advice," Eunice exclaimed. "Advice always gives an idea of trouble, and I am very much afraid of trouble."

"You ought to get married," he said, with his smile coming back to him.

Eunice colored and turned away, and I observed—to say something—that this was just what Mrs. Ermine said.

"Mrs. Ermine? ah, I hear she's a charming woman!" And shortly after that he went away.

That was almost the only weak thing he said—the only thing for mere form, for, of course, no one can really think her charming; least of all a clever man like that. I don't like Americans to resemble Italians, or Italians to resemble Americans; but putting that aside, Mr. Caliph is very prepossessing. He is wonderfully good company; he will spoil us for other people. He made no allusion to business, and no appointment with Eunice for talking over certain matters that are pending; but I thought of this only half an hour after he had gone. I said nothing to Eunice about it, for she would have noticed the omission herself, and that was enough. The only other point in Mr. Caliph that was open to criticism is his asking Eunice to believe in him—to trust him. Why shouldn't she, pray? If that speech was curious,—and, strange to say, it almost appeared so,—it was incredibly naïf. But this quality is insupposable of Mr. Caliph; who ever heard of a naïf Jew? After he had gone I was on the point of saying to Eunice, "By the way, why did you never mention that he is a Hebrew? That's an important detail." But an impulse that I am not able to define stopped me, and now I am glad I didn't speak. I don't believe Eunice ever

made the discovery, and I don't think she would like it if she did make it. That I should have done so on the instant only proves that I am in the habit of studying the human profile!

May 9.—Mrs. Ermine must have discovered that Mr. Caliph has heard she is charming, for she is perpetually coming in here with the hope of meeting him. She appears to think that he comes every day; for when she misses him, which she has done three times (that is, she arrives just after he goes), she says that if she doesn't catch him on the morrow she will go and call upon him. She is capable of that, I think; and it makes no difference that he is the busiest of men and she the idlest of women. He has been here four times since his first call, and has the air of wishing to make up for the neglect that preceded it. His manner to Eunice is perfect; he continues to call her "my child," but in a superficial, impersonal way, as a Catholic priest might do it. He tells us stories of Washington, describes the people there, and makes us wonder whether we should care for K street and 14½ street. As yet, to the best of my knowledge, not a word about Eunice's affairs; he behaves as if he had simply forgotten them. It was, after all, not out of place the other day to ask her to "believe in him"; the faith wouldn't come as a matter of course. On the other hand he is so pleasant that one would believe in him just to oblige him. He has a great deal of trust-business, and a great deal of law-business of every kind. So at least he says; we really know very little about him but what he tells us. When I say "we," of course I speak mainly for myself, as I am perpetually forgetting that he is not so new to Eunice as he is to me. She knows what she knows, but I only know what I see. I have been wondering a good deal what is thought of Mr. Caliph "down-town," as they say here, but without much result, for naturally I can't go down-town and see. The appearance of the thing prevents my asking questions about him; it would be very compromising to Eunice, and make people think that she complains of him—which is so far from being the case. She likes him just as he is, and is apparently quite satisfied. I gather, moreover, that he is thought very brilliant, though a little peculiar, and that he has made a great deal of money. He has a way of his own of doing things, and carries imagination and humor, and a sense of the beautiful, into Wall street and the Stock Exchange. Mrs. Ermine announced the other day that he is "considered the most fascinating man in New York"; but that is the romantic up-town view of him, and not what I want. His brother has gone out of town for a few days,

but he continues to recommend the young Adrian to our hospitality. There is something really touching in his relation to that rather limited young man.

May 11.—Mrs. Ermine is in high spirits; she has met Mr. Caliph,—I don't know where,—and she quite confirms the up-town view. She thinks him the most fascinating man she has ever seen, and she wonders that we should have said so little about him. He is so handsome, so high-bred; his manners are so perfect; he's a regular old dear. I think, of course ill-naturedly, several degrees less well of him since I have heard Mrs. Ermine's impressions. He is not handsome, he is not high-bred, and his manners are not perfect. They are original, and they are expressive; and if one likes him, there is an interest in looking for what he will do and say. But if one should happen to dislike him, one would detest his manners and think them familiar and vulgar. As for breeding, he has about him, indeed, the marks of antiquity of race; yet I don't think Mrs. Ermine would have liked me to say, "Oh, yes, all Jews have blood!" Besides, I couldn't before Eunice. Perhaps I consider Eunice too much; perhaps I am betrayed by my old habit of trying to see through millstones; perhaps I interpret things too richly—just as (I know) when I try to paint an old wall I attempt to put in too much "character"; character being in old walls, after all, a finite quantity. At any rate, she seems to me rather nervous about Mr. Caliph: that appeared after a little when Mrs. Ermine came back to the subject. She had a great deal to say about the oddity of her never having seen him before, of old; "for after all," as she remarked, "we move in the same society—he moves in the very best." She used to hear Eunice talk about her trustee, but she supposed a trustee must be some horrid old man with a lot of papers in his hand, sitting all day in an office. She never supposed he was a prince in disguise. "We've got a trustee somewhere, only I never see him; my husband does all the business. No wonder he keeps him out of the way if he resembles Mr. Caliph." And then, suddenly, she said to Eunice, "My dear, why don't you marry him? I should think you would want to." Mrs. Ermine doesn't look through millstones; she contents herself with giving them a poke with her parasol. Eunice colored, and said she hadn't been asked; she was evidently not pleased with Mrs. Ermine's joke, which was, of course, as flat as you like. Then she added in a moment—"I should be very sorry to marry Mr. Caliph, even if he were to ask me. I like him, but I don't like him enough for that."

"I should think he would be quite in your style,—he's so literary. They say he writes," Mrs. Ermine went on.

"Well, I don't write," Eunice answered, laughing.

"You could if you would try. I'm sure you could make a lovely book." Mrs. Ermine's amiability is immense.

"It's safe for you to say that—you never read."

"I have no time," said Mrs. Ermine, "but I like literary conversation. It saves time, when it comes in that way. Mr. Caliph has ever so much."

"He keeps it for you. With us he is very frivolous," I ventured to observe.

"Well, what you call frivolous! I believe you think the prayer-book frivolous."

"Mr. Caliph will never marry any one," Eunice said, after a moment. "That I am very sure of."

Mrs. Ermine stared; there is never so little expression in her face as when she is surprised. But she soon recovered herself. "Don't you believe that! He will take some quiet little woman, after you have all given him up."

Eunice was sitting at the piano, but had wheeled round on the stool when her cousin came in. She turned back to it and struck a few vague chords, as if she were feeling for something. "Please don't speak that way; I don't like it," she said, as she went on playing.

"I will speak any way you like!" Mrs. Ermine cried, with her vacant laugh.

"I think it very low." For Eunice this was severe. "Girls are not always thinking about marriage. They are not always thinking of people like Mr. Caliph—that way."

"They must have changed then, since my time! Wasn't it so in yours, Miss Condit?" She's so stupid that I don't think she meant to make a point.

"I had no 'time,' Mrs. Ermine. I was born an old maid."

"Well, the old maids are the worst. I don't see why it's low to talk about marriage. It's thought very respectable to marry. You have only to look round you."

"I don't want to look round me; it's not always so beautiful, what you see," Eunice said, with a small laugh and a good deal of perversity, for a young woman so reasonable.

"I guess you read too much," said Mrs. Ermine, getting up and setting her bonnet-ribbons at the mirror.

"I should think he would hate them!" Eunice exclaimed, striking her chords.

"Hate who?" her cousin asked.

"Oh, all the silly girls."

"Who is 'he,' pray?" This ingenious inquiry was mine.

"Oh, the Grand Turk!" said Eunice, with her voice covered by the sound of her piano. Her piano is a great resource.

May 12.—This afternoon, while we were having our tea, the Grand Turk was ushered in, carrying the most wonderful bouquet of Boston roses that seraglio ever produced. (That image, by the way, is rather mixed; but as I write for myself alone, it may stand.) At the end of ten minutes he asked Eunice if he might see her alone—"on a little matter of business." I instantly rose to leave them, but Eunice said that she would rather talk with him in the library; so she led him off to that apartment. I remained in the drawing-room, saying to myself that I had at last discovered the *fin mot* of Mr. Caliph's peculiarities, which is so very simple that I am a great goose not to have perceived it before. He is a man with a system; and his system is simply to keep business and entertainment perfectly distinct. There may be pleasure for him in his figures, but there are no figures in his pleasure—which has hitherto been to call upon Eunice as a man of the world. To-day he was to be the trustee; I could see it, in spite of his bouquet, as soon as he came in. The Boston roses didn't contradict that, for the excellent reason that as soon as he had shaken hands with Eunice, who looked at the flowers and not at him, he presented them to Catherine Condit. Eunice then looked at this lady; and as I took the roses I met her eyes, which had a charming light of pleasure. It would be base in me, even in this strictly private record, to suggest that she might possibly have been displeased; but if I cannot say that the expression of her face was lovely without appearing in some degree to point to an ignoble alternative, it is the fault of human nature. Why Mr. Caliph should suddenly think it necessary to offer flowers to Catherine Condit—that is a line of inquiry by itself. As I said some time back, it's a part of his floridity. Besides, any presentation of flowers seems sudden; I don't know why, but it's always rather a *coup de théâtre*. I am writing late at night; they stand on my table, and their fragrance is in the air. I don't say it for the flowers; but no one has ever treated poor Miss Condit with such consistent consideration as Mr. Caliph. Perhaps she is morbid: this is probably the Diary of a Morbid Woman; but in such a matter as that she admires consistency. That little glance of Eunice comes back to me as I write; she is a pure, enchanting soul. Mrs. Ermine came in while she was in the library with Mr. Caliph, and immediately noticed the Boston roses, which effaced all the other flowers in the room.

"Were they sent from her seat?" she

asked. Then, before I could answer, "I am going to have some people to dinner to-day; they would look very well in the middle."

"If you wish me to offer them to you, I really can't; I prize them too much."

"Oh, are they yours? Of course you prize them! I don't suppose you have many."

"These are the first I have ever received—from Mr. Caliph."

"From Mr. Caliph? Did he give them to you?" Mrs. Ermine's intonations are not delicate. That "*you*" should be in enormous capitals.

"With his own hand—a quarter of an hour ago." This sounds triumphant, as I write it; but it was no great sensation to triumph over Mrs. Ermine.

She laid down the bouquet, looking almost thoughtful. "He *does* want to marry Eunice," she declared in a moment. This is the region in which, after a flight of fancy, she usually alights. I am sick of the irrepressible verb; just at that moment, however, it was unexpected, and I answered that I didn't understand.

"That's why he gives you flowers," she explained. But the explanation made the matter darker still, and Mrs. Ermine went on: "Isn't there some French proverb about paying one's court to the mother in order to gain the daughter? Eunice is the daughter, and you are the mother."

"And you are the grandmother, I suppose! Do you mean that he wishes me to intercede?"

"I can't imagine why else!" and smiling, with her wide lips, she stared at the flowers.

"At that rate, you, too, will get your bouquet," I said.

"Oh, I have no influence! You ought to do something in return—to offer to paint his portrait."

"I don't offer that, you know; people ask me. Besides, you have spoiled me for common models!"

It strikes me, as I write this, that we had gone rather far—farther than it seemed at the time. We might have gone farther yet, however, if at this moment Eunice had not come back with Mr. Caliph, who appeared to have settled his little matter of business briskly enough. He remained the man of business to the end, and, to Mrs. Ermine's evident disappointment, declined to sit down again. He was in a hurry; he had an engagement.

"Are you going up or down? I have a carriage at the door," she broke in.

"At Fifty-third street one is usually going down"; and he gave his peculiar smile, which always seems so much beyond the scope of the words it accompanies. "If you will give me a lift, I shall be very grateful."

He went off with her, she being much divided between the prospect of driving with him and her loss of the chance to find out what he had been saying to Eunice. She probably believed that he had been proposing to her, and I hope he mystified her well in the carriage.

He had not been proposing to Eunice; he had given her a check, and made her sign some papers. The check was for a thousand dollars, but I have no knowledge of the papers. When I took up my abode with her, I made up my mind that the only way to preserve an appearance of disinterestedness was to know nothing whatever of the details of her pecuniary affairs. She has a very good little head of her own, and if she shouldn't understand them herself, it would be quite out of my power to help her. I don't know why I should care about *appearing* disinterested, when I have in quite sufficient measure the consciousness of being so; but, in point of fact, I do, and I value that purity as much as any other. Besides, Mr. Caliph is her supreme adviser, and of course makes everything clear to her. At least I hope he does. I couldn't help saying as much as this to Eunice.

"My dear child, I suppose you understand what you sign. Mr. Caliph ought to be—what shall I call it?—crystalline."

She looked at me, with the smile that had come into her face when she saw him give me the flowers. "Oh, yes, I think so. If I didn't, it's my own fault. He explains everything so beautifully that it's a pleasure to listen. I always read what I sign."

"*Je l'espère bien!*" I said, laughing.

She looked a little grave. "The closing up a trust is very complicated."

"Yours not closed yet? It strikes me as very slow."

"Everything can't be done at once. Besides, he has asked for a little delay. Part of my affairs, indeed, are now in my own hands; otherwise I shouldn't have to sign."

"Is that a usual request—for delay?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly. Besides, I don't want everything in my own control. That is, I want it some day, because I think I ought to accept the responsibilities, as I accept all the pleasures; but I am not in a hurry. This way is so comfortable, and Mr. Caliph takes so much trouble for me."

"I suppose he has a handsome commission," I said, rather crudely.

"He has no commission at all; he would never take one."

"In your place, I would much rather he should take one."

"I have asked him to, but he won't!" Eunice said, looking now extremely grave.

Her gravity, indeed, was so great that it made me smile. "He is wonderfully generous!"

"He is, indeed."

"And is it to be indefinitely delayed—the termination of his trust?"

"Oh, no; only a few months, 'till he gets things into shape,' as he says."

"He has had several years for that, hasn't he?"

Eunice turned away; evidently our talk was painful to her. But there was something that vaguely alarmed me in her taking or, at least, accepting the sentimental view of Mr. Caliph's services. "I don't think you are kind, Catherine; you seem to suspect him," she remarked, after a little.

"Suspect him of what?"

"Of not wishing to give up the property."

"My dear Eunice, you put things into terrible words! Seriously, I should never think of suspecting him of anything so silly. What could his wishes count for? Is not the thing regulated by law—by the terms of your mother's will? The trust expires of itself at a certain period, doesn't it? Mr. Caliph, surely, has only to act accordingly."

"It is just what he is doing. But there are more papers necessary, and they will not be ready for a few weeks more."

"Don't have too many papers; they are as bad as too few. And take advice of some one else—say of your cousin Ermine, who is so much more sensible than his wife."

"I want no advice," said Eunice, in a tone which showed me that I had said enough. And presently she went on, "I thought you liked Mr. Caliph."

"So I do, immensely. He gives beautiful flowers."

"Ah, you are horrid!" she murmured.

"Of course I am horrid. That's my business—to be horrid." And I took the liberty of being so again, half an hour later, when she remarked that she must take good care of the check Mr. Caliph had brought her, as it would be a good while before she should have another. Why should it be longer than usual? I asked. "Is he going to keep your income for himself?"

"I am not to have any till the end of the year—any from the trust, at least. Mr. Caliph has been converting some old houses into shops, so that they will bring more rent. But the alterations have to be paid for—and he takes part of my income to do it."

"And pray what are you to live on meanwhile?"

"I have enough without that; and I have savings?"

"It strikes me as a cool proceeding, all the same."

"He wrote to me about it before we came home, and I thought that way was best."

"I don't think he ought to have asked you," I said. "As your trustee, he acts in his discretion."

"You are hard to please," Eunice answered.

That is perfectly true; but I rejoined that I couldn't make out whether he consulted her too much or too little. And I don't know that my failure to make it out in the least matters!

May 13.—Mrs. Ermine turned up to-day at an earlier hour than usual, and I saw as soon as she got into the room that she had something to announce. This time it was not an engagement. "He sent me a bouquet—Boston roses—quite as many as yours! They arrived this morning, before I had finished breakfast." This speech was addressed to me, and Mrs. Ermine looked almost brilliant. Eunice scarcely followed her.

"She is talking about Mr. Caliph," I explained.

Eunice stared a moment; then her face melted into a deep little smile. "He seems to give flowers to every one but to me." I could see that this reflection gave her remarkable pleasure.

"Well, when he gives them, he's thinking of you," said Mrs. Ermine. "He wants to get us on his side."

"On his side?"

"Oh, yes; some day he will have need of us!" And Mrs. Ermine tried to look sprightly and insinuating. But she is too utterly *fade*, and I think it is not worth while to talk any more to Eunice just now about her trustee. So, to anticipate Mrs. Ermine, I said to her, quickly, but very quietly—

"He sent you flowers simply because you had taken him into your carriage last night. It was an acknowledgment of your great kindness."

She hesitated a moment. "Possibly. We had a charming drive—ever so far down-town." Then, turning to Eunice, she exclaimed, "My dear, you don't know that man till you have had a drive with him!" When does one know Mrs. Ermine? Every day she is a surprise!

May 19.—Adrian Frank has come back to New York, and has been three times at this house—once to dinner, and twice at tea-time. After his brother's strong expression of the hope that we would take an interest in him, Eunice appears to have thought that the least she could do was to ask him to dine. She appears never to have offered this privilege to Mr. Caliph, by the way; I think her view of his cleverness is such that she imagines she knows no one sufficiently brilliant to be in-

vited to meet him. She thought Mrs. Ermine good enough to meet Mr. Frank, and she had also young Woodley—Willie Woodley, as they call him—and Mr. Latrobe. It was not very amusing. Mrs. Ermine made love to Mr. Woodley, who took it serenely; and the dark Latrobe talked to me about the Seventh Regiment—an impossible subject. Mr. Frank made an occasional remark to Eunice, next whom he was placed; but he seemed constrained and frightened, as if he knew that his step-brother had recommended him highly and felt it was impossible to come up to the mark. He is really very modest; it is impossible not to like him. Every now and then he looked at me, with his clear blue eye conscious and expanded, as if to beg me to help him on with Eunice; and then, when I threw in a word, to give their conversation a push, he looked at her in the same way, as if to express the hope that she would not abandon him. There was no danger of this, she only wished to be agreeable to him; but she was nervous and preoccupied, as she always is when she has people to dinner—she is so afraid they may be bored,—and I think that half the time she didn't understand what he said. She told me afterward that she liked him more even than she liked him at first; that he has, in her opinion, better manners, in spite of his shyness, than any of the young men; and that he must have a nice nature to have such a charming face;—all this she told me, and she added that, notwithstanding all this, there is something in Mr. Adrian Frank that makes her uncomfortable. It is, perhaps, rather heartless; but after this, when he called two days ago, I went out of the room and left them alone together. The truth is, there is something in this tall, fair, vague, inconsequent youth, who would look like a Prussian lieutenant if Prussian lieutenants ever hesitated, and who is such a singular mixture of confusion and candor—there is something about him that is not altogether to my own taste, and that is why I took the liberty of leaving him. Oddly enough, I don't in the least know what it is; I usually know why I dislike people. I don't dislike the blushing Adrian, however,—that is, after all, the oddest part. No, the oddest part of it is that I think I have a feeling of pity for him; that is probably why (if it were not my duty sometimes to remain) I should always depart when he comes. I don't like to see the people I pity; to be pitied by me is too low a depth. Why I should lavish my compassion on Mr. Frank, of course passes my comprehension. He is young, intelligent, in perfect health, master of a handsome fortune, and favorite brother of Haroun-al-Raschid. Such are the consequences of being

a woman of imagination. When, at dinner, I asked Eunice if he had been as interesting as usual, she said she would leave it to me to judge; he had talked altogether about Miss Condit! He thinks her very attractive! Poor fellow; when it is necessary he doesn't hesitate, though I can't imagine why it should be necessary. I think that *au fond* he bores Eunice a little; like many girls of the delicate, sensitive kind, she likes older, more confident men.

May 24.—He has just made me a remarkable communication! This morning I went into the Park in quest of a "bit," with some colors and brushes in a small box, and that wonderfully compressible camp-stool, which I can carry in my pocket. I wandered vaguely enough, for half an hour, through the carefully arranged scenery, the idea of which appears to be to represent the earth's surface *en raccourci*, and at last discovered a small clump of birches which, with their white stems and their little raw green bristles, were not altogether uninspiring. The place was quiet—there were no nurse-maids nor bicycles; so I took up a position and enjoyed an hour's successful work. At last I heard some one say behind me, "I think I ought to tell you I'm looking!" It was Adrian Frank, who had recognized me at a distance, and, without my hearing him, had walked across the grass to where I sat. This time I couldn't leave him, for I hadn't finished my sketch. He sat down near me, on an artistically preserved rock, and we ended by having a good deal of talk—in which, however, I did the listening, for I can't express myself in two ways at once. What I listened to was this—that Mr. Caliph wishes his step-brother to "make up" to Eunice, and that the candid Adrian wishes to know what I think of his chances.

"Are you in love with her?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, no! If I were in love with her I should go straight in, without—without this sort of thing."

"You mean without asking people's opinion?"

"Well, yes. Without asking even yours."

I told him that he needn't say "even" mine; for mine would not be worth much. His announcement rather startled me at first; but after I had thought of it a little, I found in it a good deal to admire. I have seen so many "arranged" marriages that have been happy, and so many "sympathetic" unions that have been wretched, that the political element doesn't altogether shock me. Of course, I can't imagine Eunice making a political marriage, and I said to Mr. Frank, very promptly, that she might consent if she

could be induced to love him, but would never be governed in her choice by his advantages. I said "advantages" in order to be polite; the singular number would have served all the purpose. His only advantage is his fortune; for he has neither looks, talents, nor position that would dazzle a girl who is herself clever and rich. This, then, is what Mr. Caliph has had in his head all this while—this is what has made him so anxious that we should like his step-brother. I have an idea that I ought to be rather scandalized, but I feel my pulse and find that I am almost pleased. I don't mean at the idea of her marrying poor Mr. Frank; I mean at such an indication that Mr. Caliph takes an interest in her. I don't know whether it is one of the regular duties of a trustee to provide the trustful with a husband; perhaps in that case his merit may be less. I suppose he has said to himself that, if she marries his step-brother, she won't marry a worse man. Of course, it is possible that he may not have thought of Eunice at all, and may simply have wished the guileless Adrian to do a good thing, without regard to Eunice's point of view. I am afraid that even this idea doesn't shock me. Trying to make people marry is, under any circumstances, an unscrupulous game; but the offense is minimized when it is a question of an honest man's marrying an angel. Eunice is the angel, and the young Adrian has all the air of being honest. It would, naturally, not be the union of her secret dreams, for the hero of those pure visions would have to be clever and distinguished. Mr. Frank is neither of these things, but I believe he is perfectly good. Of course, he is weak—to come and take a wife simply because his brother has told him to—or is he doing it simply for form, believing that she will never have him, that he consequently doesn't expose himself, and that he will therefore have on easy terms, since he seems to value it, the credit of having obeyed Mr. Caliph? Why he should value it is a matter between themselves, which I am not obliged to know. I don't think I care at all for the relations of men between themselves. Their relations with women are bad enough; but when there is no woman to save it a little—*merci!* I shouldn't think that the young Adrian would care to subject himself to a simple refusal, for it is not gratifying to receive the cold shoulder, even from a woman you don't want to marry. After all, he may want to marry her; there are all sorts of reasons in things. I told him I wouldn't undertake to do anything, and the more I think of it the less I am willing. It would be a weight off my mind to see her comfortably settled in life, beyond the possibility of marrying some highly varnished

brute—a fate in certain circumstances quite open to her. She is perfectly capable — with her folded angel's wings — of bestowing herself upon the baker, upon the fishmonger, if she was to take a fancy to him. The clever man of her dreams might beat her or get tired of her; but I am sure that Mr. Frank, if he should pronounce his marriage-vows, would keep them to the letter. From that to pushing her into his arms, however, is a long way. I went so far as to tell him that he had my good wishes; but I made him understand that I can give him no help. He sat for some time poking a hole in the earth with his stick and watching the operation. Then he said, with his wide, exaggerated smile—the one thing in his face that recalls his brother, though it is so different,—“I think I should like to try.” I felt rather sorry for him, and made him talk of something else; and we separated without his alluding to Eunice, though at the last he looked at me for a moment intently, with something on his lips which was probably a return to his idea. I stopped him; I told him I always required solitude for my finishing touches. He thinks me *brusque* and queer, but he went away. I don't know what he means to do; I am curious whether he will begin his siege. It can scarcely be said, as yet, to have begun—Eunice, at any rate, is all unconscious.

June 6.—Her unconsciousness is being rapidly dispelled; Mr. Frank has been here every day since I last wrote. He is a singular youth, and I don't make him out; I think there is more in him than I supposed at first. He doesn't bore us, and he has become, to a certain extent, one of the family. I like him very much, and he excites my curiosity. I don't quite see where he expects to come out. I mentioned some time back that Eunice had told me he made her uncomfortable; and now, if that continues, she appears to have resigned herself. He has asked her repeatedly to drive with him, and twice she has consented; he has a very pretty pair of horses, and a vehicle that holds but two persons. I told him I could give him no positive help, but I do leave them together. Of course, Eunice has noticed this—it is the only intimation I have given her that I am aware of his intentions. I have constantly expected her to say something, but she has said nothing, and it is possible that Mr. Frank is making an impression. He makes love very reasonably; evidently his idea is to be intensely gradual. Of course, it isn't gradual to come every day; but he does very little on any one occasion. That, at least, is my impression; for when I talk of his making love

I don't mean that I see it. When the three of us are together he talks to me quite as much as to her, and there is no difference in his manner from one of us to the other. His shyness is wearing off, and he blushes so much less that I have discovered his natural hue. It has several shades less of crimson than I supposed. I have taken care that he should not see me alone, for I don't wish him to talk to me of what he is doing—I wish to have nothing to say about it. He has looked at me several times in the same way in which he looked just before we parted, that day he found me sketching in the Park; that is, as if he wished to have some special understanding with me. But I don't want a special understanding, and I pretend not to see his looks. I don't exactly see why Eunice doesn't speak to me, and why she expresses no surprise at Mr. Frank's sudden devotion. Perhaps Mr. Caliph has notified her, and she is prepared for everything—prepared even to accept the young Adrian. I have an idea he will be rather taken in if she does. Perhaps the day will come soon when I shall think it well to say: “Take care, take care; you *may* succeed!” He improves on acquaintance; he knows a great many things, and he is a gentleman to his finger-tips. We talk very often about Rome; he has made out every inscription for himself, and has got them all written down in a little book. He brought it the other afternoon and read some of them out to us, and it was more amusing than it may sound. I listen to such things because I can listen to anything about Rome; and Eunice listens, possibly because Mr. Caliph had told her to. She appears ready to do anything he tells her; he has been sending her some more papers to sign. He has not been here since the day he gave me the flowers; he went back to Washington shortly after that. She has received several letters from him, accompanying documents that look very legal. She has said nothing to me about them; and since I uttered those words of warning, which I noted here at the time, I have asked no questions and offered no criticism. Sometimes I wonder whether I myself had not better speak to Mrs. Ermine; it is only the fear of being idiotic and meddlesome that restrains me. It seems to me so odd there should be no one else; Mr. Caliph appears to have everything in his own hands. We are to go down to our “seat,” as Mrs. Ermine says, next week. That brilliant woman has left town herself, like many other people, and is staying with one of her daughters. Then she is going to the other, and then she is coming to Eunice, at Cornerville.

(To be continued.)

THE CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

AN EXTRACT FROM A NARRATIVE, WRITTEN NOT FOR PUBLICATION, BUT FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF MY CHILDREN ONLY.

* * * * *

In anticipation of the capture of Richmond, the President had decided to remove his family to a place of probable security. He desired, however, to keep them as near as might be to the position General Lee intended to occupy when obliged to withdraw from the lines around Richmond and Petersburg. Charlotte, North Carolina, was selected for the purpose; and I was requested to accompany Mrs. Davis and the children on their journey.

We started from Richmond in the evening of the Friday before the city was evacuated. The President accompanied us to the cars; and after the ladies had taken their seats, but while we were still at the station of the Danville railroad, awaiting the signal for the train to move, he walked a short distance aside with me, and gave his final instructions in nearly or quite these words:

"My latest information from General Lee is, that Sheridan has been ordered to move with his cavalry to our right flank and to tear up the railroad; he is to remain there, destroying as much of the railroad as he can, until driven off by Hampton or by the lack of supplies; he is then to rejoin Grant in front of Petersburg if possible; otherwise, to go to Sherman in North Carolina. After establishing Mrs. Davis at Charlotte, you will return to Richmond as soon as you can."

I may here remark that, when a prisoner in Washington, in the following July, I one day got possession of a piece of a newspaper containing a part of the report, made by General Sheridan, of the operations under his command known as the "Battle of Five Forks." I remember the impression it gave me of the accuracy and freshness of General Lee's intelligence from General Grant's head-quarters, when I read, that day in prison, Sheridan's own statement showing that his orders were to move with cavalry only, to make a raid on the railroad on General Lee's right flank, and, when driven off, to return to Petersburg if he could, otherwise to join Sherman; and that it was during the night, when he was about to move with the cavalry only, that General Grant notified him of a change of plan, afterward giving him the corps of infantry with which the battle was actually fought.

Bidding good-bye to the President, we got away from Richmond about ten o'clock. It was a special train. Our party consisted of Mrs. Davis, Miss Howell (her sister), the four children, Ellen (the mulatto maid-servant), and James Jones (the mulatto coachman). With us were also the daughters of Mr. Trenholm, the Secretary of the Treasury, on their way to South Carolina, under the escort of midshipman James M. Morgan. That young gentleman was then engaged to Miss Trenholm, and afterward married her. There were no other passengers, and the train consisted of only two or three cars. In one of them, the coachman had the two carriage horses recently presented to Mrs. Davis by several gentlemen of Richmond. She had owned and used them for several years; but during the preceding winter the President's household had felt the pressure of the "hard times" even more than before; he had sold all his own horses except the one he usually rode; and, being in need of the money these would fetch, Mrs. Davis had, some time afterward, sold them also through a dealer. The afternoon of the sale, however, they were returned to the stable with a kind letter to her from Mr. James Lyons and a number of other prominent gentlemen, the purchasers, begging her to accept the horses as a gift in token of their regard. The price they had paid for the pair was, I think, twelve thousand dollars—a sum which dwindles somewhat when stated to have been in Confederate currency (worth, at that time, only some fifty for one in gold), and representing about two hundred and forty dollars in good money.

It illustrates the then condition of the railways and means of transportation in the Confederate States, that, after proceeding twelve or fifteen miles, our locomotive proved unable to take us over a slight up-grade. We came to a dead halt, and remained there all night. The next day was well advanced when Burksville Junction was reached; and I there telegraphed to the President the accounts received from the battle between Sheridan and Pickett.

It was Sunday morning before we arrived at Danville. While preparations were making there to send on our train toward Charlotte, Morgan and I took a walk through the town and made a visit to the residence of Major

Sutherlin, the most conspicuous house in Danville. The train got off again by midday, but did not reach Charlotte until Tuesday. At Charlotte, we were courteously entertained for a day or two by Mr. Weil, an Israelite, a merchant of the town.

Communication had been so interrupted that we did not hear of the evacuation of Richmond until Mrs. Davis received a telegram, on Wednesday, from the President at Danville, merely announcing that he was there.

As soon as I could do so, and when we had comfortably established Mrs. Davis and her family in the house provided for them, I returned to Danville and joined the President. With several members of his cabinet, he was a guest at Major Sutherlin's house, where I arrived late in the evening, and spent the night.

A report coming in that the enemy's cavalry was approaching from the westward, the hills around Danville, where earth-works had already been thrown up, were manned by the officers and men that had constituted the Confederate navy in and near Richmond; and command of the force was given to Admiral Semmes (of the *Alabama*), who was made a brigadier-general for the nonce.

The several bureaus of the War Department, and perhaps several of the other departments, had arranged quarters for themselves in the town, and were organizing for regular work. A separate and commodious house had been provided (I think by the town authorities) as a head-quarters for the President and his personal staff; and Mr. M. H. Clark, our chief clerk, had already established himself there and was getting things in order. It was only the next afternoon, however, after my return to Danville, that the President received a communication informing him of the surrender by General Lee of the army of Northern Virginia, and gave orders for an immediate withdrawal into North Carolina. Under his directions, we set to work at once to arrange for a railway train to convey the more important officers of the Government and such others as could be got aboard, with our luggage and as much material as it was desired to carry along, including the boxes of papers that had belonged to the executive office in Richmond. With the coöperation of the officers of the Quartermaster's Department, the train was, with difficulty, got ready; and the guards I placed upon it excluded all persons and material not specially authorized by me to go aboard. Of course, a multitude was anxious to embark, and the guards were kept busy in repelling them.

As I stood in front of our head-quarters,

superintending the removal of luggage and boxes to the train, two officers rode up, their horses spattered with mud, and asked for the news. I told them of the surrender of General Lee's army, and inquired who they were and whence they had come. They had ridden from Richmond, and were just arrived, having made a wide detour from the direct road, to avoid capture by the enemy. One of them was a colonel from Tennessee. He expressed great eagerness to get on as rapidly as possible toward home. I remarked upon the freshness and spirit of his horse, and asked where he had got so good a steed. He said the horse belonged to a gentleman in Richmond, whose name he did not recollect, but who had asked him, in the confusion of the evacuation, to take the horse out to his son—then serving on General Ewell's staff. He added that, as General Ewell and staff had all been captured, he did not know what to do with the horse, and should be glad to turn him over to some responsible person—exactng an obligation to account to the owner. I said I should be glad to have the horse, and would cheerfully assume all responsibilities. The colonel rode off, but returned in a short time. He had tried to get on the railway train, but found he couldn't do it without an order from me; whereby he remarked that, if I would furnish such an order, he would accept my proposition about the horse. The arrangement was made immediately, and the colonel became a passenger on the train, which also conveyed my horse, with others belonging to the President and his staff.

That horse did me noble service, and I became very much attached to him. Further on, I shall tell the sad fate that befell him. Long afterward, I ascertained the owner was Mr. Edmond, of Richmond, with whom I had a conversation on the subject, when I was there attending upon the proceedings in the United States Court for the release of Mr. Davis from prison upon bail. I related the adventures of his steed, and offered to pay for him; but Mr. Edmond promptly and very generously said he could not think of taking pay for the horse; that the loss was but an incident of the loss of everything else we had all suffered in the result of the war, and that his inquiries had been made only because the animal was a great pet with the children, and they were all anxious to know his fate.

Among the people who besieged me for permits to enter the train was General R—, with several daughters and one or more of his staff officers. He had been on duty

in the "torpedo bureau," and had with him what he considered a valuable collection of fuses and other explosives. I distrusted such luggage as that, though the General confidently asserted it was quite harmless. I told him he couldn't go with us—there was no room for him. He succeeded at last, however, in getting access to the President, who had served with him, long years before, in the army; in kindness to an old friend, Mr. Davis finally said I had better make room for the General, and he himself took one of the daughters to share his own seat. That young lady was of a loquacity irrepressible; she plied her neighbor diligently—about the weather, and upon every other topic of common interest—asking him, too, a thousand trivial questions. The train could not yet be got to move; the fires in the locomotive wouldn't burn well, or some other difficulty delayed us; and there we all were, in our seats, crowded together, waiting to be off, full of gloom at the situation, wondering what would happen next, and all as silent as mourners at a funeral; all except, indeed, the General's daughter, who prattled on in a voice everybody heard. She seemed quite unconscious of the impatience Mr. Davis, evidently to everybody else, felt for her and her conversation. In the midst of it all, a sharp explosion occurred very near the President, and a young man was seen to bounce into the air, clapping both hands to the seat of his trousers. We all sprang to our feet in alarm, but presently found that it was only an officer of General R——'s staff, who had sat down rather abruptly upon the flat top of a stove (still standing in the car, but without a fire), and that the explosion was made by one of the torpedo appliances he was carrying in his coat-tail pocket.

Among the servants at the President's house in Richmond had been one called Spencer. He was the slave of somebody in the town, but made himself a member of our household, and couldn't be got rid of. Spencer was inefficient, unsightly, and unclean,—a black Caliban,—and had the manners of a corn-field ducky. He always called Mr. Davis "Marse Jeff," and was the only one of the domestics who used that style of address. I fancy the amusement Mr. Davis felt at that was the real explanation of the continued sufferance extended to the fellow by the family for a year or more. Spencer would often go to the door to answer the bell, and almost invariably denied that Mr. Davis was at home. The visitor sometimes entered the hall, notwithstanding, and asked to have his name sent up; whereupon Spencer generally lost his temper and remarked, "I tell you,

sir, Marse Jeff 'clines to see you"; and unless somebody came to the rescue, the intruder rarely got any further. This Spencer had accompanied the party from Richmond to Danville, but had made the journey in a box-car with a drunken officer, who beat him. The African was overwhelmed with disgust at such treatment, and announced in Danville that he should go no further if —— was to be of the party. When he had learned, however, that his enemy (being in a delirium and unable to be moved) was to be left behind at Danville, Spencer cheerfully reported at the train, and asked for transportation. I assigned him to a box-car with the parcels of fuses, etc., put aboard by General R——; and he had not yet made himself comfortable there, when somebody mischievously told him those things would certainly explode and blow him to "kingdom come." The ducky fled immediately, and demanded of me other quarters. I told him he couldn't travel in any other car; and that, happily, relieved us of his company. Mournfully remarking, "Den Marse Jeff'll have to take keer of hisself," Spencer, the valiant and faithful, bade me good-bye, and said he should return to Richmond!

We halted for several days at Greensboro' for consultation with General Joseph E. Johnston, whose army was then confronting Sherman. The people in that part of North Carolina had not been zealous supporters of the Confederate Government; and, so long as we remained in the State, we observed their indifference to what should become of us. It was rarely that anybody asked one of us to his house; and but few of them had the grace even to explain their fear that, if they entertained us, their houses would be burned by the enemy, when his cavalry should get there.

During the halt at Greensboro' most of us lodged day and night in the very uncomfortable railway cars we had arrived in. The possessor of a large house in the town, and perhaps the richest and most conspicuous of the residents, came indeed effusively to the train, but carried off only Mr. Trenholm, the Secretary of the Treasury. This hospitality was explained by the information that the host was the alarmed owner of many of the bonds, and of much of the currency, of the Confederate States, and that he hoped to cajole the Secretary into exchanging a part of the "Treasury gold" for some of those securities. It appeared that we were reputed to have many millions of gold with us. Mr. Trenholm was ill during most or all of the time at the house of his

warm-hearted host, and the symptoms were said to be greatly aggravated, if not caused, by importunities with regard to that gold.

Colonel John Taylor Wood, of our staff, had, some time before, removed his family to Greensboro' from Richmond, and took the President (who would otherwise have probably been left with us in the cars) to share his quarters near by. The Woods were boarding, and their rooms were few and small. The entertainment they were able to offer their guest was meager, and was distinguished by very little comfort either to him or to them, the people of the house continually and vigorously insisting to the colonel and his wife, the while, that Mr. Davis must go away, saying they were unwilling to have the vengeance of Stoneman's cavalry brought upon them by his presence in their house.

The alarm of these good people was not allayed when they ascertained, one day, that General Joseph E. Johnston, with General Breckinridge (Secretary of War), General Beauregard, Mr. Benjamin (Secretary of State), Mr. Mallory (Secretary of the Navy), Mr. Reagan (Postmaster-General), and perhaps one or two other members of the cabinet and officers of the army, were with the President, in Colonel Wood's rooms, holding a council of war.

That route through North Carolina had been for some time the only line of communication between Virginia and Georgia and the Gulf States. The roads and towns were full of officers and privates from those Southern States, belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia. Many of them had been home on furlough, and were returning to the army when met by the news of General Lee's surrender; others were stragglers from their commands. All were now going home, and, as some of the bridges south of Greensboro' had been burned by the enemy's cavalry, and the railways throughout the southern country generally were interrupted, of course everybody wanted the assistance of a horse or mule on his journey. Few had any scruples as to how to get one.

I remember that a band of eight or ten young Mississippians, at least one of them an officer (now a prominent lawyer in New Orleans), and several of them personally known to me, offered themselves at Greensboro' as an escort for the President. Until something definite should be known, however, as to our future movements, I was unable to say whether they could be of service in that capacity. After several days of waiting, they decided for themselves. Arousing me in the small hours of the night, their self-constituted commander said

if I had any orders or suggestions to give they should be glad to have them on the spot, as, otherwise, it had become expedient to move on immediately. I asked what had happened. He showed me the horses they had that night secured by "pressing" them from neighboring farmers, and particularly his own mount, a large and handsome dapple-gray stallion, in excellent condition. I congratulated him on his thrift, and in an instant they were off in a gallop through the mud. The President's horses, my own, and those belonging to the other gentlemen of our immediate party, were tied within a secure inclosure while we remained at Greensboro', and were guarded by the men (about a dozen) who, having received wounds disabling them for further service in the field, had acted as sentinels during the last year at the President's house in Richmond, under the command of a gallant young officer who had lost an arm.

The utmost vigilance was necessary, from this time on, in keeping possession of a good horse. I remember that at Charlotte, some days later, Colonel Burnett, senator from Kentucky, told me he had just come very near losing his mare. He had left her for a little while at a large stable where there were many other horses. Going back after a short absence, Burnett noticed a rakish-looking fellow walking along the stalls, and carefully observing the various horses until he came to the mare, when, after a moment's consideration, he called out to a negro rubbing down a neighboring horse: "Boy, saddle my mare here; and be quick about it." The negro answered, "Aye, aye, sir," and was about to obey, when the senator stepped up, saying: "My friend, you are evidently a judge of horseflesh; and I feel rather complimented that, after looking through the whole lot, you have selected my mare!" The chap coolly replied, "Oh! is that your mare, Colonel?" and walked off. When we had laughed over the story, I asked Burnett, "Well, and where is she now?" "Oh," said he, "I sha'n't trust her out of my sight again; and Gus Henry is holding her for me down at the corner until I can get back there." The person thus familiarly spoken of as "Gus" Henry, then acting as a hostler for his friend, was the venerable and distinguished senator from Tennessee, with all of the stateliness and much of the eloquence of his kinsman, Patrick Henry, the great orator of Virginia.

At Greensboro' were large stores of supplies belonging to the quartermaster and commissary departments. These were to be kept together until it could be ascertained whether General Johnston's army would need them. I recollect, as one of the incidents of

our sojourn there, that, after many threats during several days to do so, a formidable attack was made by men belonging to a cavalry regiment upon one of the depots where woolen cloths (I think) were stored. They charged down the road in considerable force, with yells and an occasional shot; but the "Home Guards," stationed at the store-house, stood firm, and received the attack with a well directed volley. I saw a number of saddles emptied, and the cavalry retreat in confusion. Notwithstanding the utmost vigilance of the officers, however, pilfering from the stores went on briskly all the time; and I fancy that, immediately after we left, there was a general scramble for what remained of the supplies.

From Greensboro', at this time, a railway train was dispatched toward Raleigh with a number of prisoners, to be exchanged, if possible, for some of our own men then in General Sherman's hands. They were in charge of Major William H. Norris, of Baltimore (Chief of the Signal Corps), and Major W. D. Hennen. The latter had, before the war, been a distinguished member of the New Orleans bar, and has since been at the bar in New York. Those two officers were at Yale College together in their youth, and had shared in many a frolic in Paris and other gay places. They evidently regarded this expedition with the prisoners as a huge "lark." The train moved off with a flag of truce flying from the locomotive. When, a day or two afterward, they approached the enemy's lines, the prisoners all got out of the cars and ran off to their friends, and Norris and Hennen were themselves made prisoners! Indignant at such treatment, they addressed a communication to the commanding officer (Schofield, I think), demanding to know why they were treated as prisoners, and why their flag had not been respected. Schofield considered the Confederate Government was now no more, and asked what flag they referred to. This gave Hennen a great opportunity, and he overpowered the enemy with a reply full of his most fervid eloquence: "What flag? The flag before which the 'star-spangled banner' has been ignominiously trailed in the dust of a thousand battle-fields! The flag that has driven from the ocean the commerce of the United States! The flag which will live in history as long as the heroic achievements of patriotic men are spoken of among the nations! The glorious, victorious, and immortal flag of the Confederate States of America!"

We moved southward on, I think, the day following the council of war held with General Johnston, starting from Greensboro' in

the afternoon. The President, those of us who constituted his immediate staff, and some members of the cabinet, were mounted. Others rode in ambulances, army wagons, or such conveyances as could be got. Almost at the last minute I was told I must provide an ambulance for Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State. His figure was not well adapted for protracted riding, and he had firmly announced that he should not mount a horse until obliged to.*

By good fortune, I was able to secure an ambulance; but the horses were old and broken down, of a dirty gray color, and with spots like fly-bites all over them,—and the harness was not good. There was no choice, however, and into that ambulance got Mr. Benjamin, General Samuel Cooper (Adjutant General, and ranking officer of the whole army), Mr. George Davis (of North Carolina, Attorney-General), and Mr. Jules St. Martin, Benjamin's brother-in-law.

By the time they got off, the front of our column had been some time in motion, and the President had ridden down the road. Heavy rains had recently fallen, the earth was saturated with water, the soil was a sticky red clay, the mud was awful, and the road, in places, almost impracticable. The wheeled vehicles could move but slowly; and it was only by sometimes turning into the fields and having St. Martin and the Attorney-General get out to help the horses with an occasional fence-rail under the axles, that their party got along at all—so difficult was the road because of the mud, and so formidable were the holes made during the winter, and deepened by the artillery and heavy wagons that day. I was near them from time to time, and rendered what assistance I could. Darkness came on after awhile, and nearly or quite everybody in the column passed ahead of that ambulance. Having been kept latterly in the rear by something detaining me, I observed, as I rode

* That he could handle a steed in an emergency was very well known, and was afterward shown when he dexterously got himself into the saddle upon a tall horse, and, with short legs hanging but an inconsiderable distance toward the ground, rode gayly off with the others of the President's following until, after their night march from Abbeville, South Carolina, across the Savannah River, sniffing the danger of longer continuance with so large a party, he set out alone for the sea-coast, whence he escaped (to Bermuda and Havana, I think, and finally) to England. I am told that in his pocket, when he started, was a document from one of the assistants to the adjutant-general of the army, certifying the bearer to be a French citizen, entitled to travel without hinderance, and ordering all Confederate officers and pickets to let him pass freely; and that it was understood that if he should encounter inquisitive detachments of the United States forces, he was to be unable to talk any other language than French, which he speaks like a native. So long as he remained with us his cheery good humor, and readiness to adapt

forward, the tilted hind-part of an ambulance stuck in the mud in the middle of the road, and recognized the voices inside, as I drew rein for a moment to chuckle at their misfortunes. The horses were blowing like two rusty fog-horns; Benjamin was scolding the driver for not going on; that functionary was stoically insisting they could proceed no whit further, because the horses were broken down; and General Cooper (faithful old gentleman, he had been in Richmond throughout our war, and had not known since the Seminole war what it is to "rough it") was grumbling about the impudence of a subordinate officer ("only a brigadier-general, sir"). It seems the offender had thrust himself into the seat in another ambulance drawn by good horses, that was intended for the Adjutant-General. Getting alongside, I could see the front wheels were over the hubs in a hole; the hind legs of the horses were in the same hole, up to the hocks; and the feet of the driver hung down almost into the mud. Mud and water were deep all around them, and their plight was pitiful indeed! They plucked up their spirits only when I offered to get somebody to pull them out. Riding forward, I found an artillery camp, where some of the men volunteered to go back with horses and haul the ambulance up the hill; and, returning to them again, I could see from afar the occasional bright glow of Benjamin's cheerful cigar. While the others of the party were perfectly silent, Benjamin's silvery voice was presently heard as he rhythmically intoned, for their comfort, verse after verse of Tennyson's ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington! The laureate would have enjoyed the situation could he have heard the appreciative rendering of his noble poem—under the circumstances of that moment!

Reaching the house at the top of the hill, we halted on hearing that the President

himself to the requirements of all emergencies, made him a most agreeable comrade. He is now a Queen's Counsel in London, and has just retired from the active work of a great and lucrative practice in all the courts there, after a career of singular interest. He was born, in 1812, in one of the British West India possessions, the ship, conveying his parents to this country from England, having put in there on learning at sea of the declaration of war by the United States. At Yale College when a boy; at the bar in New Orleans; in the Senate of the United States, from Louisiana; at first attorney-general, next secretary of war, and finally secretary of state of the Confederate States, at Richmond. When he was recently entertained at dinner, in the beautiful Inner Temple Hall (surrounded by the portraits of the most illustrious of those who have given dignity to the profession in the past), the bench and bar of the United Kingdom were assembled to do him special honor; about two hundred sat at the table; the Attorney-General presided, as leader of the bar of England; the Lord Chancellor and the Lord

and his party, including General Breckinridge, were the guests of the hospitable owner, and that we were expected to join them. There we had the first good meal encountered since leaving Virginia, and when bed-time came a great bustling was made to enable us all to sleep within doors, though the house was too small to afford many beds. A big negro man, with a candle in hand, then came into the room where we were gathered about a huge fire. Looking us over, he solemnly selected General Cooper, and, with much deference, escorted him into the "guest-chamber" through a door opening from the room we occupied. We could see the great soft bed and snowy white linen the old gentleman was to enjoy, and all rejoiced in the comfort they promised to aged bones, that for a week had been racked in the cars. The negro gravely shut the door upon his guest, and, walking through our company, disappeared. He came back after awhile with wood for our fire; and one of us asked him, "Aren't you going to give the President a room?" "Yes, sir, I done put him in thar," pointing to the "guest-chamber," where General Cooper was luxuriating in delights procured for him by the mistaken notion of the darky that he was Mr. Davis! The President and one or two others were presently provided for elsewhere, and the rest of us bestowed ourselves to slumber on the floor, before the roaring fire.

A better team for Benjamin's party was furnished next morning; and, just as we were about to start, our host generously insisted upon presenting to Mr. Davis a filly, already broken to saddle. She was a beauty, and the owner had kept her locked for several days in the cellar, the only place he considered safe against horse-thieves.

The next night we bivouacked in a pine grove near Lexington, and were overtaken there by dispatches from General Joseph E. Johnston, with information of his arrange-

Chief Justice were among those who spoke to toasts, and if there was any speech more graceful and striking than those made by them, it was the reply of Mr. Benjamin himself, with singular modesty and felicity, to the words of praise he had just heard from the eloquent Attorney-General. Lord Chancellor Selborne then said of him: "If I had to speak of Mr. Benjamin only as an English barrister, as I have known him from the bench, I should say that no man, within my recollection, has possessed greater learning, or displayed greater shrewdness or ability, or greater zeal for the interests intrusted to him, than he has exhibited. (Cheers.) To these high qualities he has united one still higher—the highest sense of honor, united with the greatest kindness and generosity (cheers), and the greatest geniality in his intercourse with all the branches of the profession. (Loud cheers.) That we should no longer have the benefit of his assistance and the light of his example, is a loss to us all. (Cheers.)"

ment for negotiations with General Sherman. General Breckinridge and Mr. Reagan (the Postmaster-General) were thereupon directed by the President to proceed immediately to General Johnston's head-quarters for consultation with that officer, and with large discretion as to what should be agreed to. They set off instantly.

In Lexington and in Salisbury we experienced the same cold indifference on the part of the people, first encountered at Greensboro', except that at Salisbury Mr. Davis was invited to the house of a clergyman, where he slept. Salisbury had been entered a few days before by a column of the enemy's cavalry (said to be Stoneman's), and the streets showed many evidences of the havoc they had wrought. With one or two others, I passed the night on the clergyman's front piazza as a guard for the President.

During all this march Mr. Davis was singularly equable and cheerful; he seemed to have had a great load taken from his mind, to feel relieved of responsibilities, and his conversation was bright and agreeable. He talked of men and of books, particularly of Walter Scott and Byron; of horses and dogs and sports; of the woods and the fields; of trees and many plants; of roads, and how to make them; of the habits of birds, and of a variety of other topics. His familiarity with, and correct taste in, the English literature of the last generation, his varied experiences in life, his habits of close observation, and his extraordinary memory, made him a charming companion when disposed to talk.

Indeed, like Mark Tapley, we were all in good spirits under adverse circumstances; and I particularly remember the entertaining conversation of Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy.

Not far from Charlotte, I sent forward a courier with a letter to Major Echols, the quartermaster of that post, asking him to inform Mrs. Davis of our approach, and to provide quarters for as many of us as possible. The major rode out to the outskirts of the town, and there met us with the information that Mrs. Davis and her family had hastily proceeded toward South Carolina several days before. He didn't know where she was to be found; but said she had fled when the railway south of Greensboro' had been cut by the enemy's cavalry. The major then took me aside and explained that, though quarters could be furnished for the rest of us, he had as yet been able to find only one person willing to receive Mr. Davis, saying the people generally were afraid that whoever entertained him would have his house burned by the enemy; that, indeed, it was understood threats to that effect

had been made everywhere by Stoneman's cavalry.

There seemed to be nothing to do but to go to the one domicile offered. It was on the main street of the town, and was occupied by Mr. Bates, a man said to be of northern birth, a bachelor of convivial habits, the local agent of the Southern Express Company, apparently living alone with his negro servants, and keeping a sort of "open house," where a broad, well equipped sideboard was the most conspicuous feature of the situation — not at all a seemly place for Mr. Davis.

Just as we had entered the house, Mr. Davis received by courier from General Breckinridge, at General Sherman's head-quarters, the intelligence that President Lincoln had been assassinated; and, when he communicated it to us, everybody's remark was that, in Lincoln, the Southern States had lost their only refuge in their then emergency. There was no expression other than of surprise and regret. As yet, we knew none of the particulars of the crime.

Presently, the street was filled by a column of cavalry (the command, I think, of General Basil Duke, of Kentucky) just entering the town. As they rode past the house, the men waved their flags and hurraed for "Jefferson Davis." Many of them halted before the door, and, in dust and uproar, called loudly for a speech from him. I was in the crowd, gathered thick about the steps, and not more than ten feet from the door. Mr. Davis stood on the threshold and made a very brief reply to their calls for a speech. I distinctly heard every word he said. He merely thanked the soldiers for their cordial greetings; paid a high compliment to the gallantry and efficiency of the cavalry from the State in which the regiment before him had been recruited; expressed his own determination not to despair of the Confederacy, but to remain with the last organized band upholding the flag; and then excused himself from further remarks, pleading the fatigue of travel. He said nothing more. Somebody else (Mr. Johnson, I think, a prominent resident there) read aloud the dispatch from General Breckinridge about the assassination of President Lincoln, but no reference was made to it in Mr. Davis's speech. There was no other speech, and the crowd soon dispersed.*

Colonel John Taylor Wood, Colonel Will-

* In pursuance of the scheme of Stanton and Holt to fasten upon Mr. Davis charges of a guilty foreknowledge of, if not participation in, the murder of Mr. Lincoln, Bates was afterward carried to Washington and made to testify (before the military tribunal, I believe, where the murderers were on trial) to something about that speech.

As I recollect the reports of the testimony, published

iam Preston Johnston, and Colonel Frank R. Lubbock, staff officers, remained in Bates's house with the President. There was no room for more. I was carried off by my Hebrew friend Weil and most kindly entertained, with Mr. Benjamin and St. Martin, at his residence.

On Sunday (the next day, I think), a number of us attended service at the Episcopal Church, and heard the rector preach vigorously about the sad condition of the country, and in reprobation of the folly and wickedness of the assassination of President Lincoln. As Mr. Davis walked away, after the sermon, with Colonel Johnston and me, he said, with a smile, "I think the preacher directed his remarks at me; and he really seems to fancy I had something to do with the assassination." The suggestion was absurd. No man ever participated in a great war of revolution with less of disturbance of the nicest sense of perfect rectitude in conduct or opinion; his every utterance, act, and sentiment was with the strictest regard for all the moralities, throughout that troubled time when the passions of many people made them reckless or defiant of the opinions of mankind.

His cheerfulness continued in Charlotte, and I remember his there saying to me, "I *cannot* feel like a beaten man!" The halt at Charlotte was to await information from the army of General Johnston. After a few days, the President became nervously anxious about his wife and family. He had as yet heard nothing of their whereabouts, but asked me to proceed into South Carolina in search of them, suggesting that I should probably find them at Abbeville. He told me I must rely on my own judgment as to what course to pursue from there; that, for himself, he should make his way as rapidly as possible to the Trans-Mississippi Department, to join the army under Kirby Smith.

I started at once, taking my horse on the railway train to Chester. On the train chanced to be Captain Lingan, an officer from New Orleans, recently serving at Richmond as an assistant to the commissioner for the exchange of prisoners. He had his horse with him, and from Chester we rode together

across the country to Newberry, there to take the train again for Abbeville. In Chester the night was spent in the car that brought us there. On the march to Newberry we bivouacked. The weather was fine, and the houses surrounded by jessamines and other flowers. The people were very hospitable, and we fain to rely upon them. Nothing could be bought, because we had no money. Our Confederate currency was of no value now, and there was no other. Riding through a street of Newberry in search of the quartermaster's stable, Lingan and I were saluted by a lady, inquiring eagerly whence we had come, what the news was, and whether we knew anything of Mr. Trenholm, adding she had heard he was ill. The town was lovely, and this the most attractive house we had seen there. It had a broad piazza, with posts beautifully overgrown by vines and rose-bushes, and the grounds around were full of flowers. I replied I had just left Mr. Trenholm in Charlotte; that he had somewhat recovered; and that, if she would allow us to do so, we should be happy to return, after providing for our horses, and tell her the latest news. As we rode off, Lingan laughingly said, "Well, that secures us 'hospitable entertainment.'" And, sure enough, when we went back and introduced ourselves, we were cordially received by the mistress of the house, who invited us to dine. The lady we had seen on the piazza was only a visitor there for the moment. It was the residence of Mr. Boyd, the president of a bank, and when that gentleman presently came in he courteously insisted upon our making his house our home. An excellent dinner was served, and I was given what seemed to me the most delightful bed ever slept in. After a delicious breakfast next morning, Mrs. Boyd dispatched us to the train with a haversack full of bounties for the rest of the journey.

At Abbeville, Mrs. Davis and her family were the guests of the President's esteemed friends, Colonel and Mrs. Burt; and there, too, were the daughters of Mr. Trenholm, at the house of their brother. Abbeville was a beautiful place, on high ground; and the

at the time, they made the witness say that Mr. Davis had approved of the assassination, either explicitly or by necessary implication; and that he had added, "If it was to be done, it is well it was done quickly," or words to that effect. If any such testimony was given, it is false and without foundation; no comment upon or reference to the assassination was made in that speech. I have been told the witness has always stoutly insisted he never testified to anything of the kind, but that what he said was altogether perverted in the publication made by rascals in Washington. Colonel William Preston Johnston tells me he has seen another version of the story, and thinks Bates is understood to have fathered it in a publication

made in some newspaper after his visit to Washington; it represents Bates as saying that the words above mentioned as imputed to Mr. Davis were used by him, not, indeed, in the speech I have described, but in a conversation with Johnston at Bates's house. Johnston assures me that, in that shape, too, the story is false — that Mr. Davis never used such words in his presence, or any words at all like them. He adds that Mr. Davis remarked to him, at Bates's house, with reference to the assassination, that Mr. Lincoln would have been much more useful to the Southern States than Andrew Johnson, the successor, was likely to be; and I myself heard Mr. Davis express the same opinion at that period.

people lived in great comfort, their houses embowered in vines and roses, with many other flowers everywhere. We had now entered the "sunny South."

Mrs. Davis insisted upon starting without delay for the sea-coast, to get out of the reach of capture. She and her sister had heard dreadful stories of the treatment ladies had been subjected to in Georgia and the Carolinas by men in Sherman's army, and thought with terror of the possibility of falling into the hands of the enemy; indeed, she understood it to be the President's wish that she should hasten to seek safety in a foreign country. I explained to her the difficulties and hardships of the journey to the sea-coast, and suggested that we might be captured on the road, urging her to remain where she was until the place should be quietly occupied by United States troops, assuring her that some officer would take care that no harm should befall her, and adding that she would then be able to rejoin her friends. Colonel and Mrs. Burt (a niece of John C. Calhoun) added their entreaties to mine; and to her expression of unwillingness to subject them to the danger of having their house burned for sheltering her, Colonel Burt magnanimously replied that there was no better use to which his house could be put than to have it burned for giving shelter to the wife and family of his friend. But she persisted in her purpose, and begged me to be off immediately. It was finally decided to make our way to the neighborhood of Madison, Florida, as fast as possible, there to determine how best to get to sea.

We had no conveyance for the ladies, however, and were at a loss how to get one, until somebody told me that General John S. Williams, of Kentucky (now United States Senator from that State) was but a few miles from the town recruiting his health, and that he had a large and strong vehicle well adapted to the purpose. I rode out in the direction indicated, and discovered that officer at the house of a man called, queerly enough, "Jeff" Davis. General Williams evidently perceived that, if he allowed his wagon and horses (a fortune in those times) to go beyond his own reach, he would never see them again, such was the disorder throughout the country. But he gallantly devoted them to Mrs. Davis, putting his property at her service as far as Washington, Georgia, and designating the man to bring the wagon and horses back from there, if possible, to him at Abbeville. Whether he ever recovered them I have not learned; but they started back promptly after we had reached Washington.

Among the "refugees" in Abbeville was

the family of Judge Monroe, of Kentucky. At their house were Lieutenant Hathaway, Mr. Monroe, and Mr. Messick,—Kentuckians all, and then absent from their command in the cavalry, on sick leave, I think. These three young gentlemen were well mounted, and volunteered to serve as an escort for Mrs. Davis.

We started the morning of the second day after I arrived at Abbeville, and had not reached the Savannah River when it was reported that small-pox prevailed in the country. All the party had been vaccinated except one of the President's children. Halting at a house near the road, Mrs. Davis had the operation performed by the planter, who got a fresh scab from the arm of a little negro called up for the purpose.

At Washington, we halted for two nights and the intervening day. Mrs. Davis and her family were comfortably lodged in the town. I was the guest of Dr. Robertson, the cashier of a bank, and living under the same roof with the offices of that institution. Here, too, was my friend Major Thomas W. Hall (now a busy and eminent member of the Baltimore bar), talking rather despondingly of the future, and saying he did not know what he should do with himself. After we had discussed the situation, however, he brightened up, with the remark that he thought he should write a book about the war. I comforted him with the observation that that would be just the thing; and that, as we ought all to have a steady occupation in life, if he would write a book, I should try to read it!

Near the town was a quartermaster's camp, where I selected three or four army wagons, each with a team of four good mules, and the best harness to be got. A driver for each team, and several supernumeraries, friends of theirs, were recruited there, with the promise, on my part, that the wagons and mules should be divided between them when at our journey's end. These men were all, I believe, from southern Mississippi, and, by volunteering with us, were not going far out of their own way home.

It was night-fall when these arrangements were completed, and I immediately moved my teams and wagons to a separate bivouac in the woods, apart; a wise precaution, for, during the night, some men, on the way to their homes in the far South-west, "raided" the quartermaster's camp and carried off all the best mules found there. Senator Wigfall, of Texas, had allowed to remain in the camp some mules he intended for his own use; the next day they were all missing.*

* A story told afterward well illustrates Wigfall's audacity, resources, and wit. It seems that he made

Into the wagons, next morning, we put Mrs. Davis's luggage, a few muskets with ammunition, two light tents for the ladies and children, and utensils for cooking, with supplies for ourselves and feed for the animals supposed to be sufficient to take us to Madison. As most of the country we were to pass through had been recently devastated by Sherman's army, or was pine woods, sparsely inhabited, these things were necessary.

We had expected to leave Washington with only the party we arrived with, consisting of Mrs. Davis, Miss Howell, the four children, Ellen, James Jones with the two carriage horses, the three Kentuckians, and myself,—adding only the teamsters. But, at Washington we were acceptably reinforced by Captain Moody, of Port Gibson, Mississippi, and Major Victor Maurin, of Louisiana. Both had served with the artillery in Virginia, had been home on leave, and had reached Augusta, Georgia, on their return to duty. Hearing there of the surrender of the army, they set out for home together, and met us at Washington, where Captain Moody kindly placed his light, covered wagon at the service of Mrs. Davis; and he and Major Maurin joined our party as an additional escort for her. Captain Moody had with him, I think, a negro servant.

In Washington, at that time, were Judge Crump, of Richmond (Assistant Secretary of the Treasury), and several of his clerks. They had been sent by Mr. Trenholm in advance, with some of the (not very large amount of) gold brought out of Richmond. The specie was in the vaults of the bank at Washington, and I did not hear of it until late at night. We were to start in the morning; and, as nobody in our party had a penny of the money needed to prosecute the intended exit from the country, I was determined to get some of that gold.

One of the Treasury clerks went with me to the house where Judge Crump was; we got him out of bed; and, after a long argument and much entreaty, the Assistant Secretary gave me an order for a few hundred

dollars in gold for Mrs. Davis, and one hundred and ten dollars for myself. The amounts were to be charged to the President and me, as upon account of our official salaries. Armed with the order, my friend the clerk got the money for us that night.

The last two people I talked to in Washington were General Robert Toombs, who resides there, and General Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky.

The latter was enormously fat. He had been in public life for many years, and was one of the notables of his State. As I waited while my horse was shod, he sat down beside me in a door-way on the Square, and, though I was but a slender youth, almost squeezed the breath out of my body in doing so. He discussed the situation, and ended with, "Well, Harrison, in all my days I never knew a government to go to pieces in *this* way," emphasizing the words as though his pathway through life had been strewn with the wrecks of empires, comminuted indeed, but nothing like this! The next time I saw him, we were in New Orleans, in March, 1866. He told me of his adventures in escaping from Georgia across the Mississippi River. The waters were in overflow, and made the distance to be rowed, where he crossed, a number of miles. He said he was in a "dug-out" (a boat made of a single large log, with a cylindrical bottom and easily upset), and that the boatman made him lie down, for fear they might be seen by the enemy and he recognized by his great size, and so captured. All went well until the mosquitoes swarmed on him, and nearly devoured him in his fear of capsizing if he ventured to adopt effective measures to beat them off! In this connection, I remember that, when Marshall commanded a brigade in the mountains of East Tennessee and Kentucky, he was warned that the mountaineers, Union men, all knew him because of his size, and that some sharp-shooter would be sure to single him out and pick him off. He replied: "Ah! but I have taken precautions against that. I have a fat staff! There be six Richmonds in the field!"

As I rode out of Washington to overtake my wagons, then already started, I saw General Toombs, and sung out "Good-bye" to him. He was dressed in an ill-cut black Websterian coat, the worse for wear, and had on a broad-brimmed shabby hat. Standing beside an old buggy, drawn by two ancient gray horses, he told me he was going to Crawfordsville to have a talk with "Aleck" Stephens (the Vice-President); and, as I left, the atmosphere was murky with blasphemies and with denunciations of the Yankees! He

his way as best he could to Vicksburg, and there, mingling with a large number of paroled soldiers returning to the Trans-Mississippi, and having in his pocket a borrowed "parole paper," certifying the bearer to be "Private Smith," availed himself of the transportation furnished by the United States quartermaster to such prisoners, by steam-boat, I think, to Shreveport. On the voyage he had a discussion with some of the guard as to what should be done by the Government with the secession leaders. "And as to Wigfall," said one of the men, in excitement, "if we catch *him*, we shall hang him immediately." "There I agree with you," remarked Private Smith, "'twould serve *him* right; and, if I were there, I should be pulling at the end of *that* rope myself!"

had been informed of a detachment of the enemy's cavalry said to be already on the way to capture him, and was about to start for the sea-coast. The next time I saw him, he was at the "Théâtre du Châtelet," in Paris, in August or September, 1866. The spectacle was one of the most splendid ever put upon the stage there, and the French people were in raptures over the dazzling beauty of the scene. Toombs, fashionably dressed, sat in an orchestra chair, regarding it all with the stolid composure of an Indian, and with an expression of countenance suggesting that he had a thousand times seen spectacles more brilliant in Washington, Georgia.

From Washington we went along the road running due south. We had told nobody our plans; though, starting as we did, in the broad light of the forenoon, everybody saw, of course, the direction taken. Our teamsters were instructed not to say anything, to anybody whatever, as to who we were or whence we came or whither we were going. They were all old soldiers and obeyed orders. It frequently amused me to hear their replies to the country people, during the next few days, when questioned on these matters.

"Who is that lady?"

"Mrs. Jones."

"Where did you come from?"

"Up the road."

"Where are you going to?"

"Down the road a bit," etc., etc.

We had not proceeded far when a gentleman of the town, riding rapidly, overtook us with a letter from the President to his wife. It had been written at York, South Carolina, I think; was forwarded by courier to overtake us at Abbeville, and had reached Washington just after we started. It merely informed us that he and his immediate party were well, and that he should probably ride south from Washington to cross the Mississippi, if possible. I think no reply was made by Mrs. Davis to the letter; and, if my memory serves me, we left behind us nothing to advise the President as to where we were going.

That afternoon I was overcome with dysentery and a low fever, and dropped behind for a time, to lie down. When I overtook the party, they had already gone into camp; and, after giving my horse to one of the men, I had hardly strength enough to climb into a wagon, there to pass the night.

The next day we made a long march, and had halted for the night in a pine grove, just after crossing a railway track, when several visitors sauntered into our camp. Presently, one of the teamsters informed me that, while watering his mules near by, he had been told an attempt would be made during the night to

carry off our mules and wagons, and that the visitors were of the party to make the attack. A council of war was held immediately, and we were discussing measures of resistance, when Captain Moody went off for a personal parley with the enemy. He returned to me with the news that the leader of the party was a fellow-Freemason, a Mississippian, and apparently not a bad sort of person. We agreed he had better be informed who we were, relying upon him not to allow an attack upon us after learning that Mrs. Davis and her children were of the party. Captain Moody made that communication in the confidence of Freemasonry, and the gallant Robin Hood immediately approached Mrs. Davis in all courtesy, apologized for having caused her any alarm, assured her she should not be disturbed, and said the raid had been arranged only because it had been supposed we were the party of some quartermasters from Milledgeville, making off with wagons and mules to which he and his men considered their own title as good as that of anybody else. He then left our camp, remarking, however, that, to intercept any attempt at escape during the night, he had already dispatched some of his men to the cross-roads, some distance below, and that we might be halted by them there in the morning; but, to provide for that emergency, he wrote and delivered to Captain Moody a formal "order," entitling us to "pass" his outposts at the cross-roads! The next morning, when we reached the cross-roads, some men were there, evidently intending to intercept us; but—as all the gentlemen of our party were in the saddle, and we appeared to be ready for them—there was no challenge, and we got by without recourse to Robin Hood's "pass."

About the second or third day after that, we were pursued by another party; and one of our teamsters, riding a short distance in the rear of the wagons on the horse of one of the Kentuckians,—the owner having exchanged temporarily for one of the carriage horses, I think,—was attacked, made to dismount, and robbed of his horse, with the information that all the other horses and the mules would be taken during the night. By running a mile or two, the teamster overtook us. It was decided, of course, to prepare for an effective defense. As night came on, we turned off into a side road, and reaching a piece of high ground in the open pine woods, well adapted for our needs, halted—corralling the animals within a space inclosed by the wagons (arranged with the tongue of one wagon fastened by chains or ropes to the tail of another) and placing pickets. About the middle of the night, I, with two

teamsters, constituted the picket on the road running north. After awhile we heard the soft tread of horses in the darkness approaching over the light, sandy soil of the road. The teamsters immediately ran off to arouse the camp, having no doubt the attack was about to begin. I placed myself in the road to detain the enemy as long as possible, and, when the advancing horsemen came near enough to hear me, called "Halt." They drew rein instantly. I demanded "Who comes there?" The foremost of the horsemen replied "Friends," in a voice I was astonished to recognize as that of President Davis, not suspecting he was anywhere near us.

His party then consisted of Colonel William Preston Johnston, Colonel John Taylor Wood, Colonel Frank R. Lubbock, Mr. Reagan, Colonel Charles E. Thorburn (the latter, with a negro servant, had joined them at Greensboro', North Carolina), and Robert (Mr. Davis's own servant). Some scouts were scattered through the country, and were reporting to the President from time to time; but I don't recollect that either of them was with him on the occasion now referred to.

He had happened to join us at all only because some of his staff had heard in the afternoon, from a man on the road-side, that an attempt was to be made in the night to capture the wagons, horses, and mules of a party said to be going south on a road to the eastward. The man spoke of the party to be attacked in terms that seemed to identify us, as we had been described in Washington. The President immediately resolved to find us, and, turning to the east from his own route, rode until after midnight before he overtook us. He explained to us, at the time, how he had tried several roads in the search, and had ridden an estimated distance of sixty miles since mounting in the morning; and said he came to assist in beating off the persons threatening the attack. As we had camped some distance from the main road, he would have passed to the westward of our position, and would probably have had no communication with us and no tidings whatever of us, but for the chance remark about the threatened raid upon our animals. The expected attack was not made.

The President remained with us the rest of that night, rode with us the next day, camped with us the following night, and, after breakfast the day after that, bade us good-bye and rode forward with his own party, leaving us, in deference to our earnest solicitations, to pursue our journey as best we might with our wagons and incumbrances.

He camped that night with his own party at Abbeville, Georgia, personally occupying a deserted house in the outskirts of the village.

As they had reached that place after dark, and a furious rain was falling, but few of the people were aware of his presence, and nobody in the village had had opportunity to identify him.

I halted my party on the western bank of the Ocmulgee River as the darkness came on, immediately after getting the wagons through the difficult bottom-lands on the eastern side, and after crossing the ferry. About the middle of the night I was aroused by a courier sent back by the President with the report that the enemy was at or near Hawkinsville (about twenty-five miles to the north of us), and the advice that I had better move on at once to the southward, though, it was added, the enemy at Hawkinsville seemed to be only intent upon appropriating the quartermaster's supplies supposed to be there. I started my party promptly, in the midst of a terrible storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. As we passed through the village of Abbeville, I dismounted and had a conversation with the President in the old house, where he was lying on the floor wrapped in a blanket. He urged me to move on, and said he should overtake us during the night, after his horses had had more rest. We kept to the southward all night, the rain pouring in torrents most of the time, and the darkness such that, as we went through the woods where the road was not well marked, in a light, sandy soil, but wound about to accommodate the great pines left standing, the wagons were frequently stopped by fallen trees and other obstructions. In such a situation, we were obliged to wait until a flash of lightning enabled the drivers to see the way.

In the midst of that storm and darkness the President overtook us. He was still with us when, about five o'clock in the afternoon (not having stopped since leaving Abbeville, except for the short time, about sunrise, required to cook breakfast), I halted my party for the night, immediately after crossing the little creek just north of Irwinville, and went into camp. My teams were sadly in need of rest, and having now about fifty miles between us and Hawkinsville, where the enemy had been reported to be, and our information being, as stated, that they did not seem to be on the march or likely to move after us, we apprehended no immediate danger. That country is sparsely inhabited, and I do not recollect that we had seen a human being after leaving Abbeville. Colonel Johnston says that he rode on in advance as far as Irwinville, and there found somebody from whom he bought some eggs.

Colonel Thorburn had been, before the war, in the United States navy, and was, I think, a classmate of Colonel Wood in the Naval

Academy at Annapolis. During the first year or two of the war he had served in the army; he afterward became engaged in running the blockade, bringing supplies into the Confederate States. He says he had a small but seaworthy vessel then lying in Indian River, Florida; that his object in joining the party had been to take the President aboard that vessel and convey him thence around to Texas, in case the attempt to get across the Mississippi should for any reason fail or seem unadvisable; and that Colonel Wood and he had arranged that he should, at the proper time, ride on in advance, make all the necessary arrangements for the voyage, and return to Madison, Florida, to await the President there and conduct him aboard the vessel, if necessary. We had all now agreed that, if the President was to attempt to reach the Trans-Mississippi at all, by whatever route, he should move on at once, independent of the ladies and wagons. And when we halted he positively promised me (and Wood and Thorburn tell me he made the same promise to them) that, as soon as something to eat could be cooked, he would say farewell, for the last time, and ride on with his own party, at least ten miles farther before stopping for the night, consenting to leave me and my party to go on our own way as fast as was possible with the now weary mules.

After getting that promise from the President, and arranging the tents and wagons for the night, and without waiting for anything to eat (being still the worse for my dysentery and fever), I lay down upon the ground and fell into a profound sleep. Captain Moody afterward kindly stretched a canvas as a roof over my head, and laid down beside me, though I knew nothing of that until the next day. I was awakened by the coachman, James Jones, running to me about day-break with the announcement that the enemy was at hand! I sprang to my feet, and in an instant a rattling fire of musketry commenced on the north side of the creek. Almost at the same moment Colonel Pritchard and his regiment charged up the road from the south upon us. As soon as one of them came within range, I covered him with my revolver and was about to fire, but lowered the weapon when I perceived the attacking column was so strong as to make resistance useless, and reflected that, by killing the man, I should certainly not be helping ourselves, and might only provoke a general firing upon the members of our party in sight. We were taken by surprise, and not one of us exchanged a shot with the enemy. Colonel Johnston tells me he was the first prisoner taken. In a moment, Colonel Pritchard rode directly to me and,

pointing across the creek, said, "What does that mean? Have you any men with you?" Supposing the firing was done by our teamsters, I replied, "Of course we have—don't you hear the firing?" He seemed to be nettled at the reply, gave the order, "Charge," and boldly led the way himself across the creek, nearly every man in his command following. Our camp was thus left deserted for a few minutes, except by one mounted soldier near Mrs. Davis's tent (who was afterward said to have been stationed there by Colonel Pritchard in passing) and by the few troopers who stopped to plunder our wagons. I had been sleeping upon the same side of the road with the tent occupied by Mrs. Davis, and was then standing very near it. Looking there, I saw her come out and heard her say something to the soldier mentioned; perceiving she wanted him to move off, I approached and actually persuaded the fellow to ride away. As the soldier moved into the road, and I walked beside his horse, the President emerged for the first time from the tent, at the side farther from us, and walked away into the woods to the eastward, and at right angles to the road.

Presently, looking around and observing somebody had come out of the tent, the soldier turned his horse's head and, reaching the spot he had first occupied, was again approached by Mrs. Davis, who engaged him in conversation. In a minute, this trooper was joined by one or perhaps two of his comrades, who either had lagged behind the column and were just coming up the road, or had at that moment crossed over from the other (the west) side, where a few of them had fallen to plundering, as I have stated, instead of charging over the creek. They remained on horseback and soon became violent in their language with Mrs. Davis. The order to "halt" was called out by one of them to the President. It was not obeyed, and was quickly repeated in a loud voice several times. At least one of the men then threatened to fire, and pointed a carbine at the President. Thereupon, Mrs. Davis, overcome with terror, cried out in apprehension, and the President (who had now walked sixty or eighty paces away into the unobstructed woods) turned around and came back rapidly to his wife near the tent. At least one of the soldiers continued his violent language to Mrs. Davis, and the President reproached him for such conduct to her, when one of them, seeing the face of the President, as he stood near and was talking, said, "Mr. Davis, surrender! I recognize you, sir." Pictures of the President were so common that nearly or quite every man in both armies knew his face.

It was, as yet, scarcely daylight.

The President had on a water-proof cloak. He had used it, when riding, as a protection against the rain during the night and morning preceding that last halt; and he had probably been sleeping in that cloak, at the moment when the camp was attacked.

While all these things were happening, Miss Howell and the children remained within the other tent. The gentlemen of our party had, with the single exception of Captain Moody, all slept on the west side of the road and in or near the wagons. They were, so far as I know, paying no attention to what was going on at the tents. I have since talked with Johnston, Wood, and Lubbock, and with others, about these matters; and I have not found there was any one except Mrs. Davis, the single trooper at her tent, and myself, who saw all that occurred and heard all that was said at the time. Any one else who gives an account of it has had to rely upon hearsay or his own imagination for his story.

In a short time after the soldier had recognized the President, Colonel Pritchard and his men returned from across the creek—the battle there ending with the capture by one party of a man belonging to the other, and by the recognition which followed.

They told us that the column, consisting of a detachment of Wisconsin cavalry and another of Michigan cavalry, had been dispatched from Macon in pursuit of us, under the command of Colonel Harnden, of Wisconsin; that when they reached Abbeville, they heard a party of mounted men, with wagons, had crossed the river near there, the night before; that they immediately suspected the identity of the party, and decided to follow it; but that, to make sure of catching us if we had not already crossed the river, Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard had been posted at the ferry with orders to remain there and capture anybody attempting to pass; that Colonel Harnden, with his Wisconsin men, marched down the direct road we had ourselves taken, and, coming upon us in the night, had halted on the north side of the creek to wait for daylight before making the attack, lest some might escape in the darkness; that Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard had satisfied himself, by further conversation with the ferry-man, that it was indeed Mr. Davis who had crossed there, and, deciding to be in, if possible, at the capture, had marched as rapidly as he could along the road nearer the river, to the east of and for most of the distance nearly parallel with the route taken by Colonel Harnden; that he reached the cross-roads (Irwinville) in the night, ascertained nobody had passed there for several days, turned north, and found us only a mile and a half up

the road; that, to intercept any attempt at escape, he had dismounted some of his men, and sent them to cross the creek to the westward of us and to post themselves in the road north of our camp; that, as these dismounted men crossed the creek and approached the road, they came upon the Wisconsin troopers, and not being able, in the insufficient light, to distinguish their uniforms, and supposing them to be our escort, opened a brisk fire which was immediately returned; and that, on that signal, Colonel Pritchard and his column charged up the road into our camp, and thence into the thick of the fight. They said that, in the rencontre, a man and, I think, a horse or two were killed, and that an officer and perhaps one or two men were wounded.

During the confusion of the next few minutes, Colonel John Taylor Wood escaped, first inducing the soldier who halted him to go aside into the bushes on the bank of the creek, and there bribing the fellow with some gold to let him get away altogether. As Wood was an officer of the navy, as well as an officer of the army, had commanded cruisers along the Atlantic coast, had captured and sunk a number of New York and New England vessels, and was generally spoken of in the Northern newspapers as a "pirate," he not unnaturally apprehended that, if he remained in the enemy's hands, he would be treated with special severity.

He made his way to Florida, and there met General Breckinridge, with whom (and perhaps one or two others) he sailed down the east coast of the State in a small open boat, and escaped to Cuba. When in London, in September, 1866, I dined with Breckinridge, and had from him the story of their adventures. He said they kept close alongshore, and, frequently landing, subsisted on turtles' eggs found in the sand. When nearing the southern end of the coast, they one day perceived a boat coming to meet them and were at first afraid of capture; but presently, observing that the other boat was so changing its course as to avoid them, they shrewdly suspected it to contain deserters or escaped convicts from the Dry Tortugas, or some such people, who were probably themselves apprehensive of trouble if caught. Wood therefore gave chase immediately, and, having the swifter boat, soon overhauled the other one. The unsatisfactory account the men aboard gave of themselves seemed to confirm the suspicion with regard to their character. The new boat was a better sea-craft than the one our voyagers had, though not so fast a sailer. They were afraid theirs would not take them across the Gulf to Cuba, and so determined to appropriate the other. Turning pirates for the

occasion, they showed their side-arms, put on a bold air, and threatened the rascals with all manner of dreadful things; but finally relented so far as to offer to let them off with an exchange of boats! The victims were delighted with this clemency, and gladly went through what President Lincoln called the dangerous process of "swapping horses while crossing a stream." Each party went on its way rejoicing, and our friends finally, as I have said, reached the coast of Cuba, though almost famished. Indeed, Breckinridge said they were kept alive at all only by a loaf or two of bread kindly given them by a Yankee skipper as they sailed under the stern of his vessel at day-break of the last day of their voyage.

All of the other members of the President's party, except Colonel Thorburn, and all those of my own party, remained as prisoners—unless, indeed, one or two of the teamsters escaped, as to which I do not recollect.

I had been astonished to discover the President still in camp when the attack was made. What I learned afterward explained the mystery. Wood and Thorburn tell me that, after the President had eaten supper with his wife, he told them he should ride on when Mrs. Davis was ready to go to sleep; but that, when bed-time came, he finally said he would ride on in the morning—and so spent the night in the tent. He seemed to be entirely unable to apprehend the danger of capture. Everybody was disturbed at this change of his plan to ride ten miles farther, but he could not be got to move.

Colonel Thorburn decided to start during the night, to accomplish as soon as possible his share of the arrangement for the escape of the party from the sea-coast; and, with his negro boy, he set out alone before day-break. He tells me that, at Irwinville, they ran into the enemy in the darkness, and were fired upon; and that the negro leveled himself on his horse's back, and galloped away like a good fellow into the woods to the east. Thorburn says he turned in the saddle for a moment, shot the foremost of the pursuers, saw him tumble from his horse, and then kept on after the negro. They were chased into the woods, but their horses were fresher than those of the enemy and easily distanced pursuit. Thorburn says he went on to Florida, found his friend Captain Coxsetter at Lake City, ascertained that the vessel was, as expected, in the Indian River and in good condition for the voyage to Texas, arranged with the captain to get her ready for sailing, and then returned to Madison for the rendezvous. There, he says, he learned of Mr. Davis's capture, and, having no further use for the vessel, sent back orders to destroy her.

The business of plundering commenced immediately after the capture; and we were soon left with only what we had on and what we had in our pockets. Several of us rejoiced in some gold; mine was only the one hundred and ten dollars I have mentioned, but Colonel Lubbock and Colonel Johnston had about fifteen hundred dollars each. Lubbock held on to nearly or quite all of his. But Johnston had found the coins an uncomfortable burden when carried otherwise, and had been riding with them in his holsters. There his precious gold was found, and thence it was eagerly taken, by one or more of our captors. His horse and his saddle, with the trappings and pistols, were those his father, General Albert Sydney Johnston, had used at the battle of Shiloh, and were greatly prized. They and all our horses were promptly appropriated by the officers of Col. Pritchard's command; the colonel himself claimed and took the lion's share, including the two carriage-horses, which, as he was told at the time, were the property of Mrs. Davis, having been bought and presented to her by the gentlemen in Richmond upon the occasion already mentioned. Colonel Pritchard also asserted a claim to the horse I had myself ridden, which had stood the march admirably and was fresher and in better condition than the other animals. The colonel's claim to him, however, was disputed by the adjutant, who insisted on the right of first appropriation, and there was a quarrel between those officers on the spot.

While it was going on, I emptied the contents of my haversack into a fire where some of the enemy were cooking breakfast, and there saw the papers burn. They were chiefly love-letters, with a photograph of my sweetheart,—though with them chanced to be a few telegrams and perhaps some letters relating to public affairs, of no special interest.

After we had had breakfast, it was arranged that each of the prisoners should ride his own horse to Macon, the captors kindly consenting to waive right of possession meantime; and that arrangement was carried out, except that Mr. Davis traveled in one of the ambulances.

We marched in a column of twos, and Major Maurin and I rode together. He was very taciturn; but when, on the second or third day, we came upon a cavalry camp where a brass-band, in a large wagon drawn by handsome horses, was stationed by the road-side, and suddenly struck up "*Yankee Doodle*" as the ambulance containing Mr. Davis came abreast of it, the silent old Creole was moved to speech. The startling burst of music set our horses to prancing. When Major Maurin

had composed his steed, he turned to me with a broad smile and revenged himself with: "I remember the last time I heard *that* tune; it was at the battle of Fredericksburg, when a brass-band came across the pontoon bridge with the column and occupied a house within range of my guns, where they began 'Yankee Doodle.' I myself sighted a field-piece at the house, missed it with the first shot, but next time hit it straight. In all your life you never heard 'Yankee Doodle' stop so short as it did then!"

It was at that cavalry camp we first heard of the proclamation offering a reward of \$100,000 for the capture of Mr. Davis, upon the charge, invented by Stanton and Holt, of participation in the plot to murder Mr. Lincoln. Colonel Pritchard had himself just received it, and considerably handed a printed copy of the proclamation to Mr. Davis, who read it with a composure unruffled by any feeling other than scorn. The money was, several years later, paid to the captors. Stanton and Holt, lawyers both, very well knew that Mr. Davis could never be convicted upon an indictment for treason, but were determined to hang him anyhow, and were in search of a pretext for doing so.

The march to Macon took four days. As we rode up to the head-quarters of General Wilson there, an orderly (acting, as he said, under directions of the adjutant) seized my rein before I had dismounted, and led off my horse the moment I was out of the saddle. When, that afternoon, we were sent to the station to take the railway train arranged to convey the prisoners to Augusta, on our way to Fortress Monroe, the horses of all or most of the officers of our party were standing in front of the hotel, and the several ex-owners rode them to the station. My horse was not there, and I had to go to the station afoot.

Several years afterward, on the grand stand at the Jerome Park race-course, in New York, I met Colonel ———, from whom, in Danville, Virginia, I had got the horse under the circumstances narrated. He told me he was in that part of Georgia shortly after our capture, and said the quarrel between Colonel Pritchard and his adjutant, as to

who should have my horse, waxed so hot at Macon that the adjutant, fearing he would not be able to keep the horse himself, and determined Colonel Pritchard should not have him, ended the dispute by drawing his revolver and shooting the gallant steed dead.

At General Wilson's head-quarters in Macon, I met General Croxton, of Kentucky, one of Wilson's brigadiers, who had been two classes ahead of me at Yale College. He received me with expressions of great friendship; said he should have a special outlook for my comfort while a prisoner; and told me that it was at his suggestion that Harnden and Pritchard had been dispatched to intercept Mr. Davis at the crossing of the Ocmulgee River at Abbeville—having heard from some of the Confederate cavalry who had been disbanded at Washington, Georgia, each with a few dollars in silver in his pocket, that the President had ridden south from that place.

HAD Mr. Davis continued his journey, without reference to us, after crossing the Ocmulgee River, or had he ridden on after getting supper with our party the night we halted for the last time; had he gone but five miles beyond Irwinville, passing through that village at night, and so avoiding observation, there is every reason to suppose that he and his party would have escaped either across the Mississippi or through Florida to the sea-coast, as Mr. Benjamin escaped, as General Breckinridge escaped, and as others did. It was the apprehension he felt for the safety of his wife and children which brought about his capture. And, looking back now, it must be thought by everybody to have been best that he did not then escape from the country.

To have been a prisoner in the hands of the Government of the United States, and not to have been brought to trial upon any of the charges against him, is sufficient refutation of them all. It indicates that the people in Washington knew the accusations could not be sustained. * * * * *

Burton N. Harrison.

FRIENDSHIP.

I WERE not worth you, could I long for you:
But should you come, you would find me ready.
The lamp is lighted, the flame is steady—
Over the strait I toss this song for you.

Helen Gray Cone.

TERRA INCOGNITA.

AH me! that it has nearly passed away,
The grateful mystery, the vague delight,
Of those dim ancient days when yet there might
Be undreamed things where somber Thule lay
In clamorous seas; or where, 'neath passing day,
Hung blessed isles sometimes almost in sight;
Or, later, where fair Avalon was bright,
Or shone the golden cities of Cathay.

Old ocean holds no terrors any more;
We touch the limits of the farthest zone,
And would all Nature's fastnesses explore:
Oh, leave some spot that Fancy calls its own—
Some far and solitary wave-worn shore,
Where all were possible and all unknown!

George A. Hibbard.

MRS. KNOLLYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUERNDALE."

THE great Pasterzen glacier rises in Western Austria, and flows into Carinthia, and is fourteen or seventeen miles long, as you measure it from its birth in the snow-field, or from where it begins to move from the higher snows and its active course is marked by the first wrinkle. It flows in a straight, steady sweep, a grand avenue, guarded by giant mountains, steep and wide; a prototype, huge and undesigned, of the giants' stairway in the Venice palace. No known force can block its path; it would need a cataclysm to reverse its progress. What falls upon it moves with it, what lies beneath it moves with it—down to the polished surface of the earth's frame, laid bare; no blade of grass grows so slowly as it moves, no meteor of the air is so irresistible. Its substant ice curls freely, molds, and breaks itself like water,—breaks in waves, plastic like honey, crested lightly with a frozen spray; it winds tenderly about the rocky shore, and the granite, disintegrated into crumbs, flows on with it. All this so quietly that busy, officious little Man lived a score of thousand years before he noticed even that the glacier moved.

Now, however, men have learned to congregate upon its shores, and admire. Scientists stick staves in the ground (not too near, lest the earth should move with it), and appraise the majesty of its motion; ladies, politely mystified, give little screams of pleased surprise; young men, secretly exultant, pace the yard or two between the sticks, a distance that takes the frozen stream a year to compass, and look out upon it half contemptu-

ously. Then they cross it—carefully, they have enough respect left for that—with their cunningly nailed shoes and a rope; an hour or two they dally with it, till at last, being hungry and cold, they walk to the inn for supper. At supper they tell stories of their prowess, pay money to the guides who have protected them, and fall asleep after tea with weariness. Meantime, the darkness falls outside; but the white presence of the glacier breaks the night, and strange shapes unseen of men dance in its ashen hollows. It is so old that the realms of death and life conflict: change is on the surface, but immortality broods in the deeper places. The moon rises and sinks; the glacier moves silently, like a time-piece marking the centuries, grooving the record of its being on the world itself,—a feature to be read and studied by far-off generations of some other world. The glacier has a light of its own, and gleams to stars above, and the Great Glockner mountain flings his shadow of the planets in its face.

Mrs. Knollys was a young English bride, sunny-haired, hopeful-eyed, with lips that parted to make you love them,—parted before they smiled, and all the soft regions of her face broke into attendant dimples. And then, lest you should think it meant for you, she looked quickly up to "Charles," as she would then call him even to strangers, and Charles looked down to her. Charles was a short foot taller, with much the same hair and eyes, thick flossy whiskers, broad shoulders, and a bass voice. This was in the days before political economy cut Hymen's wings.

Charles, like Mary, had little money but great hopes; and he was clerk in a government office, with a friendly impression of everybody and much trust in himself. And old Harry Colquhoun, his chief, had given them six weeks to go to Switzerland and be happy in, all in celebration of Charles Knollys's majority and marriage to his young wife. So they had both forgotten heaven for the nonce, having a passable substitute; but the powers divine overlooked them pleasantly and forgave it. And even the phlegmatic driver of their *Einspänner* looked back from the corner of his eye at the *schöne Engländerin*, and compared her mentally with the far-famed beauty of the Königssee. So they rattled on in their curious conveyance, with the pole in the middle and the one horse out on one side, and still found more beauty in each other's eyes than in the world about them. Although Charles was only one and twenty, Mary Knollys was barely eighteen, and to her he seemed godlike in his age, as in all other things. Her life had been as simple as it had been short. She remembered being a little girl, and then the next thing that occurred was Charles Knollys, and positively the next thing she remembered of importance was being Mrs. Charles Knollys; so that old Mrs. Knollys, her guardian aunt and his, had first called her a love of a baby, and then but a baby in love. All this, of course, was five and forty years ago, for you know how old she was when she went again to Switzerland last summer—three and sixty.

They first saw the great mountains from the summit of the Schaffberg. This is a little height, three cornered, between three lakes; a natural Belvedere for Central Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Knollys were seated on a couch of Alpine roses behind a rhododendron bush watching the sunset; but as Charles was desirous of kissing Mrs. Knollys, and the rhododendron bush was not thick enough, they were waiting for the sun to go down. He was very slow in doing this, and by way of consolation Knollys was keeping his wife's hand hidden in the folds of her dress. Undoubtedly a modern lady would have been talking of the scenery, giving word-color pictures of the view; but I am afraid Mrs. Knollys had been looking at her husband, and talking with him of the cottage they had bought in a Surrey village, not far from Box Hill, and thinking how the little carvings and embroideries would look there which they had bought abroad. And, indeed, Mrs. Charles secretly thought Box Hill an eminence far preferable to the Venediger, and Charles's face an infinitely more interesting sight than any lake, however expressive.

But the sun, looking askance at them through the lower mist, was not jealous; all the same he spread his glory lavishly for them, and the bright little mirror of a lake twinkled cannily upward from below. Finally, it grew dark; then there was less talking. It was full night when they went in, she leaning on his arm and looking up; and the moonbeam on the snowy shoulder of the Glockner, twenty leagues away, came over, straightway, from the mountain to her face. Three days later, Charles Knollys, crossing with her the lower portion of the Pasterzen glacier, slipped into a crevasse, and vanished utterly from the earth.

II.

ALL this you know. And I was also told more of the young girl, bride and widow at eighteen; how she sought to throw herself into the clear blue gulf; how she refused to leave Heiligenblut; how she would sit, tearless, by the rim of the crevasse, day after day, and gaze into its profundity. A guide or man was always with her at these times, for it was still feared she would follow her young husband to the depths of that still sea. Her aunt went over from England to her; the summer waxed; autumn storms set in; but no power could win her from the place whence Charles had gone.

If there was a time worse for her than that first moment, it was when they told her that his body never could be found. They did not dare to tell her this for many days, but busied themselves with idle cranes and ladders, and made futile pretenses with ropes. Some of the big, simple-hearted guides even descended into the chasm, absenting themselves for an hour or so, to give her an idea that something was being done. Poor Mrs. Knollys would have followed them had she been allowed, to wander through the purple galleries, calling Charles. It was well she could not; for all Kaspar could do was to lower himself a hundred yards or so, chisel out a niche, and stand in it, smoking his honest pipe to pass the time, and trying to fancy he could hear the murmur of the waters down below. Meantime Mrs. Knollys strained her eyes, peering downward from above, leaning on the rope about her waist, looking over the clear brink of the bergschrund.

It was the Herr Doctor Zimmermann who first told her the truth. Not that the good Doctor meant to do so. The Herr Doctor had had his attention turned to glaciers by some rounded stones in his garden by the Traunsee, and more particularly by the Herr Privatdocent Splüthner. Splüthner, like

Uncle Toby, had his hobby-horse, his pet conjuring words, his gods *ex machinâ*, which he brought upon the field in scientific emergencies; and these gods, as with Thales, were Fire and Water. Craters and flood were his accustomed scape-goats, upon whose heads were charged all things unaccountable; and the Herr Doctor, who had only one element left to choose from, and that a passive one, but knew, on general principles, that Splüthner must be wrong, got as far off as he could and took Ice. And Splüthner having pooh-poohed this, Zimmermann rode his hypothesis with redoubled zeal. He became convinced that ice was the embodiment of orthodoxy. Fixing his professional spectacles on his substantial nose, he went into Carinthia and ascended the great Venice mountains, much as he would have performed any other scientific experiment. Then he encamped on the shores of the Pasterzen glacier, and proceeded to make a study of it.

So it happened that the Doctor, taking a morning stroll over the subject of his experiment, in search of small things which might verify his theory, met Mrs. Knollys sitting in her accustomed place. The Doctor had been much puzzled, that morning, on finding in a rock at the foot of the glacier the impression, or sign-manual as it were, of a certain fish, whose acquaintance the Doctor had previously made only in tropical seas. This fact seeming, superficially, to chime in with Splüthnerian mistakes in a most heterodox way, the Doctor's mind had for a moment been diverted from the ice; and he was wondering what the fish had been going to do in that particular gallery, and secretly doubting whether it had known its own mind, and gone thither with the full knowledge and permission of its maternal relative. Indeed, the good Doctor would probably have ascribed its presence to the malicious and personal causation of the devil, but that the one point on which he and Splüthner were agreed was the ignoring of unscientific hypotheses. The Doctor's objections to the devil were none the less strenuous for being purely scientific.

Thus ruminating, the Doctor came to the crevasse where Mrs. Knollys was sitting, and to which a little path had now been worn from the inn. There was nothing of scientific interest about the fair young English girl, and the Doctor did not notice her; but he took from his waistcoat-pocket a leaden bullet, molded by himself, and marked "Johannes Carpentarius, Juvavianus, A. U. C. 2590," and dropped it, with much satisfaction, into the crevasse. Mrs. Knollys gave a little cry; the bullet was heard for some seconds tinkling against the sides of the chasm; the

tinkles grew quickly fainter, but they waited in vain for the noise of the final fall. "May the Splüthner live that he may learn by it," muttered the Doctor; "I can never recover it."

Then he remembered that the experiment had been attended with a sound unaccounted for by the conformity of the bullet to the laws of gravitation; and looking up he saw Mrs. Knollys in front of him, no longer crying, but very pale. Zimmermann started, and in his confusion dropped his best brass registering thermometer, which also rattled down the abyss.

"You say," whispered Mrs. Knollys, "that it can never be recovered!"

"Madam," spoke the Doctor, doffing his hat, "how would you recofer from a blace when the smallest approximation which I haf yet been able to make puts the depth from the surface to the bed of the gletscher at vrom sixteen hundred to sixteen hundred and sixty *mètres* in distance?" Doctor Zimmermann spoke very good English; and he pushed his hat upon the back of his head, and assumed his professional attitude.

"But they all were trying ——" Mrs. Knollys spoke faintly. "They said that they hoped he could be recovered." The stranger was the oldest gentleman she had seen, and Mrs. Knollys felt almost like confiding in him. "Oh, I must have the—the body." She closed in a sob; but the Herr Doctor caught at the last word, and this suggested to him only the language of scientific experiment.

"Recofer it? If, madam," Zimmermann went on with all the satisfaction attendant on the enunciation of a scientific truth, "we take a body and drop it in the schrund of this gletscher; and the ice-stream moves so slower at its base than on the upper part, and the ice will cover it; efen if we could reach the base, which is a mile in depth. Then, see you, it is all caused by the motion of the ice ——"

But at this Mrs. Knollys had given a faint cry, and her guide rushed up angrily to the old professor, who stared helplessly forward. "God will help me, sir," said she to the Doctor, and she gave the guide her arm and walked wearily away.

The professor still stared, in amazement at her enthusiasm for scientific experiment and the passion with which she greeted his discoveries. Here was a person who utterly refused to be referred to the agency of Ice, or even, like Splüthner, of Fire and Water; and went out of the range of allowable hypotheses to call upon a Noumenon. Now both Splüthner and Zimmermann had studied all natural agencies and made allowance for them, but for the Divine they had always hitherto proved an alibi. The Doctor could make nothing of it.

At the inn that evening he saw Mrs. Knollys with swollen eyes; and remembering the scene of the afternoon, he made inquiries about her of the innkeeper. The latter had heard the guide's account of the meeting; and as soon as Zimmermann had made plain what he had told her of the falling body, "Triple blockhead!" said he. "*Es war ihr Mann.*" The Herr Professor staggered back into his seat; and the kindly innkeeper ran upstairs to see what had happened to his poor young guest.

Mrs. Knollys had recovered from the first shock by this time, but the truth could no longer be withheld. The innkeeper could but nod his head sadly, when she told him that to recover her Charles was hopeless. All the guides said the same thing. The poor girl's husband had vanished from the world as utterly as if his body had been burned to ashes and scattered in the pathway of the winds. Charles Knollys was gone, utterly gone; no more to be met with by his girl-wife, save as spirit to spirit, soul to soul, in ultramundane place. The fair-haired young Englishman lived but in her memory, as his soul, if still existent, lived in places indeterminate, unknowable to Doctor Zimmermann and his compeers. Slowly Mrs. Knollys acquired the belief that she was never to see her Charles again. Then, at last, she resolved to go—to go home. Her strength now gave way; and when her aunt left, she had with her but the ghost of Mrs. Knollys—a broken figure, drooping in the carriage, veiled in black. The innkeeper and all the guides stood bare-headed, silent, about the door, as the carriage drove off, bearing the bereaved widow back to England.

III.

WHEN the Herr Doctor had heard the innkeeper's answer, he sat for some time with his hands planted on his knees, looking through his spectacles at the opposite wall. Then he lifted one hand and struck his brow impatiently. It was his way, when a chemical reaction had come out wrong.

"Triple blockhead!" said he; "triple blockhead, thou art so bad as Splüthner." No self-condemnation could have been worse to him than this. Thinking again of Mrs. Knollys, he gave one deep, gruff sob. Then he took his hat, and going out, wandered by the shore of the glacier in the night, repeating to himself the Englishwoman's words: "*They said that they hoped he could be recovered.*" Zimmermann came to the tent where he kept his instruments, and stood there, looking at the sea of ice. He went to his

measuring pegs, two rods of iron: one sunk deep and frozen in the glacier, the other drilled into a rock on the shore. "Triple blockhead!" said he again, "thou art worse than Splüthner. The Splüthner said the glacier did not move; thou, thou knowest that it does." He sighted from his rods to the mountain opposite. There was a slight and all but imperceptible change of direction from the day before.

He could not bear to see the English girl again, and all the next day was absent from the inn. For a month he stopped at Heiligenblut, and busied himself with his instruments. The guides of the place greeted him coldly every day, as they started on their glacier excursions or their chamois hunting. But none the less did Zimmermann return the following summer, and work upon his great essay in refutation of the Splüthner.

Mrs. Knollys went back to the little cottage in Surrey, and lived there. The chests and cases she brought back lay unopened in the store-room; the little rooms of the cottage that was to be their home remained bare and unadorned, as Charles had seen them last. She could not bring herself to alter them now. What she had looked forward to do with him she had no strength to do alone. She rarely went out. There was no place where she could go to think of him. He was gone; gone from England, gone from the very surface of the earth. If he had only been buried in some quiet English church-yard, she thought,—some green place lying open to the sun, where she could go and scatter flowers on his grave, where she could sit and look forward amid her tears to the time when she should lie side by side with him,—they would then be separated for her short life alone. Now it seemed to her that they were far apart forever.

But late the next summer she had a letter from the place. It was from Dr. Zimmermann. There is no need here to trace the quaint German phrases, the formalism, the cold terms of science in which he made his meaning plain. It spoke of erosion; of the movement of the summer; of the action of the underwaters on the ice. And it told her, with tender sympathy oddly blended with the pride of scientific success, that he had given a year's most careful study to the place; with all his instruments of measurement he had tested the relentless glacier's flow; and it closed by assuring her that her husband might yet be found—in five and forty years. In five and forty years—the poor professor staked his scientific reputation on the fact—in five and forty years she might return, and the glacier would give up its dead.

This letter made Mrs. Knollys happier. It made her willing to live; it made her almost long to live until old age—that her Charles's body might be given back. She took heart to beautify her little home. The trifling articles she had bought with Charles were now brought out,—the little curiosities and pictures he had given her on their wedding-journey. She would ask how such and such a thing looked, turning her pretty head to some kind visitor, as she ranged them on the walls; now and then she would have to lay the picture down, and cry a little, silently, as she remembered where Charles had told her it would look best. Still, she sought to furnish the rooms as they had planned them in their mind; she made her surroundings, as nearly as she could, as they had pictured them together. One room she never went into; it was the room Charles had meant to have for the nursery. She had no child.

But she changed, as we all change, with the passing of the years. I first remember her as a woman middle-aged, sweet-faced, hardly like a widow, nor yet like an old maid. She was rather like a young girl in love, with her lover absent on a long journey. She lived more with the memory of her husband, she clung to him more, than if she had had a child. She never married; you would have guessed that; but, after the Professor's letter, she never quite seemed to realize that her husband was dead. Was he not coming back to her?

Never in all my knowledge of dear English women have I known a woman so much loved. In how many houses was she always the most welcome guest! How often we boys would go to her for sympathy! I know she was the confidante of all our love affairs. I cannot speak for girls; but I fancy she was much the same with them. Many of us owed our life's happiness to her. She would chide us gently in our pettiness and folly, and teach us, by her very presence and example, what thing it was that alone could keep life sweet. How well we all remember the little Surrey cottage, the little home fireside where the husband had never been! I think she grew to imagine his presence, even the presence of children: boys, curly-headed, like Charles, and sweet, blue-eyed daughters; and the fact that it was all imagining seemed but to make the place more holy. Charles still lived to her as she had believed him in the month that they were married; he lived through life with her as her young love had fancied he would be. She never thought of evil that might have occurred; of failing affection, of cares. Her happiness was in her mind alone; so all the earthly part was absent.

There were but two events in her life—

that which was past and that which was to come. She had lived through his loss; now she lived on for his recovery. But, as I have said, she changed, as all things mortal change; all but the earth and the ice-stream and the stars above it. She read much, and her mind grew deep and broad, none the less gentle with it all; she was wiser in the world; she knew the depths of human hope and sorrow. You remember her only as an old lady whom we loved. Only her heart did not change—I forgot that; her heart, and the memory of that last loving smile upon his face, as he bent down to look into her eyes, before he slipped and fell. She lived on, and waited for his body, as possibly his other self—who knows?—waited for hers. As she grew older she grew taller; her eyes were quieter, her hair a little straighter, darker than of yore; her face changed, only the expression remained the same. Mary Knollys!

Human lives rarely look more than a year, or five, ahead; Mary Knollys looked five and forty. Many of us wait, and grow weary in waiting, for those few years alone, and for some living friend. Mary Knollys waited five and forty years—for the dead. Still, after that first year, she never wore all black; only silvery grays, and white with a black ribbon or two. I have said that she almost seemed to think her husband living. She would fancy his doing this and that with her; how he would joy in this good fortune, or share her sorrows—which were few, mercifully. His memory seemed to be a living thing to her, to go through life with her, hand in hand; it changed as she grew old; it altered itself to suit her changing thought; until the very memory of her memory seemed to make it sure that he had really been alive with her, really shared her happiness or sorrow, in the far-off days of her earliest widowhood. It hardly seemed that he had been gone already then—she remembered him so well. She could not think that he had never been with her in their little cottage. And now, at sixty, I know she thought of him as an old person too; sitting by their fireside, late in life, mature, deep-souled, wise with the wisdom of years, going back with her, fondly, to recall the old, old happiness of their bridal journey, when they set off for the happy honey-moon abroad, and the long life now past stretched brightly out before them both. She never spoke of this, and you children never knew it; but it was always in her mind.

There was a plain stone in the little Surrey church-yard, now gray and moss-grown with the rains of forty years, on which you remember reading: "Charles Knollys—lost in Carinthia"—This was all she would have

inscribed; he was but lost; no one *knew* that he was dead. Was he not yet to be found? There was no grassy mound beside it; the earth was smooth. Not even the date was there. But Mrs. Knollys never went to read it. She waited until he should come; until that last journey, repeating the travels of their wedding-days, when she should go to Germany to bring him home.

So the woman's life went on in England, and the glacier in the Alps moved on slowly; and the woman waited for it to be gone.

IV.

IN the summer of 1882, the little Carinthian village of Heiligenblut was haunted by two persons. One was a young German scientist, with long hair and spectacles; the other was a tall English lady, slightly bent, with a face wherein the finger of time had deeply written tender things. Her hair was white as silver, and she wore a long, black veil. Their habits were strangely similar. Every morning, when the eastern light shone deepest into the ice-cavern at the base of the great Pasterzen glacier, these two would walk thither; then both would sit for an hour or two and peer into its depths. Neither knew why the other was there. The woman would go back for an hour in the late afternoon; the man, never. He knew that the morning light was necessary for his search.

The man was the famous young Zimmermann, son of his father, the old Doctor, long since dead. But the Herr Doctor had written a famous tract, when late in life, refuting all Splüthners, past, present, and to come; and had charged his son, in his dying moments, as a most sacred trust, that he should repair to the base of the Pasterzen glacier in the year 1882, where he would find a leaden bullet, graven with his father's name, and the date A. U. C. 2590. All this would be vindication of his father's science. Splüthner, too, was a very old man, and Zimmermann the younger (for even he was no longer young) was fearful lest Splüthner should not live to witness his own refutation. The woman and the man never spoke to each other.

Alas, no one could have known Mrs. Knollys for the fair English girl who had been there in the young days of the century; not even the innkeeper, had he been there. But he, too, was long since dead. Mrs. Knollys was now bent and white-haired; she had forgotten, herself, how she had looked in those old days. Her life had been lived. She was now like a woman of another world; it seemed another world in

which her fair hair had twined about her husband's fingers, and she and Charles had stood upon the evening mountain, and looked in one another's eyes. That was the world of her wedding-days, but it seemed more like a world she had left when born on earth. And now he was coming back to her in this. Meantime the great Pasterzen glacier had moved on, marking only the centuries; the men upon its borders had seen no change; the same great waves lifted their snowy heads upon its surface; the same crevasse still was where he had fallen. At night, the moonbeams, falling, still shivered off its glassy face; its pale presence filled the night, and immortality lay brooding in its hollows.

Friends were with Mrs. Knollys, but she left them at the inn. One old guide remembered her, and asked to bear her company. He went with her in the morning, and sat a few yards from her, waiting. In the afternoon she went alone. He would not have credited you, had you told him that the glacier moved. He thought it but an Englishwoman's fancy, but he waited with her. Himself had never forgotten that old day. And Mrs. Knollys sat there silently, searching the clear depths of the ice, that she might find her husband.

One night she saw a ghost. The latest beam of the sun, falling on a mountain opposite, had shone back into the ice-cavern; and seemingly deep within, in the grave azure light, she fancied she saw a face turned toward her. She even thought she saw Charles's yellow hair, and the self-same smile his lips had worn when he bent down to her before he fell. It could be but a fancy. She went home, and was silent with her friends about what had happened. In the moonlight she went back, and again the next morning before dawn. She told no one of her going; but the old guide met her at the door, and walked silently behind her. She had slept, the glacier ever present in her dreams.

The sun had not yet risen when she came; and she sat a long time in the cavern, listening to the murmur of the river, flowing under the glacier at her feet. Slowly the dawn began, and again she seemed to see the shimmer of a face—such a face as one sees in the coals of a dying fire. Then the full sun came over the eastern mountain, and the guide heard a woman's cry. There before her was Charles Knollys! The face seemed hardly pale; and there was the same faint smile—a smile like her memory of it, five and forty years gone by. Safe in the clear ice, still, unharmed, there lay—O God! not her Charles; not the Charles of her own thought, who had lived through life with her and shared her sixty years; not the old man she had borne

thither in her mind—but a boy, a boy of one and twenty lying asleep, a ghost from another world coming to confront her from the distant past, immortal in the immortality of the glacier. There was his quaint coat, of the fashion of half a century before; his blue eyes open; his young, clear brow; all the form of the past she had forgotten; and she his bride stood there to welcome him, with her wrinkles, her bent figure, and thin white hairs. She was living, he was dead; and she was two and forty years older than he.

Then at last the long-kept tears came to her, and she bent her white head in the snow. The old man came up with his pick, silently, and began working in the ice. The woman lay weeping, and the boy, with his still, faint smile, lay looking at them, through the clear ice-veil, from his open eyes.

I BELIEVE that the Professor found his bullet; I know not. I believe that the scientific

world rang with his name and the thesis that he published on the glacier's motion, and the changeless temperature his father's lost thermometer had shown. All this you may read. I know no more.

But I know that in the English churchyard there are now two graves, and a single stone, to Charles Knollys and Mary, his wife; and the boy of one and twenty sleeps there with his bride of sixty-three; his young frame with her old one, his yellow hair beside her white. And I do not know that there is not some place, not here, where they are still together, and he is twenty-one and she is still eighteen. I do not know this; but I know that all the pamphlets of the German doctor cannot tell me it is false.

Meantime the great Pasterzen glacier moves on, and the rocks with it; and the mountain flings his shadow of the planets in its face.

J. S., of Dale.

THE TWO DARKS.

AT dusk, when Slumber's gentle wand

Beckons to quiet fields my boy,
And day, whose welcome was so fond,
Is slighted like a rivalled toy,—

When fain to follow, fain to stay,
Toward night's dim border-line he peers,
We say he fears the fading day:
Is it the inner dark he fears?

His deep eyes, made for wonder, keep
Their gaze upon some land unknown,
The while the crowding questions leap
That show his ignorance my own.

For he would go he knows not where,
And I—I hardly know the more;
Yet what is dark and what is fair
He would to-night with me explore.

Upon the shoals of my poor creed
His plummet falls, but cannot rest;
To sound the soundless is his need,
To find the primal soul, his quest.

In vain these bird-like flutterings,
As when through cages sighs the wind:
My clearest answer only brings
New depths of mystery to his mind,—

Vague thoughts, by crude surmise beset,
And groping doubts that loom and pass
Like April clouds that, shifting, fret
With tides of shade the sun-wooded grass.

O lonely soul within the crowd
Of souls! O language-seeking cry!
How black were noon without a cloud
To vision only of the eye!

Sleep, child! while healing Nature breaks
Her ointment on the wounds of Thought;
Joy, that anew with morning wakes,
Shall bring you sight it ne'er has brought.

Lord, if there be, as wise men spake,
No Death, but only Fear of Death,
And when Thy temple seems to shake
'Tis but the shaking of our breath,—

Whether by day or night we see
Clouds where Thy winds have driven none,
Let unto us as unto Thee
The darkness and the light be one.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Open Constituencies.

It has been the rule in this country that a legislative officer shall be a resident of the district from which he is chosen, and to this rule there have been few exceptions. Many of the State constitutions, indeed, require it, though some do not; while the Constitution of the United States only requires that a member of the House of Representatives shall be a resident of the State from which he is chosen. But, whether required or not, the practice has been everywhere observed in State and nation; and there has been, so far as we know, no important movement toward abandoning it in any part of the country. To be sure, ambitious city men are sometimes elected from their country homes; but they are apt, naturally enough, to have to combat a prejudice in procuring a representative office by such a makeshift.

In England, on the contrary, no such rule is known. Members of the House of Commons are, indeed, chosen by districts, each having one or more representatives; but the member chosen need not be a resident of the district itself, but may be taken from any part of the United Kingdom. Hence, at every parliamentary election, many boroughs and counties select as their representatives men that have never been residents there, and whose capacity for legislation is their sole recommendation to the favor of their constituents.

There is a good deal to be said in favor of the American system, for in many respects it has worked well. It has brought out men who have proved of great use in public affairs, and who might not have come to the front under a different system. On the other hand, the objections to the American method are of no little moment. In the first place, the rule of always choosing a resident often results in putting into office men of inferior ability, to the detriment of the public welfare. It frequently happens that there is no resident of conspicuous ability whose views are sufficiently accordant with those of the voters to secure his election; and when this is the case, an inferior man is necessarily chosen instead. There is in all countries a tendency on the part of the ablest men to concentrate in or near the large towns, because it is here, as a rule, that they find the best opportunities for the exercise of their talents. Commerce necessarily centers in such places, and the wealth that thus gathers there brings with it a large proportion of the ablest lawyers, teachers, and other professional men, as well as men of business. In other words, the rural districts are largely drained of their ablest men by the superior attractions of the cities; so that, in some districts, the number of men really fitted for high political office is small. The consequence is, that men of inferior character are often unavoidably chosen as representatives; men who would hardly be selected if the English custom prevailed of seeking a representative wherever a suitable person might be found.

Again, the American custom has the effect of keeping out of office many men who would be of great service to the country if they could get elected, and who might get elected if they could have their choice of a constituency, but who stand no chance at all in the district in which they happen to live. Some districts, especially in the great cities, are peopled by ignorant masses, whose choice of a representative is but slightly governed by considerations of fitness, and the ablest man in such a district would have small chance of getting elected. Hence, there result from our method of election two closely related evils, the actual choice of inferior men who happen to be residents, and the consignment to private life of many abler men who reside among an ignorant or unsympathetic constituency.

But perhaps the worst effect of the prevailing custom is the spirit of provincialism infused by it into our national politics. Every member of Congress is obliged, under penalty of losing his seat, to look out for the local interests of his district, however opposed they may be to the general good; and thus local interests are liable to become paramount in his mind over the national welfare and the principles of justice. Conspicuous instances of this sort have been repeatedly seen in the case of tariff legislation, and in the river and harbor jobs, whose very name has become odious. And if a representative is unfaithful to these local interests, however sinister they may be, he may at any time lose his office, in spite of important services rendered to the nation at large. But if he could present himself for election in any part of his own State, it would often happen that, when he was rejected by one constituency, he would be chosen by another, and thus a man of eminent fitness would seldom lose his office on account of local jealousy or provincial dislike.

It is somewhat remarkable that the custom of always choosing a resident has been so long retained, notwithstanding its inconveniences. But the narrow, provincial spirit which leads to the magnifying of local interests has too widely prevailed among us; and so long as this continues to be the case, the irrational custom is likely to be maintained. We believe, however, that this spirit is much less prevalent than it was, and that the American people are now more truly one in feeling than ever before; and we think that, in the more enlightened constituencies, no great effort would be required to abolish the present cast-iron custom altogether. That its abolition would result, in many instances, in giving us abler legislators there can be little doubt, while at the same time it would promote the independence of the legislators themselves, by freeing them from the thralldom of mere local interests. In our opinion, a popular leader would render his country no inconsiderable service by breaking through the absurd custom of a hundred years, and presenting himself for election in a district where he did not reside; and we are confident that if the custom was once broken, the advan-

tages of the new system would speedily be recognized. One of the principal uses of a Congressman has hitherto been the obtaining of small federal offices for his "constituents." Under the dawning régime of reform this degrading misuse of representatives will be done away with, and "open constituencies" will be more possible and more probable in America.

Is the Old Faith Dying ?

THE question as to the present status of Christianity in Christian lands is now under discussion; and the statements made by debaters on either side as to the facts of the case are curiously variant. On the one side, it is asserted in the most unqualified manner that belief in the facts and doctrines of the Christian religion is nearly obsolete; that the faith of our fathers has no longer any practical hold on the community; that the intelligent and influential citizens have nearly all parted company with the churches; and that the day is not distant when Christianity will be numbered among the effete superstitions. The truth of this statement seems, to those who make it, so obvious that they take no pains to prove it; it is assumed, as a postulate, in all their reasoning; it would be superfluous, they think, to show *that* these things are so; all that is required is to show *why* they are so.

On the other side, the disputants begin by denying the existence of any such facts as these antagonists assume, and by demanding the production of them. Not only so, they have recourse to the census of the United States and to the various year books and published records of the various Christian sects, to show that Christianity is gaining instead of losing ground; that the number of communicants in the various churches is increasing faster than the population; and that the sittings in the churches are now three times as numerous, in proportion to the number of the people, as they were in the days of the Revolution; so that if one-third of the room in them is now occupied, the church attendance must be at least as large, relatively, as it was one hundred years ago. Every habitual church-goer knows that more than one-third of the room is occupied at the ordinary Sunday services; while the extent to which the church is used for purposes of worship and instruction is greatly increased by the multiplication of services, both on week-days and on Sundays, and especially by the rise and progress of Sunday-schools. In most Protestant churches, the congregation which meets at the Sunday-school service is nearly as large as that which gathers for the morning preaching-service, and the two congregations are composed, to a large extent, of different persons—not one-half of the members of the Sunday-school being present at the preaching-service. This state of things may not be desirable; but the fact must be noted in making up our estimate of the number of persons in the community brought under the influence of the churches.

To this class of facts constant appeal is made by those who dispute the assumption that Christianity is a waning faith. The volume of the Rev. Daniel Dorchester, in which figures compiled from the census and from the official records of the different sects are clearly presented, makes a striking presentation of the growth of the Christian faith. By tables which have

been for some time before the public, and which have not, so far as we know, been controverted, it is made to appear that the number of communicants in the evangelical Protestant churches has increased, since the beginning of this century, three times as fast as the population. Some of these figures, with others confirming them, have lately been adduced by Dr. Ward in a discussion of this subject in the "North American Review." The showing made in this compact and vigorous article should have the effect to push the debate back to the settlement of the question of fact. Before any further arguments are constructed to show why Christianity is obsolescent, it would be necessary to bring forth some reasons for believing that such is the case. To prove mathematically that Christianity is true, or untrue, may be somewhat difficult; but there can be no serious difficulty in making it appear whether or not it is losing its hold upon the thought and life of the people. And it would be a much more scientific method of procedure if those who maintain the decadence of the popular faith would take a little trouble to acquaint themselves with the facts that bear upon this particular point.

It is often said specifically that men of affairs, as a class, have lost their interest in the churches, and an attempt was lately made to test the truth of this assertion. In an Eastern city, with a population of a little less than forty thousand, the president and cashier of one of the national banks were requested to furnish a list of the fifty strongest business firms in the city, with the name of the head of each firm. The gentlemen furnishing the list had no knowledge whatever of the use that was to be made of it. In classifying fifty-four names thus given, it was found that there were seven whose relation to the churches was unknown to the gentleman who had obtained the list; six who were not identified with any of them; and forty-one who were all regular attendants upon the churches and generous supporters of their work—the great majority of them communicants. In a Western city of a little more than sixty thousand inhabitants, a similar list of fifty-two names was obtained in the same way; and the analysis showed three whose ecclesiastical standing was unknown; one Jew; six not connected with churches; and forty-two regular church-goers, of whom thirty-one were communicants. These lists were both made up by well-informed and sagacious business men; the cities represented by them are not conspicuously religious communities; and the composition of them gives small color to the notion that the business men of our cities are estranged from the churches. It is astonishing that such a notion should ever have gained currency, in the face of the palpable fact that so much money is contributed every year for the support of the churches and the prosecution of their charitable and missionary enterprises.

It is possible that a fair showing with respect to the business men of other cities might be less favorable than that here presented; but it is almost certain that a complete induction of facts would correct the impression that the churches have lost their hold upon this class of men.

It is true that a comparatively small number of very respectable persons have withdrawn from all connection with the churches, and have shut their minds, in a temper the reverse of scientific, against all ideas and

influences which proceed from this source. But for this, they would be made aware of two facts of which they now seem oblivious: first, that many of the churches are quietly and cautiously adjusting their current teaching to the growing light of the age, so that there is much less repugnance between their doctrines and modern science than is often imagined; second, that they are learning to enter, by a truer sympathy and a more intelligent ministry, into the real life of men, and thus to maintain and strengthen their hold upon the masses of the people. Unquestionably, the "non-church-goer" who started this discussion, and all that class of outside critics to which he belongs, have much to learn respecting the real condition and prospects of the church of Christ in America. If their information were better, their

estimates would be more hopeful and their judgments more sympathetic. And they cannot too soon disabuse their minds of the belief that the Christian religion is in its decadence. Such facts as those to which we have referred show its outward growth; but the real signs of its progress cannot be expressed in figures. It is the gospel of the heaven rather than the gospel of the mustard-seed whose triumphs are most signal and most sure. The one grand fact on which defenders of Christianity should rest their case is presented in these words of Canon Fremantle: "The Spirit of Christ is supreme over the whole range of the secular life,—education, trade, literature, art, science, and politics,—and is seen to be practically vindicating this supremacy." If this can be seen, it is worth seeing. No fact could be more significant or more impressive.

OPEN LETTERS.

Matthew Arnold in America.

ONE of the signs that this country has reached its majority—reached it through the ennobling sacrifices of the civil war, which changed our political boyhood into manhood—is the fact that Americans are no longer sensitive to foreign criticism. The nation is too big, prosperous, good-natured to care what Europe thinks. The continent no longer trembles when a distinguished foreign critic sets his foot on it. He is welcome to fill his note-book and go his way; and by and by, when he publishes his "Notes of a Short Journey in the United States," or "Observations on the Social and Political System of American Democracy," we will read his little book, perhaps with amusement, perhaps with profit to ourselves, but certainly without that eager curiosity to know how we look to our visitors that used to possess us in *ante-bellum* days.

Yet the arrival among us of so acute a social observer as Mr. Matthew Arnold deserves a passing notice. I am not going to try to prophesy what Mr. Arnold's experiences here may be, nor to anticipate his judgment of society in the United States. What he thinks of us in a general way we already know from the preface to "Culture and Anarchy," and from his article last year in "The Nineteenth Century," "A Word about America." The opinion there given was evidently quite firmly held, although modestly expressed, and there is little reason to expect that a brief stay in this country will modify it much. But as our critic is always insisting upon the need of a greater flexibility of mind and accessibility to ideas in people of British stock, we may predict that he will in this instance practice that favorite virtue, and hold his opinion subject to some revision. Indeed, he has acknowledged that it is difficult "to speak of a people merely from what one reads."

There are one or two things, however, which, it may with confidence be predicted, he will find here, and will find perhaps worth studying. He will find, for instance, that democracy which he foresees to be inevitable, and that equality which he thinks desirable

in modern society. But whether the particular type of democracy and equality which we have developed will seem to him admirable is doubtful. "In America perhaps," he once wrote, "we see the disadvantages of having social equality before there has been any high standard of social life and manners formed." Again, Mr. Arnold has written much and ably on the question of secondary education, and has advocated the establishment in England of higher schools for the instruction of the middle class, which should enjoy state support and supervision like the French *lycées*. He will, therefore, naturally be interested in the public school systems of our cities, and in the state universities of some of our Western States. It is true that he has expressed in advance an unfavorable opinion of our secondary schools, and has intimated that, like the English classical and commercial academies, they have not "a serious programme—a programme really suited to the wants and capacities of those who are to be trained." I venture, however, to express the hope that he will have time to look closer into this matter, and to give us the results of his observations.

Finally, he will find the Philistine here in great rankness and luxuriance; and my chief object in writing this letter is to say why I think that we need not be overmuch disquieted by the presence of the Philistine among us, or by Mr. Arnold's discovery that he exists here in overwhelming numbers and in flagrant type. It is well known that our critic has divided English society into three classes, which he politely names Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace. In America, he tells us, there are no Barbarians and hardly any Populace. The great bulk of the nation consists of the Philistines; a livelier kind of Philistine, headmits, and more accessible to ideas, than his English brother, but left more to himself, and without the social standard furnished by an aristocracy. I believe it was Mr. Arnold who, in his essay on Heine, first imported the word Philistine into English, and he has succeeded in domesticating it by dint of repetition in his later essays. Yet even now it may be doubted whether the great British and American public has any clear notion of

the right meaning of the term. There was an amusing discussion in the English newspapers some time since as to whether Macaulay was or was not a Philistine. I do not remember that Mr. Arnold ever called him one. He has in many passages of his writings been very hard upon Macaulay for being a rhetorician, for lacking intellectual delicacy, and for being dogmatic, superficial, uncritical, and what not. But surely it would be a confusion of terms to apply to a man of Macaulay's inquisitive and speculative spirit a term which always implies in Mr. Arnold's use of it a distrust of ideas, an inflexibility of mind, an adherence to routine and machinery.

The truth is that Mr. Arnold's Philistine is identical with what we know in America as the practical man; the man who is impatient of "theories," and who brings everything to the test of utility; who does not care for "the things of the mind" except in so far as they minister to immediate practical ends. To Mr. Arnold the representative *par excellence* of Philistinism is the respectable English Liberal and Puritan Dissenter of the middle classes, whose life vibrates between "business and Bethels." It is the "hideousness and immense ennui" of the life lived by this person which afflicts the critic's imagination. The Philistine, he insists, must transform himself. He has "a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners." He must be civilized, must get sweetness and light. He must aim at culture, which is "the study and pursuit of perfection." And the chief agency, at present, for the diffusion of culture is criticism, "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." It is admitted, however, that the Philistine may and does possess all the solid virtues, industry, integrity, piety, etc.

Now, I think it is evident why we need not be overmuch disquieted by the reflection that the mass of Americans are Philistines. Mr. Arnold's vision of a transformed society in which the Philistine shall have been utterly abolished out of the land is, it is to be feared, an unattainable though a beautiful ideal. The rough work of the world has got to be done by men and women who have small leisure for the study and pursuit of perfection—even perhaps of moral perfection—and to whom a disinterested concern for the things of the mind will always be an impossibility. They have got to think of their business, and to find their happiness in it rather than in self-culture. And if their life outside of their business, if their religion, their amusements, etc., seem to the man of fine culture and wider horizons to be unsatisfactory, humdrum, and full of "immense ennui," he should not therefore call them hideous, though he may legitimately enough try to show them a better way. We cannot all of us employ our spare moments in reading Greek poetry.

I know that Mr. Arnold says, or seems to say, that there have been entire communities in possession of sweetness and light, but that appears doubtful. "By the Ilissus there was no Wragg, poor thing!" Perhaps not, but the Philistine was there; yes, we may feel sure that the Philistine was there, though the Ilissus is so far removed from us that the unfortunate man is not revealed to us as clearly as when he is our neighbor.

The best thing that we can do with our Philistine is to accept him and live on terms with him, while offering him every practicable means for self-improvement. Mr. Arnold complains that the English—and therefore, by implication, the American—middle class is vulgarized. This would be true if there went nothing to make vulgarity but the absence of high thinking and fine manners and tastes. But one may be without these and yet not be vulgar. Intellectual narrowness, social plainness, the absence of beauty, the hard conditions to which most men are more or less condemned, are far from constituting vulgarity. Mr. Arnold's impatience of the Philistine seems to spring from a certain unsympathetic attitude toward the homely—or, if he chooses, vulgar—aspects of human life which, though superficially ugly, are necessary, and therefore not unwholesome, nor indeed even altogether unlovely. Even in his more strictly literary criticism this defective sympathy is apparent. The quality which he praises most is *distinction* in style and thought, urbanity, dignity, intellectual delicacy, rather than what is most broadly and intensely human. He has no relish of the healthy coarseness of nature. In all his laudation of equality he remains at heart aristocratic. He does not feel with or for the lower classes as they are, but he wants to make gentlemen of them! If he wishes to understand the true spirit of American democracy, let him turn his attention for a moment to the remarkable literary phenomenon offered by the "poems" of Walt Whitman. Here, amid much rankness and formlessness, much slovenly writing and defective art, and some affectation, he will find the most vivid and powerful explosions of the true democratic spirit known in literature. By the true democratic spirit, I mean the spirit of exultant hope and confidence in the future of the people; the spirit of good fellowship, friendliness, brotherhood with the average man; and even a physical comfort in the contact of the healthy human animal, man or woman,—a liking for the warm, gregarious pressure of the crowd. This is the real equality: not merely the praiseworthy wish to elevate the middle and lower classes by culture up to a position where it is possible for a man of refinement to sympathize with them intellectually; but a willingness—nay, a strong thirst and impulse—to meet them on the basis of their common manhood; to interest one's self in their characters, feelings, life experiences. A man who may have an appreciation of Greek poetry, but who likes to put on a flannel shirt on occasion, go about among farmers, fishermen, commercial travelers, and see life from their point of view without being offended by their want of sweetness and light, is the ideal American democrat.

As to the welcome which our distinguished guest will receive in America, we do not doubt that it will be a hearty one—though heartiness is not, perhaps, a trait which Mr. Arnold specially prizes. It may be better to say, therefore, that his welcome will be appreciative. I do not allude to personal hospitalities, but to the respectful gratification at his presence in the country of the many who have long owed him an intellectual debt; or perhaps it might be truer to say the few who have owed him this debt. He has spoken of himself, now and then, as an unpopular writer; and possibly, in view of his rather low estimate of the

popular taste, the phrase is not altogether one of self-disparagement. His writings are certainly not as dear to the great heart of the people as are those of Dickens, Kingsley, and some other English authors who have visited their American constituency. Yet I know numbers of young men—and some, alas! no longer young—who have found in Matthew Arnold's poetry a more exact answer to their intellectual and emotional wants than in any poetry of Tennyson's or even of Emerson's. They have found, too, a classical purity and restraint of manner, "a certain Doric delicacy,"—such as Sir Henry Wotton was ravished with in the odes and songs of "Comus,"—which has imparted a finer gusto to their literary palates than anything else in contemporary poetry. They are apt to regret that a poet who has written such poetry as "The Scholar Gypsy" and "Thyrsis," as "Empedocles on Etna" and "The Sick King in Bokhara," should have—comparatively—wasted his time of late in scolding the British Philistine. And though they know that no poet can compel the service of his muse, yet they are fond of pointing to Mr. Arnold as an instance of the peril which attends a writer who allows himself to get more and more into an exclusively critical attitude, and to forget the habit of original creation. They know, of course, what their favorite poet's plea would be, what it already has been in his essay on "The Function of Criticism": that the times are unfit; that a period of criticism is needed to prepare another era of creative power. But, besides that, some of Mr. Arnold's admirers do not altogether believe the doctrine of that essay; they profess themselves eager to take prose if they cannot get poetry; such prose, *i. e.*, as that of his earlier and pleasanter essays—the essays "On Translating Homer," on Heine and the De Guérins, on "Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment." Beautiful prose that was—simple, pliant, delicate, flowing so subtly and quietly into all the folds of the subject. But they are growing tired of hearing about the Philistine.

As regards the spread of Mr. Arnold's ideas about social classes, political tendencies, education, etc., or in other words, as regards the general influence of his writings in this country, I am afraid that his ideas in themselves are unpopular; and then that there is something fastidious, patronizing, *de haut en bas* in his way of remonstrating with the Philistine, which exasperates the latter and hardens him in his error. I once heard a public speaker fall with great fury upon a sentence of Mr. Arnold's in which he had declared that the Cornell University seemed "to rest on a provincial misconception of what culture truly is, and to be calculated to produce miners, or engineers, or architects, not sweetness and light." What, then, asked in effect this eloquent public speaker and influential statesman,—what, then, in Heaven's name is a university *for* if not to produce miners or engineers or other trained men to do their work in the world, and to do it thoroughly? And what is this vague, fugacious "sweetness and light" which this impractical doctrinaire offers us? etc., etc. One can imagine with what delicate irony Mr. Arnold would reply to this orating Philistine. How gently he would point out to him that our need is rather for more light than for immediate acting; and that this mania for acting, on the part of the Liberal party in England, has re-

sulted in the bill for enabling a man to marry his deceased wife's sister.

Not that Mr. Arnold was wrong in what he wrote about the true purpose of a university; but that, in his way of approaching the tired politician or business man who has been bearing the burden and heat of the fight, with his proffer of sweetness and light and his complaint of the hideousness of such names as Higginbottom, Stiggins, Bugg, Wragg, and other Anglo-Saxon outrages on euphony which have come betwixt the wind and his nobility,—in all this there is a slight suggestion, to the tired warrior of the gentleman whose chat annoyed Hotspur.

Not, I repeat, that he was wrong, for it is for the steady maintenance in his writings of a "disinterested" ideal of culture that the friends of liberal education should be most grateful to him. At a time when many philosophers are telling us that the development of human society, being the final step in the evolution of life, is to be, and ought to be, accompanied by the closer and ever closer specializing of functions in the individuals of that society—so that the miner, *e. g.*, shall tend more and more to be merely a miner, and the engineer merely an engineer, and every man of continually less importance as an individual and continually greater importance as a "differentiated" crank or organ in the social machine or body,—at such a time Mr. Arnold upholds the old idea that the highest product of social machinery is a *man*, and not a miner or engineer, and the highest object of educational systems is the culture of a man, or in other words, "the study and pursuit of perfection." It is very true that, under present conditions, for a long time to come such culture is attainable only by the few. But for that matter, wealth, ease, leisure, and many other desirable things are attainable only by the few. Perhaps the time may come, in the future of the race, when every one will have the time and means to do his duty to society without neglecting his highest duty to himself. Of such a time Matthew Arnold is one of the prophets.

Henry A. Beers.

"The Bread-winners."

A COMMENT.

I BELIEVE that all editors receive constantly letters about novels which they are publishing; and as it is at least a sign of interest, I have general usage to warrant me in committing my first sin of the sort, with "The Bread-winners" as my text. This story is well written, and I all the more regret the assumption in its second number that trades-unions are composed either of ignorant and lazy dupes, or of such wretches as Offitt. It is a bit of snobbishness imported from England, where even it has been an impossible position to be taken by good writers since "Put Yourself in His Place" was written. Strong as that was, and attacking only one of the abuses of trades-unionism, it failed in its purpose; and while violence seldom now characterizes an English strike, it is because the unions have become so strong that they are a recognized power, whose demands must be respected. When such men as Mill and Thornton and George advocate the banding of laborers together for mutual protection, novelists who trade more largely on sentiment and

sympathy with the oppressed should at least advance sufficiently to keep an even front with the economists. Taking the wage-fund theory at its extreme,—that labor is a commodity,—it is absurd to say that the buyer only should dictate the price, and that both parties to the transaction should not stand on an equal footing in the “haggling of the market,” either side using all the advantages that it can obtain, in any way short of actual violence. But, apart from discussion of the wages question on its merits, it is simply untruthful and worthy only of the more ignorant class of journalists to continue the assertion that trades-unions are mainly controlled and strikes inaugurated by agitators, interested only for what they can make out of them. Such men as John Jarrett, the ex-president of the Iron and Steel Workers, receive salaries for their services, but they earn every cent of them; and among these “labor agitators” there is not only organizing ability of the highest order, but more unselfishness than is displayed in nine-tenths of the business and social bodies by which work of any sort is accomplished through united effort. Nor is it fair or true that only the incompetent and idle workmen support these movements. If this were so, they would never have attained the proportions to which they have grown abroad, and which they are daily reaching here. The whole thing is only a rational solution of the labor question, the only possible one while men are inclined to look only at their own interests, unless some equal or superior power shall compel them to consider the interests of those with whom they are dealing. Thackeray and Dickens were powerful because they supported justice against prejudice, not less than by reason of their great genius; and the author of “The Bread-winners” will never turn out permanently valuable work, so long as he misrepresents a legitimate force in the interests of a false political economy and an antiquated spirit of caste.

Edward J. Shriver.

REPLY BY THE AUTHOR.

As I have not represented Mr. Offitt and his friends as trades-unionists, I might properly decline any controversy as to the merits of these organizations. It may be as well, however, to say a word in answer to the sweeping assertions of Mr. Shriver, though anything like a discussion of the matter is impossible in the limits which *THE CENTURY* can allow to such a note as this. Mr. Shriver makes the familiar claim of the harmless and rational processes of trades-unions; yet he knows that no important strike has ever been carried through without violence, and that no long strike has ever been ended without murder. He insists on the right of the workman to sell his labor at the best price; yet he knows that trades-unionism is the very negation of that right. The inner circle of petty tyrants who govern the trades-unions expressly forbid the working-man to make his own bargain with his employer; his boys may become thieves and vagabonds, his girls may take to the streets, but they shall not learn his trade, or any other honest trade, without the consent of the union. It is only a few years since we saw the streets of Pittsburgh devastated by murder, arson, and rapine,

through a rising which agitators could originate but could not control; it is only a few weeks since we saw some thousands of telegraph operators foolishly give up their means of livelihood at the dictation of a few conspirators, whose vanity and arrogance had blinded them to the plainest considerations of common sense. No one who has read the newspapers, for the last ten years, is ignorant of the existence of those secret orders, the offspring and the hideous caricatures of trades-unions, which come to the surface occasionally in the Pennsylvania courts, in connection with a story which begins with assassination and ends, most properly, with the gallows. I have made, I trust, a legitimate use of these evident facts, and do not feel myself called upon to discuss the rights and wrongs of trades-unions. I am not touched by the appeal Mr. Shriver makes to my literary ambition. “I follow use, not fame.” If I could make one working-man see that, in joining a secret society which compels him by oath to give up his conscience and his children’s bread to the caprice or ambition of any “Master Workman” or “Executive Council,” he is committing an act of folly whose consequences he cannot foresee, and placing himself in the power of an utterly irresponsible despotism, I should be better satisfied than if I should “turn out” what Mr. Shriver and Mr. Offitt would consider “permanently valuable work.”

Author of “The Bread-winners.”

Opera in New York.

THOSE who ought to know shake their heads at the idea of two Italian opera companies singing in New York at the same time. German opera, at one of the two principal houses, offsetting the usual Italian opera, would be, they think, a healthier kind of competition, and would better serve the public and the interests of musical culture. Americans, and especially New Yorkers, have grown up with Italian opera, which for more than half a century has kept the field. Fondness for beautiful voices and appreciation of refined execution in singing have been greatly developed by this education; but it must be confessed that Italian opera has exerted a perverting influence upon church music, in so far as our composers have adopted its forms for sacred songs and church services. With increasing musical knowledge our people have learned to appreciate the great orchestral and choral works of the German masters; and in latter years the Italian opera company has attempted to give “Fidelio,” “Lohengrin,” and “Flying Dutchman,” but only with indifferent success. The widespread appreciation of Wagner’s music has been due to the selections given in concert by Theodore Thomas, who has brought the orchestral forces in New York to such a degree of perfection, that at the present day the Philharmonic Orchestra is almost unrivaled by any orchestra in Europe. And probably the deepest musical impression ever made in this country was when Frau Materna, at the May Festival, sang portions of Wagner’s “Ring of the Nibelung.”

One necessary requisite for German opera—a magnificent orchestra—we already possess. But we need besides a trained chorus of German singers, and,

most important of all, good soloists. Our public is accustomed to hear first-class singers in Italian opera; but it would not be easy to procure equally good singers of German opera. It is a peculiarity of German singers that they like to establish themselves at some court theater, where they will be free from the distractions and weariness of a nomadic life, and where they will have time for conscientious study and are sure of a pension when their vocal powers become impaired. On the other hand, singers who are in the employ of speculators or "impresarios" are as a rule overworked. A large sum of money must be made to satisfy the manager and the excessive demands of the soloists, and the singers, without being aware of it, fall into routine ways.

It would not be possible probably to secure the services of such singers as Frau and Herr Vogel, Frau Materna, Sucher, Marianne Brandt, Herren Scaria, Betz, Gudehus, Hill, Fuchs, and Reichmann; for the season in Germany lasts nine or ten months, and their contracts only allow them a leave of absence of, sometimes, a few weeks at a time, during which they sing as "guests" or stars in other cities. Their vacation is devoted to rest. But there are in Germany many good singers who are not engaged at court theaters, or are so attached only for six or seven years.

Thus we can hardly expect to hear German opera from the best representatives of vocal art in Germany, and would need to content ourselves with performances which excel in point of "ensemble" and correct interpretation of the music.

Owing to the cost of grand opera in this country, people of small means are, for the most part, reduced to hearing the lightest operettas, most of them of questionable value. It would be much better if those who cannot afford grand opera might hear good comic opera, such as is produced in France and Germany, like Mozart's "Figaro," and many works of Boiëldieu and Auber. In fact, the only desirable solution of the pressing question of popular opera in America, is to have the best comic operas of France and Germany sung in English; until, of course, we may have operas in which both words and music are composed by Americans. The progress which the American people show in every branch of music is remarkable, and not less astonishing is the great number of young people having beautiful voices. This talent and these voices must be given the chance to be educated in an operatic school, where they may pass from the school-room to a practicing stage, upon which they may prepare themselves to step upon the stage of an opera-house.

G. Federlein.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Old Mrs. Grimes.

(Tune: "Old Grimes is Dead.")

OLD Mrs. Grimes is dead. Alas!
 We ne'er shall see her more.
 She was the wife of good old Grimes,
 Who died some years before.

A very worthy dame is gone,
 Since she gave up her breath;
 Her head was white with frosts of time
 She lived until her death.

Though rough the path, her willing feet
 E'er walked where duty led;
 And never wore a pair of shoes,
 Except when out of bed.

Busy she was, from morn to night,
 Spite of old Time's advances;
 Although her husband left her here
 In easy circumstances.

Good Mrs. Grimes is now at rest,
 She'll rest through endless ages;
 The sun has set, her work is done,
 She's gone to claim her wages.

A. T.

The Wedding on the Creek.

OH! I's got to string de banjer 'g'inst de closin' ob
 de week,
 For dar's gwine to be a weddin' 'mongst de nig-
 gers on de Creek.
 Dey's gittin' up a frolic, an' dar's gwine to be a
 noise
 When de Plantation knocks ag'in' de Slab Town
 boys!
 Dar'll be stranger folks a-plenty, an' de gals is
 comin' too,
 All lubly as de day-break, an' fresher dan de
 jew!
 A'nt Dinah's gittin' ready, wid her half a dozen
 daughters,
 An' little Angelina, fum de Chinkypen Quarters;
 Anudder gal's a-comin', but I couldn't tell her
 name;
 She's sweet as 'lasses candy an' pretty all de same!
 She's nicer dan a rose-bush an' lubly ebrywhar
 Fum de bottom ob her slippers to de wroppin's in
 her ha'r.
 Lordy mussy 'pon me, how 'twill flusterate de
 niggers
 To see her slidin' 'cross de flo' an' steppin' froo de
 figgers!

J. A. Macon.

EXTRA!!!

COLLISION DURING A FEARFUL GALE!

A SINGULAR DISASTER!

One of the Ships of the Royal Mail

CUTS DOWN A LARGE THREE-MASTER!

FINE SEAMANSHIP BY THE BOYS IN BLUE!

A RECORD TO BE CHERISHED!

But for the efforts of either crew

SIX HUNDRED must HAVE PERISHED!

Showing the skill and good control

ON TRANSATLANTIC MAILERS!

REPORTED LOST but a SINGLE SOUL!

And three-and-twenty sailors.

S. Conant Foster.

To Mrs. Carlyle.

I HAVE read your glorious letters,
Where you threw aside all fetters,
Spoke your thoughts and mind out freely, in your
own delightful style,
And I fear my state's alarming;
For these pages are so charming,
That my heart I lay before you,—take it,
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

And I sit here thinking, thinking,
How your life was one long winking
At poor Thomas' faults and failings, and his undue
share of bile!

Wont you own, dear, just between us,
That this living with a genius
Isn't, after all, so pleasant,—is it,
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle?

There was nothing that's demeaning
In those frequent times of cleaning,
When you scoured and scrubbed and hammered, in
such true housewifely style;
And those charming teas and dinners,
Graced by clever saints and sinners,
Make me long to have been present—with you,
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

How you fought with dogs and chickens,
Playing young women, and the dickens
Knows what else; you stilled all racket, that might
Thomas' sleep beguile;
How you wrestled with the taxes,
How you ground T. Carlyle's axes,
Making him the more dependent on you—
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

Through it all from every quarter
Gleams, like sunshine on the water,
Your quick sense of fun and humor, and your bright,
bewitching smile;
And I own, I fairly revel
In the way that you say "devil."
'Tis so terse, so very vigorous, so like
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

All the time, say, were you missing
Just a little love and kissing,—
Silly things, that help to lighten many a weary,
dreary while?
Never a word you say to show it;
We may guess, but never know it;
You went quietly on without it—loyal
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

Bessie Chandler.

Engaged.

MUTE the music of the fiddle
When we wandered to the door;
Must have been about the middle
Of the night, or may be more.
Every poising of her face let
Loose the rhapsodies of love;
Every movement of her bracelet,
Or her glove.

After each adieu was bidden,
Leisurely we took our leave;
One white hand was half-way hidden
In a corner of my sleeve.
Foolishly my fancy lingers!
Still, what can a captive do?
Just the pressure of her fingers
Thrilled me through.

Spoke we of the pleasant dances,
Costumes, supper, and the wine;
Gossiped of the stolen glances;
Guessed engagements,—mentioned mine.
Some old sorrow to her eye lent
Tears that trickled while we talked,
And I found her growing silent
As we walked.

My engagement? Queer, why stupid
People peddle little lies!
Here, beside me, cunning Cupid
Shot his arrows from her eyes;
In my heart a twinge and flutter
Followed fast each dart he dealt,
And my tongue tried hard to utter
What I felt.

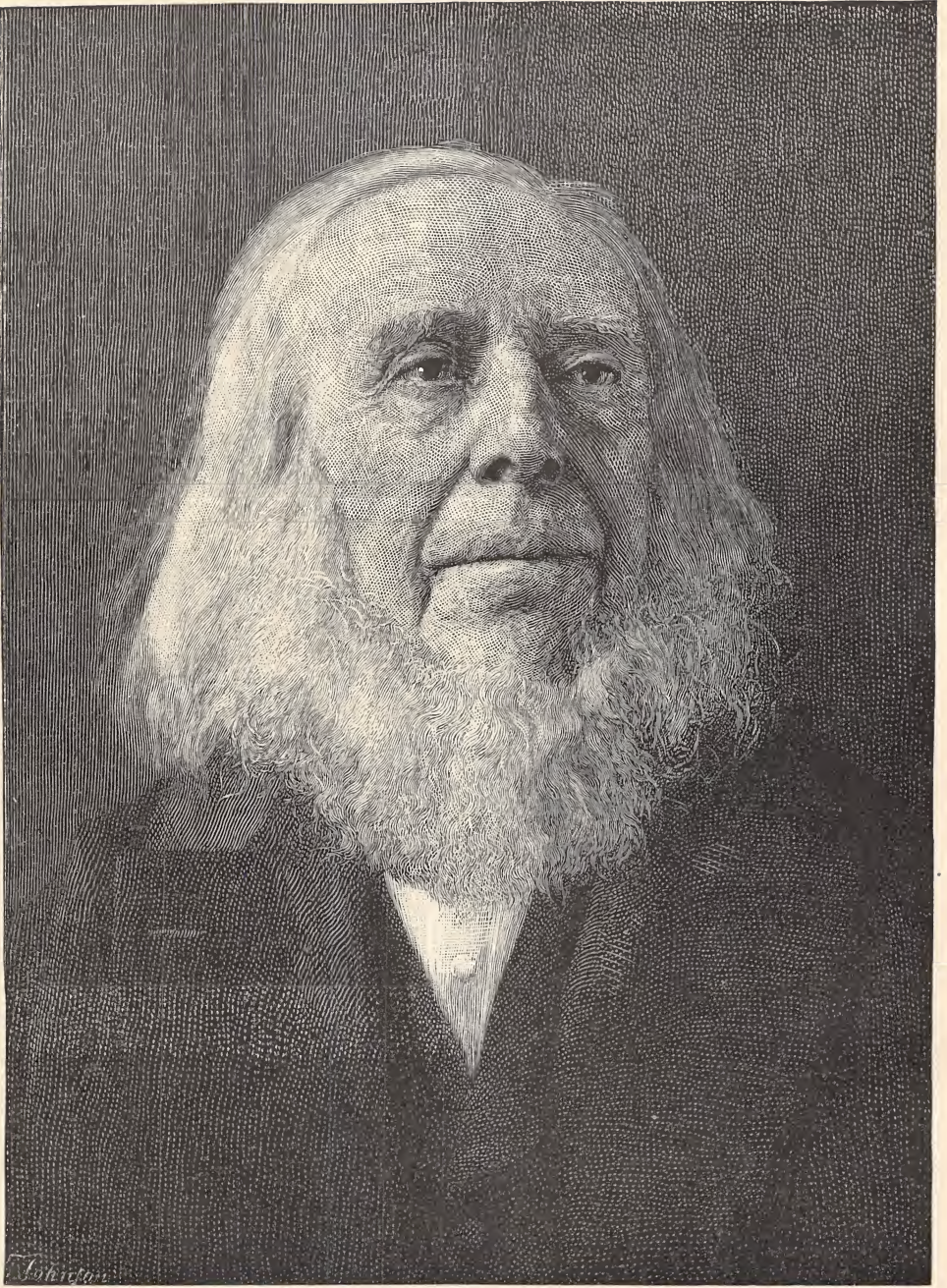
Standing near the polished newel,
With the gas turned very low,
Conscience seemed to whisper, "Cruel
Tell the truth before you go."
So my courage, getting firmer,
Set her doubtings all aright;
Tiny hands came with the murmur,
"Now, good-night!"

'Twas the same delicious lisp heard
At the dance—a merry strain!
True the voice now softly whispered,—
True she let her hands remain
In my own, as if in token
Of some wish in sweet eclipse,
Cherished lovingly, unspoken
By her lips.

Long-lashed eyelids gently drooping,
Face suffused with scarlet flush,
Told the secret, as I, stooping,
Kissed the rose-leaf of her blush:
Like some happy, sunny island
In a sea of joy was I;
Quick she turned her face to smile, and
Said "Good-bye!"

When we met the morning after,
Blithe as any bird was she;
Music mingled with her laughter,
Every word was love to me.
So the genial Mrs. Grundy,
Seeing how our hearts are caged,
Tells the truth at church next Sunday
"They're engaged!"

Frank Dempster Sherman.



PETER COOPER.

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THE FAIREST COUNTY OF ENGLAND.

HISTORY tells us over and over again how closely the character of a district has been impressed upon the race which inhabits it; and it is not surprising that the love of one's native land should be deepened and intensified in proportion to the boldness and beauty of its natural features; for a dull, flat, and unbroken country—treeless, desolate, and waste—cannot engender the same feelings as a land of mountain and valley, of glen and gorge, of rock, stream, and forest. It is not unnatural, therefore, that the sons of Devon should entertain feelings of enthusiastic love and pride for their native county—feelings born of the sympathy created by nature herself. Yet the love of Devon—"the fairest county of England," by the judgment of the author of "*Lorna Doone*," one of the most charming creations among modern works of fiction—is not confined to Devonians. Well does the present writer remember the cordial ring of sympathy which reached him from one of his Scottish reviewers anent some loving descriptions of Devonshire scenery. "The women of the extreme west of England," said this reviewer, "are, perhaps, the most beautiful of any; the men are taller and less awkward than in the midland and eastern counties; the wild flowers are more abundant; the climate milder on the coast and more bracing on the moors. We have spent weeks in Devon in a general state of enchantment with the scenery, the foliage, the sparkling Scottish-like burns, and the unrivaled tors, besides being filled with enthusiasm for the abundant remains of British camps and circles and dolmens, to say nothing of that weird Wistman's wood of which the gnarled and dwarfish oaks are said to be coëval with the Druids." This enthusiastic tribute of praise from an inhabitant of North

Britain is no more than fairly representative of the feelings of all who from outside have crossed the border-land of Devon.

It has interest for the historian, for the archæologist, for the geologist, and for the naturalist, as well as for the simple lover of nature, be he neither of these. In the matter of size it stands second upon the list of English counties, including an area of 2,654 square miles. Its greatest length from north to south is some seventy miles, and its greatest breadth from east to west is about the same. Yet within the small included area—for, though large as compared with most of the English counties, it is in reality but a narrow extent of country—is to be found the most marvelous diversity of surface. On two sides it is washed by the sea—northward by the Bristol, southward by the English Channel. Cornwall forms its westward boundary, and Somerset and Dorset lie on its eastward borders. About two-thirds of its surface is under cultivation, and its farming and dairy produce are perhaps the finest in all England. Far-famed breeds of cattle and sheep are grazed on its pastures. Its moorlands furnish a race of ponies known the wide world over; while the luscious cider and the unrivaled "cream" of Devonshire are luxuries which have been tried and appreciated by many a visitor from distant climes. The waters on its coast teem with the finny life which supplies an important article of food to many a densely populated English city; while its sparkling inland streams furnish to the sportsman, more abundantly than any other English county, that beautiful inhabitant of fresh water, the red-spotted trout. The "lordly salmon," too, throng in thousands into its tidal rivers. In mineral wealth Devon cannot vie with its neighbor Cornwall, though

it has heretofore produced gold and silver, and a copper mine within its borders has proved to be among the finest in the whole world.

For the historian, Devonshire has furnished materials which make a long page in the annals of England. Its castle of Rougemont — now only a picturesque ruin — was the scene of the stoutest resistance offered to the invasion of the Norman conqueror. One of the many sieges for which Exeter (one of the two chief towns of Devon) has been famous was on the occasion of the Norman investment of the city. It is believed that Romans and Saxons had both in their turn built fortresses upon the site of Rougemont Castle; and after William the Conqueror had succeeded in overcoming the desperate resistance of the Exonians he rebuilt the castle by the aid, it is said, of the materials gathered from the ruins of the houses shattered during

the siege of the city. The red earth upon which the fortress was built gave occasion, it seems, for the name of Rougemont. The most beautiful and most imposing, however, of the buildings of Exeter is its cathedral, one of the most magnificent of the architectural monuments of England. It was Edward the Confessor who, in the year 1050, first made Exeter the seat of a diocese. But the erection of the existing cathedral building was not commenced until the year 1112. Bishop William Warelwast was its originator, and it received successive additions by subsequent bishops of Exeter during no less than seven reigns, being completed by Bishop Bothe, in the year 1478 and in the reign of Edward the Fourth. Its total length exceeds 400 feet; and its western front, in the richness and beauty of its architectural features, has few parallels in the whole world. Another building, which stands



A DEVONSHIRE VILLAGE, NEAR EXETER.



VIEW NEAR FARMINGTON.

next to the beautiful cathedral in importance, is the Guild-hall, a building the projecting front of which—supported on semicircular arches surmounting moor-stone columns, and dating from the year 1593—forms a curious and striking feature in “High street.”

Around Plymouth, the larger of the two chief towns, many fond memories cling; and none, perhaps, is dearer in memory to New Englanders than this, the chief sea-port of the southwestern shores of Britain: for Plymouth, the great sea-gate of sunny Devon, gave the last sight of Old England to the gallant band of “Pilgrim Fathers.”

To modern naval history Plymouth contributes much of stirring interest. Among the great names with which this town is associated in this connection are those of Hawkins and Drake, of Cook and Fro-bisher. In its harbor, too, Robert Blake died as, toward the close of an August day in 1657, he was returning to shore from one of his most memorable victories. Many pages would be needed to give even a brief summary of all that is interesting in connection with its dock-yards, its arsenal, its fortifications, its shipping, its light-house, and its breakwater. The last-named of these objects of interest illustrates strikingly what can be accomplished by indomitable enterprise and perseverance.

Prior to 1812, Plymouth Sound was open

to the full force of the Atlantic waves, which, under the influence of strong south-westerly gales, rolled into it with amazing violence. If by any contrivance of human ingenuity, a barrier could be erected across the sound, thought the projectors of the breakwater, one of the finest harbors in the world might be created. How could the task be begun? In the month of April, 1812, a huge block of stone was cast into the sea, about the center of Plymouth Sound, where the water was fifty feet deep. Other blocks followed, day after day, and week after week; and, though two hundred men were employed upon the work, a year passed without any visible result. Sixteen thousand tons of stone had been swallowed up, and still the waters closed over and hid from view the enormous masses of granite. Persistently, however, the work was carried on, and after a while its fruit began to be manifest, for, here and there in places, points of stone began to peep up among the waves. For thirty-four years the work proceeded, during which time no less than four millions of tons of granite had been cast into the sound.

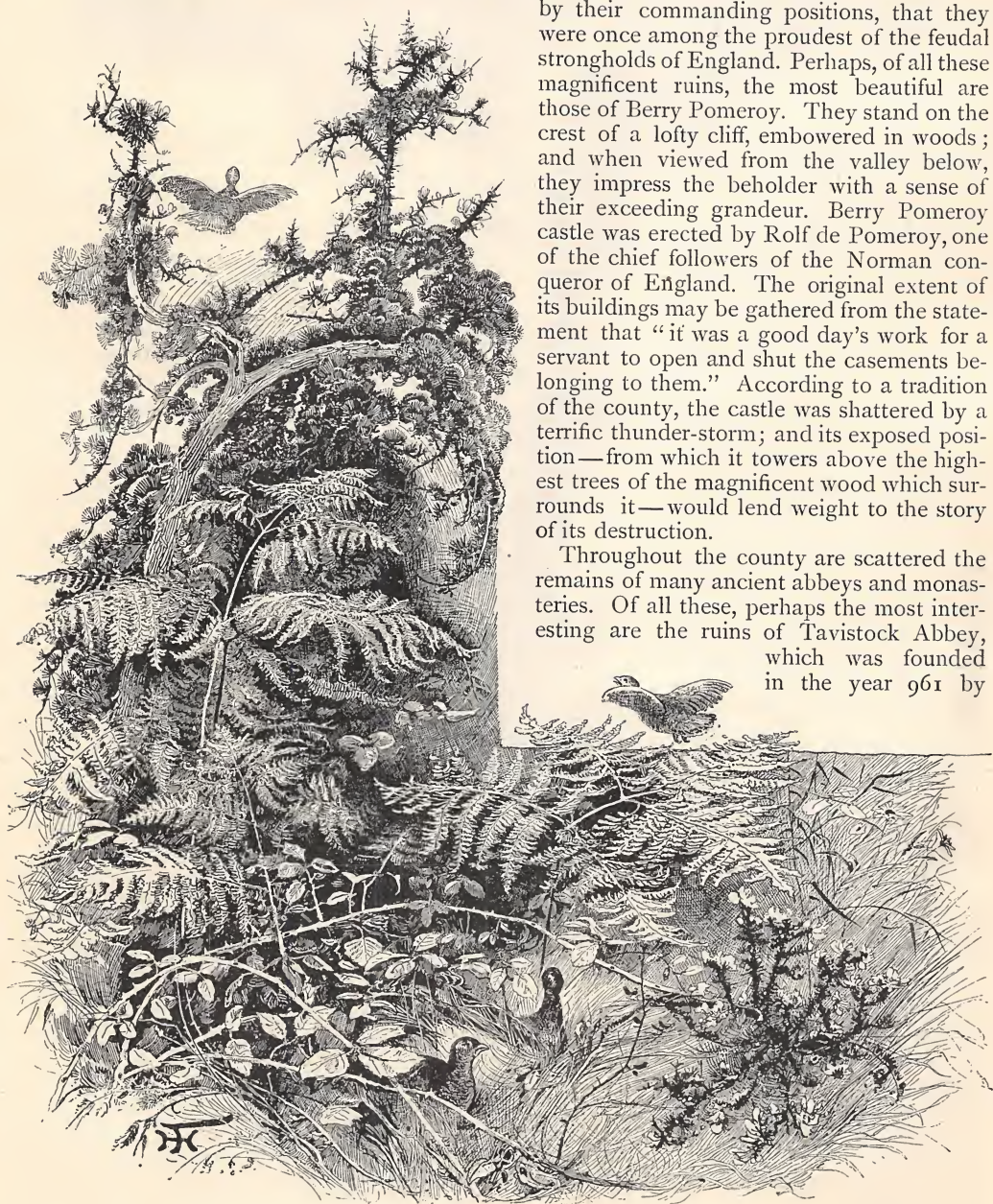
Then upon this vast substructure, varying in depth from forty to eighty feet, according to the variations in the sea-bottom, and in width, at its base, from three hundred to four hundred feet,—in length about a mile,—a stone terrace was constructed, the most elevated platform of stone being but two feet

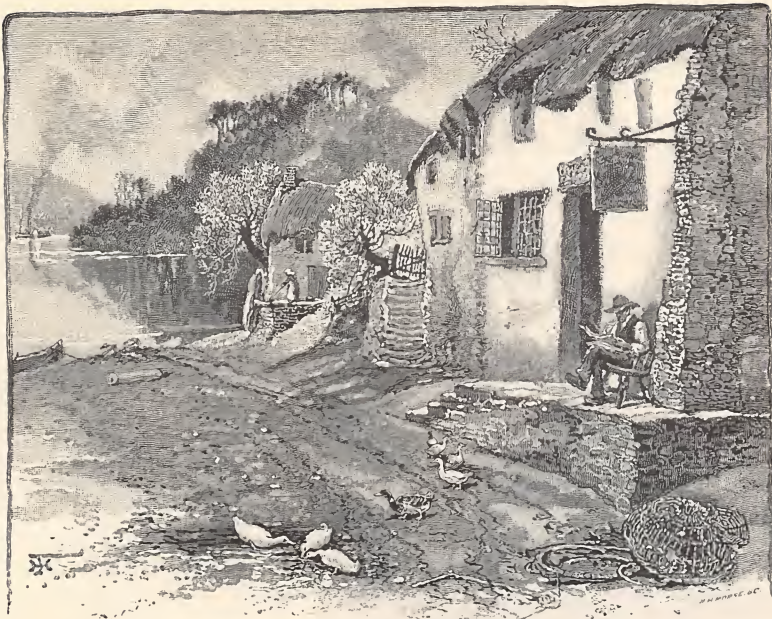
above the level of the highest spring tides. It forms a magnificent promenade in fine weather, and in rough weather withstands the utmost fury of the Atlantic billows, forming on its landward side a calm lake of water within which the British navy might ride in perfect safety.

Many and curious, in Devonshire, are the remains which link the past in picturesque association with the present, and possess for the antiquarian an interest which few other

counties can rival. The ruins of its ancient castles at Okehampton, at Plympton, at Tiverton, at Totnes, and at Berry Pomeroy, are among the most striking and most beautiful of the relics of feudal times. Though now mouldering in decay, and yielding to the gentle conquests of the ivy trailers which cling round and cover with a thin, dense, and picturesque mass of evergreen the crumbling stones of keep and embattlement, they attest, no less by the thickness of their walls than by their commanding positions, that they were once among the proudest of the feudal strongholds of England. Perhaps, of all these magnificent ruins, the most beautiful are those of Berry Pomeroy. They stand on the crest of a lofty cliff, embowered in woods; and when viewed from the valley below, they impress the beholder with a sense of their exceeding grandeur. Berry Pomeroy castle was erected by Rolf de Pomeroy, one of the chief followers of the Norman conqueror of England. The original extent of its buildings may be gathered from the statement that "it was a good day's work for a servant to open and shut the casements belonging to them." According to a tradition of the county, the castle was shattered by a terrific thunder-storm; and its exposed position—from which it towers above the highest trees of the magnificent wood which surrounds it—would lend weight to the story of its destruction.

Throughout the county are scattered the remains of many ancient abbeys and monasteries. Of all these, perhaps the most interesting are the ruins of Tavistock Abbey, which was founded in the year 961 by





ON THE DART AT DITTISHAM.

Ordgar, Earl of Devon, in obedience, it is said, to an admonitory vision. It was completed twenty years afterward—namely, in 981—by Ordulph, his son, a man of such gigantic stature that he could, according to William of Malmesbury, the historian, stride across streams ten feet wide. This huge son of Devon must have been of somewhat similar stature to the famous John Ridd, the hero of Mr. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone." Ordgar's daughter and the sister of Ordulph was the beautiful Elfleda, whose romantic history has been given by William of Malmesbury. Tavistock Abbey was plundered and burnt by the Danes in the year 997, but it was subsequently rebuilt,—after which it acquired considerable endowments, Henry the First in particular having bestowed upon its abbots the whole hundred of Tavistock, as well as the right to hold a weekly market and a three days' annual fair. The prosperity of the abbey continuing, it secured for its thirty-fifth abbot the privilege of sitting among the peers in the legislative assembly. But the next abbot in succession, the thirty-sixth,—John Peryn,—was compelled to surrender the whole monastery, with all its possessions, to Henry the Eighth, who granted them in the following year to John, Earl of Russell. In his descendant, the Duke of Bedford, the whole is now vested. The importance of the building may be gathered from the circumstance that it was said at one time that it "eclipsed every religious house in Devonshire in the extent, convenience,

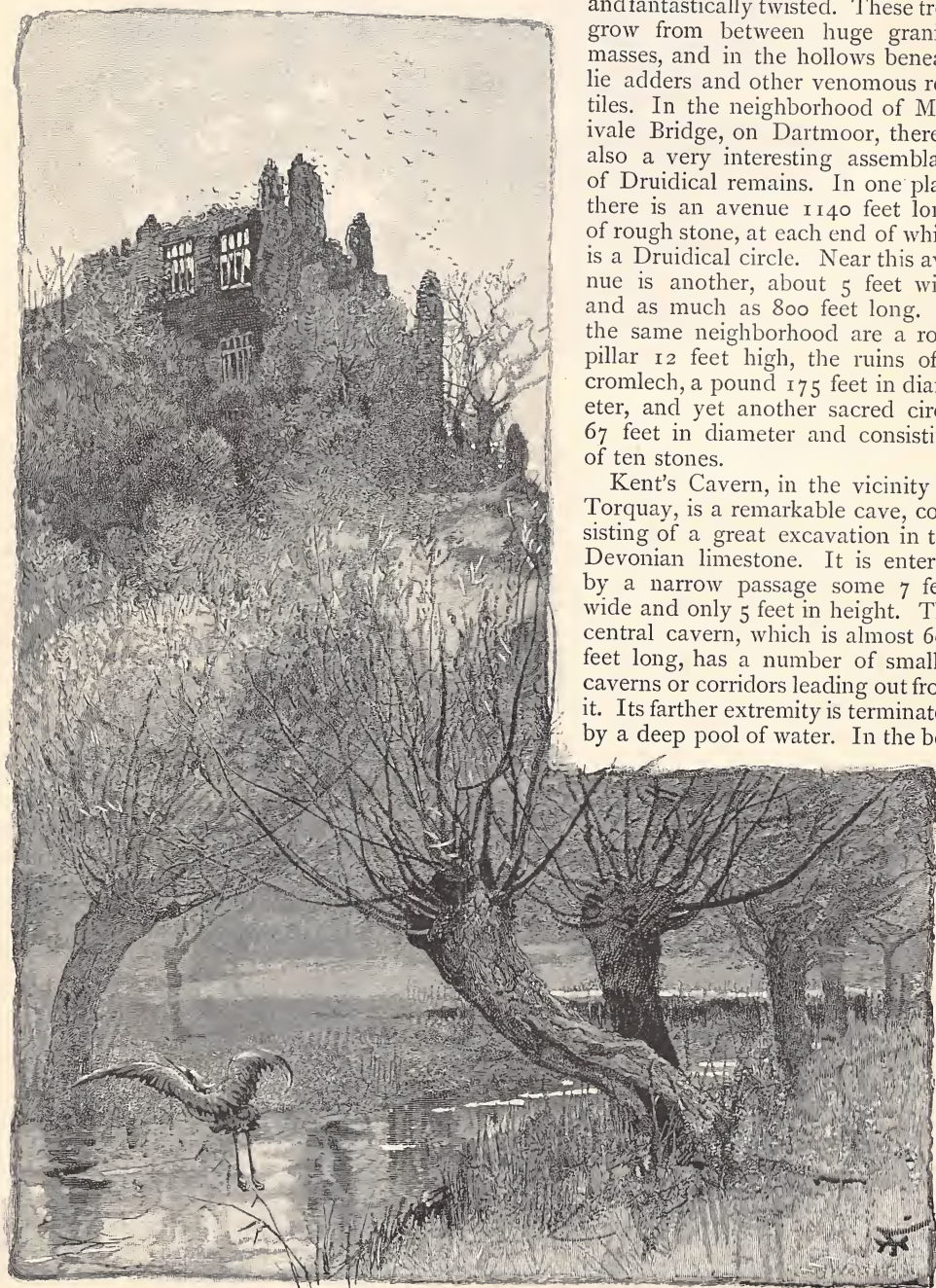
and magnificence of its buildings." Some of the abbots of Tavistock were reputed eminent scholars, and they established and maintained a school for teaching the Saxon language and literature; and very soon after the introduction of printing into England, a printing-press was established in this abbey, and from it was issued the earliest printed copy of the Stannary laws. Even the ruins, which are of considerable extent, attest the importance and magnificence of this great monument of monasticism.

Other and deep interest is afforded for the antiquarian in various parts of Devonshire by the numerous Druidical and other remains. The wild expanse of Dartmoor alone furnishes in great abundance some of the most remarkable of these remains. The designation of "Forest," which still attaches to Dartmoor, though now in a general way inapplicable to this remarkable table-land on account of the entire absence of trees from many parts of it, was, no doubt, peculiarly appropriate in ancient times, when a vast extent of this moorland must have been covered by a dense forest growth. In the gloomy depths of this primeval forest the Druids found ample opportunity for the exercise of their solemn, mysterious, and fearful rites; and hence the reason for the existence of so large a number of cromlechs, circles, and altars. The oak, too, in whose groves the most cruel and dreadful of the Druidical rites were performed, no doubt flourished luxuriantly on Dartmoor during the Druidical period. In-

deed, in many of the marshy parts of this moor immense oak trunks have been found. The weird "Wistman's Wood," a name which is believed to be a corruption of the "wise men's" (or Druids') wood, still exists to attest — by such evidence as the lingering remains of the present age can afford — what has been alleged of the dark doings of

the priests of the "sacred groves" of ancient Britain. "Wistman's Wood" is distant about a mile from Two Bridges on Dartmoor. It lies on the acclivity of a steep hill, and the road to it is incumbered with huge blocks of granite scattered all along the route. The oaks which form the wood are gnarled and stunted, their moss-covered upper branches being strangely and fantastically twisted. These trees grow from between huge granitic masses, and in the hollows beneath lie adders and other venomous reptiles. In the neighborhood of Merivale Bridge, on Dartmoor, there is also a very interesting assemblage of Druidical remains. In one place there is an avenue 1140 feet long, of rough stone, at each end of which is a Druidical circle. Near this avenue is another, about 5 feet wide and as much as 800 feet long. In the same neighborhood are a rock pillar 12 feet high, the ruins of a cromlech, a pound 175 feet in diameter, and yet another sacred circle 67 feet in diameter and consisting of ten stones.

Kent's Cavern, in the vicinity of Torquay, is a remarkable cave, consisting of a great excavation in the Devonian limestone. It is entered by a narrow passage some 7 feet wide and only 5 feet in height. The central cavern, which is almost 600 feet long, has a number of smaller caverns or corridors leading out from it. Its farther extremity is terminated by a deep pool of water. In the bed



BERRY POMEROY.

of this cavern modern research has been rewarded by some deeply interesting discoveries. Over the original earth-bottom of the cave is a bed or layer of considerable thickness, in which are contained strange mixtures of human bones with the bones of the elephant and the rhinoceros, the hyena, the bear, and the wolf, intermingled with stone and flint tools, arrow and spear heads, and fragments of coarse pottery. The animal remains testify

For the geologist and the naturalist Devonshire possesses an interest which a library of volumes could scarcely exhaust. The variety of formations within the limited area of Devonshire is indeed remarkable; and it is, undoubtedly, chiefly to this fact that the county owes its greatest attraction—its lovely scenery. All those visitors to Devon who for the first time have traversed its main line of railway, entering it either at Plymouth or from



A BIT ON DARTMOOR.

to the presence in the ancient forests of Britain of beasts of prey which long since have become extinct. Speculation may be exhausted in the endeavor to account for the curious intermingling in this cavern of the remains of human beings and of wild animals. The place may have been used for shelter successively by man and by the lords of the forest; or, as the presence of the rude weapons of man might seem to indicate, the beasts of the field may have been brought into this natural recess as trophies of the chase, and their flesh and skins used for purposes of food and clothing. Nothing less than the most persevering and enthusiastic search could have discovered the interesting remains which, for a vast period of time, had been buried in this retreat; for the fossils were covered by a thick floor of stalagmite which had been formed, there can be no doubt, by great blocks of limestone which had fallen from time to time, extending over a very lengthened period, from the roof of the cavern, and had become cemented into one mass by the perpetual percolations of lime-water from above.

its Somersetshire side just beyond the little town of Wellington, have been struck by the singular beauty of the coast, where the line by Dawlish and Teignmouth runs along the sea. Soon after leaving Exeter, the glorious green of the spreading vegetation, which on both sides of the way has been gently mantling the rolling uplands, is suddenly contrasted with the deep-blue sea and bright-red cliffs. These beautiful cliffs proclaim to the visitor that he is entering the region of the red sandstone, which gives a distinct geological character to this part of Devon. When, after exploring this coast and seeing all that is immediately adjacent to the South Devon Railway, he turns inland to explore the great moor-land of the county,—an extended tract untraversed by the iron lines,—his attention is called to another of the great geological features of Devon, the granite formation as exhibited most prominently in the famous tors of Dartmoor. It is in this particular part of geological Devonshire that, as already intimated, the most interesting of the Druidical and other antiquarian remains of the county



MOUTH OF THE DART.

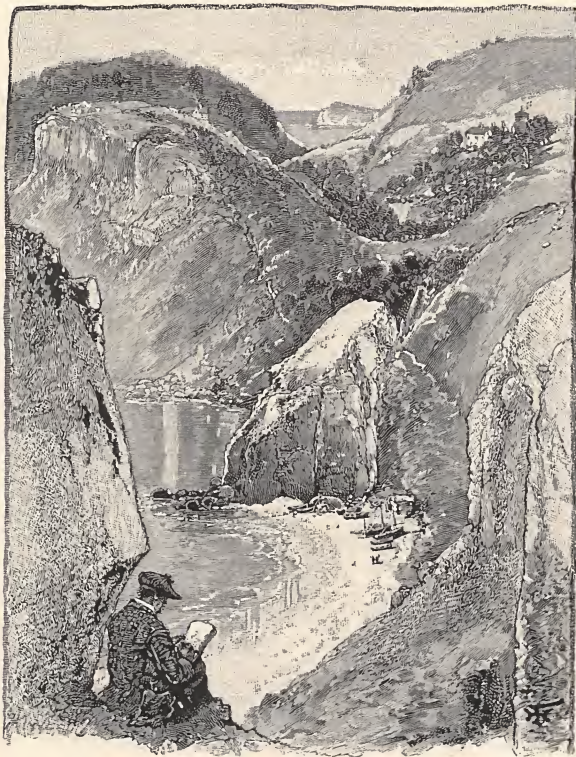
have been discovered. The carboniferous series of rocks are noticeable in mid Devon and in the northern, north-western, and central parts of the county. Where, in the north-western district of this formation, it is shown upon the coast, the cliffs exhibit some remarkable traces of plants whose forms are nature-printed upon the cliff side. Passing over with brief mention the metamorphic rocks, the lias, the oolite, and tertiary formations, the traces of submarine forests and of raised beaches along the coast of Devon, the valley deposits in which have been found the fossil bones of the mammoth and the rhinoceros, the brown-coal beds

in which are inclosed the fossils of such exotic plants as the cinnamon and palm, tree ferns, and pines in size like the gigantic *Wellingtonia* of California, we come to a formation—the Devonian—which has given a special geological character to the county. In the strata included in this formation fossils representing no fewer than three hundred and eighty-three species of plants and animals have been found. If we turn from these records of the rocks to the existing fauna and flora of this beautiful county, we shall find life in marvelous variety.

The desire simply to enjoy the unrivaled scenery of Devon has brought hundreds of thousands of visitors to this lovely county; and it is to its wonderful diversity that the great charm of this scenery is undoubtedly due. Everywhere throughout its length and breadth there is abundant change; for continual contrasts are offered by the boldness of its hills, the ruggedness of its tors, the sparkling velocity of its streams, the softness and grace of its valleys, and the pervading charm of its glorious vegetation. Its northern coast-line—extending from Glenthorne, which on the east divides the county from Somersetshire, to Marsland mouth, which is its extreme north-western boundary—includes a bolder sea-front than the southern sea-line of the county, though

from Boggy Point to Hartland Point there are many gentle sweeps of golden sand fronting the fore-shore of Barnstaple Bay, into which the Taw and Torridge roll their joined waters. The coast from Glenthorne to Ilfracombe, and from Hartland Point to the borders of Cornwall at Marsland mouth, is characterized by a romantic boldness which offers a singular contrast to the exceeding softness

beats furiously, while, above, great cliffs of marble cleft into jagged peaks present a stern front to the waves. But a short distance from this rugged cove, and within the compass of a short walk from it, is the beautiful bay of Babbicombe, where the steep cliffs above the pebbly strand are charmingly wooded, enshrouding high over the sea that "village of villas" Mary Church. In the neighborhood



ANSTEY'S COVE, SOUTH DEVONSHIRE.

and grace of the combes and valleys running down between the beetling cliffs to the sea.

In the southern lines of coast extending from the Devonshire border to Plymouth, the contrasts, though lovely in the extreme, are on the whole less bold. There is greater variety, owing to the larger number of indentations in the sea-front, and to the more rapid alternation from peaceful, sandy bay to jagged shingly inlet in the cliff. Into the waters of the English Channel, from this southern sea-border, flow the Axe, the Otter, and the Sid, the Exe and Teign, the Dart, Plym, and Tamar, by the charming watering-places of Seaton and Sidmouth, of Exmouth, Dawlish, and Teignmouth, and of Dartmouth and Plymouth. In the wild and romantic inlet of the sea called Anstey's Cove, strewn rocks lie on the rugged beach, upon which the sea

of Mary Church are to be found quarries of the richest and most charmingly colored of the Devonian marbles.

With the exception of the great waste of Dartmoor, and the extreme northern part of the county which includes a portion of Exmoor, the land of Devonshire is remarkable for its fertility. The country around Bideford and Barnstaple includes a large amount of productive land, as also does the extensive tract known as the Vale of Exeter, a tract comprising some two hundred square miles. Dartmoor itself occupies an extensive area. It is some twenty-two miles long by about nineteen in breadth, and is chiefly barren and uncultivated. It is in fact an elevated tableland, with eminences rising to heights from fifteen hundred to, in some cases, nearly eighteen hundred feet above the sea level.

Its lofty hills, jagged tors, and narrow valleys, strewn in many cases with great masses of granite,—which appear to have been flung from the tors during some terrible convulsion of nature,—its morasses, and its roaring torrents help to give a strangely wild aspect to its scenery. Yet in parts of this moor-land the most beautiful contrasts to the general aspect of wildness and barrenness are afforded by the presence of hill-sides densely clothed with trees, and by foaming streams winding their way with singular impetuosity through narrow glens abounding with the richest vegetation. South of Dartmoor the country assumes such fertility and possesses such a wealth of natural beauty that it has been called “the garden of Devonshire.” This very beautiful tract of country is bounded northward by Dartmoor and the heights around Chudleigh, on the south by the English Channel, on the west by the Tamar dividing Cornwall from Devon, and on the east by Torbay. It comprises, within an area of some two hundred and fifty square miles, some of the boldest and most beautiful contrasts in hill and valley, some of the finest and most productive land in all Devon. Certainly there are few parts even of Devonshire which can equal the fascinating ten miles of moor winding from the little town of Totnes to Dartmoor.

The peculiar and individual beauty of Devonshire scenery is especially seen along the banks of its rivers, in its green lanes, over its moor-lands, and along its coasts. But throughout the county, in green lane, by river-border, on moor, or by sea-coast, this especial beauty owes its peculiar character to one circumstance. In “*The Fern Paradise*,” and subsequently in “*The Fern World*,” I have suggested that it is the great profusion and beauty of its ferns which lend to Devonshire scenery its peculiar character of softness and grace. “They clothe the hill-sides and the hill-tops; they grow in the moist depths of the valleys; they fringe the banks of the streams; they are to be found in the recesses of the woods; they hang from rocks and walls and trees, and crowd into the towns and villages, fastening themselves with sweet familiarity even to the houses.”* In most districts, the presence of ferns in great abundance will generally be found to indicate the character of the scenery.

Two beautiful scenes, typical of the moor and moor-land scenery of Devon, are vividly present to the mind's eye of the writer. The first is a scene on the river Plym, at Shaugh Bridge, in the lovely vale of Berkleigh, a few miles only from Plymouth, and easily reached by rail from the last-named place. Two little

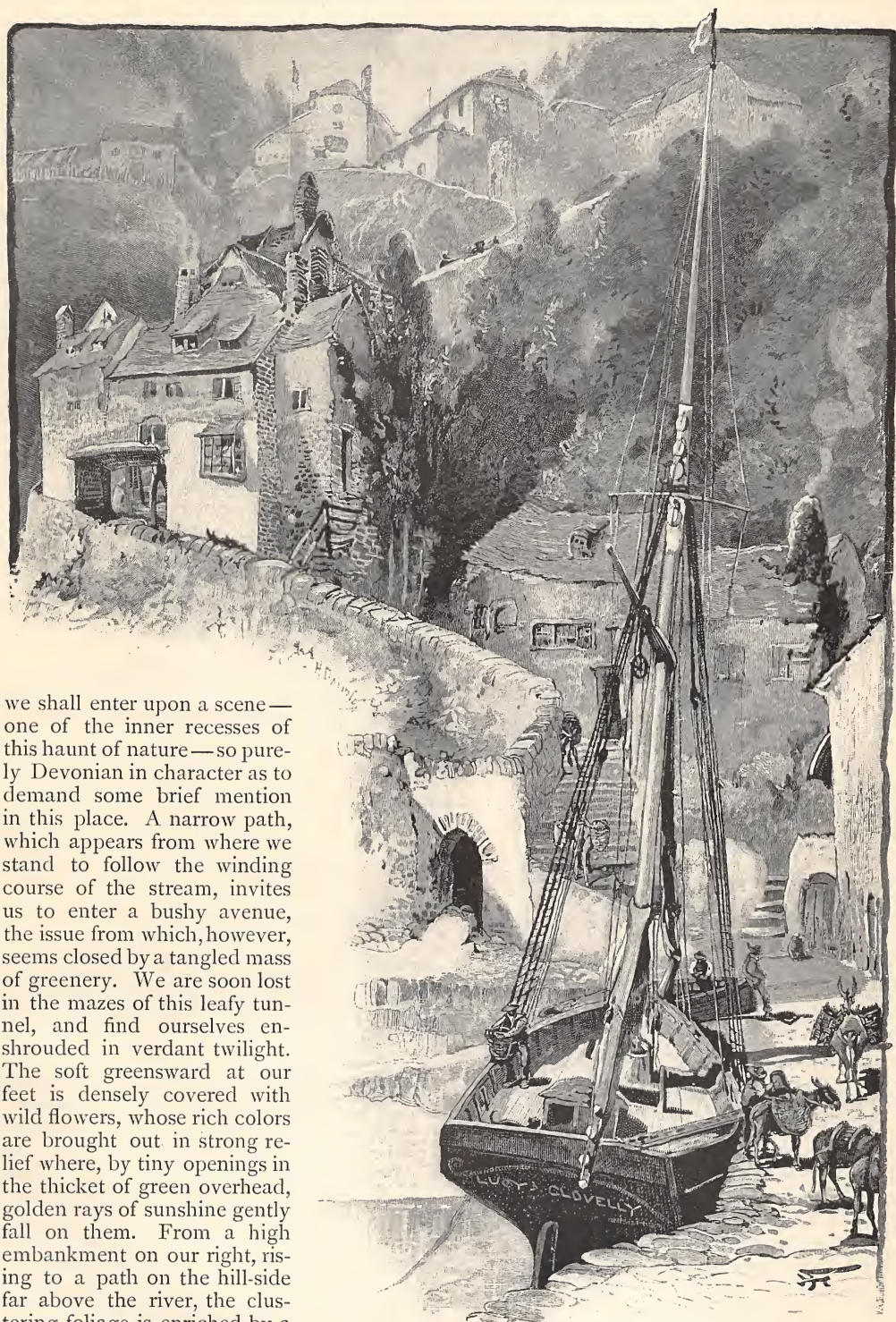
streams, the Mew and the Cad, rising in Dartmoor, flow together near the little village of Shaugh, in Berkleigh vale, and their united waters form the Plym. Just below the point of junction a bridge crosses the stream, whose current rolls musically over big boulders. Above this bridge the scenery is singularly beautiful.

The second scene is a changing one, representing a transformation from the surroundings of a quaint old Devonshire town, by degrees, in which nature gradually asserts her own—town and railway giving way to steep hill and moorland glen. The route is from Totnes, a little town so mingled with the country that it is difficult to say where the one ends and the other begins. We pass along the main line of the South Devon Railway to Newton Abbot, and the engine pants as it runs up and down inclines which represent a compromise between a level iron road and impossible rocks. Engineering skill won here a great victory, and the tourist may pass through the very heart of glen and mountain with no more effort than that involved in the good use of his eyes. From Newton a branch line extends to Moreton Hampstead, and, arrived there, the moor, which erewhile has been struggling for her own,—her hills resisting with more and more of success the attempt to cultivate them,—at length triumphs in the undisputed possession of hill, valley, stream, and rock. Leaving Moreton Hampstead, we plunge into Dartmoor, making for one of its most beautiful fastnesses, the vale of Tingle Bridge.

After having reached the bridge, and descending to the river level, we may find our way into mid-stream by boulder stepping-stones; and, by resting for a moment on a great fragment of rock, we take in with a single sweeping glance one of the most enchanting pieces of river-side landscape. We are now in the bed of a vast amphitheater; great hills sublimely clothed with spreading trees rise around us on all sides, and shut us in, and a delightful sense of being alone with nature in one of her grandest aspects steals over us with a refreshing calm. The only sounds are those of birds singing sweetly in the shrubbery which infolds the river banks on our right, and of the river itself as it musically rolls on by the rock on which we are seated, now falling with a soft roar between islets of contorted rock piled up on each side of a depression in its bed, now gurgling over pebbly shallows, now gently splashing over the tops of mossy boulders.

If, returning from the brawling river-bed, we turn into a path skirting it on the side from which we approached our boulder islet,

* “*The Fern Paradise*.”



CLOVELLY, FROM THE PIER.

we shall enter upon a scene — one of the inner recesses of this haunt of nature — so purely Devonian in character as to demand some brief mention in this place. A narrow path, which appears from where we stand to follow the winding course of the stream, invites us to enter a bushy avenue, the issue from which, however, seems closed by a tangled mass of greenery. We are soon lost in the mazes of this leafy tunnel, and find ourselves enshrouded in verdant twilight. The soft greensward at our feet is densely covered with wild flowers, whose rich colors are brought out in strong relief where, by tiny openings in the thicket of green overhead, golden rays of sunshine gently fall on them. From a high embankment on our right, rising to a path on the hill-side far above the river, the clustering foliage is enriched by a wealth of fern-fronds drooping gracefully downward. By gently pressing aside the shrubs which from time to time fling their twigs across our way, we may follow this charming river-side path for a long dis-

tance, treading on its rich carpeting of wild flowers, and listening to the sweet sounds of bird and insect life.

It is the sparkle of running water which adds so much of life and beauty to Devonshire scenery. There is nowhere stillness and stagnancy, and it is to the abundance of rippling streams in its woods and lanes that the marvelous freshness and richness of their vegetation are mainly due. One may sometimes wander for miles through a network of green lanes bordered by high hedge-bank, whose topmost branches, meeting across the narrow way, form natural avenues of green. Sometimes these lanes are formed by steep cuttings in the hill-side, and in such cases there is sure to trickle, from the higher ground beyond the hedge-top, some pure stream of water. Or it may be that the water gently percolates through the thickness of the hedge-bank, or flows in a tiny rill along the course of the lane. The arching branches, spreading to meet each other from each hedge-top, shut in the moist emanations from the running water, and vegetation revels in the friendly shelter thus extemporized.

Sweet Clovelly, on the northern sea-border of Devon, is hung against the side of wooded sea-cliffs, and is approached by a road, the "Hobby Drive," which presents along its entire distance changing scenes that have probably few equals in the whole world. You enter, from the high road from Bideford to

Clovelly, a carriage-drive which, if you follow it for a few yards, will lead you away into the cool shadow of overarching trees. From this point you pass through a succession of the most enchanting combes, now lost in a world of leafiness as clustering trees close in upon you on all sides, now momentarily bathed in gleams of sunlight which fall on to you from interstices in the leafy canopy above. Down and down your path winds, now crossing the brawling bed of a stream whose banks are densely covered by graceful forms of fern, now coming, on the verge of an opening in the trees, upon a spot whence a charming view can be had, away at the combe mouth, over a great expanse of waving trees, of the blue sea lying calmly beyond. Presently you approach the brow of a richly wooded bluff, to which your path leads from the depth of a bosky recess; and from this charming standpoint you look out from under the sheltering trees upon an enchanting prospect of sea and cliff. The very cliff-top is covered by graceful ferny forms; trees and shrubs rich in leafy beauty surround you. Across the sky white clouds are gently sailing, chased by the soft sea-breeze. And sunshine in a golden flood bursts in upon your path.

"The birds chant melody in every bush;
The smoke lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checkered shadow on the ground."

Francis George Heath.

THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

A DISCOVERY IN CONNECTION WITH THE ATHENE.

IN an able article on "The Phidian Age of Sculpture," which appeared in a former number of this magazine (February, 1882, page 554), Mrs. Mitchell referred to some discoveries concerning the Parthenon which the present writer had the good fortune to make. It is one of these discoveries, the terra-cotta sketch of the upper part of the Athene from the Parthenon frieze, which it is proposed here to notice. It is, no doubt, a great gain to be able to restore to a state of comparatively original perfection a work of Pheidias, disfigured by the ravages of time and vandal hands; but, after all, to the archæologist the chief satisfaction lies in the conditions which led to the discovery. For the discovery was not a matter of accident, neither did it depend upon peculiarly personal qualification or aptitude, but was the result of the simple appli-

cation of a method of archæological observation now becoming systematized and developed—the result of sober, scientific work. This method of archæological investigation, the comparative study of style, consists in carefully studying and noting all the characteristics of well-identified remains of ancient art with regard to the subjects represented, the conception of these subjects, the style and manipulation of the rendering, both higher artistic and materially technical, and in comparing with the standard thus gained the numerous extant works, the date, school, and artist of which are not known. Thus, by means of scientific observation in all respects similar to that which has been practiced with so much success in the natural sciences, the step from the known to the unknown is bridged over, the circle of firmly constituted

facts grows wider as the sphere of the unrecognized and imperfectly known grows more restricted.

Throughout all the works of Pheidias art which have come down to us we notice that, however lofty their spiritual qualities, however great and ideal their artistic conceptions, they manifest to the student one simple and almost humble, yet none the less important, element which is essential to their great effect, namely, a due and sober regard paid by the sculptor to the physical, almost mechanical, conditions which surround each individual work. With all his loftiness and ideality, this great artist never lost his firm footing on the actual ground of his work, never expected that all the surroundings should be fashioned in keeping with his own great ideas, never neglected such seemingly paltry considerations as the limits of the space that was to be filled by his composition, the material to be used, the conditions of light in the position of the work, and the point from which the spectator would view it. As we learn from a careful study of this frieze, Pheidias seems to have asked himself, first, How can I make my figures visible, and distinctly visible? secondly, How can I relate the story I wish to transfer to marble so that it may be clearly understood, and may maintain its unity, though carried along the four walls of this temple? And when he had solved these questions by dint of sober thought and hard work, he set free from its fetters his lofty imagination, and it conceived a great composition which his hands had the power to execute and make real.

The first technical points which we notice in the frieze are the exceeding lowness of relief, the peculiar working of the edges of the outlines, and the increasing height of relief toward the top. All these idiosyncrasies of relief work must be referred to the peculiar way in which the frieze received its light, and to the conditions under which the spectator could gain sight of it. It must be borne in mind that the frieze, representing the Panathenaic procession, five hundred and twenty-two feet in length, ran along the outer wall of the *cella* at a height of thirty-nine feet, and that this wall was joined to the entablature surmounting the colonnade which ran round the temple and supported the roof.* The frieze could thus receive no light from above.

Furthermore, the entablature surmounting the columns descended one and a half metres ($4\frac{3}{4}$ ft.) lower than the level of the frieze, so that the light could not come directly from the side. It therefore received only a diffused light from the side and below between the columns, and especially the light reflected upward from the white pavement of the colonnade. The spectator, moreover, could not gain sight of the frieze if he stood outside the temple beyond the columns; he had, therefore, to stand between them or in front of them toward the wall. The distance between the wall and the inner circumference of the columns (it is about four and a half metres, including the columns) was 2.96 to 3.57 metres (9.7 to 11.7 ft.), so that the spectator stood very close to the wall and nearly under the relief itself.

The first result of these conditions is that Pheidias had to keep his relief very low. For, in the first place, if he had worked his figures in bold and high relief, the spectator necessarily standing so closely under it, the lower edges of the relief, the feet of men and horses, the tire of the wheels, would not only have been the most noticeable features, and have presented ugly lines, but would have hidden from view a great part of the composition above.

A positive evidence in the work itself that Pheidias duly considered the special position of the spectator, to whom the lower sides of the projections were most visible, is to be found in the fact that while, as we shall see, the other edges of the relief are straight cut and not modeled, the lower surfaces of the edges that can be seen from below, such as the bellies of the horses, are more carefully modeled and more highly finished than any other surfaces in the whole frieze. In the second place, the light received being in every case indirect, either diffused upward from between the columns, or reflected directly from the white floor, a strong relief, especially in the lower parts, would have thrown shadows upward, and would thus have made the upper parts less visible, or entirely hidden them from view. We have thus presented to us the masterpiece of technical skill: layers of figures one upon another, sometimes two or three horses and riders, in a relief standing out four and a half centimetres ($1\frac{3}{4}$ in.), and in the highest parts, namely, the heads of horses and men, five and a half centimetres ($2\frac{1}{4}$ in.). Our wonder at the technical skill must grow still greater when we consider that the several layers of figures put into his exceedingly low relief were worked with such definiteness that the outline of each figure, forming a

* To gain a clear view of the general subject we are dealing with, the reader could not do better than to consult Mrs. Mitchell's article, referred to above, and more especially to examine the sketch (page 553) to realize the position of the frieze in the building. [See also chapters XIV. and XVII. of Mrs. Mitchell's "History of Ancient Sculpture" (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.).—ED.]



PLAQUE IN THE LOUVRE. (SEE PAGE 178.)

part of a great mass, such as the procession of horsemen, became distinctly visible to the spectator at a distance of over thirty-nine feet, in spite of the imperfect light and the unfavorable point of view. This was effected by another peculiar and characteristic method of working the relief in this frieze.

The second result of the peculiar physical conditions of the Parthenon frieze is the manner of dealing with the outlines of the figures and the edges of the outlines. As the relief was kept very low, and the light was so imperfect, the outline, in order to be visible, had to be clearly cut and set off from the ground in an abrupt manner. In a low relief, which is placed on the eye-line before us, we avoid a harsh, perpendicular edge, which interrupts the flow of rounded lines, and we allow the relief as far as possible to run gradually over into the ground. In the Parthenon frieze, on the contrary, the edges of the outlines, with the exception of those that are seen from below, are cut straight and sharp to the ground, often at a

height of three and even of four and a half centimetres, perpendicular to the ground, and sometimes even slightly undercut, the edge slanting inward. In some instances, especially where there are several layers of figures projecting over one another, they are made more visible in that the layers are not parallel to one another, but the one layer has a more slanting plane. Another device is that of cutting a groove near the edge, and thus heightening the relief away from it. This is especially noticeable at the feet of the horsemen. Finally, a more projecting relief is obtained in the upper and most distant parts of the relief, especially in the heads of men and horses, by somewhat sinking the ground as it nears the outline of the head.

Lastly, we notice that the variations in the height of the relief are only to be found in the upper part of the frieze, which reaches the extreme height of five and a half centimetres, while the lower parts uniformly remain within the limit of four and a half centimetres. This treatment is due, in the

first place, to the fact that while, from the peculiar lighting, high relief in the lower parts might have thrown disturbing shadows over the upper part of the relief, there was no fear of such a disturbance in the upper part, and the artist was free to make this more strongly projecting. Secondly, it is due to considerations which we know Pheidias to have studied. It is because of the foreshortening which is the result of the spectator's point of viewing the composition. These considerations on the part of the artist are manifested in the way in which the lower portions of the bodies, for instance of the seated gods, are proportionately shorter than the upper parts, because, to the spectator viewing them in their original position, the lower parts would appear larger. The lower parts also appear more projecting and the upper parts receding when viewed immediately from below. To avoid this effect and thus to keep the figures in drawing, the upper parts of the frieze had to be projected more strongly than the lower parts. Only then would they appear to the spectator from below as being of the same height in relief. From the point in which it was seen in its original position, the variation in the height of the relief produced the same appearance that a relief of equal height throughout, which is placed on the eye-line, presents to the spectator.

Furthermore, the walls of the temple which Pheidias was called upon to decorate with a continuous scene possessing unity of artistic organization, presented to the sculptor four distinct sides, only one of which could be seen at a time. The task was thus set of giving connectedness to the scenes, while each was to be endowed with a certain completeness of meaning and harmony of composition. They were to be like the stanzas of a poem or the movements of a symphony. Pheidias used the limitations of outer physical conditions to realize in his work one of the central tasks of organized life, and more especially the organized life of art, which may be expressed by various terms, all containing the same fundamental idea: to find and constitute the proper relation and just balance between unity and variety, law and freedom, typical life and individual life, symmetry of form and flow of nature, the ideal and the real. This unity of artistic organization chiefly depends upon giving to the work some physically perceptible central point of interest and importance, toward which all the parts of the work tend, with regard to spiritual interest, or to volume, color, or line. This central point of unity was clearly suggested to the sculptor by the fact that the

four walls were not strictly equal in importance, in length, or in position; but that the oblong temple contained two shorter and two longer walls, and above all, a front (the east end) and a back (the west end). Instead of a mechanical, unvarying movement round the four walls, if they were equally important, without any growth of interest, the east front became the chief side toward which all the others were to lead, upon which the climax of the action was to be represented. The action will begin at the back, the west end, will proceed along either long side of the oblong temple, and like the band of a victor the two ends meet, and the dramatic knot is tied at the brow of the temple, the east front. The scene represented is the procession at the Panathenaic festival. Each of the four sides of the temple contains one definite stage of the whole action, while the bulk of the scene is naturally assigned to the long walls, on the north and south.

The west wall or back is the least important side, and at the same time it is the side facing the Propylæa, the entrance to the Acropolis, which the visitor first saw upon nearing the Parthenon. Thus it is on this side that the beginning of the whole action is placed, the preparation for the procession. Horsemen are mounting; there one is trying to hold back a rearing horse, another is drawing on his boots, another is forcing the bit into the mouth of his restive horse; others are already mounted, and are beginning to fall into line.

The north and south walls, as has been said, contain the procession proper. But, to keep up the continuity of composition between the several sides, the figures at the corners anticipate and take up the character of representation belonging to the side on to which they join, forming an organic transition from one movement to another, as in a musical composition the key or rhythm of the following movement is led up to in the previous one, and the *motive* of a former movement is repeated in a modified form at the beginning of the succeeding one. So, here, at the end of the western frieze, there are figures which, by their action, lead round the corner to the northern and southern frieze; and at the beginning of the northern frieze there is one group of preparation, a boy-servant tying the girdle of his master at the back, over which the drapery will be pulled in projecting folds. Then follow the matchless groups of horsemen in full processions, charioteers with warriors in armor, dignified elders carrying branches, musicians, kitharists and flute-players, maidens carrying offerings, and then the sacred hekatombs,



ATHENE. (ORIGINAL CONDITION.)

cows and sheep offered by Athens and its dependent colonies. The varying life and movement of these groups, all toned down and made worthy of a translation into so lasting a material as is marble, by harmony of composition, is made still more varied and living by the heralds and officers interspersed between the advancing grouping and keeps them in order.

All this movement leads on to the final scene at the east frieze, where the preparations for the scene that is to follow the offering of the hekatombs to the goddess Athene, are clearly suggested in the central group of the priest and priestess preparing to perform the sacrifice. But the true climax of the scene as represented is in the arrival of the procession before the assembled gods, who, according to the truly Greek idea, are present at the feast which the people give in their honor, the partakers of the people's joy, and are grouped on either side of the center. Such is the largeness of conception and treatment given to these gods that, though they be but in relief and half life size, they each furnish a model for a great monumental statue; nay, they need but to be transferred from relief to the round and increased in dimensions to make, each of them, a great statue, equaled only by the pedimental figures from the same temple. They have the dignity in conception and attitude, the breadth of treatment in modeling, and, withal, the grace and

serenity which characterize the works of Greek art, especially of the art of Pheidias.

Among these gods and goddesses, the figure which has been most admired by archæologists, artists, and amateurs is that of Athene, who, corresponding to Zeus on the one side, is seated on the other side of the central group, and is here figured from the frieze in the British Museum. And it has been thus admired despite the loss of the head — a loss which has been regretted by all writers on the subject.

Among a number of terra-cotta fragments in the Louvre Museum at Paris, the writer came upon the fragment of an antique terra-cotta plaque which at once arrested his attention. The fragment here figured (see page 176) from the original is seven and a half inches in height, five and a half inches in width, and one and a half inches in thickness. The color of the terra-cotta is of a faded reddish brown with a few spots of white, the remnants of a ground-color which was put on ancient terracottas to hold the upper colors, as we use white of egg to fix the gilding. The relief technique of Pheidias and the general character of the whole made it most evident that here was a specimen of Pheidias relief work, and the writer felt convinced in a moment that it was one of the figures from the eastern frieze. A pencil-sketch made at the time, when compared with an illustration of the frieze, afforded a complete confirmation of this con-

jecture, in showing it to be the seated figure of Athene. The question was, What was the degree of relationship between this terra-cotta and the actual frieze? When the directors of the Louvre Museum, among whom M. Léon Heuzey was especially kind, generously sent a plaster cast of the fragment to England, so that it could be carefully collated with the frieze of the British Museum, the identity of the two works became palpable, and the general character of the plaque as compared with the frieze was that of an "early state" as compared with the finished work.

The peculiar working of the edges of the relief in the Parthenon frieze to which attention has been drawn is maintained throughout in the terra-cotta; nay, it even acts disturbingly when we view it closely. The edge of the arm is worked straight down to the background, perpendicular to it, and sometimes even slanting inward. The outline of the face, especially the line of brow and nose, has the same straight-cut edge. The head is highest in relief, and therefore the hair has suffered most from friction, being most prominent. So close is the resemblance of workmanship to that of the Parthenon frieze, that, as there, so here, the stronger relief of the head is attained by adding to the actually greater height by sinking the ground around this upper part. The chiton is fastened in the same way above the shoulder, the brooch being more distinct in the plaque than in the frieze, where it is rubbed away. From this point the chief folds of the drapery radiate, two running above the right breast under the upper seam of the garment, which projects in a similar manner above the left breast in both instances. From the shoulder, running between the right breast and the opening at the side, there are five fold-grooves, the upper ones running toward the center of the figure, where they break up into numerous transverse folds, while the lower ones are subdivided by smaller grooves, less defined in the plaque and more clearly cut in the frieze. The triangular opening is identical, as also the manner in which it runs out into a curved fold at the bottom. Below it there is the same cavernous fold, and between it and the arm the drapery is subdivided in both instances by a small groove and a larger one toward the arm,—in the plaque the smaller one being visible up toward the arm, while in the frieze it is visible further down. There are no indications of a spear in the terra-cotta, because this could not well be rendered in that material. By the side of the cavernous fold, just above the breakage, there are three parallel curves in the folds which are quite similar in the drapery of the frieze. Unluckily, the terra-

cotta is fractured at the lap of the figure, and the whole lower portion is wanting.

On the other hand, the greatest satisfaction is gained from the plaque in that the head has been perfectly preserved, and that we can now complete in our mind the picture of the Athene of the frieze, whose mutilated head so painfully destroys the effect of the whole figure. And when the scale of the terra-cotta relief is taken into account, the delicacy and nobility of the modeling of the face and neck are surprising. The firmness of the features is still far removed from hardness, the cheek is soft and yet firm, and the texture of the hair is well set off against that of the face. The whole has a combination of maidenly purity and graceful nobility. There is no accentuation of the distinctively feminine charms; nay, from one aspect, the head is almost boyish in character. And this quality of the head, combined with the feminine forms of the body, produces that mixture of attributes which characterized the virgin daughter of Zeus in the less stern conception of the patron goddess of Athens. It has now become possible to restore the headless Athene to a state closely attaining the original perfection. Accordingly, the head of the plaque, enlarged to the size of the indications of the head on the frieze, has been modeled on a cast of the frieze at M. Brucciani's, a new mold taken, and from the cast of this restored mold the accompanying illustration has been copied.

So fortunate and complete is this discovery that, with the fatalistic skepticism which is inherent in us, the thorough coincidence in all points almost calls forth within us a doubt "whether it is not too good to believe." The question that will have to be answered at the outset will then be, What exactly is the plaque, and what uses did it serve? It is either a Roman copy or a contemporary Greek sketch.

The first possibility, that it is a copy made in Roman times, is one which has much in its favor. Whoever is conversant with Roman history and Roman literature, knows how intense was the admiration of this people for Greek culture in all its forms, and how they strove to imitate and assimilate with their own all its manifestations. We furthermore know that it was a common undertaking for a high-bred Roman, and an event which was almost essential to his complete education, to travel in Greece. Here it was that the Roman patrician's artistic nature was trained by the study of the great art treasures, as, fifty and a hundred years ago, the wealthy inhabitants of northern Europe completed their education by a visit to Italy. It was only excep-

tionally, under the influence of war and conquest, and with the ensuing public desire to decorate their capital, that conquerors like Sylla ventured to carry off original works of art. There existed a strong quasi-religious

thought worthy of any mention by ancient authors, should be copied and should be desired by artist or by amateur. Yet this may be easily explained. A Roman patrician of cultivated taste is struck by the beauty of the



ATHENE. (RESTORED.)

piety which forbade them under ordinary circumstances to desecrate the soil of the country which the Romans considered their original home, by despoiling it of its most sacred treasures of art. And yet the appreciative Roman felt, as we do, a desire to carry home with him reminiscences of the treasures he had seen, and to adorn therewith his house and gardens. And so there existed in the Roman period, after Greece had lost its inventive artistic genius together with its political independence, a numerous colony of half-mercantile sculptors, who copied, modified, and combined works of Greek art to supply the demand of the Roman market. Most of the statues in Italian museums are such copies or modifications. To this class of work the Paris plaque would belong if it is a copy. But, on the other hand, we must remember that there were so many supreme works of pure sculpture from the hands of the great artists, that we cannot well understand why a part of this decorative work, which, in comparison with the great works, is not

Parthenon frieze. Now, it must be borne in mind that the Roman's true taste inclined more to great architectural works of splendor than toward pure sculpture, and that Roman sculpture is essentially decorative in character. He feels a desire to decorate with the same reliefs the small temple in his country home, or still more probably his house or his villa, or a room or a court in them. Accordingly, he orders a reduced copy to be made in terra-cotta, and of this copy the plaque, probably found in Rome or its neighborhood, might be a fragment.

Much as this possibility has in its favor, serious objections may still be raised. In the first place, the later schools of artists in Rome and even in Greece had distinct styles of their own, markedly differing from the simple grandeur of the Pheidias age. Now it is contrary to experience that these later characteristics of style should be lost even in copies of earlier works intended to be correct. The later Roman copies that fill our museums, such as those of the Doryphoros of Polykleitos

and the Myronian Discobolos (of which an earlier copy exists for comparison with the later ones in the replica of the Palazzo Massimi at Rome), are most instructive in this respect. We should expect traces of such later work in the plaque, if it were a late copy. But of this there are no traces. The plaque has all the simplicity bordering on severity of the figure in the frieze; nay, it is almost severer and larger in character, while at the same time it is far removed from that stereotyped and exaggerated severity which is given to the copies of early work when the late copyist makes a point of maintaining the characteristics of archaic art.

Furthermore, it is physically impossible that a copy so accurate in all its details, including not only the folds, but even the peculiarities of Pheidias relief-technique, should be made by a copyist standing below while the frieze was in its original position, with the imperfect conditions of lighting to which attention has been drawn. For this purpose, the copyist would have had to be face to face with the original. Now, it is hardly conceivable that, even if it were permitted by the magistrates in charge of the temple, the copyist would have gone to the trouble and expense of erecting a scaffolding round the wall of the *cella* to the height of thirty-nine feet—the only means of enabling him to reproduce it with such accuracy.

There remain two other possibilities. If it was a work contemporaneous with the frieze itself, the reasons just mentioned would speak against its production when once the marble relief was in position; the terra-cotta must, therefore, have been made before the relief was fixed to the temple. Now, it is hardly probable that copies of the decorative sculptures of the Parthenon should have been made at the time. I must again remind the reader of the fact that, though to us the sculptures of the Parthenon are of the highest interest and importance as independent works of art among those that we collect in our museums, they were not so to the Greeks of the time of Pheidias. They were to them merely decorations of the great architectural structure; and the works which were chiefly estimated by them as works of art, complete in themselves, were the statues by the great artists, which the ancient authors describe, while they pass over the frieze without a remark.

We naturally feel some hesitation in suggesting the third possibility. But, in spite of this hesitation, we must not hide from ourselves the fact that it is not impossible that the plaque is the original sketch, and we are bound to bring forward as fairly as possible all circumstances which speak in favor of such

a possibility. Let us make sure that our desire to possess an original from the hand of Pheidias does not prejudice our observation; but let us equally make sure that our hesitation to state something uncommon, and our fear of laying ourselves open to the easy denial and ready incredulity of those who stamp even the admission of such a possibility as venturesome, does not equally hamper us in a just consideration of the work before us.

When we consider the extraordinary correspondence in the details and, above all, in the working of the relief, especially as regards the edges of the figure, the greater height of the upper parts, and the sinking of the background about the head, all of them, as we have seen, modifications suggested by the peculiar conditions of the frieze of the Parthenon, we at once feel that they speak strongly in favor of this view. Furthermore, the terra-cotta, though it marks all the chief lines of the drapery, still (as compared with the marble relief) does this with a certain definiteness and a want of life which characterize the "first state" of a work as distinguished from the finished production.

When we consider the actual mode in which the great works of art were produced during the few peaceful years of the supremacy of Pericles, a new light is thrown upon the possible destination of the terra-cotta relief of which the plaque is a fragment. Within these few years a number of great compositions, among which was the colossal Athene Parthenos decorated by many figures in relief and in the round, all of them over life size, were designed and executed by Pheidias. To these works, important temple-statues, Pheidias, in addition to the design, gave also the technical execution, or at least the finishing touches. According to our modern idea of the working power of an artist, a single work like the Athene Parthenos would call upon the time and energy of a sculptor for a period of several years. Now, besides this, there were all the decorations of the Parthenon with its ninety-two metopes, its hundreds of figures in relief in the frieze, its large pedimental compositions. It is inconceivable that Pheidias should have executed with his own hands all these works, though he may have given the finishing touch to some of the most important parts. Though the designs were made by him, the execution must have been put into the hands of marble-workers ranking from high-classed artists down to mere artisans. The occasional discrepancies in the actual execution of the marble-work in various parts of the frieze, the pediments, and the metopes, is in part to be re-

ferred to this fact. This assumption is fully verified by the ancient authorities. We hear from Plutarch that a great number of artists and artisans skilled in marble-work, metal-beating, wood and ivory carving, etc., flocked to Athens from all parts of Greece and the colonies, and were added to the large number of native workmen. These workmen were free from taxation, and all inducements were offered to the skilled among them. The same writer further tells us, "that these buildings were of immense size and unequalled in form and grace, the workmen striving emulously that the workmanship should excel in artistic finish; nothing was more to be wondered at than the rapidity with which they were brought forth."

It has even been assumed by archæologists that works like the frieze were sketched in small in their totality by Pheidias himself. Quatremère de Quincy gives the following account of what he supposed the process of their execution to have been:—"I quite believe that a small sketch of the whole composition, either in terra-cotta or in wax, was first made in order to fix the *ensemble*, the details, and the relation of the parts of this composition to each other. But I presume that from the sketch an exact tracing, the actual size of the frieze, was taken of the outlines of each figure and of the forms of each object; these outlines were faithfully chalked on the unhewn slab of marble in accordance with their succession and position in the sketch. It is after these designs that the sculptor then proceeded to work his marble."

Now, it is not likely that if the sculptor had at his disposal means of readily reproducing his designs, he would rely upon one copy only of so extensive a work, consisting of so many parts, each of which was essential to the whole, especially when we bear in mind the carelessness of workmen and the chances of destruction to which whatever is fragile is exposed in any marble-works. Modern sculptors avoid these difficulties by making molds from their clay models, from which any number of plaster casts can be reproduced. There is no evidence that the early Greek sculptors made plaster casts; there is evidence that they made lasting models of their statues. Molds are still extant in which terra-cotta figures were made. It is therefore not unreasonable to suppose that the small, thin, and fragile sketches of a work like the Parthenon frieze, which were given into the hands of the marble-workers, were fixed by means of clay

molds from which terra-cotta plaques, corresponding to the fragment we are considering, were reproduced.

The last question to be answered is, Is it likely that such sketches would be preserved? To answer this in the affirmative, it would have to be shown, first, that the ancients valued original models from the hand of great artists, as we prize the sketches of a Raphael or a Michelangelo; and secondly, that Pheidias stood in such esteem in later antiquity, that his works and sketches had an interest corresponding to that which the sketches of the great Italian masters have for us.

The first of these two points is proved by a passage from Pliny in which we are told that the models (*proplasmata*) of the sculptor Arkesilaos brought higher prices than actual statues of other sculptors; and also by another which shows that in the time of Pliny an antiquarian interest existed which drove people to pay high prices for old Greek plate for the sake of its antiquity, even if the design was almost effaced. With regard to the second point, the tone in which the later authors speak of Pheidias shows that he was held in reverence almost approaching religious worship, and that everything pertaining to him was preserved with piety. This is confirmed by the fact that his studio at Olympia was built in the sacred Altis, and was shown to the traveler in after days, and has been discovered by the German excavators at Olympia. Is it then unlikely that the original sketches of Pheidias works were carefully preserved by the ancients, and were bought at a high price by one of those rich Roman amateurs who gave so much money for the original models of an Arkesilaos?

I do not attempt to answer ultimately which of these possible destinations the plaque had. I must leave it to the unbiased reader to draw the conclusion. What I have proposed to myself is to give the facts.

The writer cannot refrain from giving in a few words the sequel to the story. A few months after this discovery, he found that another terra-cotta fragment in the Museum at Copenhagen, the relation of which to the Parthenon was noticed by Professor Petersen of Prague, turned out to be of the same dimensions, the same material and workmanship as the Louvre plaque, and moreover the boy with the *peplos* or cloak, the figure immediately next to the Athene.

Charles Waldstein.

THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS.

SKETCHES FROM A CALIFORNIAN MOUNTAIN.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "New Arabian Nights," "Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes," "An Inland Voyage," etc.

THE HUNTER'S FAMILY.

THERE is quite a large race or class of people in America for whom we scarcely seem to have a parallel in England. Of pure white blood, they are unknown or unrecognizable in towns; inhabit the fringe of settlements and the deep, quiet places of the country; rebellious to all labor and pettily theftuous, like the English gypsies; rustically ignorant, but with a touch of wood-lore and the dexterity of the savage. Where they came from is a moot-point. At the time of the war they poured north in crowds to escape the conscription; lived during summer on fruits, wild animals, and petty theft; and at the approach of winter, when these supplies failed, built great fires in the forest and there died stoically by starvation. They are widely scattered, however, and easily recognized. Loutish but not ill-looking, they will sit all day, swinging their legs, on a field fence, the mind seemingly as devoid of all reflection as a Suffolk peasant's, careless of politics, for the most part incapable of reading, but with a rebellious vanity and a strong sense of independence. Hunting is their most congenial business or, if the occasion offers, a little amateur detection. In tracking a criminal, following a particular horse along a beaten highway, and drawing inductions from a hair or a foot-print, one of these somnolent, grinning hodgees will suddenly display activity of body and finesse of mind. By their names ye may know them: the women figuring as Loveina, Larsenia, Serena, Leanna, Orreana; the men answering to Alvin, Alva, or Orion, pronounced Orrion, with the accent on the first. Whether they are indeed a race, or whether this is the form of degeneracy common to all back-woodsmen, they are at least known by a generic by-word as Poor Whites, or Low-downers.

I will not say that the Hanson family was Poor White; but I may go as far as this: they were, in many points, not unsimilar to the people usually so called. Rufe himself combined two of these qualifications; for he was both a hunter and an amateur detective. It was he who pursued Russel and Dollar,

the robbers of the Lake Port stage, and captured them, the very morning after the exploit, while they were still sleeping in a hay-field. Russel, a drunken Scotch carpenter, was even an acquaintance of his own, and he expressed much grave commiseration for his fate. In all that he said and did, Rufe was grave. I never saw him hurried. When he spoke, he took out his pipe with ceremonial deliberation, looked east and west, and then, in quiet tones and few words, stated his business or told his story. His gait was to match; it would never have surprised you if, at any step, he had turned around and walked away again; so warily and slowly, and with so much seeming hesitation, did he go about it. He lay long in bed in the morning, rarely, indeed, rose much before noon. He loved all games from poker to clerical croquet; and on the Toll House croquet-ground I have seen him laboring at the latter with the devotion of a curate. He took an interest in education, was an active member of the local school-board, and when I was there he had recently lost the school-house key. His wagon was broken, but it never seemed to occur to him to mend it. Like all other truly idle people, he had an artistic eye; he chose the print stuff for his wife's dresses, and counseled her in the making of a patchwork quilt—always, as she thought, wrongly—but, to the more educated eye, always with bizarre and admirable taste—the taste of an Indian. With all this he was a perfect, unoffending gentleman in word and act. Take his clay pipe from him, and he was fit for any society but that of fools. Quiet as he was, there burned a deep, permanent excitement in his dark blue eyes; and when this grave man smiled, it was like sunshine in a shady place.

Mrs. Hanson (*née*—if you please—Love-lands) was more commonplace than her lord. She was a comely woman, too, plump, fair-colored, with wonderful white teeth; and, in her print dresses (chosen by Rufe) and with a large sun-bonnet shading her valued complexion, made, I assure you, a very agreeable figure. But she was on the surface, what there was of her; outspoken and loud-spoken. Her noisy laughter had none of the charm of one

of Hanson's rare, slow-spreading smiles; there was no reticence, no mystery, no manner about the woman; she was a first-class dairy-maid, but her husband was an unknown quantity between the savage and the nobleman. She was often in and out with us; merry and healthy and fair; he came far seldomer; only, indeed, when there was business, or now and again to pay us a visit of ceremony, brushed up for the occasion, with his wife on his arm, and a clean clay pipe in his teeth. These visits, in our forest state, had quite the air of an event, and turned our red cañon into a salon.

Such was the pair who ruled in the old "Silverado Hotel," among the windy trees, on the mountain shoulder overlooking the whole length of Napa Valley, as the man aloft looks down on the ship's deck. There they kept house, with sundry horses and fowls, and a family of sons, Daniel Webster, and I think George Washington, among the number. Nor did they want visitors. An old gentleman of singular stolidity and called Breedlove—I think he had crossed the plains in the same caravan with Rufe—housed with them for awhile during our stay; and they had besides a permanent lodger in the form of Mrs. Hanson's brother, Irvine Lovelands. I spell Irvine by guess; for I could get no information on the subject; just as I could never find out, in spite of many inquiries, whether or not Rufe was a contraction for Rufus. They were all cheerfully at sea about their own names in that generation; but times change; and their descendants, the George Washingtons and Daniel Websters, will be clear upon the point. Any way, and however his name should be spelt, this Irvine Lovelands was the most unmitigated Caliban I ever knew.

Our very first morning at Silverado, when we were full of business, patching up doors and windows, making beds and seats, and getting our rough lodging into shape, Irvine and his sister made their appearance together—she for neighborliness and general curiosity—he, because he was working for me, if you please—cutting fire-wood at I forget how much a day. The way that he set about cutting wood was characteristic. We were at that moment patching up and unpacking in the kitchen. Down he sat on one side, and down sat his sister on the other. Both were chewing pine-tree gum, and he, to my annoyance, accompanied that simple pleasure with profuse exhortation. She rattled away, talking up hill and down dale, laughing, tossing her head, showing her brilliant teeth. He looked on in silence, now spitting heavily on the floor, now putting his head back and uttering a loud, discordant, joyless laugh. He had a

tangle of shock hair, the color of wool; his mouth was a grin; although as strong as a horse, he looked neither heavy nor yet adroit, only leggy, coltish, and in the road; but it was plain he was in high spirits, thoroughly enjoying his visit, and he laughed frankly whenever we failed to accomplish what we were about. This was scarcely helpful; it was, even to amateur carpenters, embarrassing; but it lasted until we knocked off work and began to get dinner. Then Mrs. Hanson remembered she should have been gone an hour ago, and the pair retired, and the lady's laughter died away among the nutmegs down the path. That was Irvine's first day's work in my employment—the devil take him!

The next morning he returned, and, as he was this time alone, he bestowed his conversation upon us with great liberality. He prided himself on his intelligence; asked us, if we knew the school-ma'am. *He* didn't think much of her any way. He had tried her, he had. He had put a question to her: if a tree a hundred feet high were to fall a foot a day, how long would it take to fall right down? She had not been able to solve the problem. "She don't know nothing," he opined. He told us how a friend of his kept school with a revolver, and chuckled mightily over that; his friend could teach school, he could. All the time, he kept chewing gum and spitting. He would stand awhile, looking down; and then he would toss back his shock of hair, and laugh hoarsely, and spit, and bring forward a new subject. A man, he told us, who bore a grudge against him had poisoned his dog. "That was a low thing for a man to do, now, wasn't it? It wasn't like a man that, nohow. But I got even with him—I poisoned *his* dog." His clumsy utterance, his rude, embarrassed manner, set a fresh value on the stupidity of his remarks. I do not think I ever appreciated the meaning of two words until I knew Irvine—the verb, loaf, and the noun, oaf. Between them, they complete his portrait. He could lounge, and wriggle, and rub himself against the wall, and grin, and be more in everybody's way than any other two people that I ever set my eyes on. Nothing that he did became him; and yet you were conscious that he was one of your own race, that his mind was cumbrously at work revolving the problem of existence like a quid of gum, and in his own cloudy manner enjoying life and passing judgment on his fellows. Above all things, he was delighted with himself. You would not have thought it, from his uneasy manners and troubled, struggling utterance; but he loved himself to the marrow, and was happy and proud like a peacock on a rail.

His self-esteem was indeed the one joint in his harness. He could be got to work, and even kept at work, by flattery. As long as my wife stood over him, crying out how strong he was, so long exactly he would stick to the matter in hand; and the moment she turned her back, or ceased to praise him, he would stop. His physical strength was wonderful, and to have a woman stand by and admire his achievements warmed his heart like sunshine. Yet he was as cowardly as he was powerful, and felt no shame in owing to the weakness. Something was once wanted from the crazy platform over the shaft, and he at once refused to venture there,—“did not like,” as he said, “foolin’ round them kind o’ places,”—and let my wife go instead of him, looking on with a grin. Vanity, where it exists, is usually more heroic; but Irvine steadily approved himself, and expected others to approve him,—rather looked down upon my wife, and decidedly expected her to look up to him, on the strength of his superior prudence. Yet the strangest part of the whole matter was perhaps this, that Irvine was as beautiful as a statue. His features were, in themselves, perfect; it was only his cloudy, uncouth, and coarse expression that disfigured them. So much strength residing in so spare a frame was proof sufficient of the accuracy of his shape. He must have been built somewhat after the pattern of Jack Sheppard; but the famous house-breaker, we may be certain, was no lout. It was by the extraordinary powers of his mind, no less than by the vigor of his body, that he broke his strong prison with such imperfect implements, turning the very obstacles to service. Irvine in the same case would have sat down and spat and grumbled curses. He had the soul of a fat sheep; but, regarded as an artist’s model, the exterior of a Greek god. It was a cruel thought to persons less favored in their birth, that this creature, endowed, to use the language of the theaters, with extraordinary “means,” should so manage to misemploy them that he looked ugly and almost deformed. It was only by an effort of abstraction, and after many days, that you discovered what he was.

By playing on the oaf’s conceit, and standing closely over him, we got a path made around the corner of the dump to our door, so that we could come and go with decent ease; and he even enjoyed the work, for in that there were bowlders to be plucked up bodily, bushes to be uprooted, and other occasions for athletic display; but cutting wood was another pair of shoes. Anybody could cut wood; and besides, my wife was tired of supervising him and had other things to attend to. And in short, days went by, and

Irvine came daily and talked and lounged and spat; but the fire-wood remained intact as sleepers on the platform, as growing trees upon the mountain-side. Irvine, as a wood-cutter, we could tolerate; but Irvine as a friend of the family, at so much a day, was too coarse an imposition; and at length, in the afternoon of the fourth or fifth day of our connection, I explained to him, as clearly as I could, the light in which I had grown to regard his presence. I pointed out to him that I could not continue to give him a salary for spitting on the floor; and this expression, which came after a good many others, at last penetrated his obdurate wits. He rose at once and said, if that was the way he was going to be spoken to, he reckoned he would quit. And no one interposing, he departed.

So far, so good. But we had no fire-wood. The next afternoon, I strolled down to Rufe’s and consulted him on the subject. It was a very droll interview, in the large, bare, north room of the “Silverado Hotel,” Mrs. Hanson’s patchwork on a frame, and Rufe, and his wife, and I, and the oaf himself, all more or less embarrassed. Rufe announced there was nobody in the neighborhood but Irvine who could do a day’s work for anybody. Irvine thereupon refused to have any more to do with my service; he “wouldn’t work no more for a man as had spoke to him’s I had done.” I found myself on the point of the last humiliation: driven to beg the creature whom I had just dismissed with insult; but I took the high hand in despair, said there must be no talk of Irvine coming back unless matters were to be differently managed, that I would rather chop fire-wood for myself than be fooled; and in short, the Hansons being eager for the lad’s hire, I so imposed upon them with merely affected resolution that they ended by begging me to reemploy him, on a solemn promise that he should be more industrious. The promise, I am bound to say, was kept; we soon had a fine pile of fire-wood at our door; and if Caliban gave me the cold shoulder and spared me his conversation, I thought none the worse of him for that, nor did I find my days much longer for the deprivation.

The leading spirit of the family was, I am inclined to fancy, Mrs. Hanson. Her social brilliancy somewhat dazzled the others; and she had more of the small change of sense. It was she who faced Kelmar, for instance; and perhaps, if she had been alone, Kelmar would have had no rule within her doors. Rufe, to be sure, had a fine, sober, open-air attitude of mind, seeing the world without exaggeration. Perhaps we may even say without enough; for he lacked, along with the others,

that commercial idealism which puts so high a value on time and money. Society itself is a kind of convention; perhaps Rufe was wrong; but looking on life plainly, he was unable to perceive that croquet or poker was in any way less important than, for instance, mending his wagon. Even his own profession, hunting, was dear to him mainly as a sort of play; even that he would have neglected, had it not appealed to his imagination. His hunting suit, for instance, had cost I should be afraid to say how many bucks—the currency in which he paid his way; it was all befringed after the Indian fashion, and it was dear to his heart. The pictorial side of his daily business was never forgotten; he was even anxious to stand for his picture in those buckskin hunting clothes; and I remember how he once warmed almost into enthusiasm, his dark blue eyes growing perceptibly larger, as he planned the composition in which he should appear “with the horns of some real big bucks, and dogs, and a camp on a crick” (creek, stream).

There was no trace in Irvine of this woodland poetry. He did not care for hunting, nor yet for buckskin suits. He had never observed scenery. The world, as it appeared to him, was almost obliterated by his own great grinning figure in the foreground: Caliban-Malvolio. And it seems to me, as if in the persons of these brothers-in-law, we had the two sides of rusticity fairly well represented: the hunter living really in nature, the clod-hopper living merely out of society; the one bent up in every corporal agent to capacity in one pursuit, and doing at least one thing keenly and thoughtfully, and thoroughly alive to all that touches it; the other, in the inert and bestial state, walking in a faint dream, and taking so dim an impression of the myriad sides of life that he is truly conscious of nothing but himself. It is only in the fastnesses of nature, forests, mountains, and the backs of man's beyond, that a creature endowed with five senses can grow up into the perfection of this crass and earthy vanity. In towns or the busier country-sides, he is roughly reminded of other men's existence; and if he learns ~~no~~ more, he learns at least to fear contempt. But Irvine had come scathless through life; conscious only of himself, of his great strength and intelligence; and in the silence of the universe, to which he did not listen, dwelling with delight on the sound of his own thoughts.

THE SEA FOGS.

A CHANGE in the color of the light usually called me in the morning. By a certain hour

the long, vertical chinks in our western gable, where the boards had shrunk and separated, flashed suddenly into my eyes as stripes of dazzling blue, at once so dark and so splendid that I used to marvel how the qualities could be combined. At an earlier hour the heavens in that quarter were still quietly colored; but the shoulder of the mountain which shuts in the cañon already glowed with sunlight in a wonderful compound of gold and rose and green; and this, too, would kindle, although more mildly and with rainbow tints, the fissures of our crazy gable. If I were sleeping heavily, it was the bold blue that struck me awake; if more lightly, then I would come to myself in that earlier and fairer light.

One Sunday morning, about five, the first brightness called me. I rose and turned to the east, not for my devotions, but for air. The night had been very still; the little private gale that blew every evening in our cañon for ten minutes, or perhaps a quarter of an hour, had swiftly blown itself out; in the hours that followed not a sigh of wind had shaken the tree-tops; and our barrack, for all its trenches, was less fresh that morning than of wont. But I had no sooner reached the window than I forgot all else in the sight that met my eyes; and I made but two bounds into my clothes, and down the crazy plank to the platform.

The sun was still concealed below the opposite hill-tops, though it was shining already not twenty feet above my head on our own mountain slope. But the scene, beyond a few near features, was entirely changed. Napa Valley was gone; gone were all the lower slopes and woody foot-hills of the range; and in their place, not a thousand feet below me, rolled a great level ocean. It was as though I had gone to bed the night before, safe in a nook of inland mountains, and had awakened in a bay upon the coast. I had seen these inundations from below; at Calistoga I had risen and gone abroad in the early morning, coughing and sneezing, under fathoms on fathoms of gray sea vapor like a cloudy sky: a dull sight for the artist, and a painful experience for the invalid. But to sit aloft one's self in the pure air and under the unclouded dome of heaven, and thus look down on the submergence of the valley, was strangely different and even delightful to the eyes. Far away were hill-tops like little islands. Nearer land, a smoky surf beat about the foot of precipices and poured into all the coves of these rough mountains. The color of that fog ocean was a thing never to be forgotten. For an instant, among the Hebrides and just about sundown, I have seen something like it on the sea itself. But the white was not so

opaline, nor was there, what surprisingly increased the effect, that breathless, crystal stillness over all. Even in its gentlest moods, the salt sea travails, moaning among the weeds or lipping on the sand; but that vast fog ocean lay in a trance of silence, nor did the sweet air of the morning tremble with a sound.

As I continued to sit upon the dump, I began to observe that this sea was not so level as, at first sight, it appeared to be. Away in the extreme south, a little hill of fog arose against the sky above the general surface; and as it had already caught the sun, it shone on the horizon like the top-sails of some giant ship. There were huge waves, stationary, as it seemed, like waves in a frozen sea; and yet, as I looked again, I was not sure but they were moving after all, with a slow and august advance. And while I was yet doubting, a promontory of the hills some four or five miles away, conspicuous by a bouquet of tall pines, was in a single instant overtaken and swallowed up. It re-appeared in a little with its pines, but this time as an islet, and only to be swallowed up once more, and then for good. This set me looking nearer hand, and I saw that in every cove along the line of mountains the fog was being piled in higher and higher as though by some wind that was inaudible to me. I could trace its progress, one pine tree first growing hazy and then disappearing after another; although sometimes there was none of this forerunning haze, but the whole opaque white ocean gave a start and swallowed a piece of mountain-side at a gulp. It was to flee these poisonous fogs that I had left the seaboard and climbed so high among the mountains. And now, behold, here came the fog to besiege me in my chosen altitudes, and yet came so beautifully that my first thought was of welcome.

The sun had now gotten much higher, and through all the gaps of the hills it cast long bars of gold across that white ocean. An eagle, or some other very great bird of the mountain, came wheeling over the nearer pine-tops, and hung, poised and something sideways, as if to look abroad on that unwonted desolation, spying, perhaps with terror, for the eyries of her comrades. Then, with a long cry, she disappeared again toward Lake County and the clearer air. At length, it seemed to me as if the flood were beginning to subside. The old landmarks by whose disappearance I had measured its advance, here a crag, there a brave pine tree, now began, in the inverse order, to make their re-appearance into daylight. I judged all danger of the fog was over for this little while. This was not Noah's flood; it was but a warning spring, and would now drift out seaward

whence it came. So, mightily relieved and a good deal exhilarated by the sight, I went into the house to light the fire.

I suppose it was nearly seven when I once more mounted the platform to look abroad. The fog ocean had swelled up enormously since last I saw it; and a few hundred feet below me, in the deep gap where the Toll House stands and the road runs through into Lake County, it had already topped the slope, and was pouring over and down the other side like driving smoke. The wind had climbed along with it; and though I was still in calm air, I could see the trees tossing below me, and their long, strident sighing mounted to me where I stood. Half an hour later, the fog had surmounted all the ridge on the opposite side of the gap, though a shoulder of the mountain still warded it out of our cañon. Napa Valley and its bounding hills were now utterly blotted out. The fog, snowy white in the sunshine, was pouring over into Lake County in a huge, ragged cataract, tossing tree-tops appearing and disappearing in the spray. The air struck with a little chill, and set me coughing. It smelt strong of the fog, like the smell of a washing-house, but with a shrewd tang of the sea-salt.

Had it not been for two things,—the sheltering spur which answered as a dyke, and the great valley on the other side which rapidly engulfed whatever mounted,—our own little platform in the cañon must have been already buried a hundred feet in salt and poisonous air. As it was, the interest of the scene entirely occupied our minds. We were set just out of the wind, and but just above the fog, and could listen to the voice of the one as to music on the stage; we could plunge our eyes down into the other as into some flowing stream from over the parapet of a bridge; thus we looked on upon a strange, impetuous, silent, shifting exhibition of the powers of nature, and saw the familiar landscape changing from moment to moment like figures in a dream. The imagination loves to trifle with what is not. Had this been indeed the deluge, I should have felt more strongly, but the emotion would have been similar in kind. I played with the idea, as the child flees in delighted terror from the creations of his fancy. The look of the thing helped me. And when at last I began to flee up the mountain, it was, indeed, partly to escape from the raw air that kept me coughing, but it was also part in play.

As I ascended the mountain-side, I came once more to overlook the upper surface of the fog; but it was a different appearance from what I had beheld at day-break. For, first, the sun now fell on it from high over-

head, and its surface shone and undulated like a great norland moor country sheeted with untrodden morning snow. And next, the new level must have been a thousand or fifteen hundred feet higher than the old, so that only five or six points of all the broken country below me still stood out. Napa Valley was now one with Sonoma on the west. On the hither side, only a thin scattered fringe of bluffs was unsubmerged; and through all the gaps the fog was pouring over, like an ocean, into the blue, clear, sunny country on the east. There it was soon lost, for it fell instantly into the bottom of the valleys, following the water-shed; and the hill-tops in that quarter were still clear cut upon the eastern sky.

Through the Toll House gap and over the near ridges on the other side, the deluge was immense. A spray of thin vapor was thrown high above it, rising and falling and blown into fantastic shapes. The speed of its course was like a mountain torrent. Here and there a few tree-tops were discovered and then whelmed again; and for one second the bough of a dead pine beckoned out of the spray like the arm of a drowning man. But still the imagination was dissatisfied, still the ear waited for something more. Had this indeed been water (as it seemed so, to the eye), with what a plunge of reverberating thunder would it have rolled upon its course, disemboweling mountains and deracinating pines! And yet water it was, and sea water at that; true Pacific billows, only somewhat rarefied, rolling in mid-air among the hill-tops.

I climbed still higher, among the red rattling gravel and dwarf underwood of Mount Saint Helena, until I could look right down upon Silverado, and admire the favored nook in which it lay. The snowy plain of fog was several hundred feet higher; behind the protecting spur a gigantic accumulation of cottony vapor threatened, with every second, to blow over and submerge our homestead; but the vortex setting past the Toll House was too strong; and there lay our little platform, in the arms of the deluge, but still enjoying its unbroken sunshine. About eleven, however, thin spray came flying over the friendly buttress, and I began to think the fog had hunted out its Jonah, after all. But it was the last effort. The wind veered while we were at dinner, and began to blow equally from the mountain summit; and by half-past one all that world of sea-fogs was utterly routed, and fleeing here and there into the south in little rags of cloud. And instead of a lone sea-beach, we found ourselves once more inhabiting a high mountain-side, with the clear, green country far below us, and the light smoke of Calistoga blowing in the air.

This was the great Russian campaign for that season; now and then, in the early morning, a little white lakelet of fog would be seen far down in Napa Valley; but the heights were not again assailed, nor was the surrounding world again shut off from Silverado.

A STARRY DRIVE.

IN our rule at Silverado, there was a melancholy interregnum. The queen and the crown prince with one accord fell sick; and as I was sick to begin with, our lone position on Mount Saint Helena was no longer tenable, and we had to hurry back to Calistoga and a cottage on the green. By that time we had begun to realize the difficulties of our position; we had found what an amount of labor it cost to support life in our red cañon; and it was the dearest desire of our hearts to get a China boy to go along with us when we returned. We could have given him a whole house to himself, self-contained, as they say in the advertisements, and on the money question we were prepared to go far. Kong Sam Kee, the Calistoga washerman, was intrusted with the office; and from day to day it languished on, with protestations on our part and mellifluous excuses on the part of Kong Sam Kee.

At length, about half-past eight of our last evening, with the wagon ready harnessed to convey us up the grade, the washerman, with a somewhat sneering air, produced the boy. He was a handsome, gentlemanly lad, attired in rich dark blue and shod with snowy white; but alas! he had heard rumors of Silverado; he knew it for a lone place on the mountain-side, with no friendly wash-house near by, where he might smoke a pipe of opium o' nights, with other China boys, and lose his little earnings at the game of tan; and he just backed out for more money, and then, when that demand was satisfied, refused to come point-blank. He was wedded to his wash-houses; he had no taste for the rural life; and we must go to our mountain servantless. It must have been near half an hour before we reached that conclusion, standing in the midst of Calistoga high street under the stars, and the China boy and Kong Sam Kee singing their pigeon English in the sweetest voices and with the most musical inflections.

We were not, however, to return alone; for we brought with us Joe Strong, the painter, a most good-natured comrade and a capital hand at an omelette. I do not know in which capacity he was most valued, as a cook or a companion; and he did excellently well in both.

The Kong Sam Kee negotiation had delayed us unduly; it must have been half-past

nine before we left Calistoga, and night came fully ere we struck the bottom of the grade. I have never seen such a night. It seemed to throw calumny in the teeth of all the painters that ever dabbled in starlight. The sky itself was of a ruddy, powerful, nameless, changing color, dark and glossy like a serpent's back. The stars, by innumerable millions, stuck boldly forth like lamps. The milky way was bright, like a moonlit cloud; half heaven seemed milky way. The greater luminaries shone each more clearly than a winter's moon; their light was dyed in every sort of color, red like fire, blue like steel, green like the tracks of sunset; and so sharply did each stand forth in its own luster, that there was no appearance of that flat, star-spangled arch we know so well in pictures, but all the bottom of heaven was one chaos of contesting luminaries—a hurly-burly of stars. Against this, the hills and rugged tree-tops stood out redly dark.

As we continued to advance, the lesser lights and milky ways first grew pale and then vanished; the countless hosts of heaven dwindled in number by successive millions; those that still shone had tempered their exceeding brightness and fallen back into their customary wistful distance; and the sky declined from its first bewildering splendor into the appearance of a common night. Slowly this change proceeded, and still there was no sign of any cause. Then a whiteness like mist was thrown over the spurs of the mountain. Yet awhile and, as we turned a corner, a great leap of silver light and net of forest shadows fell across the road and upon our wandering wagonful; and swimming low among the trees, we beheld a strange, misshapen, waning moon, half tilted on her back.

"Where are ye when the moon appears?" as the old poet sang, half taunting, to the stars, bent upon a courtly purpose.

"As the sunlight round the dim earth's midnight tower of shadow pours,
Streaming past the dim, wide portals,
Viewless to the eyes of mortals,
Till it floods the moon's pale islet on the morning's golden shores."

So sings Mr. Trowbridge, with a noble inspiration. And so had the sunlight flooded that pale islet of the moon; and her lit face put out, one after another, that galaxy of stars. The wonder of the drive was over; but by some nice conjunction of clearness in the air and fit shadow in the valley where we traveled, we had seen for a little while that brave display of the midnight heavens. It was gone, but it had been; nor shall I ever again behold the stars with the same mind. He who has seen the sea commoved with a great hurricane, thinks of it very dif-

ferently from him who has seen it only in a calm. The difference between a calm and a hurricane is not greatly more striking than that between the ordinary face of night and the splendor that shone upon us in that drive. Two in our wagon had often seen night in the tropics; but even that bears no comparison,—the nameless color of the sky, the hues of the star-fire, and the incredible projection of the stars themselves, starting from their orbits, so that the eye seemed to distinguish their positions in the hollow of space, these were things that we had never seen before and shall never see again.

Meanwhile, in this altered night, we proceeded on our way among the scents and silence of the forest, reached the top of the grade, wound up by Hanson's, and came at last to a stand under the flying gargoyle of the chute. Sam, who had been lying back, fast asleep, with the moon on his face, got down with the remark that it was pleasant "to be home." The wagon turned and drove away, the noise gently dying in the woods, and we clambered up the rough path, Caliban's great feat of engineering, and came home to Silverado.

The moon shone in at the eastern doors and windows and over the lumber on the platform. The one tall pine beside the ledge was steeped in silver. Away up the cañon, a wild-cat welcomed us with three discordant squalls. But, once we had lit a candle and begun to review our improvements, homely in either sense, and count our stores, it was wonderful what a feeling of possession and permanence grew up in the hearts of the lords of Silverado. A bed had still to be made up for Strong, and the morning's water to be fetched, with clinking pail; and as we set about these household duties, and showed off our wealth and conveniences before the stranger, and had a glass of wine, I think, in honor of our return, and trooped at length, one after another, up the flying bridge of plank, and lay down to sleep in our shattered, moon-pierced barrack, we were among the happiest sovereigns in the world, and certainly ruled over the most contented people. Yet, in our absence, the palace had been sacked. Wild-cats, so the Hansons said, had broken in and carried off a side of bacon, a hatchet, and two knives.

TOILS AND PLEASURES.

I MUST try to convey some notion of our life, of how the days passed, and what pleasure we took in them, of what there was to do, and how we set about doing it, in our mountain hermitage. The house, after we had repaired the worst of the damages, and

filled in some of the doors and windows with white cotton cloth, became a healthy and a pleasant dwelling-place, always airy and dry, and haunted by the outdoor perfumes of the glen. Within, it had the look of habitation, the human look. You had only to go into the third room, which we did not use, and see its stones, its sifting earth, its tumbled litter, and then return to our lodging with the beds made, the plates on the rack, the pail of bright water behind the door, the stove crackling in a corner, and perhaps the table roughly laid against a meal; and man's order, the little clean spots that he creates to dwell in, were at once contrasted with the rich passivity of nature. And yet our house was everywhere so wrecked and shattered, the air came and went so freely, the sun found so many port-holes, the golden outdoor glow shone in so many open chinks, that we enjoyed, at the same time, some of the comforts of a roof and much of the gayety and brightness of al-fresco life. A single shower of rain, to be sure, and we should have been drowned out like mice. But ours was a Californian summer, and an earthquake was a far likelier accident than a shower of rain.

Trustful in this fair weather, we kept the house for kitchen and bedroom, and used the platform as our summer parlor. The sense of privacy, as I have said already, was complete. We could look over the dump on miles of forest and rough hill-top; our eyes commanded some of Napa Valley, where the train ran, and the little county townships sat so close together along the line of the rail; but here there was no man to intrude. None but the Hansons were our visitors. Even they came but at long intervals, or twice daily, at a stated hour, with milk. So our days, as they were never interrupted, drew out to the greater length; hour melted insensibly into hour; the household duties, though they were many and some of them laborious, dwindled into mere islets of business in a sea of sunny day-time; and it appears to me, looking back, as though the far greater part of our life at Silverado had been passed propped upon an elbow or seated on a plank, listening to the silence that there is among the hills.

My work, it is true, was over early in the morning. I rose before any one else, lit the stove, put on the water to boil, and strolled forth upon the platform to wait till it was ready. Silverado would then be still in shadow, the sun shining on the mountain higher up. A clean smell of trees, a smell of the earth at morning, hung in the air. Regularly, every day, there was a single bird, not singing, but awkwardly chirruping among the green ma-

dronas; and the sound was cheerful, natural, and stirring. It did not hold the attention nor interrupt the thread of meditation like a blackbird or a nightingale; it was mere woodland prattle, of which the mind was conscious like a perfume. The freshness of these morning seasons remained with me far on into the day:

As soon as the kettle boiled, I made porridge and coffee; and that, beyond the literal drawing of water and the preparation of kindling, which it would be hyperbolical to call the hewing of wood, ended my domestic duties for the day. Thenceforth, my wife labored single-handed in the palace, and I lay or wandered on the platform at my own sweet will. The little corner near the forge, where we found a refuge under the madronas from the unsparing early sun, is indeed connected in my mind with some nightmare encounters over Euclid and the Latin grammar. These were known as Sam's lessons. He was supposed to be the victim and the sufferer; but here there must have been some misconception. For, whereas I generally retired to bed after one of these engagements, he was no sooner set free than he dashed up to the Chinaman's house, where he had installed a printing-press, that great element of civilization, and the sound of his labors would be faintly audible about the cañon half the day.

To walk at all was a laborious business. The foot sank and slid, the boots were cut to pieces among sharp, uneven, rolling stones. When we crossed the platform in any direction, it was usual to lay a course, using as much as possible the line of wagon-rails. Thus, if water were to be drawn, the water-carrier left the house along some tilting planks that we had laid down and not laid down very well. These carried him to that great high-road, the railway, and the railway served him as far as to the head of the shaft. But from there to the spring and back again he made the best of his unaided way, staggering among the stones and wading in low growth of the calcanthus, where the rattlesnakes lay hissing at his passage. Yet I liked to draw water. It was pleasant to dip the gray metal pail into the clean, colorless, cool water; pleasant to carry it back, with the water lipping at the edge and a broken sun-beam quivering in the midst.

But the extreme roughness of the walking confined us in common practice to the platform, and, indeed, to those parts of it that were most easily accessible along the line of rails. The rails came straight forward from the shaft, here and there overgrown with little green bushes, but still entire, and still carrying a truck, which it was Sam's delight to trundle to and fro by the hour with vari-

ous ladings. About midway down the platform the railroad trended to the right, leaving our house and coasting along the far side within a few yards of the madronas and the forge, and not far off the latter ended in a sort of platform on the edge of the dump. There, in old days, the trucks were tipped and their loads sent thundering down the chute. There, besides, was the only spot where we could approach the margin of the dump. Anywhere else, you took your life in your right hand when you came within a yard and a half to peer over; for, at any moment, the dump might begin to slide and carry you down and bury you below its ruins. Indeed, the neighborhood of an old mine is a place beset with dangers; for, as still as Silverado was, at any moment the report of rotten wood might tell us that the platform had fallen into the shaft, the dump might begin to pour into the road below, or a wedge slip in the great upright seam, and hundreds of tons of mountain bury the scene of our encampment.

I have already compared the dump to a rampart, built certainly by some rude people and for prehistoric wars. It was likewise a frontier. All below was green and woodland, the tall pines soaring one above another, each with a firm outline and full spread of bough. All above was arid, rocky, and bald. The great spout of broken mineral, that here dammed the cañon up, was a creature of man's handiwork,—its material dug out with pick and powder, and spread by the service of the trucks. But Nature herself, in that upper district, seemed to have had an eye to nothing besides mining; and even the natural hill-side was all sliding gravel and precarious boulder. Close at the margin of the well, leaves would decay to skeletons and mummies, which at length some stronger gust would carry clear of the cañon and scatter in the subjacent woods. Even moisture and decaying vegetable matter could not, with all nature's alchemy, concoct enough soil to nourish a few poor grasses. It is the same, they say, in the neighborhood of all silver mines,—the nature of that precious rock being stubborn with quartz and poisonous with cinnabar. Both were plenty in our Silverado. The stones sparkled white in the sunshine with quartz; they were all stained red with cinnabar. Here, doubtless, came the Indians of yore to paint their faces for the war-path, and cinnabar, if I remember rightly, was one of the few articles of Indian commerce. Now, Sam had it in his undisturbed possession, to pound down and slake, and paint his rude designs with. But to me it had always a fine flavor of poetry, compounded out of Indian story and Hawthornden's allusion:

"Desire, alas, desire a Zeuxis new,
From Indies borrowing gold, from eastern skies
Most bright cinoper —"

Yet this is but half the picture; our Silverado platform had another side to it. Though there was no soil and scarce a blade of grass, yet out of these tumbled gravel heaps and broken bowlders a flower-garden bloomed as at home in a conservatory. *Calcanthus* crept like a hardy weed all over our rough parlor, choking the railway and pushing forth its rusty, aromatic cones from between two blocks of shattered mineral. *Azaleas* made a big snow-bed just above the well. The shoulder of the hill waved white with Mediterranean heath. In the crannies of the ledge, and about the spurs of the tall pine, a red flowering stone-plant hung in clusters. Even the low, thorny chaparral was thick with pea-like blossom. Close at the foot of our path, nutmegs prospered, delightful to the sight and smell. At sunrise and again late at night, the scent of the sweet bay-trees filled the cañon, and the down-blowing night wind must have borne it hundreds of feet into the outer air.

All this vegetation, to be sure, was stunted. The madrona was here no bigger than the manzanita; the bay was but a stripling shrub; the very pines, with four or five exceptions, in all our upper cañon were not as tall as myself, or but a little taller; and the most of them came lower than to my waist. For a prosperous forest tree, we must look below where the glen was crowded with green spires. But for flowers and ravishing perfume, we had none to envy; our heap of road metal was thick with bloom like a hawthorn in the front of June; our red, baking angle in the mountain a laboratory of poignant scents. It was an endless wonder to my mind, as I dreamed about the platform, following the progress of the shadows, where the madrona with its leaves, the azalea and *calcanthus* with their blossoms, could find moisture to support such thick, wet, waxy growths, or the bay tree collect the ingredients of its perfume. But there they all grew together, healthy, happy, and happy-making, as though rooted in a fathom of black soil.

Nor was it only vegetable life that prospered. We had indeed few birds, and none that had much of a voice, or anything worthy to be called a song. My morning comrade had a thin chirp, unmusical and monotonous, but friendly and pleasant to hear. He had but one rival, a fellow with an ostentatious cry of near an octave descending, not one note of which properly followed another. This is the only bird I ever knew with a wrong ear. But there was something entralling about his performance; you listened and

listened, thinking each time he must surely get it right. But no; it was always wrong, and always wrong the same way. Yet he seemed proud of his song, delivered it with execution and a manner of his own, and was charming to his mate. A very incorrect, incessant human whistler had thus a chance of knowing how his own music pleased the world. Two great birds, eagles we thought, dwelt at the top of the cañon, among the crags that were printed on the sky. Now and again, but very rarely, they wheeled high over our heads in silence, or with a distant, dying scream; and then, with a fresh impulse, winged fleetly forward, dipped over a hill-top, and were gone. They seemed solemn and ancient things, sailing the blue air,—perhaps coëval with the mountain where they haunted, perhaps emigrants from Rome, where the glad legions may have shouted to behold them on the morn of battle.

But if birds were rare, the place abounded with rattlesnakes—the rattlesnakes' nest, it might have been named. Whenever we brushed among the bushes, our passage woke their angry buzz. One dwelt habitually in the wood-pile, and, sometimes, when we came for fire-wood, thrust up his small head between two logs, and hissed at the intrusion. The rattle has a legendary credit; it is said to be awe-inspiring, and, once heard, to stamp itself forever in the memory. But the sound is not at all alarming. The hum of many insects and the buzz of the wasp convince the ear of danger quite as readily. As a matter of fact, we lived for weeks in Silverado, coming and going, with rattles sprung on every side, and it never occurred to us to be afraid. I used to take sun-baths and do calisthenics in a certain pleasant walk among azalea and calcanthus, the rattles whizzing on every side like spinning-wheels, and the combined hiss or buzz rising louder and angrier at every sudden movement; but I was never in the least impressed, nor ever attacked. It was only toward the end of our stay that a man down at Calistoga, who was expatiating on the terrifying nature of the sound, gave me at last a very good imitation; and it burst on me at once that we dwelt in the very metropolis of deadly snakes, and that the rattle was simply the commonest noise in Silverado. Immediately on our return, we attacked the Hansons on the subject. They had formerly assured us that our cañon was favored, like Ireland, with an entire absence of all poisonous reptiles; but, with the perfect inconsequence of the natural man, they were no sooner found out than they went off at score in the contrary direction, and we were told that in no part of the world did rattlesnakes

attain to such a monstrous bigness as among the warm, flower-covered rocks of Silverado. This is a contribution rather to the natural history of the Hansons than to that of snakes.

One person, however, better served by his instinct, had known the rattle from the first, and that was Chuchu, the dog. No rational creature has ever led an existence more poisoned by terror than that dog's at Silverado. Every whizz of the rattle made him bound. His eyes rolled; he trembled; he would be often wet with sweat. One of our greatest mysteries was his terror of the mountain. A little way above our nook, the azaleas and almost all the vegetation ceased. Dwarf pines, not big enough to be Christmas-trees, grew thinly among loose stones and gravel seams. Here and there a big boulder sat quiescent on a knoll, having paused there till the next rain, in his long slide down the mountain. There was here no ambuscade for the snakes; you could see clearly where you trod; and yet the higher I went the more abject and appealing became Chuchu's terror. He was an excellent master of that composite language in which dogs communicate with men; and he would assure me, on his honor, that there was some peril on the mountain,—appeal to me, by all that I held holy, to turn back,—and at length, finding all was in vain, and that I still persisted, ignorantly foolhardy, he would suddenly whip round and make a bee-line down the slope for Silverado, the gravel showering after him. What was he afraid of? There were, admittedly, brown bears and California lions on the mountain; and a grizzly visited Rupe's poultry-yard not long before, to the unspeakable alarm of Caliban, who dashed out to chastise the intruder and found himself, by moonlight, face to face with such a tartar. Something, at least, there must have been; some hairy, dangerous brute lodged permanently among the rocks a little to the north-west of Silverado, spending his summer thereabout, with wife and family.

Crickets were not wanting; I thought I could make out exactly four of them, each with a corner of his own, who used to make night musical at Silverado. In the matter of voice they far excelled the birds, and their ringing whistle sounded from rock to rock, calling and replying the same thing, as in a meaningless opera. Thus, children in full health and spirits shout together, to the dismay of neighbors; and their idle, happy, deafening vociferations rise and fall like the song of the crickets. I used to sit at night on the platform and wonder why these creatures were so happy, and what was wrong with man that he also did not wind up his days with an hour or two of shouting; but

I suspect that all long-lived animals are solemn. The dogs alone are hardly used by nature, and it seems a manifest injustice for poor Chuchu to die in his teens after a life so shadowed and troubled, continually shaken with alarms, and the tear of elegant sentiment permanently in his eye.

There was another neighbor of ours at Silverado, small but very active, a destructive fellow. This was a black, ugly fly—a bore, the Hansons called him—who lived, by hundreds, in the boarding of our house. He entered by a round hole, more neatly pierced than a man can do it with a gimlet, and he seems to have spent his life in cutting out the interior of the plank, but whether as a dwelling or a store-house, I could never find. When I used to lie in bed in the morning for a rest,—we had no easy chairs in Silverado,—I would hear, hour after hour, the sharp, cutting sound of his labors, and from time to time a dainty shower of sawdust would fall upon the blankets. There lives no more industrious animal than a bore.

And now that I have named to the reader all our animals and insects without exception,—only I find I have forgotten the flies,—he will be able to appreciate the singular privacy and silence of our days. It was not only man who was excluded; animals, the song of birds, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, clouds, even, and the variations of the weather, were here also wanting; and as day after day the sky was one dome of blue, and the pines below us stood motionless in the still air, so the hours themselves were marked out from each other only by the series of our own affairs and the sun's great period as he ranged westward through the heavens. The two birds cackled awhile in the early morning; all day the water tinkled in the shaft, the bores ground sawdust in the planking of our crazy palace—infinitesimal sounds; and it was only with the return of night that any change would fall on our surroundings, as the four crickets began to flute together in the dark.

Indeed, it would be hard to exaggerate the pleasure that we took in the approach of evening. Our day was not very long, but very tiring. To trip along unsteady planks or wade among shifting stones, to go to and fro for water, to clamber down the glen to the Toll House after meat and letters, to cook, to make fires and beds were all exhausting to the body. Life out-of-doors, besides, under the fierce eye of day, draws largely on the animal spirits. There are certain hours in the afternoon when a man, unless he is in strong health or enjoys a vacant mind, would rather creep into a cool

corner of a house and sit upon the chairs of civilization. About that time the sharp stones, the planks, the upturned boxes of Silverado, began to grow irksome to my body; I set out on that hopeless, never-ending quest for a more comfortable position; I would be fevered and weary of the staring sun; and just then he would begin courteously to withdraw his countenance, the shadows lengthened, the aromatic airs awoke, and an indescribable but happy change announced the coming of the night.

Our nights were never cold, and they were always still, but for one remarkable exception. Regularly, about nine o'clock, a warm wind sprang up and blew, for ten minutes or may be a quarter of an hour, right down the cañon, fanning it well out, airing it as a mother airs the night nursery before the children sleep. As far as I could judge, in the clear darkness of the night, this wind was purely local; perhaps dependent on the configuration of the glen. At least, it was very welcome to the hot and weary squatters; and if we were not abed already, the springing up of this lilliputian valley-wind would often be our signal to retire.

I was the last to go to bed, as I was the first to rise. Many a night I have strolled about the platform, taking a bath of darkness before I slept. The rest would be in bed, and even from the forge I could hear them talking together from bunk to bunk. A single candle in the neck of a pint bottle was their only illumination; and yet the old cracked house seemed literally bursting with the light. It shone keen as a knife through all the vertical chinks, it struck upward through the broken shingles, and through the eastern door and window it fell in a great splash upon the thicket and the overhanging rock. You would have said a conflagration or, at the least, a roaring forge; and behold, it was but a candle. Or perhaps it was yet more strange to see the procession moving bedward around the corner of the house and up the plank that brought us to the bedroom door: under the immense spread of the starry heavens, down in a crevice of the giant mountain, these few human shapes, with their unshielded taper, made so disproportionate a figure in the eye and mind. But the more he is alone with nature, the greater man and his doings bulk in the consideration of his fellow-men. Miles and miles away upon the opposite hill-tops, if there were any hunter belated or any traveler who had lost his way, he must have stood and watched and wondered, from the time the candle issued from the door of the assayer's office till it had mounted the plank and disappeared again into the miners' dormitory.

ECHOES IN THE CITY OF THE ANGELS.

THE tale of the founding of the city of Los Angeles is a tale for verse rather than for prose. It reads like a page out of some new "Earthly Paradise," and would fit well into song such as William Morris has sung.

It is only a hundred years old, however, and that is not time enough for such song to simmer. It will come later with the perfume of century-long summers added to its flavor. Summers century-long? One might say a stronger thing than that of them, seeing that their blossoming never stops, year in nor year out, and will endure as long as the visible frame of the earth.

The twelve devout Spanish soldiers who founded the city named it at their leisure with a long name, musical as a chime of bells. It answered well enough, no doubt, for the first fifty years of the city's life, during which not a municipal record of any sort or kind was written—"Nuestra Señora Reina de los Angeles," "Our Lady the Queen of the Angels"; and her portrait made a goodly companion flag, unfurled always by the side of the flag of Spain.

There is a legend, that sounds older than it is, of the ceremonies with which the soldiers took possession of their new home. They were no longer young. They had fought for Spain in many parts of the Old World, and followed her uncertain fortunes to the New. Ten years some of them had been faithfully serving Church and King in sight of these fair lands, for which they hankered, and with reason.

In those days the soft, rolling, treeless hills and valleys, between which the Los Angeles River now takes its shilly-shallying course seaward, were forest slopes and meadows, with lakes great and small. This abundance of trees, with shining waters playing among them, added to the limitless bloom of the plains and the splendor of the snow-topped mountains, must have made the whole region indeed a paradise.

Navarro, Villavicencia, Rodriguez, Quintero, Moreno, Lará, Banegas, Rosas, and Canero, these were their names: happy soldiers all, honored of their king, and discharged with so royal a gift of lands thus fair.

Looking out across the Los Angeles hills and meadows to-day, one easily lives over again the joy they must have felt. Twenty-three young children there were in the band, poor little waifs of camp and march. What

a "braw flitting" was it for them, away from the drum-beat forever into the shelter of their own sunny home. The legend says not a word of the mothers, except that there were eleven of them, and in the procession they walked with their children behind the men. Doubtless, they rejoiced the most.

The Fathers from the San Gabriel Mission were there, with many Indian neophytes, and Don Felipe, the military governor, with his showy guard of soldiers.

The priests and neophytes chanted. The Cross was set up, the flag of Spain and the banner of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels unfurled, and the new town marked out around a square, a little to the north of the present plaza of Los Angeles.

If communities, as well as individuals, are happy when history finds nothing to record of them, the city of the Queen of the Angels must have been a happy spot during the first fifty years of its life, for not a written record of the period remains, not even a record of grants of land. The kind of grant that these worthy Spanish soldiers and their sons contented themselves with, however, hardly deserved recording,—in fact, was not a grant at all, since its continuance depended entirely on the care a man took of his house and the improvement he put on his land. If he left his house unoccupied or let it fall out of repair, if he left a field uncultivated for two years, any neighbor who saw fit might denounce him, and by so doing acquire a right to the property. This sounds incredible, but all the historical accounts of the time agree on the point. They say:

"The granting authorities could, and were by law required, upon a proper showing of the abandonment, to grant the property to the informant, who then acquired the same and no better rights than those possessed by his predecessor."

This was a premium indeed on staying at home and minding one's business—a premium which amounted to coercion. One would think that there must have been left from those days teeming records of alienated estates, shifted tenures, and angry feuds between neighbor and neighbor. But no evidence remains of such strifes. Life was too simple, and the people were too ignorant.

Their houses were little more than hovels, built of mud, eight feet high, with flat roofs made of reeds and asphaltum. Their fields,



THE FOUNDERS OF LOS ANGELES.

with slight cultivation, produced all they needed; and if anything lacked, the rich vineyards, wheat-fields, and orchards of the San Gabriel Mission lay only twelve miles away. These vineyards, orchards, and granaries, so near at hand, must have been sore temptation to idleness. Each head of a family had been

presented, by the paternal Spanish King, with "two oxen, two mules, two mares, two sheep, two goats, two cows, one calf, an ass, and one hoe." For these they were to pay in such small installments as they were able to spare out of their pay and rations, which were still continued by the generous King.

In a climate in which flowers blossom winter and summer alike, man may bask in sun all the year round if he chooses. Why, then, should those happy Spanish soldiers work? Even the King had thought it unnecessary, it seems, to give them any implements of labor except "one hoe." What could a family do, in the way of work, with "one hoe"? Evidently, they did not work, neither they nor their sons, nor their sons' sons after them. For, half a century later, they were still living a life of almost incredible ignorance, redeemed only by its simplicity and childlike adherence to the old religious observances.

Many of those were beautiful. As late as 1830 it was the custom throughout the town, in all the families of the early settlers, for the oldest member of the family—oftenest it was a grandfather or grandmother—to rise every morning at the rising of the morning star, and at once to strike up a hymn. At the first note every person in the house would rise, or sit up in bed, and join in the song. From house to house, street to street, the singing spread; and the volume of musical sound swelled, until it was as if the whole town sang.

The hymns were usually invocations to the Virgin, to Jesus, or to some saint. The opening line of many of them was,

"Rejoice, O Mother of God."

A manuscript copy of one of these old morning songs I have seen, and had the good fortune to win a literal translation of part of it, in the soft, Spanish-voiced, broken English, so pleasant to hear. The first stanza is the chorus, and was repeated after each of the others:

CHORUS.—"Come, O sinners,
Come, and we will sing
Tender hymns
To our refuge.

"Singers at dawn,
From the heavens above,
People all regions,
Gladly we too sing.

"Singing harmoniously,
Saying to Mary,
O beautiful Queen,
Princess of Heaven:

"Your beautiful head
Crowned we see;
The stars are adorning
Your beautiful hair;

"Your eyebrows are arched,
Your forehead serene;
Your face turned always
Looks toward God;

"Your eyes' radiance
Is like beautiful stars;
Like a white dove,
You are true to your spouse."

Each of these stanzas was sung first alone by the aged leader of the family choir. Then the rest repeated it; then all joined in the chorus.

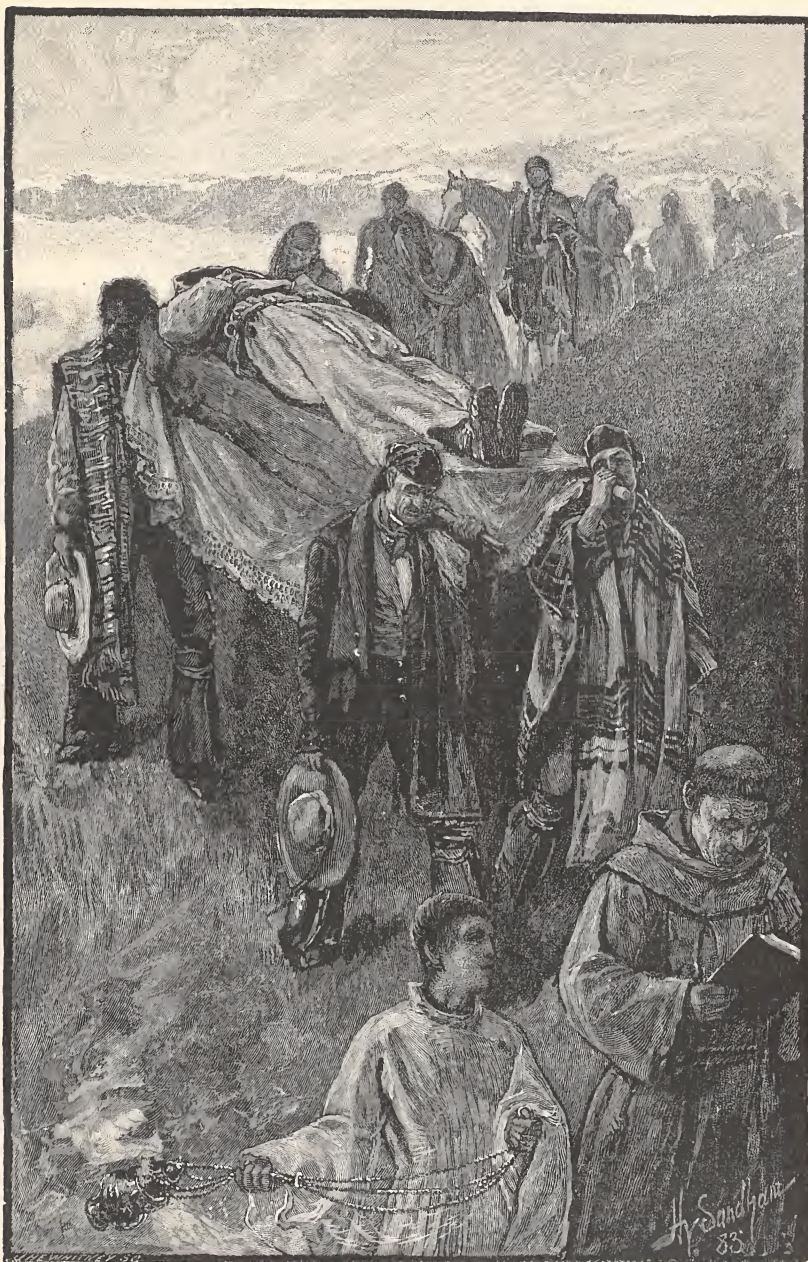
It is said that there are still to be found, in lonely country regions in California, Mexican homes in which these sweet and holy "songs before sunrise" are sung.

Looking forward to death, the greatest anxiety of these simple souls was to provide themselves with a priest's cast-off robe to be buried in. These were begged or bought as the greatest of treasures; kept in sight, or always at hand, to remind them of approaching death. When their last hour drew near, this robe was flung over their breasts, and they died happy, their stiffening fingers grasping its folds. The dead body was wrapped in it, and laid on the mud floor of the house, a stone being placed under the head to raise it a few inches. Thus the body must lie till the time of burial. Around it, day and night, squatted, praying and singing, friends who wished not only to show their affection for the deceased, but to win indulgences for themselves; every prayer said thus, by the side of a corpse, having a special and specified value.

A strange demarkation between the sexes



AN INDIAN STIRRUP.



THE BURIAL OF A FOUNDER.

was enforced in these ceremonies. If it were a woman who lay dead, only women might kneel and pray and watch with her body; if a man, the circle of watchers must be exclusively of men.

A rough box, of boards nailed together, was the coffin. The body, rolled in the old robe whose virtues had so comforted its last conscious moments, was carried to the grave on a board, in the center of a procession of

friends chanting and singing. Not until the last moment was it laid in the box.

The first attempts to introduce more civilized forms of burial met with opposition, and it was only by slow degrees that changes were wrought. A Frenchman, who had come from France to Los Angeles, by way of the Sandwich Islands, bringing a store of sacred ornaments and trinkets, and had grown rich by sale of them to the devout, owned a spring-

wagon, the only one in the country. By dint of entreaty, the people were finally prevailed upon to allow their dead to be carried in this wagon to the burial-place. For a long time, however, they refused to have horses put to the wagon, but drew it by hand all the way; women drawing women, and men drawing men, with the same scrupulous partition of the sexes as in the earlier ceremonies. The picture must have been a strange one, and not without pathos,—the wagon, wound and draped with black and white, drawn up and down the steep hills by the band of silent mourners.

The next innovation was the introduction of stately catafalques for the dead to repose on, either in house or church, during the interval between their death and burial. There had been brought into the town a few old-fashioned high-post, canopied bedsteads, and from these the first catafalques were made. Gilded, decorated with gold and silver lace, and hung with white and black draperies, they made a by no means insignificant show, which doubtless went far to reconcile people's minds to the new methods.

In 1838 there was a memorable funeral of a woman over a hundred years old. Fourteen old women watched with her body, which lay stretched on the floor, in the ancient fashion, with only a stone beneath the head. The youngest of these watchers was eighty-five. One of them, Tomasa Camera by name, was herself over a hundred years old. Tomasa was infirm of foot, so they propped her with pillows in a little cart, and drew her to the house that she might not miss of the occasion. All night long, the fourteen squatted or sat on rawhides spread on the floor, and sang, and prayed, and smoked: as fine a wake as was ever seen. They smoked cigarettes, which they rolled on the spot, out of corn-husks slit fine for the purpose, there being at that day in Los Angeles no paper fit for cigarettes.

Outside this body-guard of aged women knelt a circle of friends and relatives, also chanting, praying, and smoking. In this outer circle, any one might come and go at pleasure; but into the inner ring of the watching none must come, and none must go out of it till the night was spent.

With the beginning of the prosperity of the City of the Angels came the end of its primeval peace. Spanish viceroys, Mexican alcaldes and governors, United States commanders, naval and military, followed on each other's heels, with or without frays, ruling California through a succession of tumultuous years. Greedy traders from all parts of the world added their rivalries and interventions

to the civil and military disputation. In the general anarchy and confusion, the peaceful and peace-loving Catholic fathers were robbed of their lands, their converts were scattered, their industries broken up. Nowhere were these uncomfortable years more uncomfortable than in Los Angeles. Revolts, occupations, surrenders, retakings, and resurrenders kept the little town in perpetual ferment. Disorders were the order of the day and of the night, in small matters as well as in great.

The Californian fought as impetuously for his old way of dancing as for his political allegiance. There are comical traditions of the men's determination never to wear long trousers to dances; nor to permit dances to be held in houses or halls, it having been the practice always to give them in outdoor booths or bowers with lattice-work walls of sycamore poles lashed together by thongs of rawhide.

Outside these booths the men sat on their horses looking in at the dancing, which was chiefly done by the women. An old man standing in the center of the inclosure directed the dances. Stopping in front of the girl whom he wished to have join the set, he clapped his hands. She then rose and took her place on the floor: if she could not dance, or wished to decline, she made a low bow and resumed her seat.

To look in on all this was great sport. Sometimes, unable to resist the spell, a man would fling himself off his horse, dash into the inclosure, seize a girl by the waist, whirl around with her through one dance, then out again and into the saddle, where he sat, proudly aware of his vantage. The decorations of masculine attire at this time were such as to make riding a fine show. Around the crown of the broad-brimmed sombrero was twisted a coil of gold or silver cord; over the shoulders was flung, with ostentatious carelessness, a short cloak of velvet or brocade; the waistcoats were embroidered in gold, silver, or gay colors; so also were the knee-breeches, leggings, and stockings. Long silken garters, with ornamented tassels at the ends, were wound round and round to hold the stockings in place. Even the cumbrous wooden stirrups were carved in elaborate designs. No wonder that men accustomed to such braveries as these saw ignominy in the plain American trousers.

They seem to have been a variety of Centaur, these early Californian men. They were seldom off their horses except to eat and sleep. They mounted, with jingling silver spur and glittering bridle, for the shortest distances, even to cross a plaza. They paid long visits on horseback, without dismounting. Clattering up to the window or door-sill,

halting, throwing one knee over the crupper, the reins lying loose, they sat at ease, far more at ease than in a house. Only at church, where the separation was inevitable, would they be parted from their horses. They turned

Los Angeles, the same merry outdoor party broke every window and door in the building, and put a stop to the festivity. They persisted in taking this same summary vengeance on occasion after occasion, until, finally, any



THE OLD MEXICAN WOMAN.

the near neighborhood of a church on Sunday into a sort of picket-ground, or horse-trainers' yard, full of horse-posts and horses; and the scene was far more like a horse fair than like an occasion of holy observance. There seems to have been a curious mixture of reverence and irreverence in their natures. They confessed sins and underwent penances with the simplicity of children; but when, in 1821, the church issued an edict against that "escandalosissima" dance, the waltz, declaring that whoever dared to dance it should be excommunicated, the merry sinners waltzed on only the harder and faster, and laughed in their priests' faces. And when the advocates of decorum, good order, and indoor dancing gave their first ball in a public hall in

person wishing to give a ball in his own house was forced to surround the house by a cordon of police to protect it.

The City of the Angels is a prosperous city now. It has business thoroughfares, blocks of fine stone buildings, hotels, shops, banks, and is growing daily. Its outlying regions are a great circuit of gardens, orchards, vineyards, and corn-fields, and its suburbs are fast filling up with houses of a showy though cheap architecture. But it has not yet shaken off its past. A certain indefinable, delicious aroma from the old, ignorant, picturesque times lingers still, not only in by-ways and corners, but in the very centers of its newest activities.

Mexican women, their heads wrapped in black shawls, and their bright eyes peering



CROWNING THE FAVORITE.

out between the close-gathered folds, glide about everywhere; the soft Spanish speech is continually heard; long-robed priests hurry to and fro; and at each dawn ancient, jangling bells from the Church of the Lady of the Angels ring out the night and in the day. Venders of strange commodities drive in stranger vehicles up and down the streets:

antiquated carts piled high with oranges, their golden opulence contrasting weirdly with the shabbiness of their surroundings and the evident poverty of their owner; close following on the gold of one of these, one has sometimes the luck to see another cart, still more antiquated and rickety, piled high with something—he cannot imagine what—terra-

cotta red in grotesque shapes ; it is fuel—the same sort which Villavicencia, Quintero, and the rest probably burned, when they burned any, a hundred years ago. It is the roots and root-shoots of manzanita and other shrubs. The colors are superb—terra-cotta reds, shading up to flesh pink, and down to dark mahogany ; but the forms are grotesque beyond comparison : twists, querls, contortions, a boxful of them is an uncomfortable presence in one's room, and putting them on the fire is like cremating the vertebræ and double teeth of colossal monsters of the Pterodactyl period.

The present plaza of the city is near the original plaza marked out at the time of the first settlement ; the low adobe house of one of the early governors stands yet on its east side, and is still a habitable building.

The plaza is a dusty and dismal little place, with a parsimonious fountain in the center, surrounded by spokes of thin turf, and walled at its outer circumference by a row of tall Monterey cypresses, shorn and clipped into the shape of huge croquettes or brad-awls standing broad end down. At all hours of the day idle boys and still idler men are to be seen basking on the fountain's stone rim, or lying, face down, heels in air, in the triangles of shade made by the cypress croquettes. There is in Los Angeles much of this ancient and ingenious style of shearing and compressing foliage into unnatural and distorted shapes. It comes, no doubt, of lingering reverence for the traditions of what was thought beautiful in Spain centuries ago ; and it gives to the town a certain quaint and foreign look, in admirable keeping with its irregular levels, zigzag, toppling precipices, and houses in tiers one above another.

One comes sometimes abruptly on a picture which seems bewilderingly un-American, of a precipice wall covered with bird-cage cottages, the little, paling-walled yard of one jutting out in a line with the chimney-tops of the next one below, and so on down to the street at the base of the hill. Wooden staircases and bits of terrace link and loop the odd little perches together ; bright green pepper-trees, sometimes tall enough to shade two or three tiers of roofs, give a graceful plumed draping at the sides, and some of the steep fronts are covered with bloom, in solid curtains, of geranium, sweet alyssum, heliotrope, and ivy. These terraced eyries are not the homes of the rich : the houses are lilliputian in size, and of cheap quality ; but they do more for the picturesqueness of the city than all the large, fine, and costly houses put together.

Moreover, they are the only houses that

command the situation, possess distance and a horizon. From some of these little ten-by-twelve flower-beds of homes is a stretch of view which makes each hour of the day a succession of changing splendors. The snowy peaks of San Bernardino and San Jacinto in the east and south ; to the west, vast open country, billowy green with vineyard and orchard ; beyond this, in clear weather, shining glints and threads of ocean, and again beyond, in the farthest outing, hill-crowned islands, misty blue against the sky. No one knows Los Angeles who does not climb to these sunny outlying heights and roam and linger on them many a day. Nor, even thus lingering, will any one ever know more of Los Angeles than its lovely outward semblances and mysterious suggestions, unless he have the good fortune to win past the barrier of proud, sensitive, tender reserve, behind which is hid the life of the few remaining survivors of the old Spanish and Mexican régime.

Once past this, he gets glimpses of the same stintless hospitality and immeasurable courtesy which gave to the old Franciscan establishments a world-wide fame, and to the society whose tone and customs they created an atmosphere of simple-hearted joyousness and generosity never known by any other communities on the American continent.

In houses whose doors seldom open to English-speaking people, there are rooms full of relics of that fast vanishing past. Strongholds also of a religious faith, almost as obsolete, in its sort and degree, as are the garments of the aged creatures who are peacefully resting their last days on its support.

In one of these houses, in a poverty-stricken but gayly decorated little bedroom, hangs a small oil painting, a portrait of Saint Francis de Paula. It was brought from Mexico, fifty-five years ago, by the woman who still owns it, and has knelt before it and prayed to it every day of the fifty-five years. Below it is a small altar covered with flowers, candlesticks, vases, and innumerable knickknacks. A long string under the picture is hung full of tiny gold and silver votive offerings from persons who have been miraculously cured in answer to prayers made to the saint. Legs, arms, hands, eyes, hearts, heads, babies, dogs, horses,—no organ, no creature, that could suffer is unrepresented. The old woman has at her tongue's end the tale of each one of these miracles. She is herself a sad cripple ; her feet swollen by inflammation, which for many years has given her incessant torture and made it impossible for her to walk, except with tottering steps, from room to room, by help of a staff. This, she says, is the only

thing her saint has not cured. It is her "cross," her "mortification of the flesh," "to take her to heaven." "He knows best." As she speaks, her eyes perpetually seek the picture, resting on it with a look of ineffable adoration. She has seen tears roll down its cheeks more than once, she says; and it often smiles on her when they are alone. When strangers enter the room she can always tell, by its expression, whether the saint is or is not pleased with them, and whether their prayers will be granted. She was good enough to remark that he was very glad to see us; she was sure of it by the smile in his eye. He had wrought many beautiful miracles for her. Nothing was too trivial for his sympathy and help. Once, when she had broken a vase in which she had been in the habit of keeping flowers on the altar, she took the pieces in her hands, and standing before him, said:

"You know you will miss this vase. I always put your flowers in it, and I am too poor to buy another. Now do mend this for me. I have nobody but you to help me." And the vase grew together again whole while she was speaking. In the same way he mended for her a high glass flower-case which stood on the altar.

Thus she jabbered away breathlessly in Spanish, almost too fast to be followed. Sitting in a high chair, her poor distorted feet propped on a cushion, a black silk handkerchief wound like a turban around her head, a plaid ribosa across her shoulders, contrasting sharply with her shabby wine-colored gown, her hands clasped around a yellow staff, on which she leaned as she bent forward in her eager speaking, she made a study for an artist.

She was very beautiful in her youth, she said; her cheeks so red that people thought they were painted; and she was so strong that she was never tired; and when, in the first year of her widowhood, a stranger came to her "with a letter of recommendation" to be her second husband, and before she had time to speak had fallen on his knees at her feet, she seized him by the throat and, toppling him backward, pinned him against the wall till he was black in the face. And her sister came running up in terror, imploring her not to kill him. But all that strength is gone now, she says sadly; her memory also. Each day, as soon as she has finished her prayers, she has to put away her rosary in a special place, or else she forgets that the prayers have been said. Many priests have desired to possess her precious miracle-working saint; but never till she dies will it leave her bedroom. Not a week passes without

some one's arriving to implore its aid. Sometimes the deeply distressed come on their knees all the way from the gate before the house, up the steps, through the hall, and into her bedroom. Such occasions as these are to her full of solemn joy, and no doubt, also, of a secret exultation whose kinship to pride she does not suspect.

In another unpretending little adobe house, not far from this Saint Francis shrine, lives the granddaughter of Moreno, one of the twelve Spanish soldiers who founded the city. She speaks no word of English; and her soft black eyes are timid, though she is the widow of a general, and, in the stormy days of the City of the Angels, passed through many a crisis of peril and adventure. Her house is full of curious relics, which she shows with a gentle, half-amused courtesy. It is not easy for her to believe that any American can feel real reverence for the symbols, tokens, and relics of the life and customs which his people destroyed. In her mind Americans remain to-day as completely foreigners as they were when her husband girded on his sword and went out to fight them, forty years ago. Many of her relics have been rescued at one time or another from plunderers of the missions. She has an old bronze kettle which once held holy water at San Fernando; an incense cup and spoon, and massive silver candlesticks; cartridge-boxes of leather, with Spain's ancient seal stamped on them; a huge copper caldron and scales from San Gabriel; a bunch of keys of hammered iron, locks, scissors, reaping-hooks, shovels, carding-brushes for wool and for flax; all made by the Indian workmen in the missions. There was also one old lock, in which the key was rusted fast and immovable, seemed to me fuller of suggestion than anything else there of the sealed and ended past to which it had belonged; and a curious little iron cannon, in shape like an ale mug, about eight inches high, with a hole in the side and in the top, to be used by setting it on the ground and laying a trail of powder to the opening in the side. This gave the Indians great delight. It was fired at the times of church festivals, and in seasons of drought to bring rain. Another curious instrument of racket was the *matraca*, a strip of board with two small swinging iron handles so set in it that, in swinging back and forth, they hit iron plates. In the time of Lent, when all ringing of bells was forbidden, these were rattled to call the Indians to church. The noise one of them can make when vigorously shaken is astonishing. In crumpled bundles, their stiffened meshes opening out reluctantly, were two curious rush-woven nets which had been used by Indian

women fifty years ago in carrying burdens. Similar nets, made of twine, are used by them still. Fastened to a leather strap or band passing around the forehead, they hang down behind far below the waist, and when filled out to their utmost holding capacity are so heavy that the poor creatures bend nearly double beneath them. But the women stand as uncomplainingly as camels while weight after weight is piled in; then, slipping the band over their heads, they adjust the huge burden and set off at a trot.

"This is the squaw's horse," said an Indian woman in the San Jacinto Valley one day, tapping her forehead and laughing good-naturedly, when the shop-keeper remonstrated with her husband who was heaping article after article, and finally a large sack of flour, on her shoulders; "squaw's horse very strong."

The original site of the San Gabriel Mission was a few miles to the east of the City of the Angels. Its lands are now divided into ranches and colony settlements, only a few acres remaining in the possession of the church. But the old chapel is still standing in a fair state of preservation, used for the daily services of the San Gabriel parish; and there are in its near neighborhood a few crumbling adobe hovels left, the only remains of the once splendid and opulent mission. In one of these lives a Mexican woman, eighty-two years old, who for more than half a century has washed and mended the priests' laces, repaired the robes, and remodeled the vestments of San Gabriel. She is worth crossing the continent to see: all white from head to foot, as if bleached by some strange gramarye; white hair, white skin, blue eyes faded nearly to white; white cotton clothes, ragged and not over clean, yet not a trace of color in them; a white linen handkerchief, delicately embroidered by herself, always tied loosely around her throat. She sits on a low box, leaning against the wall, with three white pillows at her back, her feet on a cushion on the ground; in front of her, another low box, on this a lace-maker's pillow, with knotted fringe stretched on it; at her left hand a battered copper caldron holding hot coals to warm her fingers and to light her cigarettes. A match she will never use; and she has seldom been without a cigarette in her mouth since she was six years old. On her right hand is a chest filled with her treasures,—rags of damask, silk, velvet, lace, muslin, ribbon, artificial flowers, flosses, worsteds, silks on spools; here she sits day in, day out, making cotton fringes and, out of shreds of silk, tiny embroidered scapulars, which she sells to all devout and charitable people of the region. She also teaches the children of

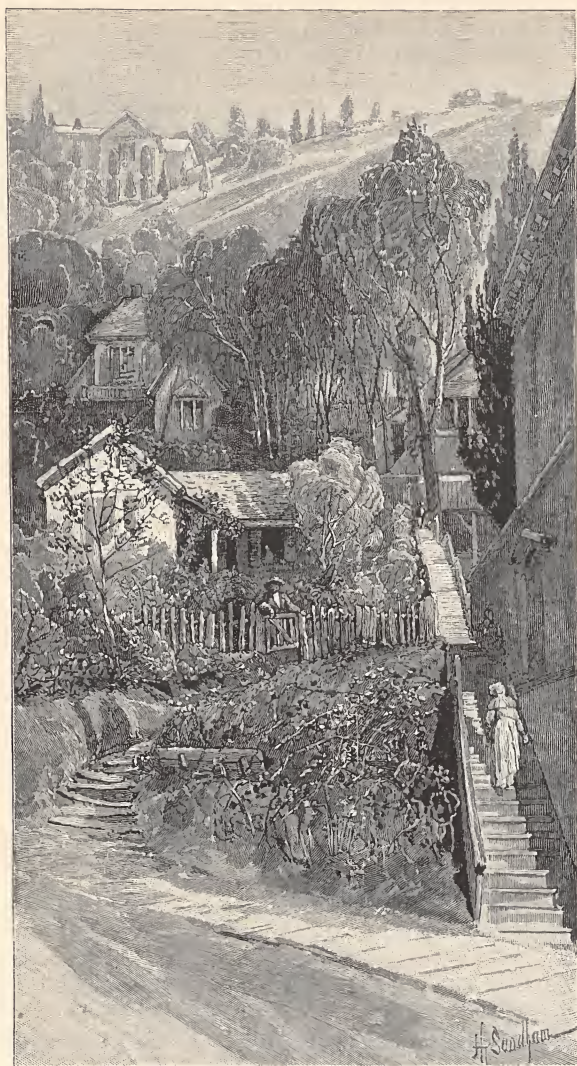
the parish to read and to pray. The walls of her hovel are papered with tattered pictures, including many gay-colored ones, taken off tin cans, their flaunting signs reading drolly,—*"Perfection Press Mackerel, Boston, Mass.," "Charm Baking Powder,"* and *"Knowlton's Inks,"* alternating with Toledo Blades and clipper-ship advertisements. She finds these of great use in both teaching and amusing the children. The ceiling, of canvas, black with smoke, and festooned with cobwebs, sags down in folds, and shows many a rent. When it rains, her poor little place must be drenched in spots. One end of the room is curtained off with calico; this is her bed-chamber. At the other end is a raised dais, on which stands an altar, holding a small statuette of the Infant Jesus. It is a copy in wood of the famous Little Jesus of Atoches in Mexico, which is worshiped by all the people in that region. It has been her constant companion and protector for fifty years. Over the altar is a canopy of calico, decorated with paper flowers, whirligigs, doves, and little gourds; with votive offerings, also, of gold or silver, from grateful people helped or cured by the Little Jesus. On the statuette's head is a tiny hat of real gold, and a real gold scepter in the little hand; the breast of its fine white linen cambric gown is pinned by a gold pin. It has a wardrobe with as many changes as an actor. She keeps these carefully hid away in a small camphor-wood trunk, but she brought them all out to show to us.

Two of her barefooted, ragged little pupils scampered in as she was unfolding these gay doll's clothes. They crowded close around her knees and looked on, with open-mouthed awe and admiration: a, purple velvet cape with white fringe for feast days; capes of satin, of brocade; a dozen shirts of finest linen, embroidered or trimmed with lace; a tiny plume not more than an inch long, of gold, exquisitely carved,—this was her chief treasure. It looked beautiful in his hat, she said, but it was too valuable to wear often. Hid away here among the image's best clothes were more of the gold votive offerings it had received: one a head cut out of solid gold; several rosaries of carved beads, silver and gold. Spite of her apparently unbounded faith in the Little Jesus's power to protect her and himself, the old woman thought it wiser to keep these valuables concealed from the common gaze.

Holding up a silken pillow, some sixteen inches square, she said:

"You could not guess with what that pillow is filled."

We could not, indeed. It was her own



A STREET IN LOS ANGELES.

hair. With pride she asked us to take it in our hands, that we might see how heavy it was. For sixteen years she had been saving it, and it was to be put under her head in her coffin. The friend who had taken us to her home exclaimed on hearing this, "And I can tell you it was beautiful hair. I recollect it forty-five years ago, bright brown, and down to her ankles, and enough of it to roll herself up in." The old woman nodded and laughed, much pleased at this compliment. She did not know why the Lord had preserved her life so long, she said; but she was very happy. Her nieces had asked her to go and live with them in Santa Ana; but she could not go away from San Gabriel. She told them that there was plenty of water in

the ditch close by her door, and that God would take care of the rest, and so he had; she never wants for anything; not only is she never hungry herself, but she always has food to give away. No one would suppose it; but many people come to eat with her in her house. God never forgets her one minute. She is very happy. She is never ill; or if she is, she has two remedies, which, in all her life, have never failed to cure her, and they cost nothing: saliva and ear-wax. For a pain, the sign of the cross, made with saliva on the spot which is in pain, is instantaneously effective; for an eruption of any skin disorder, the application of ear-wax is a sure cure. She is very glad to live so close to the church; the father has promised her this

room as long as she lives; when she dies, it will be no trouble, he says, to pick her up and carry her across the road to the church. In a gay painted box, standing on two chairs, so as to be kept from the dampness of the bare earth floor, she cherishes the few relics of her better days: a shawl and a ribosa of silk, and two gowns, one of black silk, one of dark blue satin. These are of the fashions of twenty years ago; they were given to her by her husband. She wears them now when she goes to church; so it is as if she were "married again," she says, and is "her husband's work still." She seems to be a character well known and held in some regard by the clergy of her church. When the bishop returned a few years ago from a visit to Rome, he brought her a little gift, a carved figure of a saint. She asked him if he could not get for her a bit of the relics of Saint Viviano.

"Oh, let alone!" he replied; "give you relics? Wait a bit; and as soon as you die, I'll have you made into relics yourself."

She laughed as heartily, telling this somewhat unecclesiastical rejoinder, as if it had been made at some other person's expense.

In the marvelously preserving air of California, added to her own contented temperament, there is no reason why this happy old lady should not last, as some of her Indian neighbors have, well into a second century. Before she ceases from her peaceful, pitiful little labors, new generations of millionaires in her country will no doubt have piled up bigger fortunes than this generation ever dreams of, but there will not be a man of them all so rich as she.

In the western suburbs of Los Angeles is a low adobe house, built after the ancient style, on three sides of a square, surrounded by orchards, vineyards, and orange groves, and looking out on an old-fashioned garden, in which southernwood, rue, lavender, mint, marigolds, and gillyflowers hold their own bravely, growing in straight and angular beds among the newer splendors of verbenas, roses, carnations, and geraniums. On two sides of the house runs a broad porch, where stand rows of geraniums and chrysanthemums growing in odd-shaped earthen pots. Here may often be seen a beautiful young Mexican woman, flitting about among the plants, or sporting with a superb St. Bernard dog. Her clear olive skin, soft brown eyes, delicate sensitive nostrils, and broad smiling mouth, are all of the Spanish madonna type; and when her low brow is bound, as is often her wont, by turban folds of soft brown or green gauze, her face becomes a picture indeed. She is the young wife of a gray-headed Mexican señor, of whom—by his own most

gracious permission—I shall speak by his familiar name, Don Antonio. Whoever has the fortune to pass as a friend across the threshold of this house, finds himself transported, as by a miracle, into the life of a half century ago. The rooms are ornamented with fans, shells, feather and wax flowers, pictures, saints' images, old laces and stuffs, in the quaint gay Mexican fashion. On the day when I first saw them, they were brilliant with bloom. In every one of the deep window-seats stood a cone of bright flowers, its base made by large white datura blossoms, their creamy whorls all turned outward, making a superb decoration. I went for but a few moments' call. I staid three hours, and left, carrying with me bewildering treasures of pictures of the olden time.

Don Antonio speaks little English; but the señora knows just enough of the language to make her use of it delicious, as she translates for her husband. It is an entrancing sight to watch his dark, weather-beaten face, full of lightning changes as he pours out torrents of his nervous, eloquent Spanish speech; watching his wife intently, hearkening to each word she uses, sometimes interrupting her urgently with "No, no; that is not it"; for he well understands the tongue he cannot or will not use for himself. He is sixty-five years of age, but he is young; the best waltzer in Los Angeles to-day; his eye keen, his blood fiery quick; his memory like a burning-glass bringing into sharp light and focus a half century as if it were a yesterday. Full of sentiment, of an intense and poetic nature, he looks back to the lost empire of his race and people on the California shores with a sorrow far too proud for any antagonisms or complaints. He recognizes the inexorableness of the laws under whose workings his nation is slowly, surely giving place to one more representative of the age. Intellectually he is in sympathy with progress, with reform, with civilization at its utmost; he would not have had them stayed, or changed, because his people could not keep up, and were not ready. But his heart is none the less saddened and lonely.

This is probably the position and point of view of most cultivated Mexican men of his age. The suffering involved in it is inevitable. It is part of the great, unreckoned price which must always be paid for the gain the world gets, when the young and strong supersede the old and weak.

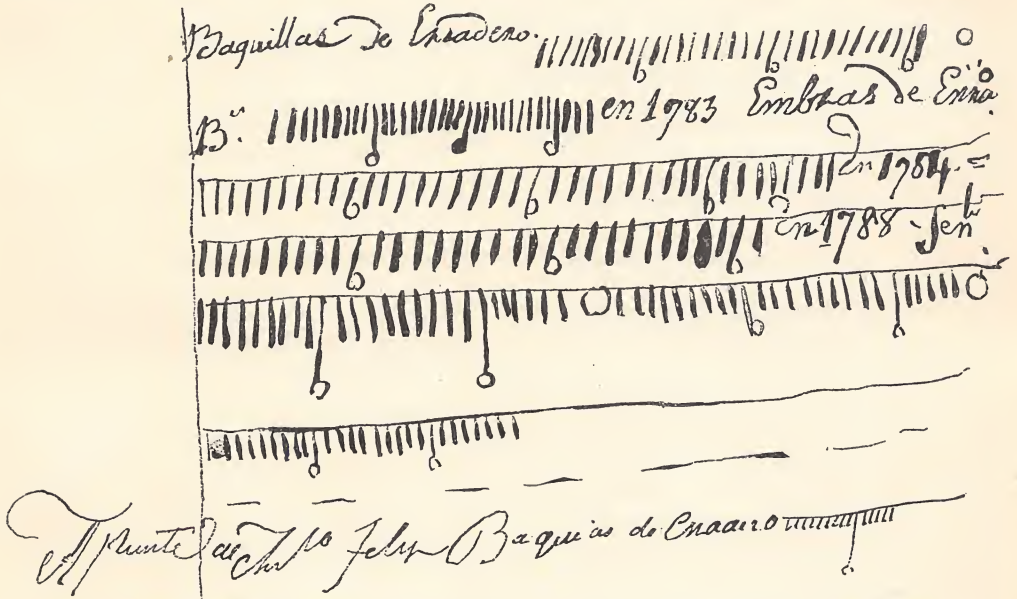
A sunny little south-east corner room in Don Antonio's house is full of the relics of the time when he and his father were foremost representatives of ideas and progress in the City of the Angels, and taught the first

school that was kept in the place: This was nearly a half century ago. On the walls of the room still hang maps and charts which they used; and carefully preserved, with the tender reverence of which only poetic natures are capable, are still to be seen there the old atlases, primers, catechisms, grammars, reading-books, which meant toil and trouble to the merry, ignorant children of the merry and ignorant people of that time.

The leathern covers of the books are thin and frayed by long handling; the edges of

tables, music, and bundles of records of the branding of cattle at the San Gabriel Mission, are among the curiosities of this room. The music of the first quadrilles ever danced in Mexico is here: a ragged pamphlet, which, no doubt, went gleeful rounds in the City of the Angels for many a year. It is a merry music, simple in melody, but with an especial quality of light-heartedness, suiting the people who danced to it.

There are also in the little room many relics of a more substantial sort than tattered



COPY OF A PAGE FROM A REGISTER OF BRANDED CATTLE. EVERY TENTH ONE BELONGED TO THE CHURCH.

the leaves worn down as if mice had gnawed them: tattered, loose, hanging by yellow threads, they look far older than they are, and bear vivid record of the days when books were so rare and precious that each book did doubled and redoubled duty, passing from hand to hand and house to house. It was on the old Lancaster system that Los Angeles set out in educating its children; and here are still preserved the formal and elaborate instructions for teachers and schools on that plan; also volumes of Spain's laws for military judges in 1781, and a quaint old volume called "Secrets of Agriculture, Fields and Pastures," written by a Catholic father in 1617, reprinted in 1781, and held of great value in its day as a sure guide to success with crops. Accompanying it was a chart, a perpetual circle, by which might be foretold, with certainty, what years would be barren and what ones fruitful.

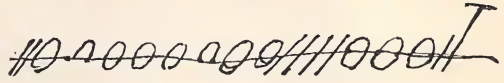
Almanacs, histories, arithmetics, dating back to 1750, drawing-books, multiplication-

papers and books: a branding-iron and a pair of handcuffs from the San Gabriel Mission; curiously decorated clubs and sticks used by the Indians in their games; boxes of silver rings and balls made for decorations of bridles and on leggings and knee-breeches. The place of honor in the room is given, as well it might be, to a small cannon, the first cannon brought into California. It was made in 1717, and was brought by Father Junipero Serra to San Diego in 1769. Afterward it was given to the San Gabriel Mission, but it still bears its old name, "San Diego." It is an odd little arm, only about two feet long, and requiring but six ounces of powder. Its swivel is made with a rest to set firm in the ground. It has taken many long journeys on the backs of mules, having been in great requisition in the early mission days for the firing of salutes at festivals and feasts.

Don Antonio was but a lad when his father's family removed from the city of Mexico to California. They came in one of

the many unfortunate colonies sent out by the Mexican Government, during the first years of the secularization period, having had a toilsome and suffering two months, going in wagons from Mexico to San Blas, then a tedious and uncomfortable voyage of several weeks from San Blas to Monterey, where they arrived only to find themselves deceived and disappointed in every particular, and surrounded by hostilities, plots, and dangers on all sides. So great was the antagonism to them that it was at times difficult for a colonist to obtain food from a Californian. They were arrested on false pretenses, thrown into prison, shipped off like convicts from place to place, with no one to protect them or plead their cause. Revolution succeeded upon revolution, and it was a most unhappy period for all refined and cultivated persons who had joined the colony enterprises. Young men of education and breeding were glad to earn their daily bread by any menial labor that offered. Don Antonio and several of his young friends, who had all studied medicine together, spent the greater part of a year in making shingles. The one hope and aim of most of them was to earn money enough to get back to Mexico. Don Antonio, however, seems to have had more versatility and capacity than his friends, for he never lost courage; and it was owing to him that at last his whole family gathered in Los Angeles and established a home there. This was in 1836. There were then only about eight hundred people in the pueblo, and the customs, superstitions, and ignorances of the earliest days still held sway. The missions were still rich and powerful, though the confusions and conflicts of their ruin had begun. At this time, the young Antonio, being quick at accounts and naturally ingenious at all sorts of mechanical crafts, found profit as well as pleasure in journeying from mission to mission, sometimes spending two or three months in one place, keeping books, or repairing silver and gold ornaments.

The blow-pipe which he made for himself at that time his wife exhibits now with affectionate pride, and there are few things she enjoys better than translating, to an eager



TRACING FROM A MISSION CASH-BOOK: A CIPHER STANDS FOR ONE MEXICAN SILVER DOLLAR, A HALF CIPHER STANDS FOR HALF A DOLLAR, AND A STROKE STANDS FOR A QUARTER.

listener, his graphic stories of the incidents and adventures of that portion of his life.

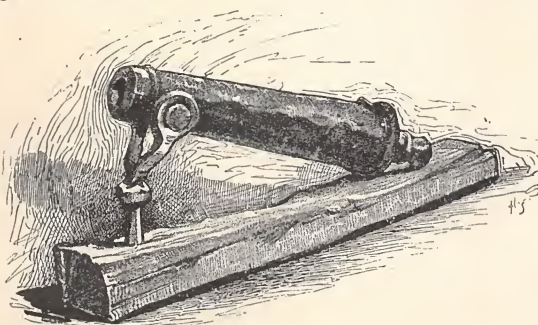
While he was at the San Antonio Mission, a strange thing happened. It is a good illustration of the stintless hospitality of those old missions, that staying there at that time were a notorious gambler and a celebrated juggler who had come out in the colony from Mexico. The juggler threatened to turn the gambler into a crow; the gambler, after watching his tricks for a short time, became frightened, and asked young Antonio, in serious good faith, if he did not believe the juggler had made a league with the devil. A few nights afterward, at midnight, a terrible noise was heard in the gambler's room. He was found in convulsions, foaming at the mouth, and crying:

"Oh, father! father! I have got the devil inside of me! Take him away."

The priest dragged him into the chapel, showered him with holy water, and exorcised the devil, first making the gambler promise to leave off his gambling forever. All the rest of the night the rescued sinner spent in the chapel, praying and weeping. In the morning, he announced his intention of becoming a priest, and began his studies at once. These he faithfully pursued for a year, leading all the while a life of great devotion. At the end of that time, preparations were made for his ordination at San José. The day was set, the hour came: he was in the sacristy, had put on the sacred vestments, and was just going toward the church door, when he fell to the floor, dead. Soon after

this the juggler was banished from the country, trouble and disaster having everywhere followed on his presence.

On the first breaking out of hostilities between California and the United States, Don Antonio took command of a company of Los Angeles volunteers, to repel the intruders. By this time he had attained a prominent position in the affairs of the pueblo; had been alcalde and, under Governor Michelorena, inspector of public works. It was like the fighting of children, the impetuous attempts that heterogeneous little bands of Californians, here and



SWIVEL GUN. FIRST CANNON TAKEN INTO CALIFORNIA.



A VERANDA IN LOS ANGELES.

there, made to hold their country. They were plucky from first to last, for they were everywhere at a disadvantage, and fought on, quite in the dark as to what Mexico meant to do about them—whether she might not any morning deliver them over to the enemy. Of all Don Antonio's graphic narratives of the olden time, none is more interesting than those which describe his adventures during the days of this contest. On one of the first approaches made by the Americans to Los Angeles, he went out with his little haphazard company of men and boys to meet them. He had but one cannon, a small one, tied by ropes on a cart axle. He had but one small keg of powder which was good for anything; all the rest was bad, would merely go off "pouf,

pouf," the señora said, and the ball would pop down near the mouth of the cannon. With this bad powder he fired his first shots. The Americans laughed; this is child's play, they said, and pushed on closer. Then came a good shot, with the good powder, tearing into their ranks and knocking them right and left; another, and another. "Then the Americans began to think, these are no pouf balls; and when a few more were killed, they ran away and left their flag behind them. And if they had only known it, the Californians had only one more charge left of the good powder, and the next minute it would have been the Californians that would have had to run away themselves," merrily laughed the señora as she told the tale.

This captured flag, with important papers, were intrusted to Don Antonio to carry to the Mexican head-quarters at Sonora. He set off with an escort of soldiers, his horse decked with silver trappings, his sword, pistols—all of the finest: a proud beginning of a journey destined to end in a different fashion. It was in winter time; cold rains were falling; by night he was drenched to the skin, and stopped at a friendly Indian's tent to change his clothes. Hardly had he got them off when the sound of horses' hoofs was heard. The Indian flung himself down, put his ear to the ground, and exclaimed, "Americanos! Americanos!" Almost in the same second they were at the tent's door. As they halted, Don Antonio, clad only in his drawers and stockings, crawled out at the back of the tent, and creeping on all fours reached a tree up which he climbed, and sat safe hidden in the darkness among its branches listening, while his pursuers cross-questioned the Indian, and at last rode away with his horse. Luckily, he had carried into the tent the precious papers and the captured flag: these he intrusted to an Indian to take to Sonora, it being evidently of no use for him to try to cross the country thus closely pursued by his enemies.

All night he lay hidden; the next day he walked twelve miles across the mountains to an Indian village where he hoped to get a horse. It was dark when he reached it. Cautiously he opened the door of the hut of one whom he knew well. The Indian was preparing poisoned arrows: fixing one on the string and aiming at the door, he called out, angrily, "Who is there?"

"It is I, Antonio."

"Don't make a sound," whispered the Indian, throwing down his arrow, springing to the door, coming out and closing it softly. He then proceeded to tell him that the Americans had offered a reward for his head, and that some of the Indians in the rancharia were ready to betray or kill him. While they were yet talking, again came the sound of the Americans' horses' hoofs galloping in the distance. This time there seemed no escape. Suddenly Don Antonio, throwing himself on his stomach, wriggled into a cactus patch near by. Only one who has seen California cactus thickets can realize the desperateness of this act. But it succeeded. The Indian threw over the cactus plants an old blanket and some refuse stalks and reeds; and there once more, within hearing of all his baffled pursuers said, the hunted man lay, safe, thanks to Indian friendship. The crafty Indian assented to all the Americans proposed, said that Don Antonio would be sure to be caught in a few days, advised them to search in a certain rancharia

which he described, a few miles off, and in an opposite direction from the way in which he intended to guide Don Antonio. As soon as the Americans had gone, he bound up Antonio's feet in strips of raw hide, gave him a blanket and an old tattered hat, the best his stores afforded, and then led him by a long and difficult trail to a spot high up in the mountains where the old women of the band were gathering acorns. By the time they reached this place, blood was trickling from Antonio's feet and legs, and he was well-nigh fainting with fatigue and excitement. Tears rolled down the old women's cheeks when they saw him. Some of them had been servants in his father's house and loved him. One brought gruel; another bathed his feet; others ran in search of healing leaves of different sorts. Bruising these in a stone mortar, they rubbed him from head to foot with the wet fiber. All his pain and weariness vanished as by magic. His wounds healed, and in a day he was ready to set off for home. There was but one pony in the old women's camp. This was old, vicious, blind of one eye, and with one ear cropped short; but it looked to Don Antonio far more beautiful than the gay steed on which he had ridden away from Los Angeles three days before. There was one pair of ragged shoes of enormous size among the old women's possessions. These were strapped on his feet by leathern thongs, and a bit of old sheepskin was tied around the pony's body. Thus accoutered and mounted, shivering in his drawers under his single blanket, the captain and flag-bearer turned his face homeward. At the first friend's house he reached he stopped and begged for food. Some dried meat was given to him, and a stool on the porch offered to him. It was the house of a dear friend, and the friend's sister was his sweetheart. As he sat there eating his meat the women eyed him curiously. One said to the other, "How much he looks like Antonio!"

At last the sweetheart, coming nearer, asked him if he were "any relation of Don Antonio?"

"No," he said. Just at that moment his friend rode up, gave one glance at the pitiful beggar sitting on his porch, shouted his name, dashed toward him, and seized him in his arms. Then was a great laughing and half-weeping, for it had been rumored that he had been taken prisoner by the Americans.

From this friend he received a welcome gift of a pair of trowsers, many inches too short for his legs. At the next house his friend was as much too tall, and his second pair of gift trowsers had to be rolled up in thick folds around his ankles.

Finally, he reached Los Angeles in safety. Halting in a grove outside the town, he

waited till twilight before entering. Having disguised himself in the rags which he had worn from the Indian village, he rode boldly up to the porch of his father's house, and in an impudent tone called for brandy. The terrified women began to scream; but his youngest sister, fixing one piercing glance on his face, laughed out gladly, and cried:

"You can't fool me; you are Antonio."

Sitting in the little corner room, looking out, through the open door on the gay garden and breathing its spring air, gay even in midwinter, and as spicy then as the gardens of other lands are in June, I spent many an afternoon listening to such tales as this. Sunset always came long before its time, it seemed, on these days.

Occasionally, at the last moment, Don Antonio would take up his guitar, and, in a voice still sympathetic and full of melody, sing an old Spanish love song, brought to his mind by thus living over the events of his youth. Never, however, in his most ardent youth, could his eyes have gazed on his fairest sweetheart's face with a look of greater devotion than that with which they now rest on the noble, expressive countenance of his wife, as

he sings the ancient and tender strains. Of one of them, I once won from her, amid laughs and blushes, a few words of translation:

"Let us hear the sweet echo
Of your sweet voice that charms me.
The one that truly loves you,
He says he wishes to love;
That the one who with ardent love adores you,
Will sacrifice himself for you.
Do not deprive me,
Owner of me,
Of that sweet echo
Of your sweet voice that charms me."

Near the western end of Don Antonio's porch is an orange tree, on which were hanging at this time twenty-five hundred oranges, ripe and golden among the glossy leaves. Under this tree my carriage always waited for me. The señora never allowed me to depart without bringing to me, in the carriage, farewell gifts of flowers and fruit; clusters of grapes, dried and fresh; great boughs full of oranges, more than I could lift. As I drove away thus, my lap filled with bloom and golden fruit, canopies of golden fruit over my head, I said to myself often: "Fables are prophecies. The Hesperides have come true."

H. H.

ONE CHAPTER.

It was a very short chapter, and I often wish there had been more of it. But this is all there was. It was while I was at Wiesbaden. The doctors sent me there when my rheumatism got so bad; and though I had my faithful Cummings with me,—she is an excellent creature, though a little short-spoken and careless about candle-ends,—I should have been lonely enough but for Phil Merritt. Phil was an American, and that is what she said they called her, though her real name was Phyllis—much prettier and more lady-like, to my notions. But American ways are, of course, not our ways, and I suppose I should only be thankful she had a Christian name at all. However, I'm old-fashioned, and have never been out of England before, and may not be quite up with the age. Anyway, I was particularly glad that Phil was an American, for, while I know more about that country than most English women, having read those remarkable works of Mrs. Whitney's and Mrs. Stowe's and Miss Wetherell's, still it is always pleasantest to study the peculiarities of other nationalities from personal observation.

Well, Phil and I were great friends, in

spite of my sixty winters and her twenty-four summers. We first met in the hall of the Hôtel des Quatre Saisons, as I was toiling laboriously upstairs one day after my mineral bath, and thinking what a wonderful cook Dame Nature was to contrive chicken broth out of pure chemicals, with not so much as the ghost of a hen thrown in; and Phil, being naturally a very good-hearted, amiable girl, always on the lookout to do a kind deed, gave me her arm to my room, which chanced to be quite near hers; and after that not a day passed but she ran in to see me.

She was an orphan, living with her uncle and aunt—enormously rich people, I presume, for all Americans are millionaires. Why, as a sample, there's one family named Vandertilt, all whose men are common engineers and dine every day in their smocks, whose wealth exceeds that of the Rothschilds and the crowned heads of Europe taken together. But Phil dressed as simply as any English girl, and though she must, of course, have had a trunkful of diamonds somewhere, she never appeared in them, or at least never when I saw her. Uncommonly quiet, pretty taste she had. She was a little bit of a thing,

with the brightest, clearest, wisest brown eyes that ever were, and a face like a bird's, so quick and alert and knowing, and just brimming over with life and intelligence,—quite an American face I should fancy, it was so clear-cut and dark. I suppose she had a little Indian blood in her veins, as all old American families must have. She had an American voice too, wonderfully distinct and articulate, though lower-pitched than I should have expected, and with no perceptible nasal twang; and she had American hands and feet—there wasn't a glove or a shoe in the place small enough to fit her—and American manners, something altogether different from our girls, lady-like and yet positive, modest and yet independent and thoroughly self-possessed,—an air of always knowing exactly what she was about, and being provided with the very best of reasons for her every action. A most reliable, satisfactory, companionable girl she was,—a remarkable girl, indeed, in every way, and gave me a deal of information about her country, for there wasn't a thing the dear child didn't know something about, from politics down— or up, rather, since politics are at a vilely low stand in America. It whiled away the time delightfully to me, having her run in so to chat; for I hadn't a friend in the place besides, and owing to my rheumatism (it is not gout; none of our family have ever been high-livers) I wasn't able to leave my room except just for the baths.

"Don't you get tired reading?" she asked me one day. "Or shall I lend you some books? I have quite a little library with me." And she glibly ran over the names of a number of books written by people I had never heard of—Bryant, Aldrich, Howells, Hawthorne, Holmes, etc.—and whom, indeed, I didn't care to know. American literature is, I am afraid, on a par with its politics, and Josh Billings and Walt Whitman, who stand at its head, strike one brought up on our classics as very peculiar. It's safest to keep to their historians. Luke Twain and Cooper are really reliable, I am told, and the "Conquest of Mexico," by the latter, is said to read quite like Monte Cristo. Phil sat looking at me a moment through those glasses of hers that give her such a superhumanly wise aspect when she puts them on.

"You must find the days very dull, Miss Andrews," she said, sitting down on the floor in front of my china stove and peering in to see if it needed more wood. "I must find you some amusement. Why don't you write a book?"

"My dear!" I cried. "Me write!"

"Why, yes," she answered. "Just to fill up the time, you know. You can't read forever,

or crochet forever, and you must get dull with only Cummings for society."

"I'm never dull when I have you, my dear," I said. "Only please, Phil, don't put on any more wood; it's rather too hot here now!" (The dear child, with her American extravagance, would have emptied my whole wood-basket into the fire at once, and I expected it to hold out another day, at least.) "But what ever put the idea of me writing into your head, my love? Though, to be sure, I had quite a pretty talent for making verses when I was a child, but I think I've outgrown it now; one mostly does."

"Coax it back," said Phil, folding her tiny hands in her lap, and gazing meditatively at the fire, which brought out the red lights in her dark-brown hair in a very pretty way. "Coax it back. One mostly can. And truly, Miss Andrews, you have read so many books you must have a world of facts, and plots, and incidents, stored away in your brain by this time. Why don't you stir them all together and mix us up one good, new, fresh novel worth the reading?"

"With you for the heroine, my dear?" I suggested, laughing. "Indeed, I think that might do very well."

"No," said Phil, with that emphatic tone of hers that there is never any use in gain-saying. "I won't be a heroine. I decline to be put in a book. I won't stay in it if you put me there. I warn you I'll walk right out of the first chapter and spoil it all. You'll have to take somebody else."

"And whom shall I take?" I asked. "I think you are the very one."

"No, I'm not," answered Phil, screwing up her pretty lips: she had a sweet, charming mouth, though it was easy to see by it, too, what a will my young lady had of her own. "I haven't a particle of sentiment about me, you know; not the scappiest bit. I'm matter-of-fact and prosaic through and through. I couldn't fall in love, and I couldn't flirt to save my life. Anyway, I just won't be written about."

"And whom else shall I write about, my love?" said I, still laughing at her earnestness—Phil was always so energetic and decided about everything.

She got up and walked to the window. "What a pity you can't come down to the table d'hôte," she said; "there is any number of characters ready-made there, every day. There's the old Russian countess—if only you knew her! She's a whole comedy and foot-lights in herself. And—and—let me see—that Mme. Latoux and the little German Fräulein—really, they *must* go into books some day. They were born to have histories. It's their destiny."

"And how about heroes?" I said. "Women by themselves wouldn't do, would they, dear?"

"Well, as for heroes, Miss Andrews;—" Phil mused a little, then suddenly sat down and began winding a skein of worsted for me. "I really don't know," she said, with her head bent down over her work, "that you could find a better hero anywhere, for a thrilling three-volume novel, than in the young man who sits next to me."

"Why, my dear!" I exclaimed, "this is something new. What young man? Why haven't you mentioned him before?"

"He has only just come."

"Is he English?"

"No."

"American?"

"I can't say. He might be German from his looks, American from his manners, French from his dress, and cosmopolitan from his language."

"American from his manners!" I repeated, at the moment forgetting the nationality of my young friend. "My poor, dear child, what a trial it must be to have him next you!"

Phil looked up at me with a little smile. "I meant that he had perfect manners," she said, quietly. I recollected myself, and was mortified enough.

"What does he look like?" I asked hastily, to change the ground.

"Tall, slight, soldierly, with light hair and mustache, and blue eyes," replied Phil, dreamily. "An aristocratic face, and small, well-shaped hands. He must be an American."

"Has he spoken to you?"

"Not yet; he will, though."

"My dear——"

"Oh, certainly," interrupted Phil, rising to light my candles. "He's very nice, and the only young man in the house. It would be neglecting my chances not to know him. At home, of course, we shouldn't speak without an introduction and credentials being given on both sides; but over here it's different. One can so easily let an acquaintance slide, you know, if it turn out badly. By the way, I suppose you don't know what slide means in that sense, Miss Andrews?"

"Yes, yes, my dear; it's slang for cut. I understand well enough, though I'm a little set against using those nasty words myself. We considered slang a beastly habit in my strait-laced days. We'll let that second candle slide too, however, Phil, please. One is quite enough for this little room." (I am persuaded that dear child couldn't so much as spell the word economy.) "Are you going now? Well, I hope you'll eat your dinner to-mor-

row with better appetite for your fine company, my dear."

The next day Phil appeared again, establishing herself in her usual place in front of the stove-door. I had taken care to have Cummings hide away most of the wood in the closet, so that there wasn't much left for her to dispose of, and I didn't mind.

"And how about the young man?" I asked. "Is he still here?"

"He will be here till I go," answered Phil. "He is a very nice young man, indeed. He has lovely brown eyes, soft, and dreamy, and kind-looking,—eyes just like a dog. I love dogs' eyes, don't you?"

"You said he had blue eyes yesterday."

"Did I? Oh, yes. I said he looked like a German. Well, I got a better look at them to-day, you see, and they're not blue, but brown, and full of expression. I'm afraid he's a flirt. Flirts' eyes always are full of expression."

"You haven't been flirting with him, I hope, Phil, and he an utter stranger too, my dear? I am sure your aunt couldn't allow that."

"Oh, I never flirt, Miss Andrews. I'm not that style at all. But he's not a stranger now. Why, I know him quite intimately. I asked him for the salt as soon as we had taken our seats, and after that we talked steadily on right through till dessert. I know all about him,—enough to write his biography. I was right. He's an American. He's from Philadelphia."

"Ah, that's east of the Rocky Mountains, isn't it, my dear?" I asked, glad to show my geographical acquaintance with her country. Phil hesitated a moment, as if to locate it in her mind. She is always so exact.

"Well, yes; a little east," she said presently.

"Is it near where you live?" I continued.

"Yes, rather near," Phil answered, poking at my fire. "Only a few hundred miles off. I live in Rochester, in Western New York, you know."

"So you told me, my dear. Western New York. That's where the gold mines are, I understand, and the Indians. By the way, I wonder if you ever met a friend of mine; his name was Phipps, George Montague Phipps; his family sent him out for his health and he settled there,—Dallas, I think the place was,—he liked it so much."

"Dallas is in Texas," said Phil. "The young men don't come over to Rochester from there much, but I'll keep a lookout for him. I don't believe he is as nice as my young man here, however."

"And why *is* he here, my dear? For his health? Nobody ever comes here in October excepting for his health, you know."

"He is here for his mother. She is an invalid and doesn't appear at table. His name is Oscar Heyerman."

"Why, that's a German name, Phil."

"His father was German, I believe. He's really a charming young man, so intelligent, so cultivated, so handsome. You would lose your heart to him at once."

"Don't lose yours to him, my child."

"Better not, I think," replied Phil, with a sage shake of the head. "There's a wonderfully pretty little German girl sits the other side of him. He looked at her a great deal to-day, quite stared at her, in fact,—and he spoke to her just as we left the table. I foresee she is going to be my rival."

"She must be very nice and bright indeed, my dear, to be any proper rival of yours," I said, looking at Phil affectionately. "I am sure any man would rather talk to you than to most any other girl I know. You have so much common sense too, Phil, as well as looks."

"Yes, common sense is rather my forte," Phil acknowledged gravely. "The romance and sentiment were altogether left out, and the place filled in with good, plain, ugly common sense. But it's much less attractive to outsiders than nonsense, in the long run. I don't stand a ghost of a chance beside that simpering little German mädchen with her pink cheeks and baby ideas. You see, if Oscar says a word to me to-morrow. I shall break my heart."

"Don't say that, Phil, please," I begged. "There's so many a true word spoken in jest."

"Oh," said Phil, and for all further comment made a succession of horrible grimaces with such rapidity and astounding diversity that I nearly died with laughing at her, though I shook my head rebukingly all the time.

There proved to be no immediate danger, however, of Oscar's becoming interested in the little German girl. He devoted himself, on the contrary, entirely to Phil. She had something new to tell me about him every day when she ran in. Either she had met him by chance at the Kursaal, and had such a pleasant whispered talk with him while her aunt droned over the papers; or he had sat by her during the afternoon outdoor concert, or walked with her about the beautiful Kursaal grounds; or he had been shopping with her down through the long, pocket-despoiling arcades, and had helped her choose the pretty little trifle she brought to me.

"Do you like it?" she would say roguishly in the middle of my thanks. "It is Oscar's taste."

He made the fourth too, I fancy, on their drives to the Russian chapel, and the Rob-

ber's cave, and to Biebrich and other outlying places of interest, though I only knew it by Phil's accidentally repeating some remark or droll comment that he had made at the time. I don't think she quite liked me to know just how often he was invited to accompany them. She looked a little confused one day when I confessed how I had been watching at the window to see them start out, and was so disappointed to find they had gone in a close carriage. Indeed, after that I don't think he was invited so much. She didn't speak of his driving with them again. However, he walked with her uncle and herself to Sonnenburg Castle one day; she told me that. Her uncle was old, and I imagine left the two young people to scramble about the ruins quite by themselves,—Americans are so lax as guardians!—and she had a dainty little bunch of wild flowers pinned coquettishly in with the lace at her throat when she came back. She was fond of wearing flowers, and generally had a rose or cluster of violets somewhere about her dress, and if I chanced to ask where it came from, the answer was invariably the same, said with a demure twinkle of her pretty eyes: "Oscar, of course. What other young man is there here to give it to me?"

It was really wonderful how much interest her talk of Oscar lent to our meetings, and how eagerly I waited for the next bit of news, whatever it might turn out to be.

"He's certainly getting very much interested in you, Phil," I said anxiously one day. It was pleasant, but it troubled me a little too, living so right in the midst of a love story.

Phil laughed and shook her heavy braids.

"Indeed he is," I insisted. "I can see it plain enough, for all I'm not there to watch you two foolish young things with my curious old eyes. Old maids can put two and two together better than some clever arithmeticians, may be; and I only hope, my dear, that your aunt approves."

"Aunt Anne has nothing to say about me; I am quite independent of everybody," Phil rejoined with that determined look coming to her mouth that suited so well with her glasses and her straight, square way of holding her trim little figure. "I may make what friends I choose."

"It's that that worries me about you, my dear," I said as gently as I could. "I feel as if you hadn't anybody to look after you rightly, my poor child. And now this young man,—why, he may be a gambler for aught we know. He may have dreadful habits."

"One little half-bottle of cheap Hochheimer every day for dinner," interposed Phil with a laugh.

"But, my dear child, there's no knowing

how many whole bottles of Cliquot, besides any number of awful American drinks with wicked names, he may consume upstairs in private. One can't judge entirely about young men from just their down-stairs doings. I wonder if he is high-principled,—if he is a really good young man? You never mention seeing him at church. Oh, my dear, somebody ought to look after you a little, I do think. Somebody ought to look after you."

"Come and look after him instead," said Phil, who was standing in the window. "There he goes now. Don't you want to see him? He is almost as good to look at from the back as from the front."

She pushed aside the window curtain as she spoke; and though it is such pain to move, curiosity so far overmastered me that I hastily left my easy-chair, and dragged myself across the room to her side.

"Where?" I said breathlessly, straightening my cap as I best could, lest the young fellow should chance to look up. Even at sixty one doesn't like to be seen all awry.

"Such a pity!" said Phil, dropping the curtain again almost in my face. "You're just one second too late. He's gone around the corner. It's a great pity you didn't see him. You would never have suspected him of anything bad again. He has a charming face, so good, so trustworthy, and so—affectionate, one might say. I'm sure he is a lovely character. You should only hear the way he speaks of his mother. He is a devoted son."

I looked at Phil anxiously. She did not look at me, but stood with her forehead pressed against the window, tapping her little fingers on the sill.

"Don't, Phil, dear," I said gently. "It makes me nervous." She stopped at once, and glanced up at me with her head bent on one side like a little bird. Her eyes were brighter than any stars, and there was an odd, provoking smile on her clearly chiseled lips. "Phil," I said, laying my two hands on her shoulders, "I've not been young in my time for nothing, dear, and I see—I see."

"See what?" asked Phil. She banished all the knowingness out of her face, and put on a look of innocence that would have become a year-old babe, in less than no time.

"Don't be vexed," I said, "but how can I help seeing that, for all your pretended lack of romance, you are getting interested in that young man day by day."

Phil broke suddenly away from me and dashed to the wood-basket, bending over it with a little inarticulate sound.

"Don't put any more on, dear," I entreated, piteously. "Really, you don't know

how little it takes to keep a fire alight in those stoves. And you aren't vexed, are you, Phil? I couldn't help speaking, dear. I don't doubt he's all that's honorable and worthy if you think so, only you are so young, and—and—in England things are so different. I cannot get quite used to your American independence. It seems so odd parents and guardians should never have anything whatever to say in the matter of the children's marriages."

"Oh, but they do,—a little," said Phil, frowning gravely at the stove as she ran her finger absently along its cracks, knocking out the plaster upon the floor. "We always invite them to the wedding."

"And if they wont come?"

"We disinherit them. But it doesn't generally happen. But, my dear Miss Andrews, you are worrying about Oscar Heyerman and me. Now let me set your dear, kind heart at rest at once. He isn't thinking of me at all. I told you he would like that simpering German girl better. He does."

She spoke very low, and dropped her head a little. Something in her attitude or voice touched my heart, and reminded me of the days when—well, when I found out Jack cared for Hannah. My foolish old eyes got moist all of a sudden, and I crossed the room to her quickly, as if I hadn't an ache in my miserable bones, and tried to take her in my arms. "My dear, my dear," I whispered, all of a tremble, "don't give up hope yet. May be it isn't so. May be it isn't so. May be he'll come back to you yet." And then I remembered how Jack never did come back, and I sort of choked, and Phil just gave that queer little sound again and fled out of the room. How I longed to follow and comfort her! I felt so troubled about her I could scarcely sleep all that night. Poor, dear child, it had indeed gone far with her! It seemed very hard to stop quietly upstairs and know that all the time that inane little German miss was fooling my Phil's lover away just with two silly pink cheeks. "As if any man couldn't choose better than that!" I said indignantly to myself; for somehow, when I had found out that my poor child loved him and had lost him, all doubt of his worthiness instantly vanished from my mind, and I only fell to wishing I could do something to bring him back and make her happy. I never closed an eye till three o'clock, and after that the whole time I was dreaming and dreaming of how Phil stood at the altar all in white, and blazing with diamonds from head to foot, and how Oscar stood by her side with his back to me, so that I didn't see his face even then, and how he called out

right in the middle of the service for a gin cocktail (I think that was it), and how it was poor old I, in my dingy wrapper and cap, who had to come hobbling up the chancel-steps to give the bride away.

I didn't see Phil all the next day. Poor child! she saw I had surprised her secret, and though I didn't expect this delicacy of feeling on the part of an American girl, still I admired it in her, and only loved her the better for it. How I should have felt, had any one ever so much as suspected what I felt for Jack!

But by the day after, when still Phil did not come, it seemed as if I couldn't stand it not to know anything; and when the dinner was begun, I sent Cummings down-stairs just to peep in through the door and see which one Mr. Heyerman was talking to the more — my Phil, or the little tow-headed German idiot. Cummings didn't like being sent down on such an errand, and sniffed very disagreeably, and said she had never been engaged to do spy's work, and may be there was them as would do spying better, who wouldn't be so willing as she was to turn an old dress for me as had better be give away at once and done with, and not waste more time over it. However, she went down at last, though still expostulatory, and back she came in less than no time, her tongue clacking angrily all along the passage-way.

The head waiter had espied her peering through the crack of the door, and ordered her away. 'Twas no place for ladies' maids at no time, he had said, unless may be she wanted to come in and help serve the tables. Such an indignity had never been put on her at no time of her life before, she said, and that's what came from doing a nasty job at some one else's bidding. I had the greatest ado in the world to soothe her down, and get anything else out of her. Miss Merritt? Yes, she snarled, she *had* seen Miss Merritt, and Miss Merritt had seen her, and had nodded to her; that's what had directed the head waiter's attention to her, and the impertinence of that man she should *never* forget, not to her dying day. The German young lady? Yes, she had seen her, too. A sweet pretty dear she was, much more lady-like and genteel-looking than Miss Merritt. The young gentleman? There wasn't any young gentleman. There was an old man seated between the young ladies, if that's what I wanted to know,—a white-haired, deaf old gentleman. She heard Miss Merritt screeching at him that it didn't matter, when he upset his soup-plate over her dress. And if I was ever going to ask her to go down to that door again, I might look out for another

maid at the year's end, if I pleased. She had spoke her mind, and that was all she had to say.

I didn't know what to make of it,—not of Cummings's anger (that would wear off with time and judicious treatment, and a maid must be allowed tantrums as well as a mistress), but of her report; and I worried and worried, till late that afternoon Phil came in. She was in one of her brightest, gayest moods. I knew in a moment she had put it on as a mask. Women are always up to such little innocent hypocrisies, and it takes a woman to catch them at it. I didn't mean to say anything, but I couldn't help blurting it right out:

"My dear, Cummings says he wasn't there."

Phil never changed color nor winced when I spoke of him so suddenly. She is a brave little thing. She looked right up at me.

"No," she said. "Oscar dined out to-day. It was lonely for the little Fräulein."

And she never alluded to him once again the whole afternoon, though I several times skillfully led the conversation that way, in case she might like to unburden her poor heart to me. I wished her at least to feel that I was all readiness and all sympathy. But she is a very self-contained, reserved, intensely proud little creature, and I am afraid it was gall to her to feel how much I had already guessed of the truth. Poor child, I almost wished I could tell her about Jack, so as to take out the sting of it to her, letting her know that others had felt just the same. But never a word more would she speak that day of Oscar. She laughed, she joked, she made fun; her clear voice never wavered; her bright eyes never drooped; she was as cheery and sweet-tempered as if she had never known a sorrow. It seemed to me that my old heart must break for her. I haven't forgotten even yet how I behaved—how I danced and laughed with the best that very day when Jack was married! Only once her courage gave way a little,—the poor, overburdened young thing. It was in the dusk, and we were both very still, I thinking compassionately of her, and she—ah, well, I could guess, when I heard a little faint sigh from where Phil sat, or, rather, what started to be a sigh, and was checked in the rising. I put out my hand and touched hers. It seemed as if I *must* tell her how I felt for her. She gave a start, and then her usual little gay laugh.

"You have caught me," she said. "I am fain to confess it, Miss Andrews. I am homesick to-night,—awfully homesick."

I pressed her hand without speaking. There are moments when words seem so cold.

"Do you know," she continued, looking at me gratefully, and a little wistfully, "I would give all Europe—yes, all Europe and a good part of America besides, just for five minutes with my dear, dear little dog Dandy again!"

Her dog Dandy, indeed! Ah, poor child, poor child! Heaven looks leniently, I am sure, upon such innocent, womanly lies as these.

So the days slipped by, and I never came any nearer her confidence. If I asked about Oscar, she would frankly answer, and she occasionally mentioned that she had met him in the street, or seen him at the concert, or run across him in the reading-room flirting outrageously with the pretty German girl, right under her mamma's ugly nose. But she was very guarded in all that she said about him now, and in the way she said it. No stranger would ever have suspected that any deeper feeling underlay the careless tone in which she said his name. *But I knew.*

And so time wore around till one night she ran in later than usual, just as I was going to bed. Cummings looked thundery at once. She is like clock-work, and whoever puts her back, by so much as a minute, throws her all out of beat, and like as not stops her short.

"It's going on half-past nine, Miss Andrews," she said stiffly, as if I had begged for a little extra grace that I shouldn't have, and she immediately laid out my night-gown and cloth slippers with most suggestive and unbecomingly conspicuousness.

"I won't stay a minute," said Phil, with an intelligent glance toward the articles, and an appeasing nod to Cummings, who, with a grim determination not to be appeased, looked with fixed disapprobation at a nail in the wall, and pretended not to see Phil at all. "I leave so early to-morrow morning, I thought I would say my real good-bye to-night."

"What!" I cried aghast. "Oh, Phil, dear, are you really going to-morrow?"

"So it seems," answered Phil. "And none too soon. Why, we sail from Liverpool in three weeks, you know, and Paris is to be bought out first. And right glad I am to get away from this rainy old Wiesbaden. May I never have the ill luck to be at a German watering-place again out of the season. I should have died of *ennui* but for you, Miss Andrews."

"And oh, my child, think what you have been to me!" I said, with my eyes all at once getting weak, and my voice uncomfortably husky. "I have just lived on your visits. I don't know how ever I am to get along without you. And—and how can others spare you any better?"

"Others?" repeated Phil, opening her bright eyes with that questioning look which

seemed always to turn her whole face into an interrogation point.

"Yes, dear," I said, sinking my voice a little because of Cummings, who, under pretense of arranging my bed, was pushing forward the chair with the night-gown into yet more unavoidable range of vision. "I mean Oscar."

Phil dropped her eyes suddenly. I saw her face change.

"He's gone," she said bluntly.

"Gone?" I gasped. "My dear, when—where—you don't mean it?"

"He went this morning," answered Phil, her voice as steady as mine was shaky. "I really don't know where he went, but probably the little Fräulein does. She left yesterday."

"And you really don't know?" I echoed incredulously. "Phil, child, don't you expect to see him again? not to meet him anywhere ever again?"

"Not ever again," repeated Phil steadily. "It is good-bye to Mr. Oscar Heyerman forever."

And she kissed her little atom of a hand saucily toward the window. The action jarred on me. It seemed like such a mockery of the poor dear's real feelings. I could not bear to have her so brave. It would have been more natural to seem weaker. I shook my head and sighed.

"Ah, Phil," I said, thinking of Jack and of the long pain that that word *forever* covered,— "Ah, Phil, things seem mysterious and life looks long when one is young; but it's astonishing how short the same thing looks seen from the other end, dear. Even forevers lose their sting before one is quite through with life."

Phil stood looking at me. She was smiling a little, and gradually the smile spread and deepened. "You dear old Miss Andrews," she said, coming suddenly close and putting her arms about me, "I wish there might not be any forever about my good-bye to you. I've brought you one of my American books as a parting souvenir. It's a sweet little story, and will help you to think of me. And don't be too lonely when I am gone. Whom will you miss more, me or Oscar?"

"Don't talk so lightly, Phil, dear," I whispered. "Not just at the last like this. Don't you think I know?"

"No," answered Phil aloud. "I don't think you know at all. Good-night. Good-night, Cummings." And she was gone before I knew it.

"Poor child, poor child!" I murmured, as I surrendered myself to Cummings's not over-tender mercies. "So young, too. It's very hard on her."

"What's hard on her?" said Cummings, snatching off my cap with a venomousness which seemed to say she fancied it Phil's head.

"Oh, nothing," I answered, unwilling to betray my brave child's secret to any unloving ears. "I was only thinking it was hard that those two young people—she and that young man—shouldn't really ever meet again. I can't help hoping they may, even yet."

"What young man?" said Cummings, in her hard unsympathetic voice, pulling off my shoes as if she were a dentist and each foot were a tooth she was extracting. "I never see any young man. There aint any young man."

"Oh, but Cummings," I expostulated gently, "I mean Mr. Oscar Heyerman, you know. He's gone away."

"I'm thinking he can't be gone when he didn't ever come," retorted Cummings, stubbornly. "There's a Mr. and a Mrs. Oscar Heyerman on the *liste des étraungers*, right enough; but there aint any young man as ever I see. And so you needn't be worriting about him when you ought to ha' been asleep this half-hour gone, and me a-waiting all the time to put you where you should be."

"Cummings," I replied with dignity, "you are speaking very unbecomingly. Will you hand me my night-cap?"

"I'd just like to ha' seen her young man, that's all," said Cummings, jerking open my top drawer with a vindictive snap. "I don't believe there never was a bones-and-flesh young man at all, for I aint seen him."

"It isn't to be supposed you should have seen him, Cummings," I returned. "You have other things to occupy your attention than looking out for young men, I hope. And now you may put out the candle. The moonlight is bright enough for me to go to bed by without it."

But somehow I couldn't sleep that night either. It was such a very queer idea this of Cummings, that there wasn't any young man. It was just like her sour, cross-grained nature to take such a cynical stand. She'll never get to Heaven, I'm afraid, if her getting there is to be entirely a matter of faith. Still, it was an uncomfortable idea certainly, and gave me a shock like a cold-water bath.

Phil ran in bright and early the next morning, all dressed for the journey in her trim, close-fitting ulster, with her broad felt hat set jauntily back of the saucy little curls over her forehead, that were just as obstinate as she was, and would always go their way and not hers; and as she bent over me in the bed, the very first thing I said to her was, "Phil, Cummings says there wasn't ever any young man."

Phil stopped short on her way down to kiss me. "Cummings doesn't know," she said quietly.

"But there was, wasn't there, dear?" I entreated helplessly. "Phil, dear, there certainly was, wasn't there?"

Phil pursed up her lips and meditated some little time with her head on one side. Then she put on her glasses and looked down at me, wise as any Minerva.

"You will never know either," she said. "I know, of course, but I am never, never going to tell. Good-bye."

"Phil—oh, Phil!" I cried, catching at her dress in desperation. "Oh, indeed, you must not leave it so,—you *must* tell me! Wasn't there any young man? not any young man at all?"

"Was there or was there not?" said Phil, backing off toward the door, with always that provoking little smile on her lips and a defiant brightness in her eyes; "what can it possibly matter to anybody living but only me? It is my secret. I have a right to it. And I shall not ever, ever tell."

And that's the way she left it. That is why there isn't any more of it. You see she kept to her word and walked right out of my story at the end of the first chapter, and how the story ended I never knew myself. When I look at the book she left me (it's by a Mr. Aldrich, and indeed it's a clever little tale, though very disappointing), I wonder if it is possible she got any inspiration from that? But I don't know, and I never shall know, and I am still puzzling over it. Was it true or was it false? Was there or was there not a young man? When I think of Jack, I am sure that there must have been; and when I think of Phil, why I really do not know.

Grace Denio Litchfield.





A GREAT city is usually credited, and truly, with worldly motives, which make the prosperous portion of its inhabitants pushing, selfish, proud, and self-satisfied. Here Jews and Gentiles, Europeans and Americans, are all striving for the common prizes of life, and on these prizes, it would seem, their imagination is centered. Yet for nearly a century, in fact ever since New York was worthy the name of city, a quiet man moved daily among the crowd, busy as others about commerce and manufactures, society and social aims. He raised a family of influential children, and was pleasantly associated in business and society with nearly every person of consideration in New York, his native city, where he was born February 12, 1791. Yet, in all this daily contact with men, his chief objects were distinct from theirs, and he kept his own individuality and way of looking at things intact from the beginning. It has been said that Americans lose their individuality more easily than the people of other nations; Mr. Cooper certainly is an example to the contrary. No worldly enticements nor persuasions ever changed his own way of regarding things, and he had a consistent and singularly straightforward method in considering unusual subjects.

An association of eleven years with Mr. Cooper, as head of the "Woman's Art School," gave me an opportunity to observe him in the life-work which most earnestly engaged all his powers. His practical ingenuity in connection with steam-engines, his success in running the first locomotive in America, his new application of iron-work for building purposes, the improvements he aided in New York, such as the locating of Union and Madison squares and Tompkins Square as breathing spots for the city, are well known; his faith in the Atlantic cable and like enterprises, when other men doubted their success, are remembered; but only an eye-witness of it could imagine the time, and thought, and ingenuity he gave, year after year, to his favor-

ite scheme for the raising and bettering of his fellow-creatures in the "Cooper Union." In this connection, it may not be amiss to give a brief outline of this institution:

The three great branches of the "Cooper Union" are the night schools, where several thousand men are taught each season a scientific and literary course, besides drawing in its various branches; the day schools for women, comprising the "Woman's Art School," a school for telegraphy, and a type-writing class recently established; and a free library and reading-room, open day and evening, to which 400,000 visits are annually paid.

In the "Woman's Art School" about five hundred young women are taught different kinds of art work. Half of these are instructed in various industrial branches, in an absolutely free class; and the rest, at a very small cost, have the best teachers of drawing and painting in New York. Ever since the school was started in 1857 or 1858, the names of some of the best artists in New York have been connected with the free school; and in its list of teachers are such men as Jervis McEntee, N. A., and Dr. Rimmer formerly, and at the present time R. Swain Gifford, N. A., Wyatt Eaton, J. Alden Weir, William Sartain, A. N. A., Douglas Volk, and other well-known painters. The "Woman's Art School" is furnished with one of the finest collections of casts in this country, which include the chief of the Elgin marbles and many of the great classical statues. Bass-reliefs from the Renaissance period, such as the beautiful figures from Donatello and Della Robbia, together with the best ornamental models from the schools at South Kensington, afford the pupils excellent subjects for study. A small but well-selected art library consists of the works of Ruskin, Taine, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Leonardo da Vinci, Lalanne, Fergusson, and many other authorities; while the illustrated volumes of Racinet, Owen Jones, and books on pottery, engraving, design, etching, besides art period-

icals, cultivate the ideas and taste of the pupils. Lectures are given each winter on art; and such men as William Page, N. A., Louis C. Tiffany, A. N. A., William H. Goodyear, of the Metropolitan Museum, Hubert Herkomer, A. R. A., afford the pupils information in all the new ideas on art.

It is somewhat aside from the purpose of this article to speak of the practical results of the "Woman's Art School"; but, as it was a subject on which Mr. Cooper liked to dwell, it may be of special interest to the reader. Besides learning a profession, at the very time they are studying, half the pupils in the free classes wholly or partly support themselves by teaching, designing, engraving on wood, and other artistic occupations; and the annual report of this year shows that the present pupils and the last year's graduates have earned between \$27,000 and \$28,000, while probably of \$10,000 more earnings no account has been given. Many of the beautiful engravings in this magazine, in "St. Nicholas," and in the Patent Office Reports, are cut in the engraving room of the "Woman's Art School" at the Cooper Union.

Observing, in the early years of my connection with the "Institute," how much fonder Mr. Cooper was of scientific and mechanical work than of art, I was often surprised that he should ever have undertaken this great Art School. It was finally explained to me that, under the auspices of some of the most cultivated and intelligent ladies of New York, such as Miss Mary Hamilton, who was afterward Mrs. George L. Schuyler, Mrs. Jonathan Sturges, and others, a "School of Design" was begun before the "Cooper Union" was established. In this school were classes in drawing for mechanical purposes and in designing for paper, cotton, and woolen manufactures, both branches being suited to women. The school had prospered under the constant oversight of a committee of ladies, and when at length the Cooper Union was completed in 1857 or 1858, this class was offered to Mr. Cooper, who, seeing that it was likely to be successful in a line which he had marked out, accepted the transfer of this school of design to his foundation.

It is difficult to analyze mental processes; but it seems as if the same faculties which enabled Mr. Cooper to see the possibilities of machinery, opened his eyes to the advantage of practical education for young men and women who have their bread to earn. At a time when the colleges of this country insisted on Latin and Greek, Mr. Cooper realized that, to make young men of moderate means useful and happy, scientific

knowledge and special study for their own business was most important; and in founding the Woman's Art School, it is a question whether he has not settled the doubt of the desirableness of a "higher education" for women. Certainly he had women taught, systematically, what would fit them for intellectual occupations, before any college so taught them.

Nowadays *special* study has become a great part of the instruction in the best American colleges; but Mr. Cooper was one of the first educators in America to carry out the idea that a practical and necessitous people had better learn what they could apply to use. But Mr. Cooper's aim was not merely to promote material prosperity. He always used his influence in his schools to raise the standard of character. Young men were taught elocution in the night classes, primarily to enable them to assist in political discussion, and to make them interested in public affairs. For women, Mr. Cooper aimed to secure quiet, healthful, and dignified pursuits.

"I have always tried to do the *best* I knew how," he said to me one day, "and then people have wanted what I made. I determined to make the *best* glue, and found out every method and ingredient looking to that end, and so it has always been in demand." This habit of his mind was a pervading influence in the Institute.

Reminiscences of Mr. Cooper ought not to take the form of a sermon; yet it seems impossible for any one who contemplated him in his daily relations to the Cooper Union not to be impressed with the fact that the first and most positive lesson of his life was a spiritual one. He was occupied with the various departments of the schools, the reading-room, or the sanitary or building arrangements; and yet, even when he talked about the very bricks and mortar of the building, through the crucible of his benevolence these material objects seemed converted into "something rich and strange," through the "spiritual uses," as Swedenborg designates them, which were his motives for them all.

Nearly every week Mr. Cooper was at the Institute; but we never heard a word from his lips, nor saw a look in his face, nor heard a tone of his voice, which could have been wished otherwise. His influence was not only negatively good, but his presence always acted as a moral tonic.

From the first time I saw Mr. Cooper, eleven years ago, till the last occasion on which he visited the Cooper Union, I was struck with the fact that his ideas and actions were always what is called "at first hand." He rarely referred to what anybody

else thought or said; and with the exception of the verses he had committed to memory and thought about, till they formed part of the very substance of his mind, he never mentioned books. Some people take hold of things better if they see and examine them for themselves, and a glance at a landscape or a look at a person conveys much more than any description. Others prefer "fireside travels"; and I remember a distinguished professor who once said to me that he enjoyed flowers even more in poems than he did in reality.

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Not so, Mr. Cooper. The sight of a person or a thing stimulated his mind at once to new conditions, and his imagination became fertile to plan and arrange. He was a curious instance of a man who was intensely practical, yet never commonplace; and his desire for material results was always united with a still more earnest wish to develop self-respect, independence, and a love of usefulness in the young people who studied at the Institute.

Mr. Cooper was an early riser, and by half-past nine, nearly every day, his plain, small carriage, with its one steady horse, might be seen standing near the Seventh street entrance of the Institute. Mr. Cooper usually went about the building by himself, and his cheerful, intelligent face, which never looked haggard though it was old, and his slightly stooping form, in a plain black coat and a soft black felt hat, from beneath whose brim fell his silky white hair, might be seen for hours every day, sometimes on the staircases, often in the school-room. For a time he sat in the main office, talking with some business man employed in the building, or he conversed with me about the school. He rarely used the elevator till toward the end, but preferred to climb the numerous flights of stairs even up to the very top story; and many a time it has given me a shiver of anxiety to see him holding by the baluster as, by himself, he went down the long stone staircases. He was the kindest and most amiable of men in saving other people anxiety or pain; and sometimes when I begged him to let me go with him or to allow the office boy to take his arm, he said he did not need him; yet he suffered us to accompany him, when he saw that we really desired it. Of late years, the policeman, the janitor, and more recently a young servant went with him; but he did not like to be waited on, and always preferred to stand when he was talking to a woman.

When in the school-rooms he never wanted any disturbance made on his account. Till within the last year or two, he was in the Woman's Art School several times a week, and he generally came quite early, before ten o'clock. Often he brought visitors to see the building; but, unless some stranger came to view the pupils' work, he did not wish me to accompany the party. He came noiselessly into the long west corridor, and it was often only when I saw his silvery head retreating into the distance that I knew Mr. Cooper had been to visit us. At times when he appeared feeble, I joined him; walking along behind him, one would have conjectured that he was only looking about in the most casual way. Of late years his slow step, his venerable form slightly shrunk about the shoulders, and his gentle bearing were a sight which kept my own thoughts intent on him. Often on these occasions Mr. Cooper would pause, turn around, and, leaning up against one of the cases which lined the room, begin to talk on some subject of importance, or his reflective observations showed that his mind was busily employed.

One day he stood watching the portrait class, who, to the number of thirty pupils or more, were drawing likenesses of the same model from different positions. One scholar made the face in profile; another had it turned a little into the shadow; a third saw more of the full face; while others worked still further into or away from the light. He had stood observing the scene for a few minutes, when he said, "Such a sight as this should be a lesson in charity, when we perceive how the same person may be so different, according to the way he is looked at by various people."

During the first year of my acquaintance with Mr. Cooper, I frequently told him stories of our pupils who were very poor, or were making extraordinary efforts to remain in the Art School. Finding, however, that such cases could never be mentioned without his immediately volunteering to aid them, as a matter of honor I soon ceased to speak to him of instances which would enlist his sympathy. In spite of this, however, now and then some case came up of a girl in unusually difficult circumstances. She had, perhaps, come from the far West or the South, and was away from her friends; or was one of many children, or had saved, painfully, the money to keep her at the Cooper Union. The story was told to explain or illustrate some outside matter, and it did not occur to me that Mr. Cooper would feel it as an appeal to his charity. But so constant was his habit of sympathy, and so strong his desire to do

good, that on such occasions his hand would be instantly in his pocket, and before I could perceive what he was about, a bill was slipped into my hand, as if he were hardly willing I should think what he was doing, and he said, "This may help her, perhaps, to get better food"; or, "You can see if she needs anything specially; but do not say where it came from." These words were spoken in a tone so full of kindness, and yet so absolutely without ostentation, that I never did tell the recipient. The feeling in Mr. Cooper was too sacred a prompting to be soiled with any touch of earthly vanity. Truly he did not *wish* his left hand to know what his right hand was doing; and, by instantly speaking on some other subject, he tried to make me forget the incident which had occurred.

Many a time, stories about pupils who had become prosperous through their education at the Cooper Union were repeated to him either by letters or by the people themselves, or I told him incidents which it seemed but due that he should know. Such meed of praise, so far from ever raising an expression of vanity or pride in him, was received in the meekest spirit; and yet these *were* the results for which he was giving time, and money, and life. "All I want," he said, "is, that these poor women shall earn decent and respectable livings, and especially that they shall be kept from marrying bad husbands."

This subject of unhappy marriages seemed to be a very prominent one in Mr. Cooper's mind. That women were often imposed upon, were ill-used and broken down, he had a lively conviction; and all his chivalry and sense of fatherly protection were enlisted to save them, so far as he could, from these ordinary misfortunes. While the world is now occupied with the question of what women can be taught, their "higher education," and many kindred subjects, Mr. Cooper's acute genius discovered, as by intuition, many years ago, the relation of women of the middle class to society, to industries, and the family. He saw that many of them could not marry, and he realized what must be the forlorn position of a number of elderly daughters of a poor man. He had noted the dangerous likelihood of giddy, ignorant young girls marrying anybody for a home, even if the men they married were dissipated or inefficient; and he had the tenderest pity for poor widows or deserted wives. He talked many times, and at great length, on these subjects, and all circumstances and any sort of incident brought up this desire of his heart, to help women to be happy, independent, and virtuous.

One of the last times he was at the school,

and while a celebrated New York clergyman was giving a course of Lenten lectures to women, Mr. Cooper, with his face all animated with his feeling about it, said: "Dr. — is of the wealthy class, and he has been used to deal with wealthy women. The world does not look like the same place to him that it does to me. If he could be in my place for a month, and read the letters I get from poor and suffering women, he would think that it would be best to have them taught anything which they could learn to enable them to lessen all this trouble."

Compensation is one of the great laws of life, and a chief blessing which comes to those who have struggled and known all sorts of classes of society is the wider horizon gained of human nature. Mr. Cooper was perhaps as true a democrat as ever lived. I never could perceive that social distinctions made the least impression on him. He recognized wealth and influence as means of doing good, and he saw that they increased the scope for improvement and happiness. But the people who moved in different stations of life were the same to him; and men and women were alike interesting as they were his fellow-creatures, to whom he could be a brother-man.

There are many anecdotes to illustrate how completely his heart beat in harmony with every class, and how his fellow-citizens had learned to prize him. His familiar face was known all over New York, and whenever his plain carryall appeared, it was immediately recognized, let it be in Fifth Avenue, in Broadway, or in the poorest streets of the city. Whether it was an Irishman driving his loaded cart, or a fine carriage, everybody yielded Mr. Cooper the "right of way." Such homage as this can only be voluntary, and it is a singular contrast to the forced deference which compels every vehicle to give way to the equipages of the court in foreign countries.

At the time that Mr. Edward Cooper was nominated for Mayor of New York, naturally many of the foreign population knew nothing of him personally. A gentleman at the head of much of the German law practice at that time, when among his clients, was consulted about the candidate. "We are not acquainted with Mr. Edward Cooper," the Germans said, "but he must be a good man, as he is Mr. Peter Cooper's son, and so we shall vote for him."

It is rare to find a man like Mr. Cooper who, in his relations with women, has not a "certain condescension" in his feeling toward them. He may be charmed with them, he may love them dearly, or he may enjoy their

wit or be disgusted with folly or strong-mindedness; but he scarcely ever seems to regard them as fellow-creatures, simply.

It would seem, from his association with people of all classes, that Mr. Cooper had become, humanly, a cosmopolitan, and the few simple needs which are common to all mankind were always patent to his catholic heart. He often came into school with some distinguished man, foreign or native; and he showed the work of the Institute and its classes to the Empress of Brazil, the Prince of Wales, Count de Lesseps, Dean Stanley, and the scientific and the fashionable, with the same unconsciousness and simplicity that he did to rough but intelligent men from Western towns, or a party of women and children who had come in to see the "sights" of New York from a farm-house in New Jersey.

Mr. Cooper was fond of taking visitors by the arm as he walked about the building, and, in pleasant tones and with cheerful and cheering looks, the good old man would speak to them of his hopes and objects and of what he had accomplished. Carlyle in one of his letters to Emerson, describing Mr. Webster, says, "he was perfectly bred, though not with English breeding." Observing Mr. Cooper with all sorts of people, one never saw him when his manners were not perfect as a true gentleman. Not a shade of obsequiousness, or pride, or boasting, or vanity, nor a thought of himself personally, sullied the dignity and sweet gravity of his bearing.

His opinions were positive, and he stated them definitely; and his illustrations were often simple and even homely. It would be difficult to tell the occasions, so numerous were they, which drew from him the poems and little rhymes which were his solace and delight. He told them to strangers in their visits to the school, or often he repeated to the pupils verses of which he was specially fond. Among those he particularly liked were lines from "Pope's Essay on Man," which appealed strongly to him by its common sense and the knowledge it showed of human nature. I believe he knew the whole of the poem, but the parts he oftenest quoted were those that are nearly as familiar as proverbs.

"Look round our world; behold the chain of love,
Combining all below and all above."

And there is hardly any one familiar with Mr. Cooper who has not heard more times than once:

"O happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name,—

That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live or dare to die."

"Remember, man, 'the universal cause
Acts not by partial but by general laws,'
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all."

"Health consists with temperance alone,
And peace, O virtue, peace is all thine own."

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

"Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
Virtue alone is happiness below."

"Our own bright prospect to be blest,
Our strongest motive to assist the rest."

Of all other parts of this poem, the last was the one, perhaps, about which he cared most, and which most closely harmonized with his own theory of life:

"God loves from whole to parts; but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake:
The center mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads,—
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in of every kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast."

One day, I remember, an elderly gentleman, a stranger, sat with him in the office for an hour or more, listening to Mr. Cooper's relation of his experiences, personal and external. The gentleman was of a reflective turn of mind as well as Mr. Cooper; and soon Mr. Cooper was pouring into his ear the store of poetry, hymns, aphorisms, and wise sayings which were and had long been his mental support. Each turn of expression seemed filled with Mr. Cooper's own feeling, and these beautiful and wise words, no doubt, had, through long familiarity, in their turn molded his own mind.

Anybody who has heard Mr. Cooper speak in the hall of the Cooper Union is acquainted with this habit of recalling favorite verses and sayings, and can remember the rapt look in his face as he repeated them. When his mind was absorbed with contrivances of a practical nature, such as the affairs of a needy man or woman, his words were spontaneous, and his thoughts occupied with the question in hand; but when alone or in simple conversation, his mind flowed habitually into well-remembered words or verses; and I think I have never known a person who recalled so well or cared so much for favorite quotations, nor one on whose tongue they were so frequent.

When busy in the general office of the Cooper Union, with masons, carpenters, or people on business, if by chance any woman met him, Mr. Cooper was always ready to listen to her story, and to forward her desires to enter the Art School or the class in telegraphy. Frequently I was called, to find that Mr. Cooper wished to see me. He usually stood while talking; and on these occasions I found him with some woman at his side, who wished to become a pupil of the Art School.

"This is the lady who superintends the school," he said, as he introduced me. "You must tell her what you want." And then in an aside to me, but never except to explain his participation, he said: "She is very needy. She has three brothers and sisters to take care of"; or more often he told me he had met the person in the office, and she had asked him to introduce her. But since my connection with the Art School, on no occasion did Mr. Cooper ever interfere with the working of the rules; and he always ended by saying, even after his most interested statements: "But you must not take her unless it is best; and I do not want you to break in on any regulation." His tenderness of heart to present distress never interfered with his sense of justice to those who were far away and had applied to come to the Cooper Union, but were unable to make personal appeals to his kindness.

When one considers the rough and often brusque ways of business men, the considerate respect Mr. Cooper always showed in his manners for all persons in his employ is especially observable. His tone was of pleading for the unfortunate or reasoning about changes which he liked to suggest; but I never saw him use his authority. A gentleman who was most intimately related to him once said that he had never heard a cross or hasty tone in Mr. Cooper's voice; and when I recollect his uniform gentleness and perfect consideration, it is no longer remarkable that a man who had risen, by his own abilities, to a position of such trust and honor as Mr. Cooper, should have kept his simple relations with people intact during so long a life.

In one of the addresses at his funeral, when clergymen of three different denominations occupied the pulpit, one of them referred to Mr. Cooper as an example whom people of any religious belief might imitate, without regard to their theology, because of his great love of humanity. Swedenborg dwells on what he designates as a "life of uses," as the highest goal to which man can attain. This was

preëminently Mr. Cooper's standard, and his ingenuity was incessantly directed to think what he could hear of or plan that would benefit his fellow-creatures and enable them to be independent, useful, self-respecting, and intelligent. Type-writing seemed to him a good channel for the employment of women, and on one of his last visits to the Art School he explained to me his views about it. "It is a light and easy occupation; it is much used by business men," he said; and finally added, speaking as if his life and health were of no importance except as he could use them for some good end: "If my life and strength can last till I get such a class started here in the building, I shall be very glad." There was something pathetic as the saintly old man said these words; and at the same time it was inspiring to think that the end and aim of even such a life as his, in its highest development and purpose, was to arrange and invent what was useful for his fellow-creatures. To this he applied all his knowledge and experience; and all his acquaintance with mechanical contrivances, and what he knew of developing business interests, were made to subserve in raising and cheering as many men and women as possible, in their blind and ignorant efforts to fill useful and independent places in the world. The very last time I saw Mr. Cooper, and when his waning strength left his countenance languid and weary, his eye brightened and he straightened himself up firmly, as he told me that "the type-writing class was started, and he wanted me to go upstairs and see it."

A few years since, Mr. Cooper added a large section to the top of the Cooper Union, about two hundred feet long, from Seventh to Eighth street, and nearly a hundred wide. This was a great pleasure and comfort to him; he watched every brick as it was laid, and he delighted to explain how strong it was, and how bright and fine the new rooms were, and the beautiful view which could be seen from them over the harbor and neighboring country. He had meant to have pictures and machinery exhibited here; but when it proved that this section of the building was better fitted for the men's class-rooms, he abandoned his own plans to carry out the ideas of those on whom he could depend for advice.

Mechanical contrivances of all sorts were his delight, and when, in company with his faithful janitor, whose knowledge and good sense were in harmony with his own, he went about looking at the steam-heating apparatus, the ventilators, the elevator, and any new arrangements which had been made, he was

full of suggestions whose practical value we soon learned to appreciate. If I told him that we had not air enough, that the steam-pipes near the pupils' seats were too hot, his invention was stimulated in a moment to contrive some remedy for the evil. He often said to me, as he looked about the rooms: "Let me know if you can think of any improvement, and I shall be glad to do it if I can." And so there has been a constant addition to the conveniences, the studies, the healthful arrangements, and the books and casts for the school. Unlike many institutions, there has always been a feeling here that nothing was suffered to fall into a *rut*. When the books in the art library became worn, they were re-bound or replaced; casts were duplicated and new ones added; and carpenters, glaziers, and plumbers were permanently employed, so that the rooms could be kept in good condition. Any one with experience knows what cheer there is in such a state of things. It is so much easier for teachers and pupils, and all connected with such an establishment, when they are sure they are not neglected nor their interests ignored.

So completely was the pecuniary machinery organized, that though during the eleven years of my connection with the Cooper Union great numbers of people were to be paid monthly, no teacher of the Woman's Art School has ever had his or her money delayed a week; only by accident has it been delayed even a day. Peace and quiet and perfect order were the direct result of Mr. Cooper's influence and habits of life.

As I said before, Mr. Cooper cared little for art *per se*. And so he looked with some suspicion and incredulity on the headless Torso of "Victory," in the Elgin Marbles, and could see no beauty in the "Fates"; but he was well content to trust such matters to more experienced judges, and to reiterate his usual words: "If the young women can only learn, so that they can get decent and respectable livings!"

Human nature is a great mystery, and in the different periods of our life one stage does not well understand the others. How little can the child know the state of mind of the man! and in middle life how slightly are we sure that we comprehend the feelings and thoughts of old age! The world, to a youth, is full of hope; in the midst of the struggle, the accomplishment, and the disappointments of maturity, it looks different; and old age probably conceals thoughts, such as other periods cannot understand, of what things are vain and what are of value, as the bodily powers and desires fade away and the

certainty of death becomes more near and real. Some qualities in us are endued with an everlasting youth, and it is these which we embody as our conception of the Immortals. Benevolence, charity, a love of nature, such parts of us as these, appear to be the same in young and old; and in our idea of angelic natures we carry such qualities forward into another world. It was a strange and new problem of life to watch so aged a man as Mr. Cooper, and observe of what human nature was capable at so advanced a period of development. Often, when I looked at him and saw his clear eye kindle with enthusiasm for good, or his look melt with pity; when I saw him so kind and loving as he spoke of his daughter or young grandchildren, and so full of sympathy for the poor; and especially when I observed his step drooping and feeble, and his head bowed, as he first came into the school after a night when he had slept poorly, and then, at the tale of some helpless girl whom his benevolence had benefited, saw him grow bright again and his eyes light up and his breath become deeper,—on such occasions it did really seem as if new life came into him, and, as Swedenborg expresses it, as if it was "the spirit of an angel which informed him."

To the day when he was taken with his last illness, his sight was perfectly good, his hearing as sharp as ever, and there was no trace on his sincere and peaceful face of the querulousness or peevish discontent that is so often seen in old age. The highest lesson taught by Mr. Cooper was the lesson of his own life. As much as, or more than any one I ever knew, Mr. Cooper solved the problem: "Is life worth living?"

Observing him carefully for a long series of years, it appeared that certain parts of his nature were cultivated intentionally, as the result of a wisdom which discriminated what was really worth caring for from what was not worthy of pursuit. Personal ambitions or selfish aims had no weight with him, and disappointments and annoyances which would have left deep wounds with many passed off from him with scarcely an observation. He was most kind and loving; but if he were usefully employed, no domestic loss or separation from friends seemed to touch his happiness seriously. He spoke often of his preference for plain living, and his habits were as simple as those of a child. Love of pomp or display never touched him in the slightest, and he had an innocent openness of character which concealed nothing. Never, under any circumstance, did he show a particle of malignity, revenge, or meanness. If people disappointed him, he passed over

the wound it made and let his mind dwell on something more satisfactory. Swedenborg's phrase, "the wisdom of innocence," often occurred to my mind in observing Mr. Cooper. He knew what was wise, and to that his heart was given. Sensitive as any young man in all works of sympathy or kindness, the mean and bad ways of the world fell off from his perception.

So his life passed in New York and in the Cooper Union, serene, happy and contented. With "honor, love, obedience, hosts of friends," he was an example and encouragement to those who had not gained the quiet heights on which his inner self habitually dwelt.

On the evening of the yearly reception of the Woman's Art School, which occurred the latter part of May, Mr. Cooper stood or sat at the south corner of the east corridor to receive the thousands of people who attended the reception. The guests consisted of old and present pupils and their friends, and vast numbers of the outside public. Surrounded by his family, the venerable founder of the Cooper Union was always present,—the chief attraction of the evening. For many of the first years of my acquaintance with him, Mr. Cooper stood during these receptions almost the entire time, shaking hands with men, women, and children. The teachers and officers of the building were usually near him on these occasions, and it was very interesting to observe the various manners of the crowd who approached him. Sweet, simple, and dignified, he welcomed each person cordially. "*How* do you do? *How* do you do?" he said, over and over again, till we who cared for him tried to screen him from the press of visitors. An old man and woman would approach: "It is many years since we saw you last," they said, grasping his hands. "Mr. Cooper, we must put our little boy's hand in yours," said a young couple with a child five or six years old at their side. Then a group of boys would come along and stand curiously regarding him from a short distance. "That's Mr. Cooper," they whispered in an under-tone. Young men came along and stopped to talk to him and shake his hand, till some of us whispered to them that they must not stay to tire him. Occasionally, the salutations were very amusing, especially those of mechanics or workmen, who called him "Uncle Peter," with the evident intention of respectful endearment; and these people were met with the same affability as the rest. Not infrequently my own nerves were a little disturbed by some good but inconsiderate person, who, grasping his hand and looking at him with mingled affection and surprise, told him, "When I saw you a year

ago, Mr. Cooper, I thought it was the last time you would be here. I am glad to see you alive now." But by none of these remarks was Mr. Cooper in the least perturbed. "I have had a long life; it can't be for a very great while now," he answered. "God bless you, Mr. Cooper, for all you have done for me," said many a man and woman as they passed him. And so the evening wore away, and ten thousand people had come and gone through the great, bright halls and school-rooms; and Mr. Cooper's presence had put a good thought or feeling into everybody's heart. I can see him now, with his smiling face and interested look, and his soft white hair waving over his shoulders, amid flowers, lights, and the cheerful music, while his presence brooded like a benediction over the swaying and surging crowd. The same scene was repeated the next night at the "Men's Reception" and on the "Commencement Night," when he never failed to speak some useful lessons to the men and women before him, and to tell them how their lives might be better and happier and more useful; but a greater and better lesson than anything he could *say* was the sight of what he *was* and had *done*.

New Yorkers know the touching and unique spectacle at his funeral (his death occurred April 6, 1883, in his ninety-third year), and remember the unbroken line of respectful and sorrowing faces which silently contemplated the funeral procession in its course of three miles from the church in Twentieth street to the Battery. Broadway was absolutely emptied of business and vehicles while the body of this good friend of every one in New York was being carried to the grave. Every class of society was represented in the great crowd, and rich and poor alike had the same sorrowful look on their faces. In the poorer cross-streets, mothers held up their little children to look at the funeral, and rough-looking and wretched people of every nation seemed touched with a better feeling, while, as the hearse passed between the great business houses of Broadway, burly and prosperous merchants stood silent and with heads uncovered. The sight, looking down the main street of the city, was most impressive. At that hour of the afternoon, the great artery of New York is always crowded with carriages and vehicles. Horses and wagons are closely wedged together, and the mass moves along almost solid for miles. But now, when the funeral carriages turned two abreast into Broadway from Fourth street, not another vehicle broke the stillness, and the bare pavement was seen as far as the eye could reach. On either broad sidewalk was the mass of

upturned, silent faces. When the procession reached Fulton and Wall streets, it seemed nearly impossible to believe that life could be kept back from where these streets join Broadway; yet such was the love for Mr. Cooper that all remained silent to the end, and it was only when the carriages which had followed the hearse turned again, after leaving it, into Broadway that the crowd surged back and life resumed its usual course, ebbing and flowing as before.

The recollection of a great court funeral is still vivid in my mind, when the young

Queen Mercedes of Spain was buried. At this funeral the Spanish nobility laughed and flirted behind their fans, in the very church, while the Requiem Mass was being performed and the funeral sermons were being preached. The sight was a sad lesson on the vanity of worldly greatness, when one compared it with the spectacle of the silent procession of persons who moved for many hours up the aisles of the church to look once again on the dead face of Mr. Cooper, their loved and revered friend.

Susan N. Carter.



GEORGE FULLER.

On the walls of the New York Academy of Design, in 1878, there hung a picture called "Turkey Pasture in Kentucky," which attracted much attention. Simple in theme, sober in tone, telling no "story," and making no daring technical appeal to notice, it was yet remarked by the popular eye and was found, I think, by artists and all sensitive observers much the most interesting picture of the year. Who, it began very soon to be asked, is this Mr. Fuller, whose name is so unfamiliar, whose work is so original and so charming,—who is, apparently, making his *début*, yet whose essays are so complete and ripe and masterly? If he is, as he seems to be, a "new man," he shows the trade-mark neither of Paris nor of Munich; and if he is a product of home culture he shows even less affinity with the traditions of our own elder school. Where does he come from that he has learned to paint in so peculiar yet so fine a way?

Glancing at the catalogue we found that Mr. Fuller was not in any sense a "new man," but an artist of long standing—actually an Associate of the Academy itself, elected so long ago as 1857. Where and why, then, had he secluded himself so entirely and so persistently as to come now a stranger before the younger generation of to-

day? The answer to these questions may be given in a brief sketch of Mr. Fuller's life—a sketch most interesting because so unlike the usual histories of artistic development, whether in our own country or another.

Mr. Fuller was born of Puritan stock at Deerfield, Massachusetts, in the year 1822. An instinct for art had already shown itself in several members of his family, and from childhood his own tastes led him toward a painter's brush and palette. He went to Illinois at the age of fourteen with a party of railroad engineers, and remained two years, during which time he was much in the company of the sculptor Henry Kirke Brown. Between the ages of sixteen and twenty Mr. Fuller was again at Deerfield, following a school course, but making constant essays in painting, chiefly in the way of portraiture. In 1842 he wrote for counsel to Mr. Brown, then established in a studio at Albany, and gladly accepted the sculptor's invitation to go thither and study under his tuition. At Albany he remained nearly a year, when Mr. Brown went to Europe and Mr. Fuller to Boston where, painting portraits as before, he devoted himself also to the study of whatever works of art the city then afforded—especially the pictures of Stuart, Allston, and Alexander. A few years later he removed to New York,

and, at an age when most painters have finished their student courses, went diligently to work in the life-classes of the Academy. His first public success seems to have been gained in 1857, when he was already thirty-five years old. He then exhibited a portrait of his first friend in art, Mr. Brown, and on the strength of its good qualities was elected an Associate of the National Academy.

It is curious to read the list of those who were at this time Mr. Fuller's friends and fellow-workers, and to remember how he now stands side by side in his art with the youngest and most innovating of our painters. H. K. Brown, the two Cheneys, Henry Peters Gray, Quincy Ward, Sanford Gifford, Daniel Huntington,—these were among his most constant associates; while to-day we find him joining hands with the young "Society of American Artists," and feel that the "A. N. A." which follows his name is much less characteristic than the place held by that name on the Society's member-list and juries.

After a year in New York Mr. Fuller spent three winters at the South, making studies of negro life some of which have been utilized in his later work. Then, after a year in Philadelphia, he went for the first time to Europe, not to study in any academy but to learn from nature and from the treasures of earlier days in London, Paris, Amsterdam, Florence, Rome, and Sicily. In 1860, he returned to America, but not to the public practice of his art. Dissatisfied with his previous efforts and filled with visions and ideals proper to his own nature, he seems to have felt that if he was ever to work his way to ripe performance it would be through his own strength, and not through help from school or patron or fellow-craftsman. He shut himself up in his Deerfield home, took seriously to farming, and the world of exhibitions, of artists, and of critics knew him no more. He was invisible for many years—almost forgotten save by a few old friends who remembered the promise of his earlier work. The proof that he had not ceased to cultivate art while compelling nature to his needs, was not shown till 1876, when some friends who had penetrated the Deerfield studio persuaded him to exhibit in Boston fourteen pictures of different kinds, which at once gained him local fame and patronage. Two years later he appeared again on the walls of the New York Academy, after so long an absence that he came (I repeat), as a stranger and an aspirant—his place to be won afresh, his success dependent on the suffrages of a new generation of artists and of art lovers. He returned, not a beginner but a veteran in art, yet as a *débutant* once more. And to how different an artistic

world from the one he had known in years gone by! The great exodus of students to Parisian and Bavarian schools, of amateurs to foreign studios and galleries, had begun a few years before. Its results were just returning to us in the shape of a more cultivated and critical public, used to the best foreign work and of a throng of vigorous, eager, cosmopolitan young painters, all alike disregarding of older American traditions and filled with new ideas on every subject, from the definition of the abstract term "art" down to the most concrete professional questions of the studio. But in this new world Mr. Fuller's voice sounded not an alien but a consonant note. The artists—I mean the younger brood, and not the brother Academicians who "skied" his pictures—were the first and the most enthusiastic in his praise. Their estimate of his talent, and their feeling that it was akin, in these his later efforts, to their own ideas rather than to those of his actual contemporaries, was before long shown by his election into the Society of American Artists. In contrast with this ready recognition has been the action of the National Academy, the brevet rank of which he has held so long. Elected Associate in 1857, placed indisputably by his recent successes among the very first of American painters,—and in certain points, perhaps, beyond them all,—Mr. Fuller has not yet been named Academician. We do not feel that it is he who has been injured by such omission of his due. But to read the list of those whom the Academy has promoted over his head within the past six years, affords a factor which should not be omitted in our estimate of the value of its official titles.

In 1879 Mr. Fuller showed at the Academy the "Romany Girl" and a quite marvelous canvas called "And She Was a Witch"; in 1880 he sent the "Quadroon" and a boy's portrait; and in 1881, the loveliest of all his works—the "Winifred Dysart." To the exhibitions of the young Society he has also contributed year by year, chiefly portraits or landscapes, until in 1882 he sent two large figures, conceived in the same mood as the "Winifred," called "Lorette" and "Priscilla Fauntleroy," and last spring another, not dissimilar, called "Nydia." Among other canvases shown from time to time, under different circumstances, have been the "Herb Gatherer," the "Dandelion Girl," the "Psyche," a Cupid-like "Boy and Bird," and a wooded landscape with figures, now in Mr. Cottier's possession. And in his studio he has just now a large picture of a "Girl with a Calf," more akin in sentiment, perhaps, to the "Romany Girl" than to any other of his works.

Mr. Fuller's summer studio is still at Deer-

field, but his winter work is now done in Boston. Some German philosopher once decided that an artist may do his work contentedly under one of two opposite conditions: either in rooms filled with beauty or in rooms denuded of everything; either surrounded by objects with which his tastes are in unison and his works in keeping, or isolated as completely as possible from all things whatsoever. Which of these two environments he prefers will depend upon his temperament—upon his craving for, or independence of external, visual stimulants. The sort of environment with which no really artistic temperament could content itself would be one half-way between these two extremes—an environment of commonplace, unsuggestive, distracting, Philistine ugliness. Whether Mr. Fuller consciously objects to and discards the artistic litter which surrounds most modern painters, or whether he unconsciously neglects it because bare walls and his own ideals are all he needs, I cannot say. But his Boston studio fulfills with almost literal exactness the German's second postulate. If it is not "artistic," it is certainly not "Philistine" or suggestive of a tolerance for ugliness. It is a place to work in, and that is all—a large square room, with one great window overlooking Boston Common; two or three chairs and easels, a platform for the model, and what we may call, if we will, a "dado" of unfinished canvases turned against the wall. There was only one thing more when I first saw the studio, but that thing was significant. Hung on the empty wall was a single little canvas, a gorgeous, vague, entrancing bit of Monticelli's color, shining like a star from the surrounding void. Here was the one resting-point, apparently, that the artist's eye demanded—a key-note, as it were, a term of comparison, an inspiring draught to which he might turn at will.

In person, Mr. Fuller offers at first sight a strong contrast to the spirituality of his art—tall, massively built, with a large head and a patriarchal beard of white. Had we theories on such matters, we should expect very different things from such a form and physiognomy—some sort of vigorous "realism," most probably, instead of the delicate, idealizing art he gives. But the dissonance is in outward seeming only. Mr. Fuller's words and thoughts on art, his judgments of the results of others, and his estimate of his own aims and his own productions, are not only suggestive and interesting in themselves but valuable as giving an insight into the meaning and sentiment of his work.

To mark now the chief characteristic of that work, I may say that it is distinctly ideal in

its essence—opposed in its aims as in its technical methods to what we know as "realistic" art. All art-products fall into one of these two classes, though the limits of the two meet, of course, and some few men may stand on the wavering boundary line between them. The distinction between the one kind of work and the other is never to be based on choice of subject. Nor does it rest primarily on technical manner, though, indeed, a painter's manner is most apt to conform to the nature of his aims and his conceptions, since it is but his means toward expressing these. The true difference, however, is as between the nature of one painter and of another. Every artist, like every philosopher, is born a Platonist or an Aristotelian. It is not the thing he chooses to paint, but the way in which he sees and feels that thing, that marks a man as an "idealist" or a "realist." Michael Angelo was an idealist while painting divine creative power or the wrath of judgment days; Millet, while depicting peasants at their toil. Dürer was a realist when painting the Madonna, Vereschagin is when drawing the dead on the field of battle. Even in portraiture proper this same difference between dispositions makes itself as clearly felt—Rembrandt on the one hand, Holbein on the other; Holbein a realist, though limning philosophers and queens; Rembrandt an idealist, though portraying the tawdry patriarchs of the *ghetto*.

In drawing this distinction I would not, of course, have it for a moment understood that I call *any* art "realistic" in the sense of its being a mere copyism of external facts. All art, of whatever kind, however denuded, apparently, of imagination or poetic sentiment,—the art of Holbein or Jordaens or Metsu, even the so nearly literal and therefore so inartistic art of Denner, as well as the art of Raphaël or Corot,—is, as Emerson has put it, "nature passed through the alembic of man." The difference between Denner and the idealist—still more between a great artist like Holbein and the idealist—is a difference of quantity only; lies in the degree to which a painter modifies, transmutes, transfigures, in rendering a theme from nature. But this difference in degree may be so immensely wide that we are quite justified in drawing the distinction made above. And to draw it clearly is one of our most important tasks when we would make an estimate of any painter's character.

Mr. Fuller's art is not only of the idealistic school, but, considering his time and place, is peculiarly marked in this respect. The near-as-may-be reproduction of nature is a thing absolutely alien to his aims. To take nature

as his basis (as every artist must), to keep true to her general facts (as every artist should) and through them to her meaning, but to make natural effects speak with a stronger, clearer, more poetic voice, coming from the artist's own feelings and ideas when in nature's presence,—this may, perhaps, roughly define Mr. Fuller's theory of art. To-day, and in this new world, such an artistic temperament is uncommon. It is so rare, indeed, that many prophets who are hopeful of our artistic future yet believe that it will be a future devoid of idealism to a most marked degree. For myself, I do not think this. But it is the worst of futilities to argue over the hidden things to come. I will only plead, therefore, that although such a temperament as Mr. Fuller's must be confessed exceptional with us to-day, yet in the mere existence of one such temperament (not that I myself think it is the only one), we have ground for hopeful prophecy.

In subject most of Mr. Fuller's pictures are extremely simple, and without exception they are all conceived in a purely pictorial spirit, depending for their interest not at all on any "literary" or other extrinsic element. Many of them are large single figures, simple in pose, denuded of all accessories, connected with no incident upon the canvas, still less with any that a name might suggest to the beholder. In the "*Winifred Dysart*,"* for example, which seems to me the most perfect of them all with the possible exception of the "*Turkey Pasture*," we see against a shadowy landscape background, with a very high horizon-line and a glimpse of cloud-streaked sunset sky above, the three-quarter-length figure of a young girl dressed in a pale grayish-lilac gown, her arms and neck uncovered, holding in one hand a small empty jug, and looking out of the canvas with a straight though veiled and dreamy gaze. Nothing could be more simple and unstudied than her pose, with both arms hanging loosely by her side. But nothing could be more naively graceful. It is full of pure poetry, this picture,—not poetry of a literary sort, as the factor is too often introduced in art, but of a truly pictorial kind. We are told nothing of the girl; there is no "motive" used, no "anecdote" suggested. It is herself that interests and fascinates us,—and less by actual beauty, though this exists to a high degree, than by psychical charm, if I may so express myself, by a spiritual emanation which shines from her face and form, and from the artist's every touch.

* This picture was engraved by Mr. Closson for the "*American Art Review*" in 1881, and the "*Romany Girl*" was reproduced by Mr. Cole in *SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE* for July, 1880.

He has made us see not only what he saw in a model placed before him, but what he divined, imagined, or created in her presence,—her inner as well as her outer nature. And as this was a poetical conception, and as it is expressed by consonant technique, the result is painted poetry. No more fascinating, haunting, individual, living figure has come from a contemporary hand. And it preserves its individuality in presence of the art of past days also,—has had no prototype or inspiration in the work of any other brush.

In the "*Romany Girl*" a rather more forceful chord is struck, but with hardly less of elusive charm, and nothing less of individuality or beauty. The wild-eyed, half bold, passionate, yet tender, face, the supple action expressed in the quiescent figure, the soul that speaks from the features as distinctly as does the so different soul in the "*Winifred*,"—these are the elements which place the canvas amid really creative works. The "*Quadroon*," with less of beauty and charm, has almost the same impressiveness. Sitting in the corn-field, with her arms resting on her knees, her great, sad, half-despairing eyes turned to ours, she reveals the mystery, the suffering of her race. No pictured scene of slave-life, with action, accessories, and story, could be more expressive, more pathetic. These simple single figures, as Mr. Fuller has created them, are so full of meaning, of character, of individuality, as well as of idyllic charm, that each becomes to us an actual being—remembered not as a mere pictured form, but as a true poetical identity.

The two pictures shown in 1882 seemed to me less perfect than these others, not quite so beautiful or so characteristic,—the results, apparently, of visions which had not been so compellingly clear in the painter's own mind. The "*Priscilla Fauntleroy*," however, was only a degree less charming than the "*Winifred*." It seemed captious to criticise her, even in the only possible way one could,—by comparing her with her elder sister. Mr. Fuller is his own severest critic. If his finest works have made us hypercritical he has but himself to blame.

In the "*Priscilla*," by the way, we have what may seem, at first sight, to be a subject of "literary" interest, emanating, to some degree at least, from an author's creative power and not altogether from the artist's. But this exception among Mr. Fuller's pictures is such in appearance rather than in fact. If Hawthorne's ideal in "*The Blithedale Romance*" has inspired him, it has served merely as a point of departure for the working of his own imagination. The canvas is not illustrative in the popular sense, nor does it depend

for its value to any great extent upon its adherence to its ostensible theme. We may or we may not find Hawthorne's Priscilla in this shy, startled girl, with one hand raised in a gentle, half-bewildered gesture to her face. But in either case we find a charming *picture*, and one suggesting a definite personality filled with delicacy and with grace. And this should be the case with every creation of the sort; whether or no it affords a complete realization of its extrinsic theme, its chief value should be intrinsic. Its pictorial quality should have been first in the artist's mind and should be first to the spectator's sense; and the artist should have clearly realized an inward ideal of his own, whether or no in strict accordance with his author's.

The primarily pictorial quality of Mr. Fuller's art is strongly shown when he comes to actual portraiture. It must be an eminently "paintable" face, I should think, that would tempt his brush, and a face that he could transmute, at least, into some kind of beauty. With ugliness, even of a characteristic and expressive sort, his idyllic impulse has no concern. Children and young girls and half-grown, blooming boys,—these are the models he most often takes; though I have seen a portrait of a very old lady, painted not long ago, which proves him sensible to the beauty of old age too, and able to give its character with force and truth as well as poetry. Given sympathetic models, Mr. Fuller's portraits have a rare psychologic interest, and his sympathetic models, being of the classes I have just noted, are those with which psychologic expression is most difficult to attain, since it must be divined under the smooth, unmarked flesh of youth, and rendered without strong accentuation of any kind. Yet we cannot but feel that of quite as much interest to their author have been their strictly pictorial possibilities. Indeed, I heard him say once to a would-be sitter: "Don't expect too much. I shall make it something of a portrait and a good deal of a picture." His portraits are, in a word, like his other works, of the idealizing and not the realistic school. And about them he most often throws the same vague, misty glamour he gives to his purely imaginary creations,—an atmosphere that results partly from his way of seeing nature, and partly from the technical method which that way of seeing has induced.

Of his landscapes the same words may be used. They are not so much definite picturings of definite localities as idealized studies of color, light, and foliage. One of the best is that owned by Mr. Cottier, with its wonderful effect of distance beyond the scat-

tered tree-trunks and its magical illumination. The most remarkable, however, is the lovely pastoral he calls the "Turkey Pasture in Kentucky," with which he reappeared at the Academy of Design in 1878. The landscape is wonderful in its strongly poetic yet truthful expression of light, of sun and shadow, and of color. In grace of composition, in suggested life and motion and vigor in the figures, it is, however, almost equally remarkable—one of the loveliest, and surely one of the most original and therefore most valuable, creations of recent art.

Such pictures as the "Herb Gatherer" and the "And She Was a Witch" resemble this last in giving us small figures in beautiful landscape settings. But they differ through the presence of a dramatic, even tragic, element we have not yet encountered. The "Herb Gatherer" is rather small in size, and shows us the aged, shrunken figure of a withered crone, finding her painful way through a weedy pasture, carrying the simples she has sought. An uncanny, witch-like atmosphere pervades the canvas. The face of the woman suggests past beauty, perhaps, but present converse with bitter thoughts; and the burden she bears speaks of strange, forbidden decoctions. The picture casts a spell over us—a spell such as is cast by much of Hawthorne's writing, though in the one case as in the other it is hard to explain just how the subtle influence is diffused. In the "Witch" picture the same effect is wrought with more distinctly tragic factors, and with even more intensity. The scene is a wooded landscape with tall thin tree-trunks; in the distance a woman led away to the dread tribunal; in the foreground a girl—her grand-daughter, one supposes—fleeing in terror to the door of her humble dwelling. Beautiful in its externals it is weirdly impressive and haunting in its meaning, though here, again, the sentiment is suggested merely, without the aid of very definite incident or story, a great deal being left to the spectator's own imagination.

Mr. Fuller is among the most conscientious—it might be better to say, the most loving—of workmen. No time, no effort, no thought, no pains seem to him too much to bestow on his creations. He works on them sometimes for years before he allows the world to see them, in the effort (always, I suppose, appearing fruitless to the true artist) to make the outward form tally with the inner vision. Indeed, it is but hesitatingly that I venture to describe any canvas still in Mr. Fuller's hands, knowing well his way of suddenly blotting out, after many years, perhaps, what to others may

seem one of his most perfect essays, and beginning it all over from the start. And a collector who buys one of Mr. Fuller's pictures has sometimes, if he could only profit by them, a whole little gallery of other pictures under the outer and ostensible creation. With regard to the aims and ideas with which he approaches his work I may, perhaps, quote a few words of his own—words which, however, it is but fair to say, were not written for the public eye. "I have long since learned," he says, "to look on the painter's stubborn means as a lion in the path, to be overcome without leaving evidence of the struggle. What sad days those were, twenty years ago or more, when every tyro noted down carefully the palettes of Rembrandt, Rubens, Reynolds, and Stuart, thinking thereby to gain some notion of their power; and, if this was not enough, turning to the 'Hand-book of Oil Painting,' by Walker, wherein were laid down thirty tints of red, blue, and yellow, for the painting of the human head. Experience teaches one, in time, to throw such rubbish aside; to realize that one must see for himself; that all rules fail to guide him in color; that the great painters were not alike in their ways of working, but that all were true to their perception of the pervading truth, to their sense of gradation, their control of their subject (common ground whereon Holbein is a colorist with Titian), and that the attainment of *gradation* is utterly above and regardless of any means used. To make one part keep its place or relation to the whole comes more through our feeling than our seeing. For myself, I am much controlled by the work before me, being greatly influenced by suggestions which come through much scraping off, glazing, scumbling, etc., in trying to extricate myself from difficulties which my way of working entails upon me—always striving for general truth. Indeed, the object to be attained must always be reached through our own methods. The great painters tell us this, and leave us to fight it out. They only insist upon gradation, the law of which governs values, tone, and harmony, so no detail must interfere with its truth. The main thing is to express broadly and simply, hiding our doing, realizing representation, not reproduction,—to get ourselves above our matter. A picture is a world in itself. The great thing is, first, to have an idea—to eliminate and to clear away the obstructions that surround it. It is more what is left out than what is put in. The manipulation admired by some, the true painter seeks to hide. The question must forever be, What is below the surface? Color is intuitive. It belongs to the imagination. It

affects the mind like the tones in music, and lives only in the minor key."

Of his own picture of the "Girl and Calf," now in hand, I heard him say: "What shall I make of it? I don't know yet. The subject is all there, of course, but what is the subject in a picture? Nothing. It is the *treatment* that makes or mars. (By *treatment* meaning, of course, the personal sentiment as well as the technical manner an artist brings to bear.) 'A Girl and a Calf'—what is that? We have all seen such figures a thousand times, and taken no interest. It is my business to bring out something the casual eye does not perceive—to accentuate, to interpret. Just how I shall do it must come to me as I work—or the picture will be nothing." These are the words of an idealist, but words which, in more or less of their entirety, will be echoed by every true artist of whatever school. The disciples of modern dash and brilliancy will, however, doubtless see no virtue in "hiding their doing," since this very "doing," independently of what is done, is too often to-day a picture's and an artist's highest claim to honor. That it is a high claim when well sustained, I do not question; yet, if there were more significance and individuality of matter behind some of the current ease and grace and strength of manner, modern art would be greatly the gainer.

Mr. Fuller's technical manner has been the subject of much discussion and disagreement—a sure proof of its originality if of nothing more. To some observers it seems not only original but very beautiful, with its subdued yet glowing color, its somewhat willful chiaroscuro, its almost diaphanous textures, its misty vagueness of effect, and its involved, half-hesitating touch. To others it has seemed a drawback, an imperfection, or even an affectation,—a mannerism that clouds the better elements of his art. For myself, however, it is impossible thus to separate Mr. Fuller's manner from his manner—to imagine one as disassociated from the other. His soft rich color, his vague backgrounds, his shadowy outlines, his broadened details, his misty touch, seem a very part and parcel of his conceptions and his aims. And this impression was only confirmed when I saw one of his earlier works, a portrait painted long ago before the European trip and the Deerfield hermit-life. It was the head of a comparatively young man with a fair complexion and a brown beard. It was fine in color, though without the perfect harmony of tone we know to-day, perfectly simple in execution, much more definite, more detailed, more "realistic," more naïve,—and more commonplace,—than we might believe had ever been

possible to his hand. Only in the character suggested with much sympathetic force, in its evidence not only to the nature of the model but also to the mood of the painter, could one see any trace of the poetizing artist of to-day. The painter's meaning seemed out of harmony with his speech. We longed to see the same face copied in the language he has taught himself since it first was painted,—a language so much more delicate, more abstract, more dreamy, and therefore so much better fitted to express the mood of such an artist.

As a colorist, Mr. Fuller's charm is to me very great. His range is called narrow, though there is an essential difference, I think, between the cool green scale he adopts in some of his landscapes—the delicate grayish harmony of the "Winifred," the deeper, browner tone of the "Romany Girl," the rosy glow of the "Nydia"—and the soft golden hue he gives to many of his portraits. It is probably his ever-present mistiness of technique, and the fact that with all his modulations he always holds to the "minor key" he loves, that has made his color seem to careless observers more unvarying than it really is. Sometimes it is perfect in its beauty, and always, once more, extremely individual. It is not in brilliancy that its excellence consists. It is in harmony, in complete tone, in the way things are made to keep in place and reveal their forms and relationships without recourse to the least violence of contrast. There is no accentuation in Mr. Fuller's canvases, never a vivid hue, a really high light or a really low dark. There is no emphasis whatever, either in a color or in its application, but always delicacy, self-restraint, suavity, mellowness, low, soft-toned, misty harmony. Yet there is no lack of strength, it seems to me, in his best examples, and certainly no want of complete gradation or of the definite expression of those broad facts he seeks to give. The "Turkey Pasture" is the most radiant of all his works, the "Winifred" perhaps the most delicately and rarely colored. But one of the most delightful of all in color was a portrait I saw in his Boston studio—the three-quarter-length figure of a young girl standing against a background of russet-hued landscape, fine in its suggestion of breeze and life. The dress was white,—but the word gives little notion of the subtle tone by which the artist had subdued its crudeness and brought it into keeping with the glowing background.

As there are no accessories in Mr. Fuller's compositions, so there are, as I have already implied, few details in his execution and little insistence upon textures. All is broadened, simplified, poetized,—taken out of the world

of even comparatively detailed imitation, and brought into the realm of somewhat ethereal but clearly realized imaginings.

The chief charge that has been brought against the artist's work is that of monotony—not only in the matter of color just referred to, but in its essence as a whole. Looking at his technical manner merely, it may seem well founded; but it is not, I think, a charge of a very serious sort. The versatility of some painters may multiply their crowns of glory, but cannot enhance the radiance of any single one. We delight in the versatility—the wide scope of thought, the radical change of mood, and the variety of treatment—of certain artists we could name. But we do not grumble at the almost changeless mood, the almost uniform expression of such a one as Corot. And so with Mr. Fuller. The man who could paint the "Winifred" and the "Turkey Pasture" is a true creative artist; and we go outside the legitimate bounds of criticism when we cavil because he cannot also give us other and quite different things. Yet, even so, I feel it is with his art in general as it is with his color,—there is less monotony than some would have us think. There is much diversity, indeed, if we look deeper than the surface of his paint. It is true that he who has seen one Fuller will never mistake another. But it is not true, as I have heard it bluntly put, that he who has seen one has seen them all. The uniformity of his handling is great, and is the more remarked on account of its strong individuality—its difference from the work of other men. But in their meaning, their conception, their inner essence as apart from their language, there is, it seems to me, a vital difference between such pictures as the "Nydia" and the "Witch," between such as the "Winifred" and the "Herb Gatherer."

An interesting characteristic of Mr. Fuller's art, perhaps the most interesting of all when considered with his ideal tendencies, is the evidently American flavor of the work it gives us. There are idealists as well as realists who might have been born in any land. Mr. Albert Ryder, for example, to take an instance close at hand, may be counted in with such; and in much of his work the greatest of our painters, Mr. John La Farge, though the latter, in some of his more recent decorative works, has given us the American type of face with much distinctness. But Mr. Fuller is never, and could never be, anything but a palpable American in his art. He is as American as the most thorough-going young realist who paints New York streets by the electric light or negro boys eating water-melons. Nay, far more American than the most of these; for, as I have said, the spirit, the quality of a

"TURKEY PASTURE IN KENTUCKY." ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE FULLER. OWNED BY W. H. ABERCROMBIE, ESQ., BROOKLINE, MASS.



man's art do not depend upon his subject matter; and it so happens that many of our younger men approach local subjects with a sort of cold cosmopolitan vision, while Mr. Fuller feels his more subtly characteristic themes with a characteristically American soul. No one, it seems to me, but an American could have painted the "Winifred Dysart"—that etherealization of our own native type of beauty. No one else could so preserve the elusive yet distinct American look of all his portrait sitters, though veiling their features in the haze of his vaporous methods. Even his "Romany Girl" is an American gypsy,—a wild creature of our own woods and not of any other.

Another picture which reveals this quality in a noteworthy way is the "Nydia," exhibited last spring. It is not so interesting in character as some of its fellows, for the face of the single figure is seen in something less than profile; but it is a most charming and gracious vision. In refinement and delicacy of feeling, in perception of the peculiar beauty of early youth, of freshness and innocence and shy grace, it is akin, as I heard one observer say who knew whereof he spoke, "to the creations of a Reynolds or a Greuze." But just as surely as Sir Joshua's young girls are English, just so distinctly is this little so-called Nydia an American, though poetized, transmuted, if you will, into almost ethereal guise. The evidence thereof is intangible, elusive, inexplicable in words, as is always the evidence to such imponderable facts,—lying, possibly, in the mere poise of the head and outline of the nose and cheek. But it is unmistakable none the less; so I need hardly say that the chosen name is a misnomer,—that no one could divine Bulwer's blind girl of Thessaly in this dainty, rosy little maiden, not even with the help of certain shadowy, volcanic suggestions in the background. Nor need I add that the would-be Nydia, like the would-be Priscilla, shows that Mr. Fuller's art is always really independent of literary inspiration. To my mind it is a mistake for an artist of his temperament ever to attempt illustration even of the vaguest and most general sort. It must hamper his brush a little, although such a brush cannot even seriously *try* to bend itself to outward requirements. And though no title can help or trouble those who care for a canvas for its own pictorial sake, yet there are many persons who think the suggestions of a name are the main things to be looked for in a picture, and who resent their non-realization as they resent the breaking of a contract.

Of course, with such subjects as he chooses and such methods as he adopts, the national

accent of Mr. Fuller's art is never of a sharp, still less of an aggressive sort. He is not the man to answer Walt Whitman's appeal to our artists to

"Formulate the modern;
To limn with absolute faith the mighty, living present;
To exalt the present and the real;
To teach the average man the glory of his daily walk and trade."

It is nothing so definite as this with Mr. Fuller. His is more the sort of brush that says:

"An odor I'd bring as of forests of pine in Maine."

It is a flavor, not a message from the national life, that we perceive in his creations. But it is a flavor both acute and all-pervading; so, at least, it seems to me—for criticism of this kind cannot be dogmatic, but must be a mere putting on record of personal impressions.

But if I may trust such impressions still a little further, I will add that to me Mr. Fuller's art is not only American, but distinctly local. It has an aroma—I will not say of Boston, but perhaps of Concord; it is a painter's version of the vague, transcendental New England poesy that is fast dying out of this generation, but the essence of which is preserved to us in the writings of the last. Hawthorne's name has occurred more than once already to my pen, and it is, I think, one which well suggests the quality of Mr. Fuller's art. Such a canvas as the "Witch" recalls Hawthorne's mood to even dull perceptions—not more by its choice of subject than by its subtly artistic, dreamy, thrice-peculiar methods of expression. But more convincing still is the fact that when the "Winifred Dysart" was first exhibited, and people were speculating about its name, almost every one said: "I am sure it it must be some character of Hawthorne's, though I cannot fix its place"; while the truth is, that the name was invented by Mr. Fuller merely as a title by which the canvas might be distinguished in the public memory.*

The creating, for his own needs, of a novel, personal, as well as beautiful way of working with his colors, is what makes a man a master, an originator among technicians, as distinct from an accomplished (even consummately accomplished) scholar. And imagination—the power of individual vision, of characteristic, fresh conception—is what makes him an *artist* as distinct from even a masterly

* It is interesting to note in this connection that Mr. Fuller has just now sketched a picture suggested by the witch trials in Massachusetts. It is somewhat novel in composition for him, containing many figures; but, both from a pictorial and an expressional point of view, promises to be one of the best of his creations.



"PSYCHE." (ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE FULLER. OWNED BY MISS E. M. TOWER.)



"THE ROMANY GIRL." ENGRAVED BY T. COLE FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE FULLER.
[REPRINTED FROM THE JULY, 1880, NUMBER OF THIS MAGAZINE.]

technician. Not one alone, but both these important factors are to be found in Mr. Fuller's work. His imagination is not of a powerful kind. His poetry is seductive, not compelling; idyllic, not passionate; marks him a dreamer, not a seer. But it is true poetry, and proper to himself alone. His technique, on the other hand, is not brilliant, not audacious, not the marvelous legerdemain with which our eye is dazzled by many lesser artists—who may often be more wonderful *painters* than those with rarer mental gifts. But it is most artistic, most expressive; when at its best, extremely beautiful; and always and from the outset all his own—learned from no forerunner, and communicable to no successor. Original and lovely ideas told in an original and charming speech—a summing up which puts Mr. Fuller on a high plane,

like to the best of his guild in kind, though not necessarily in degree. His long retirement from the public sight was a dangerous experiment. With a lower nature, a less individual endowment, it would probably have resulted in weaknesses of many kinds—in rigid mannerisms, in self-conceit, in want of balance (mental and technical), in loss of critical insight into his own work and that of others. But to Mr. Fuller it meant fifteen years of patient, humble, conscientious, enthusiastic, self-reliant yet self-criticising effort, in wise disregard of popular advisings. It meant the persistence of his own ideal and the development of his expressional means in a consonant and personal way. And it has resulted in pure, lovely, and above all—to repeat the main facts once more—in original and ideal work.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

VIII.

A QUESTION OF BOOK-KEEPING.

A DAY or two after Narcisse had gone looking for Richling at the house of Madame Zénobie, he might have found him, had he known where to search, in Tchoupitoulas street.

Whoever remembers that thoroughfare as it was in those days, when the commodious "cotton-float" had not quite yet come into use, and Poydras and other streets did not so vie with Tchoupitoulas in importance as they do now, will recall a scene of commercial hurly-burly that inspired much pardonable vanity in the breast of the utilitarian citizen. Drays, drays, drays! Not the light New York things; but big, heavy, solid affairs, many of them drawn by two tall mules harnessed tandem. Drays by threes and by dozens, drays in opposing phalanxes, drays in long processions, drays with all imaginable kinds of burden: cotton in bales, piled as high as an omnibus; leaf tobacco in huge hogsheads; cases of linens and silks; stacks of rawhides; crates of cabbages; bales of prints and of hay; interlocked heaps of blue and red plows; bags of coffee, and spices, and corn; bales of bagging; barrels, casks, and tierces; whisky, pork, onions, oats, bacon, garlic, molasses, and other delicacies; rice, sugar—what was there not? Wines of France and Spain, in pipes, in baskets, in hampers, in octaves; queensware from England; cheeses, like cart-wheels, from Switzerland; almonds, lemons, raisins, olives, boxes of citron, casks of chains, specie from Vera Cruz; cries of drivers, cracking of whips, rumble of wheels, tremble of earth, frequent gorge and stoppage. It seemed an idle tale to say that any one could be lacking bread and raiment. "We are a great city," said the patient foot-passengers, waiting long on street corners for opportunity to cross the way.

On one of these corners paused Richling. He had not found employment, but you could not read that in his face; as well as he knew himself, he had come forward into the world prepared amiably and patiently to be, to

do, to suffer anything, provided it was not wrong or—ignominious. He did not see that even this is not enough in this rough world; nothing had yet taught him that one must often gently suffer rudeness and wrong. As to what constitutes ignominy, he had a very young man's—and, shall we add? a very American—idea. He could not have believed, had he been told, how many establishments he had passed by, omitting to apply in them for employment. He little dreamed he had been too select. He had entered not into any house of the Samaritans, to use a figure; much less, to speak literally, had he gone to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Mary, hid away in uncomfortable quarters a short stone's throw from Madame Zénobie's, little imagined that, in her broad irony about his not hunting for employment, there was really a little seed of truth. She felt sure that two or three persons who had seemed about to employ him had failed to do so because they detected the defect in his hearing, and in one or two cases she was right.

Other persons paused on the same corner where Richling stood, under the same momentary embarrassment. One man, especially busy-looking, drew very near him. And then and there occurred this simple accident—that at last he came in contact with the man who had work to give him. This person good-humoredly offered an impatient comment on their enforced delay. Richling answered in sympathetic spirit, and the first speaker responded with a question:

"Stranger in the city?"

"Yes."

"Buying goods for up-country?"

It was a pleasant feature of New Orleans life that sociability to strangers on the street was not the exclusive prerogative of gamblers' decoys.

"No; I'm looking for employment."

"Aha," said the man, and moved away a little. But in a moment Richling, becoming aware that his questioner was glancing all over him with critical scrutiny, turned, and the man spoke.

"D'you keep books?"

Just then a way opened among the vehicles;

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the man, young and muscular, darted into it, and Richling followed.

"I *can* keep books," he said, as they reached the farther curb-stone.

The man seized him by the arm.

"D'you see that pile of codfish and herring where that tall man is at work yonder with a marking-pot and brush? Well, just beyond there is a boarding-house, and then a hardware store; you can hear them throwing down sheets of iron. Here; you can see the sign. See? Well, the next is my store. Go in there—upstairs into the office—and wait till I come."

Richling bowed and went. In the office he sat down and waited what seemed a very long time. Could he have misunderstood? For the man did not come. There was a person sitting at a desk on the farther side of the office, writing, who had not lifted his head from first to last. Richling said:

"Can you tell me when the proprietor will be in?"

The writer's eyes rose, and dropped again upon his writing.

"What do you want with him?"

"He asked me to wait here for him."

"Better wait, then."

Just then, in came the merchant. Richling rose, and he uttered a rude exclamation:

"I forgot you completely! Where did you say you kept books at, last?"

"I've not kept anybody's books yet, but I can do it."

The merchant's response was cold and prompt. He did not look at Richling, but took a sample vial of molasses from a dirty mantel-piece and lifted it between his eyes and the light, saying,

"You can't do any such thing. I don't want you."

"Sir," said Richling, so sharply that the merchant looked round, "if you don't want me, I don't want you; but you mustn't attempt to tell me that what I say is not true!" He had stepped forward as he began to speak, but he stopped before half his words were uttered, and saw his folly. Even while his voice still trembled with passion and his head was up, he colored with mortification. That feeling grew no less when his offender simply looked at him, and the man at the desk did not raise his eyes. It rather increased when he noticed that both of them were young—as young as he.

"I don't doubt your truthfulness," said the merchant, marking the effect of his forbearance; "but you ought to know you can't come in and take charge of a large set of books in the midst of a busy season, when you've never kept books before."

"I don't know it at all."

"Well, I do," said the merchant, still more coldly than before. "There are my books," he added, warming, and pointed to three great canvassed and black-initialed volumes standing in a low iron safe, "left only yesterday in such a snarl, by a fellow who had never kept books, but knew how, that I shall have to open another set! After this I shall have a book-keeper who has kept books."

He turned away.

Some weeks afterward Richling recalled vividly a thought that had struck him only faintly at this time: that, beneath much superficial severity and energy, there was in this establishment a certain looseness of management. It may have been this half-recognized thought that gave him courage to say, advancing another step:

"One word, if you please."

"It's no use, my friend."

"It may be."

"How?"

"Get an experienced book-keeper for your new set of books——"

"You can bet your bottom dollar!" said the merchant, turning again and running his hands down into his lower pockets. "And even he'll have as much as he can do——"

"That is just what I wanted you to say," interrupted Richling, trying hard to smile; "then you can let me straighten up the old set."

"Give a new hand the work of an expert!"

The merchant almost laughed out. He shook his head and was about to say more, when Richling persisted:

"If I don't do the work to your satisfaction, don't pay me a cent."

"I never make that sort of an arrangement; no, sir!"

Unfortunately, it had not been Richling's habit to show this pertinacity, else life might have been easier to him as a problem; but these two young men, his equals in age, were casting amused doubts upon his ability to make good his professions. The case was peculiar. He reached a hand out toward the books.

"Let me look over them for one day; if I don't convince you the next morning in five minutes that I can straighten them, I'll leave them without a word."

The merchant looked down an instant, and then turned to the man at the desk.

"What do you think of that, Sam?"

Sam set his elbows upon the desk, took the small end of his pen-holder in his hands and teeth, and looking up, said:

"I don't know; you might——try him?"

"What did you say your name was?"

asked the other, again facing Richling. "Ah, yes. Who are your references, Mr. Richmond?"

"Sir?" Richling leaned slightly forward and turned his ear.

"I say, who knows you?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody! Where are you from?"

"Milwaukee."

The merchant tossed out his arm impatiently.

"Oh, I can't do that kind o' business."

He turned abruptly, went to his desk, and, sitting down half-hidden by it, took up an open letter.

"I bought that coffee, Sam," he said, rising again and moving farther away.

"Umhum," said Sam; and all was still.

Richling stood expecting every instant to turn on the next and go. Yet he went not. Under the dusty front windows of the counting-room the street was roaring below. Just beyond a glass partition at his back a great windlass far up under the roof was rumbling with the descent of goods from a hatchway at the end of its tense rope. Salesmen were calling, trucks were trundling, shipping clerks and porters were replying. One brawny fellow he saw, through the glass, take a herring from a broken box, and stop to feed it to a sleek, brindled mouser. Even the cat was valued; but he—he stood there absolutely zero. He saw it. He saw it as he never had seen it before in his life. This truth smote him like a javelin: that all this world wants is a man's permission to do without him. Right then it was that he thought he swallowed all his pride; whereas he only tasted its bitter brine as like a wave it took him up and lifted him forward bodily. He strode up to the desk beyond which stood the merchant with the letter still in his hand, and said:

"I've not gone yet! I may have to be turned off by you, but not in this manner!"

The merchant looked around at him with a smile of surprise mixed with amusement and commendation, but said nothing. Richling held out his open hand.

"I don't ask you to trust me. Don't trust me. Try me!"

He looked distressed. He was not begging, but he seemed to feel as though he were.

The merchant dropped his eyes again upon the letter, and in that attitude asked:

"What do you say, Sam?"

"He can't hurt anything," said Sam.

The merchant looked suddenly at Richling.

"You're not from Milwaukee. You're a Southern man."

Richling changed color.

"I said Milwaukee."

"Well," said the merchant, "I hardly know. Come and see me further about it to-morrow morning. I haven't time to talk now."

* * * * *

"TAKE a seat," he said, the next morning, and drew up a chair sociably before the returned applicant. "Now, suppose I was to give you those books, all in confusion as they are; what would you do first of all?"

Mary fortunately had asked the same question the night before, and her husband was entirely ready with an answer which they had studied out in bed.

"I should send your deposit-book to bank to be balanced, and, without waiting for it, I should begin to take a trial-balance off the books. If I didn't get one pretty soon, I'd drop that for the time being, and turn in and render the accounts of everybody on the books, asking them to examine and report."

"All right," said the merchant, carelessly; "we'll try you."

"Sir?" Richling bent his ear.

"All right; we'll try you. I don't care much about recommendations. I generally most always make up my opinion about a man from looking at him. I'm that sort of a man."

He smiled with inordinate complacency.

So, week by week, as has been said already, the winter passed—Richling on one side of the town, hidden away in his work, and Dr. Sevier on the other, very positive that the "young pair" must have returned to Milwaukee.

At length the big books were re-adjusted in all their hundreds of pages, were balanced, and closed. Much satisfaction was expressed; but another man had meantime taken charge of the new books, one who influenced business, and Richling had nothing to do but put on his hat.

However, the house cheerfully recommended him to a neighboring firm which also had disordered books to be righted; and so more weeks passed. Happy weeks! happy days! Ah, the joy of them! John bringing home money, and Mary saving it!

"But, John, it seems such a pity not to have staid with A, B & Co.; doesn't it?"

"I don't think so. I don't think they'll last much longer."

And when he brought word that A, B & Co. had gone into a thousand pieces, Mary was convinced that she had a very far-seeing husband.

By and by, at Richling's earnest and restless desire, they moved their lodgings again. And thus we return by a circuit to the morning when Dr. Sevier, taking up his slate, read the summons that bade him call at the corner of St. Mary and Prytania streets.

IX.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS.

THE house stands there to-day. A small, pinched, frame, ground-floor-and-attic, double tenement, with its roof sloping toward St. Mary street and overhanging its two door-steps that jut out on the sidewalk. There the Doctor's carriage stopped, and in its front room he found Mary in bed again, as ill as ever. A humble German woman living in the adjoining half of the house was attending to the invalid's wants, and had kept her daughter from the public school to send her to the apothecary with the Doctor's prescription.

"It is the poor who help the poor," thought the physician.

"Is this your home?" he asked the woman softly, as he sat down by the patient's pillow. He looked about upon the small, cheaply furnished room, full of the neat makeshifts of cramped housewifery.

"It's mine," whispered Mary. Even as she lay there in peril of her life and flattened out as though Juggernaut had rolled over her, her eyes shone with happiness and scintillated as the Doctor exclaimed in under-tone,

"Yours!" He laid his hand upon her forehead. "Where is Mr. Richling?"

"At the office." Her eyes danced with delight. She would have begun, then and there, to tell him all that had happened,— "had taken care of herself all along," she said, "until they began to move. In moving, had been *obliged* to overwork—hardly *fixed* yet——"

But the Doctor gently checked her and bade her be quiet.

"I will," was the faint reply; "I will; but,—just one thing, Doctor, please let me say."

"Well?"

"John——"

"Yes, yes; I know; he'd be here, only you wouldn't let him stay away from his work."

She smiled assent, and he smiled in return. "Business is business," he said.

She turned a quick, sparkling glance of affirmation, as if she had lately had some trouble to maintain that ancient truism. She was going to speak again, but the Doctor waved his hand downward soothingly toward the restless form and uplifted eyes.

"All right," she whispered, and closed them.

The next day she was worse. The physician found himself, to use his words, "only the tardy attendant of offended nature." When he dropped his finger-ends gently upon her temple she tremblingly grasped his hand.

"You'll save me?" she whispered.

"Yes," he replied, "we'll do that—the Lord helping us."

A glad light shone from her face as he uttered the latter clause. Whereat he made haste to add:

"I don't pray, but I'm sure you do."

She silently pressed the hand she still held.

On Sunday, he found Richling at the bedside. Mary had improved considerably in two or three days. She lay quite still as they talked, only shifting her glance softly from one to the other as one and then the other spoke. The Doctor heard with interest Richling's full account of all that had occurred since he had met them last together. Mary's eyes filled with merriment when John told the droller part of their experiences in the hard quarters from which they had only lately removed. But the Doctor did not so much as smile. Richling finished, and the physician was silent.

"Oh, we're getting along," said Richling, stroking the small, weak hand that lay near him on the coverlet. But still the Doctor kept silence.

"Of course," said Richling, very quietly, looking at his wife, "we mustn't be surprised at a backset now and then. But we're getting on."

Mary turned her eyes toward the Doctor. Was he not going to assent at all? She seemed about to speak. He bent his ear, and she said, with a quiet smile:

"When the wind blows, the cradle will rock."

The physician gave only a heavy-eyed "Humph!" and a faint look of amusement.

"What did she say?" said Richling; the words had escaped his ear. The Doctor repeated it, and Richling, too, smiled.

Yet it was a good speech—why not? But the patient also smiled, and turned her eyes toward the wall with a disconcerted look, as if the smile might end in tears. For herein lay the very difficulty that always brought the Doctor's carriage to the door—the cradle would not rock.

For a few days more that carriage continued to appear, and then ceased. Richling dropped in one morning at Number 3½ Carondelet and settled his bill with Narcisse.

The young Creole was much pleased to be at length brought into actual contact with a man of his own years, who without visible effort had made an impression on Dr. Sevier.

Until the money had been paid and the bill receipted, nothing more than a formal business phrase or two passed between them. But as Narcisse delivered the receipted bill with an elaborate gesture of courtesy,

and Richling began to fold it for his pocket, the Creole remarked:

"I 'ope you will excuse the 'an'-a-'iting."

Richling re-opened the paper; the penmanship was beautiful.

"Do you ever write better than this?" he asked. "Why, I wish I could write half as well."

"No; I do not fine that well a-'itten. I cannot see 'ow that is—I nevva 'ite to the satizfaction of my abil'ty soon in the maw-nin's. I am dest'oying my chi'og'aphy at that desk yeh."

"Indeed?" said Richling; "why, I should think——"

"Yessch, 'tis the tooth. But consunning the chi'og'aphy, Mistoo 'Itchlin', I 'ave des-covvud one thing to a maul cettainty, and that is, if I 'ave something to 'ite to a young lady, I always dizguise my chi'og'aphy. Ha-ha! I 'ave learn' that! You will be aztonish' to see in 'ow many diffe'n' fawm' I can make my 'an'-a-'iting to appeah. That paz thoo my fam'ly, in fact, Mistoo 'Itchlin'. My hant, she's got a honcle w'at use' to be cluck in a bank, w'at could make the si'natu'e of the pwesiden', as well as of the cashieh, with that so absolute puffegtion, that they tu'n 'im out of the bank! Yessch. In fact, I thing you ought to know 'ow to 'ite a ve'y fine 'an', Mistoo 'Itchlin'."

"N-not very," said Richling; "my hand is large and legible, but not well adapted for—book-keeping; it's too heavy."

"You 'ave the 'ight physio'nomie, I am shu'. You will pe'haps believe me with difficulty, Mistoo 'Itchlin', but I assu' you I can tell if a man 'as a fine chi'og'aphy aw no, by juz lookin' upon his liniment. Do you know that Benjamin Fwanklin 'ote a v'ey fine chi'og'aphy, in fact? Also Voltaire. Yessch. An' Napoleon Bonaparte. Lawd By'on muz 'ave 'ad a beacheouz chi'og'aphy. 'Tis impossible not to be, with that face. He is my favo'ite poet, that Lawd By'on. Moze people pwefeh 'im to Shaksper, in fact. Well, you muz go? I am v'ey 'appy to meck yo' acquaintance, Mistoo 'Itchlin', seh. I am so'y Doctah Seveeah is not theh pwesently. The negs time you call, Mistoo 'Itchlin', you muz not be too much aztonizh to fine me gone from yeh. Yessch. He's got to haugment me ad the en' of that month, an' we 'ave to-day the fifteenth Mawch. Do you smoke, Mistoo 'Itchlin'?" He extended a package of cigarettes. Richling accepted one. "I smoke lawgely in that weatheh," striking a match on his thigh. "I feel ve'y sultry to-day. Well,"—he seized the visitor's hand,—"au 'evoi, Mistoo 'Itchlin'." And Narcisse returned to his desk happy in the conviction that Richling had gone away dazzled.

X.

GENTLES AND COMMONS.

DR. SEVIER sat in the great easy-chair under the drop-light of his library table trying to read a book. But his thought was not on the page. He expired a long breath of annoyance, and lifted his glance backward from the bottom of the page to its top.

Why must his mind keep going back to that little cottage in St. Mary street? What good reason was there? Would they thank him for his solicitude? Indeed! He almost smiled his contempt of the supposition. Why, when on one or two occasions he had betrayed a least little bit of kindly interest,—what? Up had gone their youthful vivacity like an umbrella. Oh, yes!—like all young folks—their affairs were intensely private. Once or twice he had shaken his head at the scantiness of all their provisions for life. Well? They simply and unconsciously stole a hold upon one another's hand or arm, as much as to say, "To love is enough." When, gentlemen of the jury, it isn't enough!

"Pshaw!" The word escaped him audibly. He drew partly up from his half recline, and turned back a leaf of the book to try once more to make out the sense of it.

But there was Mary, and there was her husband. Especially Mary. Her image came distinctly between his eyes and the page. There she was, just as on his last visit,—a superfluous one—no charge,—sitting and plying her needle, unaware of his approach, gently moving her rocking-chair, and softly singing, "Flow on, thou shining river,"—the song his own wife used to sing. "Oh, child, child! do you think it's always going to be 'shining'?" They shouldn't be so contented. Was pride under that cloak? Oh, no, no! But even if the content was genuine, it wasn't good. Why, they oughtn't to be *able* to be happy so completely out of their true sphere. It showed insensibility. But, there again,—Richling wasn't insensible, much less Mary.

The Doctor let his book sink, face downward, upon his knee.

"They're too big to be playing in the sand." He took up the book again. "'Tisn't my business to tell them so." But before he got the volume fairly before his eyes, his professional bell rang, and he tossed the book upon the table.

"Well, why don't you bring him in?" he asked, in a tone of reproof, of a servant who presented a card; and in a moment the visitor entered.

He was a person of some fifty years of age, with a patrician face, in which it was impossi-

ble to tell where benevolence ended and pride began. His dress was of fine cloth, a little antique in cut, and fitting rather loosely on a form something above the medium height, of good width, but bent in the shoulders, and with arms that had been stronger. Years, it might be, or possibly some unflinching struggle with troublesome facts, had given many lines of his face a downward slant. He apologized for the hour of his call, and accepted with thanks the chair offered him.

"You are not a resident of the city?" asked Dr. Sevier.

"I am from Kentucky." The voice was rich, and the stranger's general air one of rather conscious social eminence.

"Yes?" said the Doctor, not specially pleased, and looked at him closer. He wore a black satin neck-stock, and dark-blue buttoned gaiters. His hair was dyed brown. A slender frill adorned his shirt-front.

"Mrs."—the visitor began to say, not giving the name, but waving his index-finger toward his card, which Dr. Sevier had laid upon the table, just under the lamp,—“my wife, Doctor, seems to be in a very feeble condition. Her physicians have advised her to try the effects of a change of scene, and I have brought her down to your busy city, sir.”

The Doctor assented. The stranger resumed:

"Its hurry and energy are a great contrast to the plantation life, sir."

"They're very unlike," the physician admitted.

"This chafing of thousands of competitive designs," said the visitor, "this great fretwork of cross purposes, is a decided change from the quiet order of our rural life. Hmm! There everything is under the administration of one undisputed will, and is executed by the unquestioning obedience of our happy and contented slave peasantry. I prefer the country. But I thought this was just the change that would arouse and electrify an invalid who has really no tangible complaint."

"Has the result been unsatisfactory?"

"Entirely so. I am unexpectedly disappointed." The speaker's thought seemed to be that the climate of New Orleans had not responded with that hospitable alacrity which was due so opulent, reasonable, and universally obeyed a guest.

There was a pause here, and Dr. Sevier looked around at the book which lay at his elbow. But the visitor did not resume, and the Doctor presently asked:

"Do you wish me to see your wife?"

"I called to see you alone first," said the other, "because there might be questions to

be asked which were better answered in her absence."

"Then you think you know the secret of her illness, do you?"

"I do. I think, indeed I may say I know, it is—bereavement."

The Doctor compressed his lips and bowed.

The stranger drooped his head somewhat, and, resting his elbows on the arms of his chair, laid the tips of his thumbs and fingers softly together.

"The truth is, sir, she cannot recover from the loss of our son."

"An infant?" asked the Doctor. His bell rang again as he put the question.

"No, sir; a young man—one whom I had thought a person of great promise; just about to enter life."

"When did he die?"

"He has been dead nearly a year. I——"

The speaker ceased as the mulatto waiting-man appeared at the open door, with a large, simple, German face looking easily over his head from behind.

"Toclor," said the owner of this face, lifting an immense open hand, "Toclor, uf you bleace, Toclor, you vill bleace ugscooce me."

The Doctor frowned at the servant for permitting the interruption. But the gentleman beside him said:

"Let him come in, sir; he seems to be in haste, sir, and I am not,—I am not, at all."

"Come in," said the physician.

The new-comer stepped into the room. He was about six feet three inches in height, three feet six in breadth, and the same in thickness. Two kindly blue eyes shone softly in an expanse of face that had been clean-shaven every Saturday night for many years, and that ended in a retreating chin and a dewlap. The limp, white shirt-collar just below was without a necktie, and the waist of his pantaloons, which seemed intended to supply this deficiency, did not quite, but only almost reached up to the unoccupied blank. He removed from his respectful head a soft gray hat, whitened here and there with flour.

"Yentlemen," he said, slowly, "you vill ugscooce me to interruptet you,—yentlemen."

"Do you wish to see me?" asked Dr. Sevier.

The German made an odd gesture of deferential assent, lifting one open hand a little in front of him to the level of his face, with the wrist bent forward and the fingers pointing down.

"Uf you bleace, Toclor, I toose; undt tat's te fust time I effer *tut* wanted a toclor. Undt you mus' ugscooce me, Toclor, to callin' on you, ovver I vish you come undt see mine——"

To the surprise of all, tears gushed from his eyes.

"Mine poor wife, Tector!" He turned to one side, pointed his broad hand toward the floor, and smote his forehead.

"I yoost come in fun mine paykery undt comin' into mine howse, fen — I see something" — he waved his hand downward again — "someting — layin' on te — floor — face pleck ans a nigger's; undt fen I look to see who udt iss, — *udt is Mississ Reisen!* Tector, I vish you come right off! I couldn't shtayndt udt you toandt come right away!"

"I'll come," said the Doctor, without rising; "just write your name and address on that little white slate yonder."

"Tector," said the German, extending and dipping his hat, "I'm ferra much a-velcome to you, Tector; undt tat's yoost fot te pottekerra by mine corner sayt you vould too. He sayss, 'Reisen,' he sayss, 'you yoost co to Tector Tsewier.'" He bent his great body over the farther end of the table and slowly worked out his name, street, and number. "Dtere udt iss, Tector; I put udt town on teh schlate; ovver, I hope you ugscooce te hayndtwriding."

"Very well. That's right. That's all."

The German lingered. The Doctor gave a bow of dismissal.

"That's all, I say. I'll be there in a moment. That's all. Dan, order my carriage."

"Yentlemen, you vill ugscooce me?"

The German withdrew, returning each gentleman's bow with a faint wave of the hat.

During this interview the more polished stranger had sat with bowed head, motionless and silent, lifting it only once and for a moment at the German's emotional outburst. Then the upward and backward turned face was marked with a commiseration partly artificial, but also partly natural. He now looked up at the Doctor.

"I shall have to leave you," said the Doctor.

"Certainly, sir," replied the other; "by all means!" The willingness was slightly overdone and the benevolence of tone was mixed with complacency. "By all means," he said again; "this is one of those cases where it is only a proper grace in the higher to yield place to the lower." He waited for a response, but the Doctor merely frowned into space and called for his boots. The visitor resumed:

"I have a good deal of feeling, sir, for the unlettered and the vulgar. They have their station, but they have also — though doubtless in smaller capacity than we — their pleasures and pains."

Seeing the Doctor ready to go, he began to rise.

"I may not be gone long," said the physician, rather coldly; "if you choose to wait —"

"I thank you; n-no-o —." The visitor stopped between a sitting and a rising posture.

"Here are books," said the Doctor, "and the evening papers — 'Picayune,' 'Delta,' 'True Delta.'" It seemed for a moment as though the gentleman might sink into his seat again. "And there's the 'New York Herald.'" "

"No, sir!" said the visitor quickly, rising and smoothing himself out; "nothing from that quarter, if you please." Yet he smiled. The Doctor did not notice that, while so smiling, he took his card from the table. There was something familiar in the stranger's face which the Doctor was trying to make out. They left the house together. Outside the street door the physician made apologetic allusion to their interrupted interview.

"Shall I see you at my office to-morrow? I would be happy —"

The stranger had raised his hat. He smiled again, as pleasantly as he could, which was not delightful, and said, after a moment's hesitation:

" — Possibly."

XI.

A PANTOMIME.

It chanced one evening about this time — the vernal equinox had just passed — that from some small cause Richling, who was generally detained at the desk until a late hour, was home early. The air was soft and warm, and he stood out a little beyond his small front door-step lifting his head to inhale the universal fragrance, and looking in every moment, through the unlighted front room, toward a part of the diminutive house where a mild rattle of domestic movements could be heard, and whence he had, a little before, been adroitly requested to absent himself. He moved restlessly on his feet, blowing a soft tune.

Presently he placed a foot on the step and a hand on the door-post, and gave a low, urgent call.

A distant response indicated that his term of suspense was nearly over. He turned about again once or twice, and a moment later Mary appeared in the door, came down upon the sidewalk, looked up into the moonlit sky and down the empty, silent street, then turned and sat down, throwing her wrists across each other in her lap, and lifting her eyes to her husband's with a smile that confessed her fatigue.

The moon was regal. It cast its deep contrasts of clear-cut light and shadow among the thin, wooden, unarchitectural forms and weed-grown vacancies of the half-settled neighborhood, investing the matter-of-fact with mystery, and giving an unexpected charm to the unpicturesque. It was—as Richling said, taking his place beside his wife—midspring in March. As he spoke he noticed she had brought with her the odor of flowers. They were pinned at her throat.

"Where did you get them?" he asked, touching them with his fingers.

Her face lighted up.

"Guess."

How could he guess? As far as he knew, neither she nor he had made an acquaintance in the neighborhood. He shook his head, and she replied:

"The butcher."

"You're a queer girl," he said, when they had laughed.

"Why?"

"You let these common people take to you so."

She smiled with a faint air of concern.

"You don't dislike it, do you?" she asked.

"Oh, no," he said, indifferently, and spoke of other things.

And thus they sat, like so many thousands and thousands of young pairs in this wide, free America, offering the least possible interest to the great human army round about them, but sharing or believing they shared in the fruitful possibilities of this land of limitless bounty, fondling their hopes and recounting the petty minutiae of their daily experiences. Their converse was mainly in the form of questions from Mary and answers from John.

"And did he say that he would?" etc. "And didn't you insist that he should?" etc. "I don't understand how he could require you to," etc., etc. Looking at everything from John's side, as if there never could be any other, until at last John himself laughed softly when she asked why he couldn't take part of some outdoor man's work, and give him part of his own desk-work in exchange, and why he couldn't say plainly that his work was too sedentary.

Then she proposed a walk in the moonlight, and insisted she was not tired; she wanted it on her own account. And so, when Richling had gone into the house and returned with some white worsted gauze for her head and neck and locked the door, they were ready to start.

They were tarrying a moment to arrange this wrapping when they found it necessary to move aside from where they stood in order to let two persons pass on the sidewalk.

These were a man and woman who had at least reached middle age. The woman wore a neatly fitting calico gown; the man, a short pilot-coat. His pantaloons were very tight and pale. A new soft hat was pushed forward from the left rear corner of his closely cropped head, with the front of the brim turned down over his right eye. At each step he settled down with a little jerk alternately on this hip and that, at the same time faintly dropping the corresponding shoulder. They passed. John and Mary looked at each other with a nod of mirthful approval. Why? Because the strangers walked silently hand-in-hand.

It was a magical night. Even the part of town where they were, so devoid of character by day, had become all at once romantic with phantasmal lights and glooms, echoes and silences. Along the edge of a wide chimney-top on one blank, new hulk of a house, that nothing else could have made poetical, a mocking-bird hopped and ran back and forth, singing as if he must sing or die. The mere names of the streets they traversed suddenly became sweet food for the fancy. Down at the first corner below they turned into one that had been an old country road, and was still named Felicity.

Richling called attention to the word painted on a board. He merely pointed to it in playful silence, and then let his hand sink and rest on hers as it lay in his elbow. They were walking under the low boughs of a line of fig-trees that overhung a high garden wall. Then some gay thought took him; but when his downward glance met the eyes uplifted to meet his they were grave, and there came an instantaneous tenderness into the exchange of looks that would have been worse than uninteresting to you or me. But the next moment she brightened up, pressed herself close to him, and caught step. They had not owned each other long enough to have settled into sedate possession, though they sometimes thought they had done so. There was still a tingling ecstasy in one another's touch and glance that prevented them from quite behaving themselves when under the moon.

For instance, now, they began, though in cautious under-tone, to sing. Some person approached them, and they hushed. When the stranger had passed, Mary began again another song, alone:

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"

"Hush," said John, softly.

She looked up with an air of mirthful inquiry, and he added:

"That was the name of Dr. Sevier's wife."

"But he doesn't hear me singing."

"No, but it seems as if he did."

And they sang no more.

They entered a broad, open avenue, with a treeless, grassy way in the middle, up which came a very large and lumbering street-car, with smokers' benches on the roof, and drawn by tandem horses.

"Here we turn down," said Richling, "into the way of the Naiades." (That was the street's name.) "They're not trying to get me away."

He looked down playfully. She was clinging to him with more energy than she knew.

"I'd better hold you tight," she answered.

Both laughed. The nonsense of those we love is better than the finest wit on earth. They walked on in their bliss. Shall we follow? Fie!

They passed down across three or four of a group of parallel streets named for the nine muses. At Thalia, they took the left, went one square, and turned up by another street toward home.

Their conversation had flagged. Silence was enough. The great earth was beneath their feet, firm and solid; the illimitable distances of the heavens stretched above their heads and before their eyes. Here was Mary at John's side, and John at hers; John her property and she his, and time flowing softly, shiningly on. Yea, even more. If one might believe the names of the streets, there were Naiads on the left and Dryads on the right. A little farther on, Hercules; yonder corner the dark trysting-place of Bacchus and Melpomene; and here, just in advance, the corner where Terpsichore crossed the path of Apollo.

They came now along a high, open fence that ran the entire length of a square. Above it a dense rank of bitter-orange trees overhung the sidewalk, their dark mass of foliage glittering in the moonlight. Within lay a deep, old-fashioned garden. Its white shell walks gleamed in many directions. A sweet breath came from its parterres of mingled hyacinths and jonquils that hid themselves every moment in black shadows of lagustrums and laurestines. Here, in severe order, a pair of palms, prim as mediæval queens, stood over against each other; and in the midst of the garden, rising high against the sky, appeared the pillared veranda and immense, four-sided roof of an old French colonial villa, as it stands unchanged to-day.

The two loiterers slackened their pace to admire the scene. There was much light shining from the house. Mary could hear voices, and, in a moment, words. The host was speeding his parting guests.

"The omnibus will put you out only one block from the hotel," some one said.

DR. SEVIER, returning home from a visit to a friend in Polymnia street, had scarcely got well seated in the omnibus before he witnessed from its window a singular dumb show. He had handed his money up to the driver as they crossed Euterpe street, had received the change and deposited his fare as they passed Terpsichore, and was just sitting down when the only other passenger in the vehicle said, half-rising:

"Hello! there's going to be a shooting scrape!"

A rather elderly man and woman on the sidewalk, both of them extremely well dressed and seemingly on the eve of hailing the omnibus, suddenly transferred their attention to a younger couple a few steps from them, who appeared to have met them entirely by accident. The elderly lady threw out her arms toward the younger man with an expression on her face of intensest mental suffering. She seemed to cry out, but the deafening rattle of the omnibus, as it approached them, intercepted the sound. All four of the persons seemed, in various ways, to experience the most violent feelings. The young man more than once moved as if about to start forward, yet did not advance; his companion, a small, very shapely woman, clung to him excitedly and pleadingly. The older man shook a stout cane at the younger, talking furiously as he did so. He held the elderly lady to him with his arm thrown about her, while she now cast her hands upward, now covered her face with them, now wrung them, clasped them, or extended one of them in seeming accusation against the younger person of her own sex. In a moment the omnibus was opposite the group. The Doctor laid his hand on his fellow-passenger's arm.

"Don't get out. There will be no shooting."

The young man on the sidewalk suddenly started forward, with his companion still on his farther arm, and with his eyes steadily fixed on those of the elder and taller man, a clenched fist lifted defensively, and with a tense, defiant air walked hurriedly and silently by within easy sweep of the uplifted staff. At the moment when the slight distance between the two men began to increase, the cane rose higher, but stopped short in its descent and pointed after the receding figure.

"I command you to leave this town, sir!"

Dr. Sevier looked. He looked with all his might, drawing his knee under him on the cushion and leaning out. The young man had passed. He still moved on, turning back as he went a face full of the fear that men show when they are afraid of their own violence; and as the omnibus clattered away, he

crossed the street at the upper corner and disappeared in the shadows.

"That's a very strange thing," said the other passenger to Dr. Sevier, as they resumed the corner seats by the door.

"It certainly is!" replied the Doctor, and averted his face. For when the group and he were nearest together and the moon shone brightly upon the four, he saw, beyond all question, that the older man was his visitor of a few evenings before, and that the younger pair were John and Mary Richling.

XII.

"SHE'S ALL THE WORLD."

EXCELLENT neighborhood, St. Mary street, and Prytania was even better. Everybody was very retired though, it seemed. Almost every house standing in the midst of its shady garden,—sunny gardens are a newer fashion of the town,—a bell-knob on the gate-post, and the gate locked. But the Richlings cared nothing for this; not even what they should have cared. Nor was there any unpleasantness in another fact.

"Do you let this window stand wide this way when you are at work here, all day?" asked the husband. The opening alluded to was on Prytania street, and looked across the way to where the asylumed widows of "St. Anna's" could glance down into it over their poor little window-gardens.

"Why, yes, dear." Mary looked up from her little cane rocker with that thoughtful contraction at the outer corners of her eyes and that illuminated smile, that between them made half her beauty. And then, somewhat more gravely and persuasively: "Don't you suppose they like it? They must like it. I think we can do that much for them. Would you rather I'd shut it?"

For answer, John laid his hand on her head and gazed into her eyes.

"Take care," she whispered; "they'll see you."

He let his arm drop in amused despair.

"Why, what's the window open for? And anyhow, they're all abed and asleep these two hours."

They did like it, those aged widows. It fed their hearts' hunger to see the pretty unknown passing and repassing that open window in the performance of her morning duties, or sitting down near it with her needle, still crooning her soft morning song,—poor, almost as poor as they, in this world's glitter, but rich in hope and courage, and rich beyond all count in the content of one who finds herself queen of ever so little a house, where love is.

"Love is enough!" said the widows.

And certainly she made it seem so. The open window brought, now and then, a moisture to the aged eyes; yet they liked it open.

But without warning, one day, there was a change. It was the day after Dr. Sevier had noticed that queer street quarrel. The window was not closed, but it sent out no more light. The song was not heard, and many small, faint signs gave indication that anxiety had come to be a guest in the little house. At evening, the wife was seen in her front door and about its steps watching in a new, restless way for her husband's coming; and when he came it could be seen, all the way from those upper windows, where one or two faces appeared now and then, that he was troubled and care-worn. There were two more days like this one; but at the end of the fourth the wife read good tidings in her husband's countenance. He handed her a newspaper, and pointed to a list of departing passengers.

"They're gone!" she exclaimed.

He nodded, and laid off his hat. She cast her arms about his neck, and buried her head in his bosom. You could almost have seen Anxiety flying out at the window. By morning the widows knew of a certainty that the cloud had melted away.

IN the counting-room one evening, as Richling said good-night with noticeable alacrity, one of his employers, sitting with his legs crossed over the top of a desk, said to his partner:

"Richling works for his wages."

"That's all," replied the other; "he don't see his interests in ours any more than a tin-smith would, who comes to mend the roof."

The first one took a meditative puff or two from his cigar, tipped off its ashes, and responded:

"Common fault. He completely overlooks his immense indebtedness to the world at large, and his dependence on it. He's a good fellow, and bright; but he actually thinks that he and the world are starting even."

"His wife's his world," said the other, and opened the Bills Payable book. Who will say it is not well to sail in an ocean of love? But the Richlings were becalmed in theirs, and, not knowing it, were satisfied.

Day in, day out, the little wife sat at her window, and drove her needle. Omnibuses rumbled by, an occasional wagon or cart set the dust a-flying, the street venders passed, crying the praises of their goods and wares, the blue sky grew more and more intense as weeks piled up upon weeks; but the empty repetitions, and the isolation, and, worst of all, the escape of time—she smiled at all, and

sewed on and crooned on, in the sufficient thought that John would come, each time, when only hours enough had passed away forever.

Once she saw Dr. Sevier's carriage. She bowed brightly, but he—what could it mean?—he lifted his hat with such austere gravity. Dr. Sevier was angry. He had no definite charge to make, but that did not lessen his displeasure. After long, unpleasant wondering, and long trusting to see Richling some day on the street, he had at length driven by this way purposely to see if they had indeed left town, as they had been so imperiously commanded to do.

This incident, trivial as it was, roused Mary to thought; and all the rest of the day the thought worked with energy to dislodge the frame of mind that she had acquired from her husband.

When John came home that night and pressed her to his bosom, she was silent. And when he held her off a little and looked into her eyes, and she tried to better her smile, those eyes stood full to the lashes and she looked down.

"What's the matter?" asked he, quickly.

"Nothing!" She looked up again, with a little laugh.

He took a chair and drew her down upon his lap.

"What's the matter with my girl?"

"I don't know."

"How, you don't know?"

"Why, I simply don't. I can't make out what it is. If I could, I'd tell you; but I don't know at all." After they had sat silent a few moments:

"I wonder," she began—

"You wonder what?" asked he, in a rallying tone.

"I wonder if there's such a thing as being too contented."

Richling began to hum, with a playful manner:

"And she's all the world to me."

Is that being too —"

"Stop!" said Mary; "that's it!" She laid her hand upon his shoulder. "You've said it. That's what I ought not to be!"

"Why, Mary, what on earth!"—His face flamed up.

"John, I'm willing to be *more* than all the rest of the world to you. I always must be that. I'm going to be that forever. And you"—she kissed him passionately—"you're all the world to me! But I've no right to be *all* the world to you. And you mustn't allow it. It's making it too small!"

"Mary, what are you saying?"

"Don't, John. Don't speak that way. I'm

not saying anything. I'm only trying to say something, I don't know what."

"Neither do I," was the mock-rueful answer.

"I only know," replied Mary, the vision of Dr. Sevier's carriage passing before her abstracted eyes and of the Doctor's pale face bowing austere within it, "that if you don't take any part or interest in the outside world, it'll take none in you; do you think it will?"

"And who cares if it doesn't?" cried John, clasping her to his bosom.

"I do," she replied. "Yes, I do. I've no right to steal you from the rest of the world, or from the place in it that you ought to fill. John——"

"That's my name."

"Why can't I do something to help you?"

John lifted his head unnecessarily.

"No!"

"Well, then, let's think of something we can do, without just waiting for the wind to blow us along—I mean," she added, appeasingly, "I mean without waiting to be employed by others."

"Oh, yes; but that takes capital."

"Yes, I know; but why don't you think up something—some new enterprise or something—and get somebody with capital to go in with you?"

He shook his head.

"You're out of your depth. And that wouldn't make so much difference, but you're out of mine. It isn't enough to think of something; you must know how to do it. And what do I know how to do? Nothing! Nothing that's worth doing!"

"I know one thing you could do."

"What's that?"

"You could be a professor in a college."

John smiled bitterly.

"Without antecedents?" he asked.

Their eyes met; hers dropped, and both voices were silent. Mary drew a soft sigh. She thought their talk had been unprofitable. But it had not; John laid hold of work from that day on in a better and wiser spirit.

XIII.

THE BOUGH BREAKS.

By some trivial chance, she hardly knew what, Mary found herself one day conversing at her own door with the woman whom she and her husband had once smiled at for walking the moonlit street with her hand in willing and undisguised captivity. She was a large and strong, but extremely neat, well-spoken, and good-looking Irish woman, who might have seemed at ease but for a faintly betrayed ambition.

She praised with rather ornate English the good appearance and convenient smallness of Mary's house; said her own was the same size. That person with whom she sometimes passed "of a Sundeh"—yes, and moonlight evenings—that was her husband. He was "ferst ingineer" on a steam-boat. There was a little, just discernible waggle in her head as she stated things. It gave her decided character.

"Ah! engineer," said Mary.

"*Ferst ingineer*," repeated the woman; "you know there bees *ferst ingineers*, an' *secon' ingineers*, an' *therd ingineers*. Yes." She unconsciously fanned herself with the dust-pan that she had just bought from a tin peddler.

She lived only some two or three hundred yards away around the corner, in a tidy little cottage snuggled in among larger houses in Coliseum street. She had had children, but she had lost them; and Mary's sympathy when she told her of them—the girl and two boys—won the woman as much as the little lady's pretty manners had dazed her. It was not long before she began to drop in upon Mary in the hour of twilight and sit through it without speaking often, or making herself especially interesting in any way, but finding it pleasant notwithstanding.

"John," said Mary,—her husband had come in unexpectedly,—"*our neighbor, Mrs. Riley.*"

John's bow was rather formal, and Mrs. Riley soon rose and said good-evening.

"John," said the wife again, laying her hands on his shoulders as she tiptoed to kiss him, "what troubles you?" Then she attempted a rallying manner: "Don't my friends suit you?"

He hesitated only an instant, and then said:

"Oh, yes, that's all right."

"Well, then, I don't see why you look so."

"I've finished the task I was to do."

"What! you haven't —"

"I'm out of employment."

They went and sat down on the little hair-cloth sofa that Mrs. Riley had just left.

"I thought they said they would have other work for you."

"They said they might have; but it seems they haven't."

"And it's just in the opening of summer, too," said Mary; "why, what right —"

"Oh!"—a despairing gesture and averted gaze—"they've a perfect right if they think best. I asked them that myself at first—not too politely, either; but I soon saw I was wrong."

They sat without speaking, until it had grown quite dark. Then John said, with a long breath, as he rose:

"It passes my comprehension."

"What passes it?" asked Mary, detaining him by one hand.

"The reason why we are so pursued by misfortunes."

"But, John," she said, still holding him, "*is it misfortune?* When I know so well that you deserve to succeed, I think maybe it's good fortune in disguise after all. Don't you think it's possible? You remember how it was last time—when A, B & Co. failed. Maybe the best of all is to come now!" She beamed with courage. "Why, John, it seems to me I'd just go in the very best of spirits, the first thing to-morrow, and tell Dr. Sevier you are looking for work. Don't you think it might——"

"I've been there."

"Have you? What did he say?"

"He wasn't in."

THERE was another neighbor with whom John and Mary did not get acquainted. Not that it was more his fault than theirs; it may have been less. Unfortunately for the Richlings, there was in their dwelling no toddling, self-appointed child commissioner to find his way in unwatched moments to the playground of some other toddler, and so plant the good seed of neighbor acquaintanceship.

This neighbor passed four times a day. A man of fortune, aged a hale sixty or so, who came and stood on the corner, and sometimes even rested a foot on Mary's door-step, waiting for the Prytania omnibus; and who, on his returns, got down from the omnibus step a little gingerly, went by Mary's house, and presently shut himself inside a very ornamental iron gate a short way up St. Mary street. A child would have made him acquainted. Even as it was, they did not escape his silent notice. It was pleasant for him, from whose life the early dew had been dried away by a well-risen sun, to recall its former freshness by glimpses of this pair of young beginners. It was like having a bird's nest under his window.

John, stepping backward from his door one day, saying a last word to his wife, who stood on the threshold, pushed against this neighbor as he was moving with somewhat cumbersome haste to catch the stage, turned quickly, and raised his hat.

"Pardon."

The other uncovered his bald head and circlet of white, silken locks, and hurried on to the conveyance.

"President of one of the banks down-town," whispered John.

That is the nearest they ever came to being acquainted. And even this accident might

not have occurred had not the man of snowy locks been glancing up at Mary as he passed instead of at his omnibus.

As he sat at home that evening he remarked :

"Very pretty little woman that, my dear, that lives in the little house at the corner; who is she?"

The lady responded, without lifting her eyes from the newspaper in which she was interested; she did not know. The husband mused and twirled his penknife between a finger and thumb.

"They seem to be starting at the bottom," he observed.

"Yes?"

"Yes; much the same as we did."

"I haven't noticed them particularly."

"They're worth noticing," said the banker.

He threw one fat knee over the other and laid his head in the back of his easy-chair.

The lady's eyes were still on her paper, but she asked:

"Would you like me to go and see them?"

"No, no—unless you wish."

She dropped the paper into her lap with a smile and sigh.

"Don't propose it. I have so much going to do—" She paused, removed her glasses, and fell to straightening the fringe of the lamp mat. "Of course, if you think they're in need of a friend—but from your description——"

"No," he answered, quickly, "not at all. They've friends, no doubt. Everything about them has a neat, happy look. That's what attracted my notice. They've got friends, you may depend." He ceased, took up a pamphlet, and adjusted his glasses. "I think I saw a sofa going in there to-day as I came to dinner. A little expansion, I suppose."

"It was going out," said the only son, looking up from a story-book.

But the banker was reading. He heard nothing, and the word was not repeated. He did not divine that a little becalmed and befogged bark, with only two lovers in her too proud to cry "Help," had drifted just yonder upon the rocks, and, spar by spar and plank by plank, was dropping into the smooth, unmerciful sea.

Before the sofa went, there had gone, little by little, some smaller valuables.

"You see," said Mary to her husband, with the bright hurry of a wife bent upon something high-handed, "we both have to have furniture: we must have it; and I don't have to have jewelry. Don't you see?"

"No, I——"

"Now, John!" There could be but one end to the debate; she had determined that. The first piece was a bracelet. "No, I

wouldn't pawn it," she said. "Better sell it outright at once."

But Richling could not but cling to hope and to the adornments that had so often clasped her wrists and throat or pinned the folds upon her bosom. Piece by piece he pawned them, always looking out ahead with strained vision for the improbable, the incredible, to rise to his relief.

"Is *nothing* going to happen, Mary?"

Yes; nothing happened—except in the pawn-shop.

So, all the sooner, the sofa had to go.

"It's no use talking about borrowing," they both said. Then the bureau went. Then the table. Then, one by one, the chairs. Very slyly it was all done, too. Neighbors mustn't know. "Who lives there?" is a question not asked concerning houses as small as theirs; and a young man in a well-fitting suit of only too heavy goods, removing his winter hat to wipe the standing drops from his forehead; and a little blush-rose woman at his side in a mist of cool muslin and the cunningest of millinery,—these, who always paused a moment, with a lost look, in the vestibule of the sepulchral-looking little church on the corner of Prytania and Josephine streets, till the sexton ushered them in, and who as often contrived, with no end of ingenuity, despite the little woman's fresh beauty, to get away after service unaccosted by the elders,—who could imagine that *these* were from so deep a nook in poverty's vale?

There was one person who guessed it: Mrs. Riley, who was not asked to walk in any more when she called at the twilight hour. She partly saw and partly guessed the truth, and offered what each one of the pair had been secretly hoping somebody, anybody, would offer—a loan. But when it actually confronted them, it was sweetly declined.

"Wasn't it kind?" said Mary; and John said, emphatically, "Yes." Very soon it was their turn to be kind to Mrs. Riley. They attended her husband's funeral. He had been killed by an explosion. Mrs. Riley beat upon the bier with her fists, and wailed with a far-reaching voice:

"O Mike, Mike! Me jew'l, me jew'l! Why didn't ye wait to see the babe that's unborn?"

And Mary wept. And when she and John reëntered their denuded house, she fell upon his neck with fresh tears and kissed him again and again, and could utter no word, but knew he understood. Poverty was so much better than sorrow! She held him fast, and he her, while he tenderly hushed her, lest a grief, the very opposite of Mrs. Riley's, should overtake her.

XIV.

HARD SPEECHES AND HIGH TEMPER.

DR. SEVIER found occasion, one morning, to speak at some length, and very harshly, to his book-keeper. He had hardly ceased when John Richling came briskly in.

"Doctor," he said, with great buoyancy, "how do you do?"

The physician slightly frowned.

"Good-morning, Mr. Richling."

Richling was tamed in an instant; but to avoid too great a contrast of manner, he retained a semblance of sprightliness as he said:

"This is the first time I have had this pleasure since you were last at our house, Doctor."

"Did you not see me one evening, some time ago, in the omnibus?" asked Dr. Sevier.

"Why, no," replied the other with returning pleasure; "was I in the same omnibus?"

"You were on the sidewalk."

"No-o," said Richling, pondering. "I've seen you in your carriage several times, but you —"

"I didn't see you."

Richling was stung. The conversation failed. He recommenced it in a tone pitched intentionally too low for the alert ear of Narcisse.

"Doctor, I've simply called to say to you that I'm out of work and looking for employment again."

"Umhum," said the Doctor, with a cold fullness of voice that hurt Richling afresh. "You'll find it hard to get anything this time of year," he continued, with no attempt at under-tone; "it's very hard for anybody to get anything these days, even when well recommended."

Richling smiled an instant. The Doctor did not, but turned partly away to his desk, and added, as if the smile had displeased him:

"Well, maybe you'll not find it so."

Richling turned fiery red.

"Whether I do or not," he said rising, "my affairs sha'n't trouble anybody. Good-morning."

He started out.

"How's Mrs. Richling?" asked the Doctor.

"She's well," responded Richling, putting on his hat and disappearing in the corridor. Each footstep could be heard as he went down the stairs.

"He's a fool!" muttered the physician.

He looked up angrily, for Narcisse stood before him.

"Well, Doctah," said the Creole, hurriedly arranging his coat-collar, and drawing his handkerchief, "I'm goin' ad the poss-office."

"See here, sir!" exclaimed the Doctor, bringing his fist down upon the arm of his chair, "every time you've gone out of this office for the last six months you've told me you were going to the post-office; now don't you ever tell me that again!"

The young man bowed with injured dignity and responded:

"All a-ight, seh."

He overtook Richling just outside the street entrance. Richling had halted there bereft of intention, almost of outward sense, and choking with bitterness. It seemed to him as if in an instant all his misfortunes, disappointments, and humiliations, that never before had seemed so many or so great, had been gathered up into the knowledge of that hard man upstairs, and, with one unmerciful downward wrench, had received his seal of approval. Indignation, wrath, self-hatred, dismay, in undefined confusion, usurped the faculties of sight and hearing and motion.

"Mistoo 'Itchlin'," said Narcisse, "I 'ope you fine you'seff O. K., seh, if you'll egscuse the slang expression."

Richling started to move away, but checked himself.

"I'm well, sir, thank you, sir; yes, sir, I'm very well."

"I bilieve you, seh. You ah lookin' well."

Narcisse thrust his hands into his pockets, and turned upon the outer sides of his feet, the embodiment of sweet temper. Richling found him a wonderful relief at the moment. He quit gnawing his lip and winking into vacancy, and felt a malicious good humor run into all his veins.

"I dunno 'ow 'tis, Mistoo 'Itchlin'," said Narcisse, "but I muz tell you the tooth, you always 'ave to me the appe'ance ligue the chile of p'ospe'ity."

"Eh?" said Richling, hollowing his hand at his ear,—"child of —"

"P'ospe'ity!"

"Yes—yes," replied the deaf man vaguely, "I—have a relative of that name."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Creole, "thass good faw luck! Mistoo 'Itchlin', look' like you a lill mo' hawd to yeh—but egscuse me. I s'pose you muz be advancing in business, Mistoo 'Itchlin'. I say I s'pose you muz be gittin' along!"

"I? yes; yes, I must."

He started.

"I'm 'appy to yeh it!" said Narcisse.

His innocent kindness was a rebuke. Richling began to offer a cordial parting salutation, but Narcisse said:

"You goin' that way? Well, I kin go that way." They went.

"I was goin' ad the poss-office, but —"

he waved his hand and curled his lip. "Mis-too 'Itchlin', in fact, if you yeh of something suitable to me I would like to yeh it. I am not satisfied with that pless yondeh with Doctah Seveeah. I was compel this mawnin', biffu you came in, to 'epoove 'im faw 'is 'oodness. He called me a jackass, in fact. I woon allow that. I 'ad to 'epoove 'im. 'Doctah Seveeah,' says I, 'don't you call me a jackass ag'in!' An' 'e din call it me ag'in. No, seh. But 'e din like to 'ush up. Thass the rizz'n 'e was a lill miscutteous to you. Me, I am always polite. As they say, 'A nod is juz as good as a kick f'om a bline hoss.' You ah fon' of maxim, Mistoo 'Itchlin'? Me, I'm ve'y fon' of them. But they's got one maxim what you may 'ave 'eard—I do not fine that maxim always come t'ue. 'Ave you evva yeah that maxim, 'A fool faw luck'? That don't always come t'ue. I 'ave discovered that."

"No," responded Richling, with a parting smile, "that doesn't always come true."

Dr. Sevier denounced the world at large, and the American nation in particular, for two days. Within himself, for twenty-four hours,

(To be continued.)

he grumly blamed Richling for their rupture; then for twenty-four hours reproached himself, and on the morning of the third day knocked at the door, corner of St. Mary and Prytania.

No one answered. He knocked again. A woman in bare feet showed herself at the corresponding door-way in the farther half of the house.

"Nobody don't live there no more, sir," she said.

"Where have they gone?"

"Well, reely, I couldn't tell you, sir. Because, reely, I don't know nothing about it. I haint but jest lately moved in here myself, and I don't know nothing about nobody around here scarcely at all."

The Doctor shut himself again in his carriage and let himself be whisked away, in great vacuity of mind.

"They can't blame anybody but themselves" was, by and by, his rallying thought. "Still"—he said to himself after another vacant interval, and said no more. The thought that whether *they* could blame others or not did not cover all the ground, rested heavily on him.

THE PRETENDERS TO THE THRONE OF FRANCE.

IF France were a republican nation, as many Americans, satisfied with their own fortunate lot, fondly suppose, this question of the various claimants to the French throne would surely be scarcely worth a moment's attention. But the alarm shown by the French Government whenever the question has been raised, the stringent measures adopted, and those proposed for the future, bear testimony to a feeling of insecurity. It cannot be doubted that a large part of the nation favors a constitutional government under a nominal king, one whose power would be restricted—a sort of president of a republican monarchy, if such a contradictory term may be admitted. A court of some kind is the great want felt in the luxurious city of Paris; a center of fashion and elegance, presided over by those whose undoubted rank would naturally call around them the most distinguished individuals of their own land and of other nations. In Paris, luxury is an absolute necessity, and Spartan virtues will never take root in that city of gayety and pleasure. The Parisian lives chiefly by the trades which thrive on the habits of a court and an aristocracy. When there is none, he seeks the patronage of

any one who will spend money lavishly; and then is seen what we see now, the degradation of the national taste, under the auspices of the meretricious leaders of pleasure.

That sooner or later the monarchy will be reëstablished, even many who are antagonistic to the principle feel to be more than a probability. Had the Prince Imperial lived, many think he would now be on the throne of France. The sensation produced by the illness and danger of the Comte de Chambord, the anxiety with which news of his condition was awaited, and the involuntary respect shown by even Republican politicians when writing of the almost unknown and exiled representative of the old royal race, is a striking proof of what we have said. If he had lived, it is probable that a reaction in his favor would have taken place. Still, the whole education, the chivalrous principles of the Comte de Chambord, seem to have rendered him unfit to reign over the French nation, such as it is now. No impartial observer can deny that the whole moral and intellectual tone of the nation has been lowered. That the profuse luxury and loose morality of the imperial *régime* did harm

must be acknowledged. But what do we see now? Never has public morality and decency been so outraged; never have crimes of the most horrible kind been so frequent. We see the reign of vice represented by low actresses of low theaters and women of bad reputation. All the journals relate their doings; their funerals are followed by literary men, who write their biographies and praise their "virtues"! As there are no royal ladies now to occupy public attention, and as private gentlewomen strive to remain unnoticed, these women are the queens of the day.

When the "vices of a court" are mentioned, is it not easy to inquire what could be worse than what we see now? Under Louis Philippe, the court was a pattern of domestic life and family affections. More that was worthy of blame might be brought forward against the Empire; still, whatever might have been the private lives of some of the courtiers, nothing serious could be urged against the Empress Eugénie, and all must feel respect for the Princesse Clotilde. That, under Henri V. (had the Comte de Chambord lived to obtain the throne), there could have been no danger of royal toleration of moral laxity at court, may be inferred from his traditions and training.

His full name was Henri Charles Ferdinand Marie Dieudonné of Bourbon—"Son of France" (*Fils de France*), Duc de Bordeaux, Comte de Chambord, and in the eyes of his adherents King of France, *de jure* if not *de facto*. They called him *Le Roi*.

Why *Dieudonné*—God-given? The heir-apparent of the childless Louis XVIII. was his brother, the Comte d'Artois, afterward Charles X., whose eldest son, the Duc d'Angoulême, married to the orphan daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was likewise without children. The hopes of the nation, as to the continuation of the dynasty, were consequently centered in the younger son of the Comte d'Artois, the Duc de Berry, married to the Princesse Caroline of Naples. One child was born, a daughter, who, in consequence of the Salic law, could not ascend the throne of France; if he should have no more, there would be an end to the elder branch of the Bourbons. It was then that the assassin Louvel struck down the young prince at the door of the opera-house, just as he turned away from the carriage to which he had taken the Duchess, his wife, who did not wish to remain till the end of the performance. The stab of the poniard had been directed with a sure hand, and the Duc de Berry died at the opera-house before morning, surrounded by the weeping royal family, and in the presence

of the old King, hastily summoned to witness the death of his murdered nephew, whose condition did not admit of his removal to the Tuileries palace.

Before his death, after vainly entreating for the pardon of his murderer, the Duke declared that his wife had hopes of an heir.

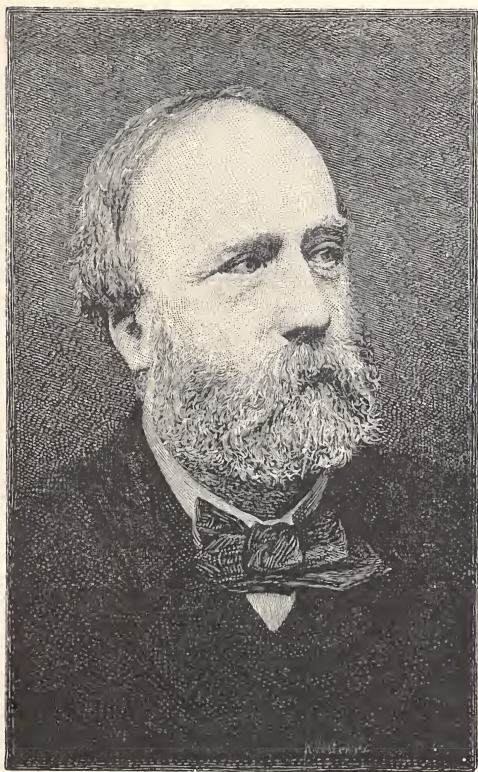
The child was born, and it was a boy, who, in thanksgiving, was named *Dieudonné*, God-given, and *Henri*, in memory of the ever popular founder of the Bourbon dynasty—Henri Quatre (Henry of Navarre).

The child of sorrow, the royal Benoni, grew up, educated with his charming sister, beloved by all, Louise of France, afterward Duchesse de Parma; a princess of great intelligence and of a masculine spirit, like many other daughters of the house of Bourbon; withal, irreproachable in her private life—a truly Christian wife and mother.

Henri was a bright and spirited boy; kind-hearted, with the characteristic kindness of the Bourbons, ever ready to respond to high and generous impulse; no bookworm, nor even very exemplary as a studious school-boy; but an engaging child, with the soul of a prince and, what is more, the soul of a gentleman.

At ten years of age he left France, an exile, having in vain been proclaimed king after the abdication of his grandfather, Charles X., which was immediately followed by that of his uncle, the Duc d'Angoulême. The family took refuge at Holyrood, the fated palace of the Stuarts, whose memories seemed to cast their gloomy shadow over the young heads of Henri and Louise. From Holyrood they went to Prague, and from Prague to Goritz, where Charles X. died. Meanwhile their mother, the Duchesse de Berry, had made an imprudent attempt to stir up the loyal western provinces of France in favor of her son; betrayed by the Hebrew Deutz, she was seized at Nantes by the emissaries of Louis Philippe, and detained as a state prisoner at the fortress of Blaye, near Bordeaux, where she was forced to confess a secret marriage with the Comte Lucchesi-Palli, which threw ridicule over the whole affair.

The extreme displeasure of the exiled King, on hearing of this act of indiscretion, was shown by the separation of the children from their mother, who, released by Louis Philippe after the birth of her child, followed her second husband to Venice, where she henceforward principally resided; while Henri and Louise were educated under the superintendence of their aunt, the austere Duchesse d'Angoulême. It was a gloomy life for them; but they grew up amiable, joyous, and full of noble spirit, loved by all who knew them. A terrible accident,



COMTE DE CHAMBORD. (DIED 1883.) (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BIANCO.)

which might have been fatal, partially crippled the young prince, and was certainly detrimental to his fine presence, from the persistent and marked lameness which remained; but he retained considerable beauty of feature. The clear, bright blue eyes had still a most peculiar and charming expression, in which were blended the dignity of exalted rank and the frank kindness of an honorable and excellent man, with the searching penetration of one accustomed to study character in those who sought his presence.

When the death of his grandfather and of his uncle the Duc d'Angoulême had removed all doubts as to his position, he announced his intention of being known simply as Comte de Chambord, from the name of an estate which, in happier days, had been presented to him by a national subscription. He lived henceforward chiefly at Frohsdorf, near Vienna, a plain manor, more suited to an ordinary country gentleman; but a visit to England was the occasion of a demonstration of loyalty on the part of the young French nobility, who gathered round the young and handsome pretender.

At Frohsdorf he chose to be called simply by the neutral title of "*Monseigneur*," and set aside all ceremonious etiquette. The Duchesse

d'Angoulême, however, although styled "The Queen" (*La Reine*), punctiliously conformed to ancient usage, and invariably rose from her seat when her nephew entered the room or left it.

A bride had to be found for the young Prince; no easy matter when political difficulties were considered. The Princesse Marie Thérèse, of Modena, consented to devote her life to the exile, to whom she brought a large fortune, which, with all that was known of her amiable qualities, seemed to satisfy all requirements. But, although of an elegant figure and distinguished appearance, she could not lay claim to that beauty of feature to which in France so much importance is attached; and more than this, the marriage was childless, a source of lasting grief to the Comtesse de Chambord, although this privation may now prove a blessing to France, in simplifying the question of the various pretenders.

The Revolution of 1848, with the downfall of Louis Philippe, seemed to open the way to the young heir of the elder Bourbons. After the dreadful insurrection of June, it was evident that the country longed for peace, longed for a definite ruler, and would receive joyfully any one coming as a savior. Everything was *à la Chambord*; *fleurs-de-lis*, the Bourbon emblem, were seen everywhere; all the young men wore white flowers in their button-holes, and all looked eagerly toward Henri Dieudonné.

But no response came, and the disappointment was universal. There was no one at hand to play the part of General Monk, and the cautious advisers of the young Prince, men who loved him, men who had the recollection of the past fresh in their minds, could not bear that their cherished Prince should play the part of a political adventurer, or run any personal risk. Had he come forward then, as probably his ancestor, Henri Quatre, would have done, it is more than likely that the victory would have been his. But, restrained by his too prudent advisers, he hesitated, and that interval gave time to Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to step forward. As the Emperor himself said, at a later period:

"One went away—the other did not come—so I reached the goal."*

Another political mistake greatly to be regretted was the prohibition addressed by the Comte de Chambord to his adherents with regard to their acceptance of any public functions under other forms of government. The natural consequence has been that all the young Legitimist noblemen lived in idleness, and have become mere carpet knights; so

* "*L'un est parti—l'autre n'est pas venu—je suis arrivé.*"



COMTE DE PARIS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOLIOT.)

that if the Comte de Chambord had been proclaimed King of France, he would have been forced to choose the members of the government outside of the group of his most devoted followers.

After the establishment of the Empire, the Comte de Chambord seemed resigned to play a passive part, only interrupted by occasional protestations and manifestoes, to which nobody paid much attention. He lived quietly, like a private gentleman, at Frohsdorf, Goritz, and Venice, making no attempt to disturb by force the established form of government in France. A sincere Catholic, and punctual in the observance of the religious obligations of that faith, he yet never played the part of a gloomy bigot; and his genial manners, his love of field sports, the cordial hospitality offered to all visitors in his plain, unpretending manner, endeared him to those who had the honor of being received there; and all French visitors were heartily welcomed, even when known to belong to antagonistic political parties.

The Comte de Chambord has been represented as a stranger to France by education, and as a mere Austrian gentleman, who knew nothing of France. This is a great mistake. No one was more French than the exiled

Count; no one spoke the French language with a more perfect accent, or more elegance of expression; no one loved France better, or sought more information as to her destinies from every source. Newspapers of every political shade were received at Frohsdorf, carefully read by his secretaries, and marked for his perusal.

Having been told from his childhood that he was a direct gift from the Almighty, that he was predestined from his birth, he had, perhaps, a too absolute conviction that he was a sort of Messiah, and that his day must come. "The word to be spoken belongs to France; the hour belongs to God"—was his maxim.

Well informed, but not pedantic, of quick intelligence and ready speech, the Comte de Chambord, by his conversation, left the impression on his hearers of a superior mind and a determined will. Some may be inclined to say—*too* determined. Be this a virtue or a defect,—for it is not always easy to mark the exact point where firmness ceases and obstinacy begins,—the Comte de Chambord never yielded a point of principle or listened to suggestions of mere expediency.

In opposition to him for many years was the young representative of the Orleans branch, the Comte de Paris. Like his cousin, he had lost his father by a violent death, and at ten years of age had been forced to fly from France, an exile, with an aged grandfather and a widowed mother. The Duchesse d'Orleans was, however, very different from the Duchesse de Berry, mother of the Comte de Chambord. A grave, well-informed German princess, as quiet and serious in her habits and mode of life as the Duchesse de Berry was vivacious and inconsiderate, there could be no question of withdrawing her sons from her influence. Their education was superintended by herself; she was an ambitious mother, and during her life there could be no reconciliation between the two rival branches of the Bourbons. In her sight, her son was the rightful King, and she would never have yielded to any compromise. But, while the Comte de Chambord inherited from his Italian mother her vivacity and grace, tempered in his case by the austere guidance of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Comte de Paris acquired the cold and grave exterior of the Duchesse d'Orleans and her love of intellectual pursuits. He is said to have been more a man of science and learning than a politician

La parole est à la France, l'heure est à Dieu.

or a statesman; his tastes were quiet, his habits were retired, and almost too simple for his position for those who think that princes should not forget the old saying that *majesty without its externals is a jest*, and that they must not be too much like other people.

This the Comte de Chambord recognized, and in his home there was just enough of necessary etiquette to mark the chief of the royal line. His table had the simplicity of a private home; but all was served on massive plate, engraved with the heraldic *fleur-de-lis* of the Bourbons. When dinner was announced, the Count and Countess walked out first and took the center places at the dinner-table; the visitors who were especially honored were placed on the left of the Count and the right of the Countess. These seats of honor were differently filled at every meal, by a graceful innovation of the host, that all might enjoy the privilege in turn. No one ventured to address him, but his kindness enabled every one to have an opportunity of conversing with him. In the case of any visitor of note, he was honored with a private interview in the study of the Comte de Chambord, who delighted in prolonged conversation and free discussion of every topic. The interview lasted during the pleasure of the royal host, who gave permission to retire by a significant smile and bend—motioning as if about to rise, but without actually leaving his seat.

The Comte de Paris, on the contrary, lives exactly like a private individual, and waives all etiquette. He is considered to be personally devoid of all ambition, but anxious to do what might be considered his duty. In the hope of smoothing difficulties with regard to the pacification of France after the war of 1870, he sought a reconciliation with the Comte de Chambord, who received his young cousin with open arms and the warmest feeling. The Comte de Paris has always, since then, proved most honorably faithful to the engagement taken, at that time, of never putting forward his own claims in opposition to those of the chief of his race. His partisans were inclined to regret the promise given, when the negotiations which had so nearly succeeded in placing the Comte de Chambord on the throne of France failed through his refusal to accept the tri-colored flag, which he rejected as the emblem of the Revolution, while the French army loved it as the emblem of military glory. Whatever may have been the feelings of the Comte de Paris on this occasion, the promise which he had given was faithfully and honorably kept. A compromise had been suggested which all regretted to see rejected by the Comte de Chambord: the tri-colored flag to be retained

by the army, and the white flag to be treated as a royal standard peculiar to the sovereign, like that used by Queen Victoria.

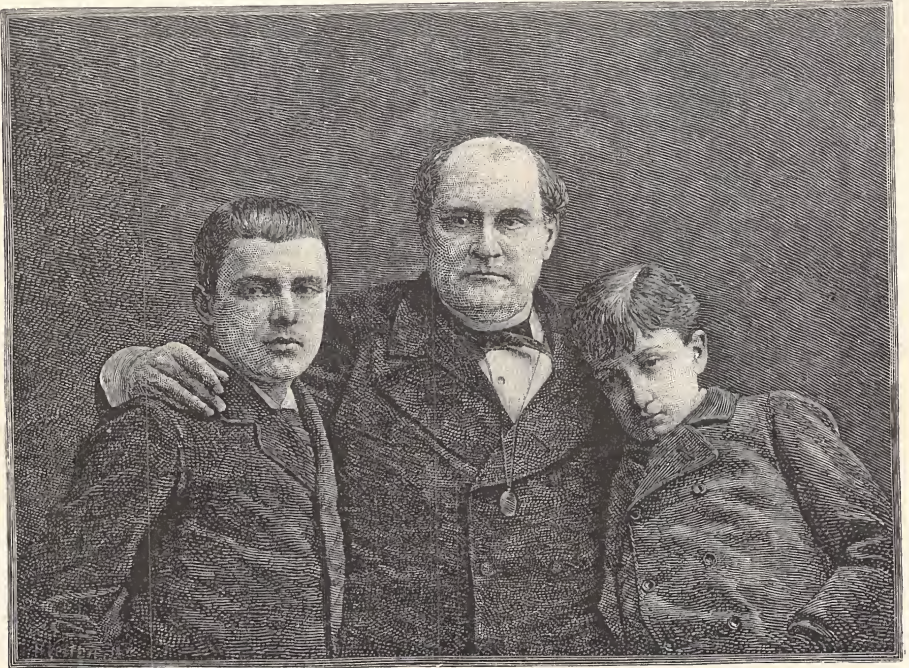
The *tricolore* had been accepted by Louis Philippe, and all his sons had "won their spurs" under its shade. It was not likely, therefore, to be distasteful to the Comte de Paris as an emblem of the liberal *citizen government* inaugurated by his grandfather, but repudiated by the principles of the elder branch represented by the Comte de Chambord. The Comte de Paris, however, has made no sign, no attempt to court popularity. He has continued, as before, to live the life of a private gentleman, studiously avoiding public notice, silent on political matters, and remarked only as the author of clever articles in reviews, chiefly on social questions, and of an elaborate "History of the Civil War in the United States," in which contest he served honorably. He is said to regard his position as a Pretender more in the light of a public duty than as the source of any advantage to himself or to his family.

Far different is the character of the Bonaparte claimant, Prince Jerome Napoleon ("Plon-plon"). His resemblance in feature to his illustrious uncle, the great Emperor, is most striking; but no less striking is the difference of expression, which is certainly not to the advantage of Prince Napoleon. All the revelations of that face are confirmed by popular report, and universal sympathy is felt for the admirable Princesse Clotilde, forced by necessity to live apart from the husband to whom she had been sacrificed through political considerations. No two individuals could be more ill-matched than the atheistical, dissipated Jerome Napoleon, as celebrated for his immoral life as for his coarse brutality of temper, and his supposed—what shall we call it?—*personal prudence* under fire, and the calm, dignified Italian Princess, fearless, like a true daughter of the house of Savoy; devout, almost to excess; with the tastes and habits of a nun, and the ardent faith of a martyr. She did not possess the beauty or the quick, brilliant wit which might have pleased him; she cared little for splendid dress or worldly pleasures. She spent almost too much time in devotional practices, which he abhorred. During the Empire, the home life of the Princesse Clotilde was austere, quiet, and, it must be owned, very monotonous; perhaps too much so to be quite judicious, under the circumstances in which she was placed. But everything that surrounded her shocked her feelings so much that she could only take refuge in silence and reserve. Her husband was openly an unbeliever, the enemy of the church to which she was de-

voted ; and his conduct in other respects was a permanent and cruel insult to his wife.

When the Empire fell, the Princess went to reside at a country-seat, in Switzerland, on the Lake of Geneva. There she led the

in consequence of the determined opposition of Prince Napoleon, through motives of personal ambition, and the dutiful submission of the young heir, appointed by the boy-like will of the Prince Imperial,—as if the crown



PRINCE NAPOLEON AND HIS SONS, VICTOR AND LOUIS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.)

life of a Sister of Charity, tending the poor and the sick with her own hands, and depriving herself of everything that could possibly be spared, in order to give more to those in need. After the death of the King, her father, she retired, without any opposition from the Prince, her husband, to the palace of Moncalieri, near Turin, which had been left to her ; there, at least, she was not obliged to endure the affronts which hitherto had not been spared to her. The sympathy of all went with her, and the unpopularity of Prince Napoleon consequently increased. Notwithstanding his remarkable intelligence, which cannot be denied, his eloquence as an orator, and the prestige of that Bonaparte face, so like that of the great Emperor, Prince Napoleon is universally disliked, and despised as much as he is disliked. Even the Bonapartists dare not put forward his claims ; their chance of success would be too small.

The attempt to transfer their allegiance to Prince Victor, his son, has proved a failure,

of France could be given away by will to a chosen successor !

The young Prince Victor has not yet had time or opportunity to show what he really is. But popular rumor is all in his favor. He is said to have few of the characteristics of the Bonaparte race, and to be more peculiarly a prince of Savoy, on the side of his mother, with the physical characteristics of the Italian royal family, and the high spirit of that line.

Which of these various Pretenders will reach the goal—if any does ? Who knows ? With the fickle character of the French nation everything is possible. Some expect that the Comte de Paris, at no distant period, will be summoned to the throne of France, with a liberal constitution, freely accepted by him, according to the traditions of his family. But it is as easy to foresee, a few years further on, a Bonaparte reaction, and the young Prince Victor, having reached a riper age, reëstablishing another Empire.

A. Bicknell.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A COUSIN.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "The Portrait of a Lady," "Roderick Hudson," "Daisy Miller," etc.

PART II.

JUNE 8.—Late this afternoon, about an hour before dinner, Mr. Frank arrived with what Mrs. Ermine calls his equipage, and asked her to take a short drive with him. At first she declined — said it was too hot, too late, she was too tired; but he seemed very much in earnest, and begged her to think better of it. She consented at last, and when she had left the room to arrange herself, he turned to me with a little grin of elation. I saw he was going to say something about his prospects, and I determined, this time, to give him a chance. Besides, I was curious to know how he believed himself to be getting on. To my surprise, he disappointed my curiosity; he only said, with his timid brightness:

"I am always so glad when I carry my point."

"Your point? Oh, yes. I think I know what you mean."

"It's what I told you that day."

He seemed slightly surprised that I should be in doubt as to whether he had really presented himself as a lover. "Do you mean to ask her to marry you?"

He stared a little, looking graver. "Do you mean to-day?"

"Well, yes, to-day, for instance; you have urged her so to drive."

"I don't think I will do it to-day; it's too soon."

His gravity was natural enough, I suppose; but it had suddenly become so intense that the effect was comical, and I could not help laughing. "Very good; whenever you please."

"Don't you think it's too soon?" he asked,

"Ah, I know nothing about it."

"I have seen her alone only four or five times."

"You must go on as you think best," I said.

"It's hard to tell. My position is very difficult." And then he began to smile again. He is certainly very odd.

It is my fault, I suppose, that I am too impatient of what I don't understand; and I don't understand this odd mixture of the per-

functory and the passionate, or the singular alternation of Mr. Frank's confessions and reserves.

"I can't enter into your position," I said. "I can't advise you or help you in any way."

Even to myself, my voice sounded a little hard as I spoke, and he was evidently discomposed by it. He blushed as usual, and fell to putting on his gloves.

"I think a great deal of your opinion, and for several days I have wanted to ask you."

"Yes, I have seen that."

"How have you seen it?"

"By the way you have looked at me."

He hesitated a moment. "Yes, I have looked at you — I know that. There is a great deal in your face to see."

This remark, under the circumstances, struck me as absurd. I began to laugh again. "You speak of it as if it were a collection of curiosities."

He looked away now. He wouldn't meet my eye, and I saw that I had made him feel thoroughly uncomfortable. To lead the conversation back into the commonplace, I asked him where he intended to drive.

"It doesn't matter much where we go — it's so pretty everywhere now." He was evidently not thinking of his drive, and suddenly he broke out: "I want to know whether you think she likes me."

"I haven't the least idea. She hasn't told me."

"Do you think she knows that I mean to propose to her?"

"You ought to be able to judge of that better than I."

"I am afraid of taking too much for granted; also, of taking her by surprise."

"So that — in her agitation — she might accept you? Is that what you are afraid of?"

"I don't know what makes you say that. I wish her to accept me."

"Are you very sure?"

"Perfectly sure. Why not? She is a charming creature."

"So much the better, then; perhaps she will."

"You don't believe it," he exclaimed, as

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if it were very clever of him to have discovered that."

"You think too much of what I believe. That has nothing to do with the matter."

"No, I suppose not," said Mr. Frank, apparently wishing very much to agree with me.

"You had better find out as soon as possible from Eunice herself," I added.

"I haven't expected to know—for some time."

"Do you mean for a year or two? She will be ready to tell you before that."

"Oh, no—not a year or two; but a few weeks."

"You know you come to the house every day. You ought to explain to her."

"Perhaps I had better not come so often."

"Perhaps not!"

"I like it very much," he said, smiling.

I looked at him a moment; I don't know what he has got in his eyes. "Don't change! You are such a good young man that I don't know what we should do without you." And I left him to wait alone for Eunice.

From my window, above, I saw them leave the door; they make a fair, bright young couple as they sit together. They had not been gone a quarter of an hour when Mr. Caliph's name was brought up to me. He had asked for me—me alone; he begged that I would do him the favor to see him for ten minutes. I don't know why this announcement should have made me nervous; but it did. My heart beat at the prospect of entering into direct relations with Mr. Caliph. He is very clever, much thought of, and talked of; and yet I had vaguely suspected him—of I don't know what! I became conscious of that, and felt the responsibility of it; though I didn't foresee, and indeed don't think I foresee yet, any danger of a collision between us. It is to be noted, moreover, that even a woman who is both plain and conceited must feel a certain agitation at entering the presence of Haroun-al-Raschid. I had begun to dress for dinner, and I kept him waiting till I had taken my usual time to finish. I always take some such revenge as that upon men who make me nervous. He is the sort of man who feels immediately whether a woman is well dressed or not; but I don't think this reflection really had much to do with my putting on the freshest of my three little French gowns.

He sat there, watch in hand; at least, he slipped it into his pocket as I came into the room. He was not pleased at having had to wait, and when I apologized, hypocritically, for having kept him, he answered, with a certain dryness, that he had come to transact an

important piece of business in a very short space of time. I wondered what his business could be, and whether he had come to confess to me that he had spent Eunice's money for his own purposes. Did he wish me to use my influence with her not to make a scandal? He didn't look like a man who had come to ask a favor of that kind; but I am sure that if he ever does ask it, he will not look at all as he might be expected to look. He was clad in white garments from head to foot, in recognition of the hot weather, and he had half a dozen roses in his button-hole. This time his flowers were for himself. His white clothes made him look as big as Henry VIII.; but don't tell me he is not a Jew! He's a Jew of the artistic, not of the commercial, type; and as I stood there, I thought him a very strange person to have as one's trustee. It seemed to me that he would carry such an office into transcendental regions, out of all common jurisdictions; and it was a comfort to me to remember that I have no property to be taken care of. Mr. Caliph kept a pocket-handkerchief, with an enormous monogram, in his large, tapering hand, and every other moment he touched his face with it. He evidently suffers from the heat. With all that, *il est bien beau*. His business was not what had at first occurred to me; but I don't know that it was much less strange.

"I knew I should find you alone, because Adrian told me this morning that he meant to come and ask our young friend to drive. I was glad of that; I have been wishing to see you alone, and I didn't know how to manage it."

"You see it's very simple. Didn't you send your brother?" I asked. In another place, to another person, this might have sounded impertinent; but evidently, addressed to Mr. Caliph, things have a special measure, and this I instinctively felt. He will take a great deal, and he will give a great deal.

He looked at me a moment, as if he were trying to measure what I would take. "I see you are going to be a very satisfactory person to talk with," he answered. "That's exactly what I counted on. I want you to help me."

"I thought there was some reason why Mr. Frank should urge Eunice so to go," I went on, refreshed a little, I admit, by these words of commendation. "At first she was unwilling."

"Is she usually unwilling—and does he usually have to be urgent?" he asked, like a man pleased to come straight to the point.

"What does it matter, so long as she consents in the end?" I responded, with a smile that made him smile. There is a singular stimulus, even a sort of excitement, in talking

with him; he makes one wish to venture. And this not as women usually venture, because they have a sense of impunity; but, on the contrary, because one has a prevision of penalties—those penalties which give a kind of dignity to sarcasm. He must be a dangerous man to irritate.

"Do you think she will consent, in the end?" he inquired; and though I had now foreseen what he was coming to, I felt that, even with various precautions which he had plainly decided not to take, there would still have been a certain crudity in it, when, a moment later, he put his errand into words. "I want my little brother to marry her, and I want you to help me bring it about." Then he told me that he knew his brother had already spoken to me, but that he believed I had not promised him much countenance. He wished me to think well of the plan; it would be a delightful marriage.

"Delightful for your brother, yes. That's what strikes me most."

"Delightful for him, certainly; but also very pleasant for Eunice, as things go here. Adrian is the best fellow in the world; he's a gentleman; he hasn't a vice or a fault; he is very well educated; and he has twenty thousand a year. A lovely property."

"Not in trust?" I said, looking into Mr. Caliph's extraordinary eyes.

"Oh, no; he has full control of it. But he is wonderfully careful."

"He doesn't trouble you with it?"

"Oh, dear, no; why should he? Thank God, I haven't got that on my back. His property comes to him from his father, who had nothing to do with me; didn't even like me, I think. He has capital advisers—presidents of banks, overseers of hospitals, and all that sort of thing. They have put him in the way of some excellent investments."

As I write this, I am surprised at my audacity; but, somehow, it didn't seem so great at the time, and he gave absolutely no sign of seeing more in what I said than appeared. He evidently desires the marriage immensely, and he was thinking only of putting it before me so that I, too, should think well of it; for evidently, like his brother, he has the most exaggerated opinion of my influence with Eunice. On Mr. Frank's part, this doesn't surprise me so much; but I confess it seems to me odd that a man of Mr. Caliph's acuteness should make the mistake of taking me for one of those persons who covet influence and like to pull the wires of other people's actions. I have a horror of influence, and should never have consented to come and live with Eunice if I had not seen that she is at bottom much stronger

than I, who am not at all strong, in spite of my grand airs. Mr. Caliph, I suppose, cannot conceive of a woman in my dependent position being indifferent to opportunities for working in the dark; but he ought to leave those vulgar imputations to Mrs. Ermine. He ought, with his intelligence, to see one as one is; or do I possibly exaggerate that intelligence? "Do you know I feel as if you were asking me to take part in a conspiracy?" I made that announcement with as little delay as possible.

He stared a moment, and then he said that he didn't in the least repudiate that view of his proposal. He admitted that he was a conspirator—in an excellent cause. All match-making was conspiracy. It was impossible that as a superior woman I should enter into his ideas, and he was sure that I had seen too much of the world to say anything so *banal* as that the young people were not in love with each other. That was only a basis for marriage when better things were lacking. It was decent, it was fitting, that Eunice should be settled in life; his conscience would not be at rest about her until he should see that well arranged. He was not in the least afraid of that word "arrangement"; a marriage was an eminently practical matter, and it could not be too much arranged. He confessed that he took the European view. He thought that a young girl's elders ought to see that she marries in a way in which certain definite proprieties are observed. He was sure of his brother; he knew how faultless Adrian was. He talked for some time, and said a great deal that I had said to myself the other day, after Mr. Frank spoke to me; said, in particular, very much what I had thought, about the beauty of arrangements—that there are far too few among Americans who marry; that we are the people in the world who divorce and separate most; that there would be much less of that sort of thing if young people were helped to choose,—if marriages were, as one might say, presented to them. I listened to Mr. Caliph with my best attention, thinking it was odd that, on his lips, certain things which I had phrased to myself in very much the same way should sound so differently. They ought to have sounded better, uttered as they were with the energy, the authority, the lucidity of a man accustomed to making arguments; but somehow they didn't. I am afraid I am very perverse. I answered—I hardly remember what; but there was a taint of that perversity in it. As he rejoined, I felt that he was growing urgent—very urgent; he has an immense desire that something may be done. I remember saying, at last,

"What I don't understand is, why your brother should wish to marry my cousin. He has told me he is not in love with her. Has your presentation of the idea, as you call it—has that been enough? Is he acting simply at your request?"

I saw that his reply was not perfectly ready, and for a moment those strange eyes of his emitted a ray that I had not seen before. They seemed to say, "Are you really taking liberties with me? Be on your guard; I may be dangerous." But he always smiles. Yes, I think he is dangerous, though I don't know exactly what he could do to me. I believe he would smile at the hangman, if he were condemned to meet him. He is very angry with his brother for having admitted to me that the sentiment he entertains for Eunice is not a passion; as if it would have been possible for him, under my eyes, to pretend that he is in love! I don't think I am afraid of Mr. Caliph; I don't desire to take liberties with him (as his eyes seemed to call it), or with any one; but, decidedly, I am not afraid of him. If it came to protecting Eunice, for instance; to demanding justice— But what extravagances am I writing? He answered, in a moment, with a good deal of dignity, and even a good deal of reason, that his brother has the greatest admiration for my cousin, that he agrees fully and cordially with everything he (Mr. Caliph) has said to him about its being an excellent match, that he wants very much to marry, and wants to marry as a gentleman should. If he is not in love with Eunice, moreover, he is not in love with any one else.

"I hope not!" I said, with a laugh; whereupon Mr. Caliph got up, looking, for him, rather grave.

"I can't imagine why you should suppose that Adrian is not acting freely. I don't know what you imagine my means of coercion to be."

"I don't imagine anything. I think I only wish he had thought of it himself."

"He would never think of anything that is for his good. He is not in the least interested."

"Well, I don't know that it matters, because I don't think Eunice will see it—as we see it."

"Thank you for saying 'we.' Is she in love with some one else?"

"Not that I know of; but she may expect to be, some day. And better than that, she may expect—very justly—some one to be in love with her."

"Oh, in love with her! How you women talk! You, all of you, want the moon. If she is not content to be thought of as Adrian

thinks of her, she is a very silly girl. What will she have more than tenderness? That boy is all tenderness."

"Perhaps he is too tender," I suggested. "I think he is afraid to ask her."

"Yes, I know he is nervous—at the idea of a refusal. But I should like her to refuse him once."

"It is not of that he is afraid; it is of her accepting him."

Mr. Caliph smiled, as if he thought this very ingenious.

"You don't understand him. I'm so sorry! I had an idea that—with your knowledge of human nature, your powers of observation—you would have perceived how he is made. In fact, I rather counted on that." He said this with a little tone of injury which might have made me feel terribly inadequate if it had not been accompanied with a glance that seemed to say that, after all, he was generous and he forgave me. "Adrian's is one of those natures that are inflamed by not succeeding. He doesn't give up; he thrives on opposition. If she refuses him three or four times, he will adore her!"

"She is sure, then, to be adored—though I am not sure it will make a difference with her. I haven't yet seen a sign that she cares for him."

"Why, then, does she go out to drive with him?"

There was nothing brutal in the elation with which Mr. Caliph made this point; still, he looked a little as if he pitied me for exposing myself to a refutation so prompt.

"That proves nothing, I think. I would go to drive with Mr. Frank, if he should ask me, and I should be very much surprised if it were regarded as an intimation that I am ready to marry him."

Mr. Caliph had his hands resting on his thighs, and in this position, bending forward a little, with his smile he said, "Ah, but he doesn't want to marry *you*!"

That was a little brutal, I think; but I should have appeared ridiculous if I had attempted to resent it. I simply answered that I had as yet seen no sign even that Eunice is conscious of Mr. Frank's intentions. I think she is, but I don't think so from anything she has said or done. Mr. Caliph maintains that she is capable of going for six months without betraying herself, all the while quietly considering and making up her mind. It is possible he is right—he has known her longer than I. He is far from wishing to wait for six months, however; and the part I must play is to bring matters to a crisis. I told him that I didn't see why he did not speak to her directly—why he should operate in

this roundabout way. Why shouldn't he say to her all that he had said to me—tell her that she would make him very happy by marrying his little brother? He answered that this is impossible, that the nearness of the relationship would make it unbecoming; it would look like a kind of nepotism. The thing must appear to come to pass of itself, and I, somehow, must be the author of that appearance! I was too much a woman of the world, too acquainted with life, not to see the force of all this. He had a great deal to say about my being a woman of the world. In one sense, it is not all complimentary; one would think me some battered old dowager who had married off fifteen daughters. I feel that I am far from all that when Mr. Caliph leaves me so mystified. He has some other reason for wishing these nuptials than love of the two young people, but I am unable to put my hand on it. Like the children at hide-and-seek, however, I think I "burn." I don't like him, I mistrust him; but he is a very charming man. His geniality, his richness, his magnetism, I suppose I should say, are extraordinary; he fascinates me, in spite of my suspicions. The truth is that, in his way, he is an artist, and in my little way I am also one; and the artist in me recognizes the artist in him, and cannot quite resist the temptation to foregather. What is more than this, the artist in him has recognized the artist in me,—it is very good of him,—and would like to establish a certain freemasonry. "Let us take together the artistic view of life;" that is simply the meaning of his talking so much about my being a woman of the world. That is all very well; but it seems to me there would be a certain baseness in our being artists together at the expense of poor little Eunice. I should like to know some of Mr. Caliph's secrets, but I don't wish to give him any of mine in return for them. Yet I gave him something before he departed; I hardly know what, and hardly know how he extracted it from me. It was a sort of promise that I would, after all, speak to Eunice,— "as I should like to have you, you know." He remained there for a quarter of an hour after he got up to go: walking about the room with his hands on his hips; talking, arguing, laughing, holding me with his eyes, his admirable face—as natural, as dramatic, and at the same time as diplomatic, as an Italian. I am pretty sure he was trying to produce a certain effect, to entangle, to magnetize me. Strange to say, Mr. Caliph compromises himself, but he doesn't compromise his brother. He has a private reason, but his brother has nothing to do with his privacies. That was my last word to him.

"The moment I feel sure that I may do something for your brother's happiness—your brother's alone—by pleading his cause with Eunice, that moment I will speak to her. But I can do nothing for yours."

In answer to this, Mr. Caliph said something very unexpected: "I wish I had known you five years ago!"

There are many meanings to that; perhaps he would have liked to put me out of the way. But I could take only the polite meaning. "Our acquaintance could never have begun too soon."

"Yes, I should have liked to know you," he went on, "in spite of the fact that you are not kind, that you are not just. Have I asked you to do anything for my happiness? My happiness is nothing. I have nothing to do with happiness. I don't deserve it. It is only for my little brother—and for your charming cousin."

I was obliged to admit that he was right; that he had asked nothing for himself. "But I don't want to do anything for you, even by accident!" I said, laughing, of course.

This time he was grave. He stood looking at me a moment, then put out his hand. "Yes, I wish I had known you!"

There was something so expressive in his voice, so handsome in his face, so tender and respectful in his manner, as he said this, that for an instant I was really moved, and I was on the point of saying, with feeling, "I wish indeed you had!" But that instinct of which I have already spoken checked me—the sense that, somehow, as things stand, there can be no *rapprochement* between Mr. Caliph and me that will not involve a certain sacrifice of Eunice. So I only replied: "You seem to me strange, Mr. Caliph. I must tell you that I don't understand you."

He kept my hand, still looking at me, and went on as if he had not heard me. "I am not happy—I am not wise nor good." Then, suddenly, in quite a different tone, "For God's sake, let her marry my brother!"

There was a quick passion in these words which made me say, "If it is so urgent as that, you certainly ought to speak to her. Perhaps she'll do it to oblige you!"

We had walked into the hall together, and the last I saw of him he stood in the open door-way, looking back at me with his smile. "Hang the nepotism! I *will* speak to her!"

Cornerville, July 6.—A whole month has passed since I have made an entry; but I have a good excuse for this dreadful gap. Since we have been in the country I have found subjects enough and to spare, and I have been painting so hard that my hand, of an evening, has been glad to rest. This place

is very lovely, and the Hudson is as beautiful as the Rhine. There are the words, in black and white, over my signature; I can't do more than that. I have said it a dozen times, in answer to as many challenges, and now I record the opinion with all the solemnity I can give it. May it serve for the rest of the summer! This is an excellent old house, of the style that was thought impressive, in this country, forty years ago. It is painted a cheerful slate-color, save for a multitude of pilasters and facings which are picked out in the cleanest and freshest white. It has a kind of clumsy gable or apex, on top; a sort of roofed terrace, below, from which you may descend to a lawn dotted with delightful old trees; and between the two, in the second story, a deep veranda, let into the body of the building, and ornamented with white balustrades, considerably carved, and big blue stone jars. Add to this a multitude of green shutters and striped awnings, and a mass of Virginia creepers and wistarias, and fling over it the lavish light of the American summer, and you have a notion of some of the conditions of our *villeggiatura*. The great condition, of course, is the splendid river lying beneath our rounded headland in vast silvery stretches, and growing almost vague on the opposite shore. It is a country of views; you are always peeping down an avenue, or ascending a mound, or going around a corner, to look at one. They are rather too shining, too high-pitched, for my little purposes; all nature seems glazed with light and varnished with freshness. But I manage to scrape something off. Mrs. Ermine is here, as brilliant as her setting; and so, strange to say, is Adrian Frank. Strange for this reason, that the night before we left town I went into Eunice's room and asked her whether she knew, or rather whether she suspected, what was going on. A sudden impulse came to me; it seemed to me unnatural that in such a situation I should keep anything from her. I don't want to interfere, but I think I want even less to carry too far my aversion to interference; and without pretending to advise Eunice, it was revealed to me that she ought to know that Mr. Caliph had come to see me on purpose to induce me to work upon her. It was not till after he was gone that it occurred to me he had sent his brother in advance, on purpose to get Eunice out of the way, and that this was the reason the young Adrian would take no refusal. He was really in excellent training. It was a very hot night. Eunice was alone in her room, without a lamp; the windows were wide open, and the dusk was clarified by the light of the street. She sat there, among things vaguely visible, in a white

wrapper, with her fair hair on her shoulders, and I could see her eyes move toward me when I asked her whether she knew that Mr. Frank wished to marry her. I could see her smile, too, as she answered that she knew he thought he did, but also knew he didn't.

"Of course, I have only his word for it," I said.

"Has he told you?"

"Oh, yes, and his brother, too."

"His brother?" And Eunice slowly got up.

"It's an idea of Mr. Caliph's as well. Indeed, Mr. Caliph may have been the first. He came here to-day, while you were out, to tell me how much he should like to see it come to pass. He has set his heart upon it, and he wished me to engage to do all in my power to bring it about. Of course, I can't do anything, can I?"

She had sunk into her chair again, as I went on; she sat there looking before her, in the dark. Before she answered me she gathered up her thick hair with her hands, twisted it together, and holding it in place, on top of her head, with one hand, tried to fasten a comb into it with the other. I passed behind her to help her; I could see she was agitated. "Oh, no, you can't do anything," she said, after a moment, with a laugh that was not like her usual laughter. "I know all about it; they have told me, of course." Her tone was forced, and I could see that she had not really known all about it—had not known that Mr. Caliph is pushing his brother. I went to the window and looked out a little into the hot, empty street, where the gas-lamps showed me, up and down, the hundred high stoops, exactly alike, and as ugly as a bad dream. While I stood there, a thought suddenly dropped into my mind, which has lain ever since where it fell. But I don't wish to move it, even to write it here. I staid with Eunice for ten minutes; I told her everything that Mr. Caliph had said to me. She listened in perfect silence—I could see that she was glad to listen. When I related that he didn't wish to speak to her himself on behalf of his brother, because that would seem indelicate, she broke in, with a certain eagerness, "Yes, that is very natural!"

"And now you can marry Mr. Frank without my help!" I said, when I had done.

She shook her head sadly, though she was smiling again. "It's too late for your help. He has asked me to marry him, and I have told him he can hope for it—never!"

I was surprised to hear he had spoken, and she said nothing about the time or place. It must have been that afternoon, during their

drive. I said that I was rather sorry for our poor young friend; he was such a very nice fellow. She agreed that he was remarkably nice, but added that this was not a sufficient reason for her marrying him; and when I said that he would try again, that I had Mr. Caliph's assurance that he would not be easy to get rid of, and that a refusal would only make him persist, she answered that he might try as often as he liked, he was so little disagreeable to her that she would take even that from him. And now, to give him a chance to try again, she has asked him down here to stay, thinking apparently that Mrs. Ermine's presence puts us *en règle* with the proprieties. I should add that she assured me there was no real danger of his trying again; he had told her he meant to, but he had said it only for form. Why should he, since he was not in love with her? It was all an idea of his brother's, and she was much obliged to Mr. Caliph, who took his duties much too seriously, and was not in the least bound to provide her with a husband. Mr. Frank and she had agreed to remain friends, as if nothing had happened; and I think she then said something about her intending to ask him to this place. A few days after we got here, at all events, she told me that she had written to him, proposing his coming; whereupon I intimated that I thought it a singular overture to make to a rejected lover, whom one didn't wish to encourage. He would take it as encouragement, or at all events Mr. Caliph would. She answered that she didn't care what Mr. Caliph thinks, and that she knew Mr. Frank better than I, and knew, therefore, that he had absolutely no hope. But she had a particular reason for wishing him to be here. That sounded mysterious, and she couldn't tell me more; but in a month or two I would guess her reason. As she said this she looked at me with a brighter smile than she has had for weeks; for I protest that she is troubled—Eunice is greatly troubled. Nearly a month has elapsed, and I haven't guessed that reason. Here is Adrian Frank, at any rate, as I say; and I can't make out whether he persists or renounces. His manner to Eunice is just the same; he is always polite and always shy, never inattentive and never unmistakable. He has not said a word more to me about his suit. Apart from this he is very sympathetic, and we sit about sketching together in the most fraternal manner. He made to me a day or two since a very pretty remark; viz., that he would rather copy a sketch of mine than try, himself, to do the place from nature. This, perhaps, does not look so *galant* as I repeat it here; but with the tone and

glance with which he said it, it really almost touched me. I was glad, by the way, to hear from Eunice, the night before we left town, that she doesn't care what Mr. Caliph thinks; only, I should be gladder still if I believed it. I don't, unfortunately; among other reasons, because it doesn't at all agree with that idea which descended upon me with a single jump—from heaven knows where—while I looked out of her window at the stoops. I observe with pleasure, however, that he doesn't send her any more papers to sign. These days pass softly, quickly, but with a curious, an unnatural, stillness. It is as if there was something in the air—a sort of listening hush. That sounds very fantastic, and I suppose such remarks are only to be justified by my having the artistic temperament—that is, if I have it! If I haven't, there is no excuse; unless it be that Eunice is distinctly uneasy, and that it takes the form of a voluntary, exaggerated calm, of which I feel the contact, the tension. She is as quiet as a mouse, and yet as restless as a flame. She is neither well nor happy; she doesn't sleep. It is true that I asked Mr. Frank, the other day, what impression she made on him, and he replied, with a little start and a smile of alacrity, "Oh, delightful, as usual!"—so that I saw he didn't know what he was talking about. He is tremendously sunburnt, and as red as a tomato. I wish he would look a little less at my daubs and a little more at the woman he wishes to marry. In summer, I always suffice to myself, and I am so much interested in my work that if I hope, devoutly, as I do, that nothing is going to happen to Eunice, it is probably quite as much from selfish motives as from others. If anything were to happen to her, I should be immensely interrupted. Mrs. Ermine is bored, *par exemple!* She is dying to have a garden-party, at which she can drag a long train over the lawn; but day follows day, and this entertainment does not take place. Eunice has promised it, however, for another week, and I believe means to send out invitations immediately. Mrs. Ermine has offered to write them all; she has, after all, *du bon*. But the fatuity of her misunderstandings of everything that surrounds her passes belief. She sees nothing that really occurs, and gazes complacently into the void. Her theory is always that Mr. Caliph is in love with Eunice,—she opened up to me on the subject only yesterday, because with no one else to talk to but the young Adrian, who dodges her, she doesn't in the least mind that she hates me, and that I think her a goose,—that Mr. Caliph is in love with Eunice, but that Eunice, who is queer enough for anything, doesn't like him, so that he has sent

down his step-brother to tell stories about the good things he has done, and to win over her mind to a more favorable view. Mrs. Ermine believes in these good things, and appears to think such action on Mr. Caliph's part both politic and dramatic. She has not the smallest suspicion of the real little drama that has been going on under her nose. I wish I had that absence of vision; it would be a great rest. Heaven knows, I see more than I want—for instance, when I see that my poor little cousin is pinched with pain, and yet that I can't relieve her, can't even advise her. I couldn't do the former even if I would, and she wouldn't let me do the latter even if I could. It seems too pitiful, too incredible, that there should be no one to turn to. Surely if I go up to town for a day next week, as seems probable, I may call upon William Ermine. Whether I *may* or not, I will.

July 11.—She has been getting letters, and they have made her worse. Last night I spoke to her—I asked her to come into my room. I told her that I saw she was in distress; that it was terrible to me to see it; that I was sure that she has some miserable secret. Who was making her suffer this way? No one had the right—not even Mr. Caliph, if Mr. Caliph it was, to whom she appeared to have conceded every right. She broke down completely, burst into tears, confessed that she is troubled about money. Mr. Caliph has again requested a delay as to his handing in his accounts, and has told her that she will have no income for another year. She thinks it strange; she is afraid that everything isn't right. She is not afraid of being poor; she holds that it's vile to concern one's self so much about money. But there is something that breaks her heart, in thinking that Mr. Caliph should be in fault. She had always admired him, she had always believed in him, she had always—What it was, in the third place, that she had always done I didn't learn, for at this point she buried her head still deeper in my lap and sobbed for half an hour. Her grief was melting. I was never more troubled, and this in spite of the fact that I was furious at her strange air of acceptance of a probable calamity. She is afraid that everything isn't right, forsooth! I should think it was not, and should think it hadn't been for heaven knows how long. This is what has been in the air; this is what was hanging over us. But Eunice is simply amazing. She declines to see a lawyer; declines to hold Mr. Caliph accountable; declines to complain, to inquire, to investigate in any way. I am sick, I am terribly perplexed—I don't know what to do. Her tears dried up in an instant as soon as I made the very obvious remark that

the beautiful, the mysterious, the captivating Caliph is no better than a common swindler; and she gave me a look which might have frozen me if when I am angry I were freezable. She took it *de bien haut*; she intimated to me that if I should ever speak in that way again of Mr. Caliph we must part company forever. She was distressed; she admitted that she felt injured. I had seen for myself how far that went. But she didn't pretend to judge him. He had been in trouble,—he had told her that; and his trouble was worse than hers, inasmuch as his honor was at stake, and it had to be saved.

"It's charming to hear you speak of his honor," I cried, quite regardless of the threat she had just uttered. "Where was his honor when he violated the most sacred of trusts? Where was his honor when he went off with your fortune? Those are questions, my dear, that the courts will make him answer. He shall make up to you every penny that he has stolen, or my name is not Catherine Condit!"

Eunice gave me another look, which seemed meant to let me know that I had suddenly become in her eyes the most indecent of women; and then she swept out of the room. I immediately sat down and wrote to Mr. Ermine, in order to have my note ready to send up to town at the earliest hour the next morning. I told him that Eunice was in dreadful trouble about her money matters, and that I believed he would render her a great service, though she herself had no wish to ask it, by coming down to see her at his first convenience. I reflected, of course, as I wrote, that he could do her no good if she should refuse to see him; but I made up for this by saying to myself that I at least should see him, and that he would do me good. I added in my note that Eunice had been despoiled by those who had charge of her property; but I didn't mention Mr. Caliph's name. I was just closing my letter when Eunice came into my room again. I saw in a moment that she was different from anything she had ever been before—or, at least, had ever seemed. Her excitement, her passion, had gone down; even the traces of her tears had vanished. She was perfectly quiet, but all her softness had left her. She was as solemn and impersonal as the priestess of a cult. As soon as her eyes fell upon my letter, she asked me to be so good as to inform her to whom I had been writing. I instantly satisfied her, telling her what I had written; and she asked me to give her the document. "I must let you know that I shall immediately burn it up," she added; and she went on to say that if I should send it to Mr. Ermine, she herself would write to him by the same post

that he was to heed nothing I had said. I tore up my letter, but I announced to Eunice that I would go up to town and see the person to whom I had addressed it. "That brings us precisely to what I came in to say," she answered; and she proceeded to demand of me a solemn vow that I would never speak to a living soul of what I had learned in regard to her affairs. They were her affairs exclusively, and no business of mine or of any other human being, and she had a perfect right to ask and to expect this promise. She has, indeed—more's the pity; but it was impossible to me to admit just then—indignant and excited as I was—that I recognized the right. I did so at last, however, and I made the promise. It seems strange to me to write it here; but I am pledged by a tremendous vow, taken in this "intimate" spot, in the small hours of the morning, never to lift a finger, never to speak a word, to redress any wrong that Eunice may have received at the hands of her treacherous trustee, to bring it to the knowledge of others, or to invoke justice, compensation, or pity. How she extorted this promise from me is more than I can say: she did so by the force of her will—which, as I have already had occasion to note, is far stronger than mine—and by the vividness of her passion, which is none the less intense because it burns inward and makes her heart glow while her face remains as clear as an angel's. She seated herself with folded hands, and declared she wouldn't leave the room until I had satisfied her. She is in a state of extraordinary exaltation, and from her own point of view she was eloquent enough. She returned again and again to the fact that she did not judge Mr. Caliph; that what he may have done is between herself and him alone; and that if she had not been betrayed to speaking of it to me in the first shock of finding that certain allowances would have to be made for him, no one need ever have suspected it. She was now perfectly ready to make those allowances.

She was unspeakably sorry for Mr. Caliph. He had been in urgent need of money, and he had used hers: pray, whose else would I have wished him to use? Her money had been an insupportable bore to him from the day it was thrust into his hands. To make him her trustee had been in the worst possible taste; he was not the sort of person to make a convenience of, and it had been odious to take advantage of his good-nature. She had always been ashamed of owing him so much. He had been perfect in all his relations with her, though he must have hated her and her wretched little investments from the first. If she had lost money, it was not his fault; he

had lost a great deal more for himself than he had lost for her. He was the kindest, the most delightful, the most interesting of men. Eunice brought out all this with pure defiance; she had never treated herself before to the luxury of saying it, and it was singular to think that she found her first pretext, her first boldness, in the fact that he had ruined her. All this looks almost grotesque as I write it here; but she imposed it upon me last night with all the authority of her passionate little person. I agreed, as I say, that the matter was none of my business; that is now definite enough. Two other things are equally so. One is that she is to be plucked like a chicken; the other is that she is in love with the precious Caliph, and has been so for years! I didn't dare to write that the other night, after the beautiful idea had suddenly flowered in my mind; but I don't care what I write now. I am so horribly tongue-tied that I must at least relieve myself here. Of course, I wonder now that I never guessed her secret before; especially as I was perpetually hovering on the edge of it. It explains many things, and it is very terrible. In love with a pickpocket! *Merci!* I am glad fate hasn't played me that trick.

July 14.—I can't get over the idea that he is to go scot-free. I grind my teeth over it as I sit at work, and I find myself using the most livid, the most brilliant colors. I have had another talk with Eunice, but I don't in the least know what she is to live on. She says she has always her father's property, and that this will be abundant; but that, of course, she cannot pretend to live as she has lived hitherto. She will have to go abroad again and economize; and she will probably have to sell this place—that is, if she can. "If she can" of course means, if there is anything to sell; if it isn't devoured with mortgages. What I want to know is, whether justice, in such a case as this, will not step in, notwithstanding the silence of the victim. If I could only give her a hint—the angel of the scales and sword—in spite of my detestable promise! I can't find out about Mr. Caliph's impunity, as it is impossible for me to allude to the matter to any one who would be able to tell me. Yes, the more I think of it the more reason I see to rejoice that fate hasn't played me that trick of making me fall in love with a pickpocket! Suffering keener than my poor little cousin's I cannot possibly imagine, or a power of self-sacrifice more awful. Fancy the situation, when the only thing one can do for the man one loves is to forgive him for thieving! What a delicate attention, what a touching proof of tenderness! This Eunice can do; she has waited all these years to do some-

thing. I hope she is pleased with her opportunity. And yet when I say she has forgiven him for thieving, I lose myself in the mystery of her exquisite spirit. Who knows what it is she has forgiven—does she even know herself? She consents to being injured, despoiled, and finds in consenting a kind of rapture. But I notice that she has said no more about Mr. Caliph's honor. That substantive she condemns herself never to hear again without a quiver, for she has condoned something too ignoble. What I further want to know is, what conceivable tone he has taken—whether he has made a clean breast of it, and thrown himself upon her mercy, or whether he has sought refuge in bravado, in prevarication? Not, indeed, that it matters, save for the spectacle of the thing, which I find rich. I should also like much to know whether everything has gone, whether something may yet be saved. It is safe to say that she doesn't know the worst, and that if he has admitted the case is bad, we may take for granted that it leaves nothing to be desired. Let him alone to do the thing handsomely! I have a right to be violent, for there was a moment when he made me like him, and I feel as if he had cheated me too. Her being in love with him makes it perfect; for of course it was in that that he saw his opportunity to fleece her. I don't pretend to say how he discovered it, for she has watched herself as a culprit watches a judge; but from the moment he guessed it, he must have seen that he could do what he liked. It is true that this doesn't agree very well with his plan that she should marry his step-brother; but I prefer to believe it, because it makes him more horrible. And apropos of Adrian Frank, it is very well I like *him* so much (that comes out rather plump, by the way), inasmuch as if I didn't, it would be quite open to me to believe that he is in league with Caliph. There has been nothing to prove that he has not said to his step-brother, "Very good; you take all you can get, and I will marry her, and being her husband, hush it up,"—nothing but the expression of his blue eyes. That is very little, when we think that expressions and eyes are a specialty of the family, and haven't prevented Mr. Caliph from being a robber. It is those eyes of his that poor Eunice is in love with, and it is for their sake that she forgives him. But the young Adrian's are totally different, and not nearly so fine, which I think a great point in his favor. Mr. Caliph's are southern eyes, and the young Adrian's are eyes of the north. Moreover, though he is so amiable and obliging, I don't think he is amiable enough to *endosser* his brother's victims to that extent, even

to save his brother's honor. He needn't care so much about that honor, since Mr. Caliph's name is not his name. And then, poor fellow, he is too stupid; he is almost as stupid as Mrs. Ermine. The two have sat together directing cards for Eunice's garden-party as placidly as if no one had a sorrow in life. Mrs. Ermine proposed this pastime to Mr. Frank; and as he has nothing in the world to do, it is as good an employment for him as another. But it exasperates me to see him sitting at the big table in the library, opposite to Mrs. E., while they solemnly pile one envelope on top of another. They have already a heap as high as their heads; they must have invited a thousand people. I can't imagine who they all are. It is an extraordinary time for Eunice to be giving a party—the day after she discovers that she is penniless; but of course it isn't Eunice; it's Mrs. Ermine. I said to her yesterday that if she was to change her mode of life—simple enough already, poor thing—she had better begin at once; and that her garden-party under Mrs. Ermine's direction would cost her a thousand dollars. She answered that she must go on, since it had already been talked about; she wished no one to know anything—to suspect anything. This would be her last extravagance, her farewell to society. If such resources were open to us poor heretics, I should suppose she meant to go into a convent. She exasperates me, too—every one exasperates me. It is some satisfaction, however, to feel that my exasperation clears up my mind. It is Caliph who is "sold," after all. He would not have invented this alliance for his brother if he had known—if he had faintly suspected—that Eunice was in love with him, inasmuch as in this case he had assured impunity. Fancy his not knowing it—the idiot!

July 20.—They are still directing cards, and Mrs. Ermine has taken the whole thing on her shoulders. She has invited people that Eunice has never heard of—a pretty rabble she will have made of it! She has ordered a band of music from New York, and a new dress for the occasion—something in the last degree *champêtre*. Eunice is perfectly indifferent to what she does; I have discovered that she is thinking only of one thing. Mr. Caliph is coming, and the bliss of that idea fills her mind. The more people the better; she will not have the air of making petty economies to afflict him with the sight of what he has reduced her to!

"This is the way Eunice ought to live," Mrs. Ermine said to me this afternoon, rubbing her hands, after the last invitation had departed. When I say the last, I mean the last till she had remembered another that

was highly important, and had floated back into the library to scribble it off. She writes a regular invitation hand—a vague, sloping, silly hand, that looks as if it had done nothing all its days but write, “Mr. and Mrs. Ermine request the pleasure,” or, “Mr. and Mrs. Ermine are delighted to accept.” She told me that she knew Eunice far better than Eunice knew herself, and that her line in life was evidently to “receive.” No one better than she would stand in a door-way and put out her hand with a smile; no one would be a more gracious and affable hostess, or make a more generous use of an ample fortune. She is really very trying, Mrs. Ermine, with her ample fortune; she is like a clock striking impossible hours. I think she must have engaged a special train for her guests—a train to pick up people up and down the river. Adrian Frank went to town to-day; he comes back on the 23d, and the festival takes place the next day. The festival,—Heaven help us! Eunice is evidently going to be ill; it’s as much as I can do to keep from adding that it serves her right! It’s a great relief to me that Mr. Frank has gone; this has ceased to be a place for him. It is ever so long since he has said anything to me about his “prospects.” They are charming, his prospects!

July 26.—The garden-party has taken place, and a great deal more besides. I have been too agitated, too fatigued and bewildered, to write anything here; but I can’t sleep to-night,—I’m too nervous,—and it is better to sit and scribble than to toss about. I may as well say at once that the party was very pretty—Mrs. Ermine may have that credit. The day was lovely; the lawn was in capital order; the music was good, and the *buffet* apparently inexhaustible. There was an immense number of people; some of them had come even from Albany—many of them strangers to Eunice, and *protégés* only of Mrs. Ermine; but they dispersed themselves on the grounds, and I have not heard, as yet, that they stole the spoons or plucked up the plants. Mrs. Ermine, who was exceedingly *champêtre*,—white muslin and corn-flowers,—told me that Eunice was “receiving adorably,” was in her native element. She evidently inspired great curiosity; that was why every one had come. I don’t mean because every one suspects her situation, but because as yet, since her return, she has been little seen and known, and is supposed to be a distinguished figure—clever, beautiful, rich, and a *parti*. I think she satisfied every one; she was voted most interesting, and except that she was deadly pale, she was prettier than any one else. Adrian Frank did not come back on the 23d, and did not

arrive for the festival. So much I note without, as yet, understanding it. His absence from the garden-party, after all his exertions under the orders of Mrs. Ermine, is in need of an explanation. Mr. Caliph could give none, for Mr. Caliph was there. He professed surprise at not finding his brother; said he had not seen him in town, that he had no idea what had become of him. This is probably perfectly false. I am bound to believe that everything he says and does is false; and I have no doubt that they met in New York, and that Adrian told him his reason—whatever it was—for not coming back. I don’t know how to relate what took place between Mr. Caliph and me. We had an extraordinary scene,—a scene that gave my nerves the shaking from which they have not recovered. He is truly a most amazing personage. He is altogether beyond me; I don’t pretend to fathom him. To say that he has no moral sense is nothing. I have seen other people who have had no moral sense; but I have seen no one with that impudence, that cynicism, that remorseless cruelty. We had a tremendous encounter; I thank Heaven that strength was given me! When I found myself face to face with him, and it came over me that, blooming there in his diabolical assurance, it was he—he with his smiles, his bows, his gorgeous *boutonnière*, the wonderful air he has of being anointed and gilded—he that had ruined my poor Eunice, who grew whiter than ever as he approached: when I felt all this, my blood began to tingle, and if I were only a handsome woman I might believe that my eyes shone like those of an avenging angel. He was as fresh as a day in June, enormous, and more than ever like Haroun-al-Raschid. I asked him to take a walk with me; and just for an instant, before accepting, he looked at me, as the French say, in the white of the eyes. But he pretended to be delighted, and we strolled away together to the path that leads down to the river. It was difficult to get away from the people—they were all over the place; but I made him go so far that, at the end of ten minutes, we were virtually alone together. It was delicious to see how he hated it. It was then that I asked him what had become of his step-brother, and that he professed, as I have said, the utmost ignorance of Adrian’s whereabouts. I hated him; it was odious to me to be so close to him; yet I could have endured this for hours in order to make him feel that I despised him. To make him feel it without saying it—there was an inspiration in that idea; but it is very possible that it made me look more like a demon than like the angel I just mentioned. I told him in a

moment, abruptly, that his step-brother would do well to remain away altogether in future; it was a farce, his pretending to make my cousin reconsider her answer.

"Why, then, did she ask him to come down here?" He launched this inquiry with confidence.

"Because she thought it would be pleasant to have a man in the house; and Mr. Frank is such a harmless, discreet, accommodating one."

"Why, then, do you object to his coming back?"

He had made me contradict myself a little, and, of course, he enjoyed that. I was confused—confused by my agitation; and I made the matter worse. I was furious that Eunice had made me promise not to speak, and my anger blinded me, as great anger always does, save in organizations as fine as Mr. Caliph's.

"Because Eunice is in no condition to have company. She is very ill; you can see for yourself."

"Very ill? with a garden-party and a band of music! Why, then, did she invite us all?"

"Because she is a little crazy, I think."

"You are very consistent!" he cried, with a laugh. "I know people who think every one crazy but themselves. I have had occasion to talk business with her several times of late, and I find her mind as clear as a bell."

"I wonder if you will allow me to say that you talk business too much? Let me give you a word of advice: wind up her affairs at once without any more procrastination, and place them in her own hands. She is very nervous; she knows this ought to have been done already. I recommend you strongly to make an end of the matter."

I had no idea I could be so insolent, even in conversation with a swindler. I confess I didn't do it so well as I might, for my voice trembled perceptibly in the midst of my efforts to be calm. He had picked up two or three stones, and was tossing them into the river, making them skim the surface for a long distance. He held one poised a moment, turning his eye askance on me; then he let it fly, and it danced for a hundred yards. I wondered whether in what I had just said I broke my vow to Eunice; and it seemed to me that I didn't, inasmuch as I appeared to assume that no irreparable wrong had been done her.

"Do you wish yourself to get control of her property?" Mr. Caliph inquired, after he had made his stone skim. It was magnificently said, far better than anything I could do; and I think I answered it—though it made my heart beat fast—almost with a smile of applause.

"Aren't you afraid?" I asked in a moment, very gently.

"Afraid of what,—of you?"

"Afraid of justice—of Eunice's friends?"

"That means you, of course. Yes, I am very much afraid. When was a man not, in the presence of a clever woman?"

"I am clever; but I am not clever enough. If I were, you should have no doubt of it."

He folded his arms as he stood there before me, looking at me in that way I have mentioned more than once—like a genial Mephistopheles. "I must repeat what I have already told you, that I wish I had known you ten years ago!"

"How you must hate me to say that!" I exclaimed. "That's some comfort, just a little—your hating me."

"I can't tell you how it makes me feel to see you so indiscreet," he went on, as if he had not heard me. "Ah, my dear lady, don't meddle—a woman like you! Think of the bad taste of it."

"It's bad if you like; but yours is far worse."

"Mine! What do you know about mine? What do you know about me? See how superficial it makes you." He paused a moment, smiling almost compassionately; and then he said, with an abrupt change of tone and manner, as if our conversation wearied him and he wished to sum up and return to the house, "See that she marries Adrian; that's all you have to do!"

"That's a beautiful idea of yours!" You know you don't believe in it yourself!" These words broke from me as he turned away and we ascended the hill together.

"It's the only thing I believe in," he answered, very gravely.

"What a pity for you that your brother doesn't! For he doesn't—I persist in that!" I said this because it seemed to me just then to be the thing I could think of that would exasperate him most. The event proved I was right.

He stopped short in the path—gave me a very bad look. "Do you want him for yourself? Have *you* been making love to him?"

"Ah, Mr. Caliph, for a man who talks about taste!" I answered.

"Taste be d—d!" cried Mr. Caliph, as we went on again.

"That's quite my idea!" He broke into an unexpected laugh, as if I had said something very amusing, and we proceeded in silence to the top of the hill. Then I suddenly said to him, as we emerged upon the lawn, "Aren't you really a little afraid?"

He stopped again, looking toward the house and at the brilliant groups with which

the lawn was covered. We had lost the music, but we began to hear it again. "Afraid? of course I am! I'm immensely afraid. It comes over me in such a scene as this. But I don't see what good it does you to know."

"It makes me rather happy!" That was a fib; for it didn't, somehow, when he looked and talked in that way. He has an absolutely bottomless power of mockery; and really, absurd as it appears, for that instant I had a feeling that it was quite magnanimous of him not to let me know what he thought of my idiotic attempt to frighten him. He feels strong and safe, somehow, somewhere; but I can't discover why he should, inasmuch as he certainly doesn't know Eunice's secret, and it is only her state of mind that gives him impunity. He believes her to be merely credulous; convinced by his specious arguments that everything will be right in a few months; a little nervous, possibly,—to justify my account of her,—but for the present, at least, completely at his mercy. The present, of course, is only what now concerns him; for the future he has invented Adrian Frank. How he clings to this invention was proved by the last words he said to me before we separated on the lawn; they almost indicate that he has a conscience, and this is so extraordinary—

"She must marry Adrian! She must marry Adrian!"

With this he turned away and went to talk to various people whom he knew. He talked to every one; diffused his genial influence all over the place, and contributed greatly to the brilliancy of the occasion. I hadn't, therefore, the comfort of feeling that Mrs. Ermine was more of a waterspout than usual, when she said to me, afterward, that Mr. Caliph was a man to adore, and that the party would have been quite "ordinary" without him. "I mean in comparison, you know." And then she said to me, suddenly, with her blank impertinence: "Why don't you set your cap at him? I should think you would!"

"Is it possible you have not observed my frantic efforts to captivate him?" I answered. "Didn't you notice how I drew him away and made him walk with me by the river. It's too soon to say, but I really think I am gaining ground." For so mild a pleasure, it really pays to mystify Mrs. Ermine. I kept away from Eunice till almost every one had gone. I knew that she would look at me in a certain way, and I didn't wish to meet her eyes. I have a bad conscience; for turn it as I would, I *had* broken my vow. Mr. Caliph went away without my meeting him again; but I saw that half an hour before he left he strolled to a distance with Eunice. I instantly guessed what his business was; he had made

up his mind to present to her directly, and in person, the question of her marrying his step-brother. What a happy inspiration, and what a well-selected occasion! When she came back I saw that she had been crying, though I imagine no one else did. I know the signs of her tears, even when she has checked them as quickly as she must have done to-day. Whatever it was that had passed between them, it diverted her from looking at me, when we were alone together, in that way I was afraid of. Mrs. Ermine is prolific; there is no end to the images that succeed each other in her mind. Late in the evening, after the last carriage had rolled away, we went up the staircase together, and at the top she detained me a moment.

"I have been thinking it over, and I am afraid that there is no chance for you. I have reason to believe that he proposed to-day to Eunice!"

August 19.—Eunice is very ill, as I was sure she would be, after the effort of her horrible festival. She kept going for three days more; then she broke down completely, and for a week now she has been in bed. I have had no time to write, for I have been constantly with her in alternation with Mrs. Ermine. Mrs. Ermine was about to leave us after the garden-party, but when Eunice gave up, she announced that she would stay and take care of her. Eunice tells me that she is a good nurse, except that she talks too much, and of course she gives me a chance to rest. Eunice's condition is strange; she has no fever, but her life seems to have ebbed away. She lies with her eyes shut, perfectly conscious, answering when she is spoken to, but immersed in absolute rest. It is as if she had had some terrible strain or fatigue, and wished to steep herself in oblivion. I am not anxious about her—am much less frightened than Mrs. Ermine or the doctor, to whom she is apparently dying of weakness. I tell the doctor I understand her condition—I have seen her so before. It will last probably a month, and then she will slowly pull herself together. The poor man accepts this theory for want of a better, and evidently depends upon me to see her through, as he says. Mrs. Ermine wishes to send for one of the great men from New York, but I have opposed this idea, and shall continue to oppose it. There is (to my mind) a kind of cruelty in exhibiting the poor girl to more people than are absolutely necessary. The dullest of them would see that she is in love. The seat of her illness is in her mind, in her soul, and no rude hands must touch her there. She herself has protested—she has murmured a prayer that she may be forced to see no one else. "I only want to be

left alone—to be left alone.” So we leave her alone; that is, we simply watch and wait. She will recover—people don’t die of these things; she will live to suffer—to suffer always. I am tired to-night, but Mrs. Ermine is with her, and I shall not be wanted till morning; therefore, before I lie down, I will repair in these remarkable pages a serious omission. I scarcely know why I should have written all this, except that the history of things interests me, and I find that it is even a greater pleasure to write it than to read it. If what I have committed to this little book hitherto has not been profitless, I must make a note of an incident which I think more curious than any of the scenes I have described.

Adrian Frank re-appeared the day after the garden-party—late in the afternoon, while I sat in the veranda and watched the sunset, and Eunice strolled down to the river with Mrs. Ermine. I had heard no sound of wheels, and there was no evidence of a vehicle or of luggage. He had not come through the house, but walked around it from the front, having apparently been told by one of the servants that we were in the grounds. On seeing me he stopped, hesitated a moment, then came up to the steps, shook hands in silence, seated himself near me, and looked at me through the dusk. This was all tolerably mysterious, and it was even more so after he had explained a little. I told him that he was a “day after the fair”; that he had been considerably missed, and even that he was slightly wanting in respect to Eunice. Since he had absented himself from her party, it was not quite delicate to assume that she was ready to receive him at his own time. I don’t know what made me so truculent—as if there were any danger of his having really not considered us, or his lacking a good reason. It was simply, I think, that my talk with Mr. Caliph the evening before had made me so much bad blood, and left me in a savage mood. Mr. Frank answered that he had not staid away by accident—he had staid away on purpose; he had been for several days at Saratoga, and on returning to Cornerville had taken quarters at the inn in the village. He had no intention of presuming further on Eunice’s hospitality, and had walked over from the hotel simply to bid us good-evening and give an account of himself.

“My dear Mr. Frank, your account is not clear!” I said, laughing. “What in the world were you doing at Saratoga?” I must add that his humility had completely disarmed me; I was ashamed of the brutality with which I had received him, and convinced afresh that he was the best fellow in the world.

“What was I doing at Saratoga? I was trying hard to forget you!”

This was Mr. Frank’s rejoinder, and I give it exactly as he uttered it; or, rather, not exactly, inasmuch as I cannot give the tone—the quick, startling tremor of his voice. But those are the words with which he answered my superficially intended question. I saw in a moment that he meant a great deal by them—I became aware that we were suddenly in deep waters; that *he* was, at least, and that he was trying to draw me into the stream. My surprise was immense, complete; I had absolutely not suspected what he went on to say to me. He said many things—but I needn’t write them here. It is not in detail that I see the propriety of narrating this incident; I suppose a woman may be trusted to remember the form of such assurances. Let me simply say that the poor, dear young man has an idea that he wants to marry me. For a moment—just a moment—I thought he was jesting; then I saw, in the twilight, that he was pale with seriousness. He is perfectly sincere. It is strange, but it is real, and, moreover, it is his own affair. For myself, when I have said I was amazed, I have said everything; *en tête-à-tête* with myself, I needn’t blush and protest. I was not in the least annoyed or alarmed; I was filled with kindness and consideration, and I was extremely interested. He talked to me for a quarter of an hour; it seemed a very long time. I asked him to go away; not to wait till Eunice and Mrs. Ermine should come back. Of course I refused him, by the way.

It was the last thing I was expecting at this time of day, and it gave me a great deal to think of. I lay awake that night; I found I was more agitated than I supposed, and all sorts of visions came and went in my head. I shall not marry the young Adrian: I am bound to say that vision was not one of them; but as I thought over what he had said to me, it became more clear, more conceivable. I began now to be a little surprised at my surprise. It appears that I have had the honor to please him from the first. When he began to come to see us, it was not for Eunice; it was for me. He made a general confession on this subject. He was afraid of me; he thought me proud, sarcastic, cold, a hundred horrid things; it didn’t seem to him possible that we should ever be on a footing of familiarity which would enable him to propose to me. He regarded me, in short, as unattainable, out of the question, and made up his mind to admire me forever in silence. (In plain English, I suppose he thought I was too old, and he has simply got used to the difference in our years.) But he wished to be near me, to see me, and hear me (I am really writing more details than seem worth while);

so that when his step-brother recommended him to try and marry Eunice, he jumped at the opportunity to make good his place. This situation reconciled everything. He could oblige his brother, he could pay a high compliment to my cousin, and he could see me every day or two. He was convinced from the first that he was in no danger; he was morally sure that Eunice would never smile upon his suit. He didn't know why, and he doesn't know why yet; it was only an instinct. That suit was avowedly perfunctory; still, the young Adrian has been a great comedian. He assured me that if he had proved to be wrong, and Eunice had suddenly accepted him, he would have gone with her to the altar, and made her an excellent husband; for he would have acquired in this manner the certainty of seeing for the rest of his life a great deal of me! To think of one's possessing, all unexpected, this miraculous influence! When he came down here, after Eunice had refused him, it was simply for the pleasure of living in the house with me; from that moment there was no comedy—everything was clear and comfortable betwixt him and Eunice. I asked him if he meant by this that she knew of the sentiments he entertained for her companion, and he answered that he had never breathed a word on this subject, and flattered himself that he had kept the thing dark. He had no reason to believe that she guessed his motives, and I may add that I have none either; they are altogether too extraordinary! As I have said, it was simply time, and the privilege of seeing more of me, that had dispelled his hesitation. I didn't reason with him; and though once I was fairly enlightened, I gave him the most respectful attention; I didn't appear to consider his request too seriously. But I *did* touch upon the fact that I am five or six years older than he: I suppose I needn't mention that it was not in a spirit of coquetry. His rejoinder was very gallant; but it belongs to the class of details. He is really in love,—heaven forgive him! but I shall not marry him. How strange are the passions of men!

I saw Mr. Frank the next day. I had given him leave to come back at noon. He joined me in the grounds, where, as usual, I had set up my easel. I left it to his discretion to call first at the house and explain both his absence and his presence to Eunice and Mrs. Ermine,—the latter especially,—ignorant, as yet, of his visit the night before, of which I had not spoken to them. He sat down beside me on a garden-chair and watched me as I went on with my work. For half an hour very few words passed between us. I felt that he was happy to sit there, to be near me, to

see me—strange as it seems! And, for myself, there was a certain sweetness in knowing it, though it was the sweetness of charity, not of elation or triumph. He must have seen I was only pretending to paint—if he followed my brush, which I suppose he didn't. My mind was full of a determination I had arrived at, after many waverings, in the hours of the night. It had come to me toward morning as a kind of inspiration. I could never marry him, but was there not some way in which I could utilize his devotion? At the present moment, only forty-eight hours later, it seems strange, unreal, almost grotesque; but for ten minutes I thought I saw the light. As we sat there under the great trees, in the stillness of the noon, I suddenly turned and said to him:

"I thank you for everything you have told me; it gives me very nearly all the pleasure you could wish. I believe in you; I accept every assurance of your devotion. I think that devotion is capable of going very far; and I am going to put it to a tremendous test, one of the greatest, probably, to which a man was ever subjected."

He stared, leaning forward, with his hands on his knees. "Any test—any test—" he murmured.

"Don't give up Eunice, then; make another trial. I wish her to marry you!"

My words may have sounded like an atrocious joke, but they represented for me a great deal of hope and cheer. They brought a deep blush into Adrian Frank's face. He winced a little, as if he had been struck by a hand whose blow he could not return, and the tears suddenly started to his eyes. "Oh, Miss Condit!" he exclaimed.

What I saw before me was bright and definite; his distress seemed to me no obstacle, and I went on with a serenity of which I longed to make him perceive the underlying support. "Of course, what I say seems to you like a deliberate insult; but nothing would induce me to give you pain if it were possible to spare you. But it isn't possible, my dear friend; it isn't possible. There is pain for you in the best thing I can say to you; there are situations in life in which we can only accept our pain. I can never marry you; I shall never marry any one. I am an old maid, and how can an old maid have a husband? I will be your friend, your sister, your brother, your mother, but I will never be your wife. I should like immensely to be your brother; for I don't like the brother you have got, and I think you deserve a better one. I believe, as I tell you, in everything you have said to me—in your affection, your tenderness, your honesty, the full consideration you have given to the whole matter. I

am happier and richer for knowing it all; and I can assure you that it gives something to life which life didn't have before. We shall be good friends, dear friends, always, whatever happens. But I can't be your wife—I want you for some one else. You will say I have changed—that I ought to have spoken in this way three months ago. But I haven't changed—it is circumstances that have changed. I see reasons for your marrying my cousin that I didn't see then. I can't say that she will listen to you now, any more than she did then; I don't speak of her; I speak only of you and of myself. I wish you to make another attempt, and I wish you to make it, this time, with my full confidence and support. Moreover, I attach a condition to it,—a condition I will tell you presently. Do you think me slightly demented, malignantly perverse, atrociously cruel? If you could see the bottom of my heart, you would find something there which, I think, would almost give you joy. To ask you to do something you don't want to do as a substitute for something you desire, and to attach to the hard achievement a condition which will require a good deal of thinking of and will certainly make it harder—you may well believe I have some extraordinary reason for taking such a line as this. For remember, to begin with, that I can never marry you."

"Never—never—never?"

"Never, never, never!"

"And what is your extraordinary reason?"

"Simply that I wish Eunice to have your protection, your kindness, your fortune."

"My fortune?"

"She has lost her own. She will be poor."

"Pray, how has she lost it?" the poor fellow asked, beginning to frown, and more and more bewildered.

"I can't tell you that, and you must never ask. But the fact is certain. The greater part of her property has gone; she has known it for some little time."

"For some little time? Why, she never showed any change."

"You never saw it, that was all. You were thinking of me," and I believe I accompanied this remark with a smile—a smile which was most inconsiderate, for it could only mystify him more. I think at first he scarcely believed me.

"What a singular time to choose to give a large party!" he exclaimed, looking at me with eyes quite unlike his old—or, rather, his young—ones; eyes that, instead of overlooking half the things before them (which was their former habit), tried to see a great deal more in my face, in my words, than was visible on the surface. I don't know what poor Adrian Franksaw—I shall never know all that he saw.

"I agree with you that it was a very singular time," I said. "You don't understand me—you can't—I don't expect you to," I went on. "That is what I mean by devotion, and that is the kind of appeal I make to you: to take me on trust, to act in the dark, to do something simply because I wish it."

He looked at me as if he would fathom the depths of my soul, and my soul had never seemed to myself so deep. "To marry your cousin,—that's all?" he said, with a strange little laugh.

"Oh, no, it's not all: to be very kind to her as well."

"To give her plenty of money, above all?"

"You make me feel very ridiculous; but I should not make this request of you if you had not a fortune."

"She can have my money without marrying me."

"That's absurd. How could she take your money?"

"How, then, can she take me?"

"That's exactly what I wish to see. I told you with my own lips, weeks ago, that she would only marry a man she should love; and I may seem to contradict myself in taking up now a supposition so different. But, as I tell you, everything has changed."

"You think her capable, in other words, of marrying for money?"

"For money? Is your money all there is of you? Is there a better fellow than you—is there a more perfect gentleman?"

He turned away his face at this, leaned it in his hands, and groaned. I pitied him, but I wonder now that I shouldn't have pitied him more; that my pity should not have checked me. But I was too full of my idea.

"It's like a fate," he murmured; "first my brother, and then you. I can't understand."

"Yes, I know your brother wants it—wants it now more than ever. But I don't care what your brother wants; and my idea is entirely independent of his. I have not the least conviction that you will succeed at first any better than you have done already. But it may be only a question of time, if you will wait and watch, and let me help you. You know you asked me to help you before, and then I wouldn't. But I repeat it again and again, at present everything is changed. Let me wait with you, let me watch with you. If you succeed, you will be very dear to me; if you fail, you will be still more so. You see, it's an act of devotion, if there ever was one. I am quite aware that I ask of you something unprecedented and extraordinary. Oh, it may easily be too much for you. I can only put it before you—that's all; and, as I say, I can help you. You will both be

my children—I shall be near you always. If you can't marry me, perhaps you will make up your mind that this is the next best thing. You know you said that last night, yourself."

He had begun to listen to me a little, as if he were being persuaded. "Of course, I should let her know that I love you."

"She is capable of saying that you can't love me more than she does."

"I don't believe she is capable of saying any such folly. But we shall see."

"Yes; but not to-day, not to-morrow. Not at all for the present. You must wait a great many months."

"I will wait as long as you please."

"And you mustn't say a word to me of the kind you said last night."

"Is that your condition?"

"Oh, no; my condition is a very different matter, and very difficult. It will probably spoil everything."

"Please, then, let me hear it at once."

"It is very hard for me to mention it; you must give me time." I turned back to my little easel and began to daub again; but I think my hand trembled, for my heart was beating fast. There was a silence of many moments; I couldn't make up my mind to speak.

"How in the world has she lost her money?" Mr. Frank asked, abruptly, as if the question had just come into his mind. "Hasn't my brother the charge of her affairs?"

"Mr. Caliph is her trustee. I can't tell you how the losses have occurred."

He got up quickly. "Do you mean that they have occurred through *him*?"

I looked up at him, and there was something in his face which made me leave my work and rise also. "I will tell you my condition now," I said. "It is that you should ask no questions—not one!" This was not what I had had in my mind; but I had not courage for more, and this had to serve.

He had turned very pale, and I laid my hand on his arm, while he looked at me as if he wished to wrest my secret out of my eyes. My secret, I call it, by courtesy; God knows I had come terribly near telling it. God will forgive me, but Eunice probably will not. Had I broken my vow, or had I kept it? I asked myself this, and the answer, so far as I read it in Mr. Frank's eyes, was not reassuring. I dreaded his next question; but when it came it was not what I had expected. Something violent took place in his own mind—something I couldn't follow.

"If I do what you ask me, what will be my reward?"

"You will make me very happy."

"And what shall I make your cousin?—God help us!"

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"Less wretched than she is to-day."

"Is she 'wretched'?" he asked, frowning as he did before—a most distressing change in his fair countenance.

"Ah, when I think that I have to tell you that,—that you have never noticed it,—I despair!" I exclaimed, with a laugh.

I had laid my hand on his arm, and he placed his right hand upon it, holding it there. He kept it a moment in his grasp, and then he said, "Don't despair!"

"Promise me to wait," I answered. "Everything is in your waiting."

"I promise you." After which he asked me to kiss him, and I did so on the lips. It was as if he were starting on a journey—leaving me for a long time.

"Will you come when I send for you?" I asked.

"I adore you!" he said; and he turned quickly away, to leave the place without going near the house. I watched him, and in a moment he was gone. He has not re-appeared; and when I found, at lunch, that neither Eunice nor Mrs. Ermine alluded to his visit, I determined to keep the matter to myself. I said nothing about it, and up to the moment Eunice was taken ill—the next evening—he was not mentioned between us. I believe Mrs. Ermine more than once gave herself up to wonder as to his whereabouts, and declared that he had not the perfect manners of his step-brother, who was a religious observer of the *convenances*; but I think I managed to listen without confusion. Nevertheless, I had a bad conscience, and I have it still. It throbs a good deal as I sit there with Eunice in her darkened room. I *have* given her away; I *have* broken my vow. But what I wrote above is not true; she *will* forgive me! I sat at my easel for an hour after Mr. Frank left me, and then suddenly I found that I had cured myself of my folly by giving it out. It was the result of a sudden passion of desire to do something for Eunice. Passion is blind, and when I opened my eyes I saw ten thousand difficulties; that is, I saw one, which contained all the rest. That evening I wrote to Mr. Frank, to his New York address, to tell him that I had had a fit of madness, and that it had passed away; but that I was sorry to say it was not any more possible for me to marry him. I have had no answer to this letter; but what answer can he make to that last declaration? He will continue to adore me. How strange are the passions of men!

New York, November 20.—I have been silent for three months, for good reasons. Eunice was ill for many weeks, but there was never a moment when I was really alarmed about her; I knew she would recover. In

the last days of October she was strong enough to be brought up to town, where she had business to transact, and now she is almost herself again. I say almost, advisedly; for she will never be herself,—her old, sweet, trustful self, as far as I am concerned. She has simply not forgiven me! Strange things have happened—things that I didn't dare to consider too closely, lest I should not forgive myself. Eunice is in complete possession of her property! Mr. Caliph has made over to her everything—everything that had passed away; everything of which, three months ago, he could give no account whatever. He was with her in the country for a long day before we came up to town (during which I took care not to meet her), and after our return he was in and out of this house repeatedly. I once asked Eunice what he had to say to her, and she answered that he was “explaining.” A day or two later, she told me that he had given a complete account of her affairs; everything was in order; she had been wrong in what she told me before. Beyond this little statement, however, she did no further penance for the impression she had given of Mr. Caliph's earlier conduct. She doesn't yet know what to think; she only feels that if she has recovered her property there has been some interference; and she traces, or at least imputes, such interference to me. If I have interfered, I have broken my vow; and for this, as I say, the gentle creature can't forgive me. If the passions of men are strange, the passions of women are stranger still! It was sweeter for her to suffer at Mr. Caliph's hands than to receive her simple dues from them. She looks at me askance, and her coldness shows through a conscientious effort not to let me see the change in her feeling. Then she is puzzled and mystified; she can't tell what has happened, or how and why it has happened. She has waked up from her illness into a different world—a world in which Mr. Caliph's accounts were correct after all; in which, with the washing away of his stains, the color has been quite washed out of his rich physiognomy. She vaguely feels that a sacrifice, a great effort of some kind, has been made for her, whereas her plan of life was to make the sacrifices and efforts herself. Yet she asks me no questions; the property is her right, after all, and I think there are certain things she is afraid to know. But I am more afraid than she, for it comes over me that a great sacrifice has indeed been made. I have not seen Adrian Frank since he parted from me under the trees three months ago. He has gone to Europe, and the day before he left I got a note from him. It contained only these words: “When you send for me I will

come. I am waiting, as you told me.” It is my belief that up to the moment I spoke of Eunice's loss of money, and requested him to ask no questions, he had not definitely suspected his noble kinsman, but that my words kindled a train that lay all ready. He went away then to his shame, to the intolerable weight of it, and to heaven knows what sickening explanations with his step-brother! That gentleman has a still more brilliant bloom; he looks to my mind exactly as people look who have accepted a sacrifice; and he hasn't had another word to say about Eunice's marrying Mr. Adrian Frank. Mrs. Ermine sticks to her idea that Mr. Caliph and Eunice will make a match; but my belief is that Eunice is cured. Oh, yes, she is cured! But I have done more than I meant to do, and I have not done it as I meant to do it; and I am very weary, and I shall write no more.

November 27.—Oh, yes, Eunice is cured! And that is what she has not forgiven me. Mr. Caliph told her yesterday that Mr. Frank meant to spend the winter in Rome.

December 3.—I have decided to return to Europe, and have written about my apartment in Rome. I shall leave New York, if possible, on the 10th. Eunice tells me she can easily believe I shall be happier there.

December 7.—I *must* note something I had the satisfaction to-day to say to Mr. Caliph. He has not been here for three weeks, but this afternoon he came to call. He is no longer the trustee; he is only the visitor. I was alone in the library, into which he was ushered; and it was ten minutes before Eunice appeared. We had some talk, though my disgust for him is now unspeakable. At first, it was of a very perfunctory kind; but suddenly he said, with more than his old impudence, “That was a most extraordinary interview of ours, at Cornerville!” I was surprised at his saying only this, for I expected him to take his revenge on me by some means or other for having put his brother on the scent of his misdeeds. I can only account for his silence on that subject by the supposition that Mr. Frank has been able to extract from him some pledge that I shall not be molested. He was, however, such an image of unrighteous success that the sight of him filled me with gall, and I tried to think of something which would make him smart.

“I don't know what you have done, nor how you have done it,” I said; “but you took a very roundabout way to arrive at certain ends. There was a time when you might have married Eunice.”

It was, of course, nothing new that we were frank with each other, and he only repeated, smiling, “Married Eunice?”

"She was very much in love with you last spring."

"Very much in love with me?"

"Oh, it's over now. Can't you imagine that? She's cured."

He broke into a laugh, but I felt I had startled him.

"You are the most delightful woman!" he cried.

"Think how much simpler it would have been—I mean originally, when things were right, if they ever were right. Don't you see my point? But now it's too late. She has seen you when you were not on show. I assure you she is cured!"

At this moment Eunice came in, and just afterward I left the room. I am sure it was a revelation, and that I have given him a *mauvais quart d'heure*.

Rome, February 23.—When I came back to this dear place, Adrian Frank was not here, and I learned that he had gone to Sicily. A week ago I wrote to him: "You said you would come if I should send for you. I should be glad if you would come now." Last evening he appeared, and I told him that I could no longer endure my suspense in regard to a certain subject. Would he kindly inform me what he had done in New York after he left me under the trees at Cornerville? Of what sacrifice had he been guilty; to what high generosity—terrible to me to think of—had he committed himself? He would tell me very little; but he is almost a poor man. He has just enough income to live in Italy.

May 9.—Mrs. Ermine has taken it into her head to write to me. I have heard from her three times; and in her last letter, received

yesterday, she returns to her old refrain that Eunice and Mr. Caliph will soon be united. I don't know what may be going on; but can it be possible that I put it into his head? Truly, I have a felicitous touch!

May 15.—I told Adrian yesterday that I would marry him if ever Eunice should marry Mr. Caliph. It was the first time I had mentioned his step-brother's name to him since the explanation I had attempted to have with him after he came back to Rome; and he evidently didn't like it at all.

In the Tyrol, August.—I sent Mrs. Ermine a little water-color in return for her last letter, for I can't write to her, and that is easier. She now writes me again, in order to get another water-color. She speaks, of course, of Eunice and Mr. Caliph, and for the first time there appears a certain reality in what she says. She complains that Eunice is very slow in coming to the point, and relates that poor Mr. Caliph, who has taken her into his confidence, seems at times almost to despair. Nothing would suit him better, of course, than to appropriate two fortunes: two are so much better than one. But however much he may have explained, he can hardly have explained everything. Adrian Frank is in Scotland; in writing to him, three days ago, I had occasion to repeat that I will marry him on the day on which a certain other marriage takes place. In that way, I am safe. I shall send another water-color to Mrs. Ermine. Water-colors or no, Eunice doesn't write to me. It is clear that she hasn't forgiven me! She regards me as perjured; and, of course, I am. Perhaps she will marry him, after all.

Henry James.

DAWN.

AGAINST the radiance of the coming dawn
 Rose-shadowed on the threshold stands a youth,
 Stiller than silence: when he came, in truth,
 Silence grew audible and sound was born,
 And earth was flushed with flowers. As I gaze,
 Some half-familiar grace in floating hair,
 And eager, curving foot and downcast air,
 Betray the charm of the averted face.
 Why dost thou tarry here, O stranger-guest?
 Whence comest thou? I said, and lo! he is gone;
 And now I count alone the weary hours,
 Hoping for naught until the rosy east
 Once more shall throb with promise of the dawn—
 And then? Who knows the perfume of to-morrow's flowers?

A. W. W.

THE BREAD-WINNERS.*

XV.

THE WHIP OF THE SCYTHIANS.

FARNHAM and Temple walked hastily back to where they had left Kendall with the rest of the company. They found him standing like a statue just where he had been placed by Farnham. The men were ranged in the shadow of the shrubbery and the ivy-clad angle of the house. The moon shone full on the open stretch of lawn, and outside the gates a black mass on the sidewalk and the street showed that the mob had not left the place. But it seemed sluggish and silent.

"Have they done anything new?" asked Farnham.

"Nothin', but fire a shot or two—went agin the wall overhead; and once they heaved a lot of rocks, but it was too fur—didn't git more'n half way. That's all."

"We don't want to stand here looking at each other all night," said Farnham.

"Let's go out and tell them it's bed-time," suggested Temple.

"Agreed!" said Farnham. He turned to his men, and in a voice at first so low that it could not have been heard ten feet away, yet so clear that every syllable was caught by his soldiers, he gave the words of command.

"Company, attention! Right, forward. Fours right. Double time. March!"

The last words rang out clear and loud, and startled the sullen crowd in the street. There was a hurried, irresolute movement among them, which increased as the compact little corps dashed out of the shadow into the clear moonlight and rushed with the rapid but measured pace of veterans across the lawn. A few missiles were thrown, without effect. One or two shots were heard, followed by a yell in the street—which showed that some rioter in his excitement had wounded one of his own comrades. Farnham and his little band took only a moment to reach the gate, and the crowd recoiled as they burst through into the street. At the first onslaught the rioters ran in both directions, leaving the street clear immediately in front of the gates.

The instant his company reached the middle of the avenue, Arthur, seeing that the

greater number of the divided mob had gone to the left, shouted:

"Fours left. March—guide right."

The little phalanx wheeled instantly and made rapid play with their clubs, but only for a moment. The crowd began to feel the mysterious power which discipline backed by law always exerts, and they ran at full speed up the street to the corner and there dispersed. The formation of the veterans was not even broken. They turned at Farnham's order, faced to the rear, and advanced in double time upon the smaller crowd which still lingered a little way beyond the gate.

In this last group there was but one man who stood his ground and struck out for himself. It was a tall young fellow with fair hair and beard, armed with a carpenter's hammer, with which he maintained so formidable an attitude that, although two or three policemen were opposed to him, they were wary about closing in upon him. Farnham, seeing that this was all there was left of the fight, ordered the men to fall back, and, approaching the recalcitrant, said sharply:

"Drop that hammer, and surrender! We are officers of the law, and if you resist any longer you'll be hurt."

"I don't mind that. I was waiting for *you*," the man said, and made a quick and savage rush and blow at Farnham. In all his campaigns, he had never before had so much use for his careful broadsword training as now. With his policeman's club against the workman's hammer, he defended himself with such address that in a few seconds, before his men could interfere, his adversary was disarmed and stretched on the sidewalk by a blow over the head. He struggled to rise, but was seized by two men and held fast.

"Don't hit him," said Farnham. "I think I have seen this man somewhere."

"Why," said Kendall, "that's Sam Sleeney, a carpenter in Dean street. He orter be in better business."

"Yes, I remember," said Farnham; "he is a Reformer. Put him with the others."

As they were tying his hands, Sam turned to Farnham and said, in a manner which was made dignified by its slow, energetic malice, "You've beat me to-night, but I will get even with you yet—as sure as there's a God."

"That's reasonably sure," said Farnham;

"but in the meanwhile, we'll put you where you can cool off a little."

The street was now cleared; the last fugitives were out of sight. Farnham returned to his garden, and then divided his men into squads for patrolling the neighborhood. They waited for half an hour, and, finding all was still quiet, then made arrangements for passing the night. Farnham made Temple go into the house with him, and asked Budsey to bring some sherry. "It is not so good as your Santa Rita," he said; "but the exercise in the night air will give it a relish."

When the wine came, the men filled and drank, in sober American fashion, without words; but in the heart of each there was the thought of eternal friendship, founded upon brave and loyal service.

"Budsey," said Farnham, "give all the men a glass of this wine."

"Not this, sir?" said Budsey, aghast.

"I said this," replied Farnham. "Perhaps they won't enjoy it, but I shall enjoy giving it to them."

Farnham and Temple were eating some bread and cheese and talking over the evening, when Budsey came back with something which approached a smile upon his grave countenance.

"Did they like it?" asked Farnham.

"Half of 'em said they was temperance and wouldn't 'ave any. Some of the rest said—you will excuse me, sir—as it was d—— poor cider," and Budsey went out of the room with a suspicious convulsion of the back.

"I'll go on that," said Mr. Temple. "Good-night. I think we will have good news in the morning. There will be an attack made on those men at Riverley to-morrow which will melt them like an iceberg in Tartarus." Mr. Temple was not classical, and, of course, did not say Tartarus.

Farnham was left alone. The reaction from the excitement of the last few hours was settling upon him. The glow of the fight and his success in it were dying away. Midnight was near, and a deep silence was falling upon the city. There was no sound of bells, of steam-whistles, or of rushing trains. The breeze could be heard in the quiet, stirring the young, soft leaves. Farnham felt sore, beaten, discomfited. He smiled a little bitterly to himself when he considered that the cause of his feeling of discouragement was that Alice Belding had spoken to him with coldness and shyness when she opened her door. He could not help saying to himself, "I deserved a kinder greeting than she gave me. She evidently wished me to understand that I am not to be permitted any further intimacy. I have forfeited that by presuming to

love her. But how lovely she is! When she took her mother in her arms, I thought of all the Greek heroines I ever read about. Still, 'if she be not fair for me'—if I am not to be either lover or friend—this is no place for me."

The clock on the mantel struck midnight. "A strange night," he mused. "There is one sweet and one bitter thing about it. I have done her a service, and she did not care."

He went to the door to speak to Kendall. "I think our work is over for to-night. Have our prisoners taken down to the Refrigerator and turned over to the ordinary police. I will make charges to-morrow. Then divide the men into watches and make yourself as comfortable as you can. If anything happens, call me. If nothing happens, good-night."

He returned to his library, turned down the gas, threw himself on the sofa, and was soon asleep; even before Alice, who sat, unhappy, as youth is unhappy, by an open window, her eyes full of tears, her heart full of remorse. "It is too wretched to think of," she bemoaned herself. "He is the only man in the world, and I have driven him away. It never can be made right again; I am punished justly. If I thought he would take me, I believe I could go this minute and throw myself at his feet. But he would smile, and raise me up, and make some pretty speech, very gentle, and very dreadful, and bring me back to mamma, and then I should die."

But at nineteen well-nourished maidens do not pass the night in mourning, however heavy their hearts may be, and Alice slept at last, and perhaps was happier in her innocent dreams.

The night passed without further incident, and the next day, though it may have shown favorable signs to practiced eyes, seemed very much, to the public, like the day which had preceded it. There were fewer shops closed in the back streets; there were not so many parties of wandering apostles of plunder going about to warn laborers away from their work. But in the principal avenues and in the public squares there were the same dense crowds of idlers, some listless and some excited, ready to believe the wildest rumors and to applaud the craziest oratory. Speakers were not lacking; besides the agitators of the town, several had come in from neighboring places, and they were preaching, with fervor and perspiration, from street corners and from barrel-heads in the beer-houses, the dignity of manhood and the overthrow of tyrants.

Bott, who had quite distinguished himself during the last few days, was not to be seen. He had passed the night in the station-house,

and, on brief examination before a police-justice at an early hour of the morning, on complaint of Farnham and Temple, had been, together with the man captured in Mrs. Belding's drawing-room, bound over to stand his trial for house-breaking at the next term of court. He displayed the most abject terror before his trial, and would have made a full confession of the whole affair had Offitt not had the address to convey to him the assurance that, if he stood firm, the Brotherhood of Bread-winners would attend to his case and be responsible for his safety. Relying upon this, he plucked up his spirits and bore himself with characteristic impudence in the presence of the police-justice, insisting upon being called Professor Bott, giving his profession as inspirational orator, his religion the divinity of humanity. When bound over for trial, he rose and gained a round of applause from the idlers in the court-room by shouting, "I appeal from this outrage to the power of the people and the judgment of history."

This was his last recorded oration; for we may as well say at once that, a month later, he stood his trial without help from any Brotherhood, and passed away from public life, though not entirely from public employment, as he is now usefully and unobtrusively engaged in making shoes in the State penitentiary—and is said "to take serious views of life."

The cases of Sleeney and the men who were taken in the street by Farnham's policemen were also disposed of summarily through his intervention. He could not help liking the fair-bearded carpenter, although he had been caught in such bad company, and so charged him merely with riotous conduct in the public streets, for which the penalty was a light fine and a few days' detention. Sleeney seemed conscious of his clemency, but gave him no look or expression of gratitude. He was too bitter at heart to feel gratitude, and too awkward to feign it.

About noon, a piece of news arrived which produced a distinct impression of discouragement among the strikers. It was announced in the public square that the railway blockade was broken in Clevalo, a city to the east of Buffland about a hundred miles. The hands had accepted the terms of the employers and had gone to work again. An orator tried to break the force of this announcement by depreciating the pluck of the Clevalo men. "Why, gentlemen!" he screamed, "a ten-year-old boy in this town has got twice the sand of a Clevalo man. They just *beg* the bosses to kick 'em. When they are fired out of a shop door, they sneak down the chimbley

and whine to be took on again. We aint made of that kind of stuff."

But this haughty style of eloquence did not avail to inspirit the crowd, especially as the orator was just then interrupted to allow another dispatch to be read, which said that the citizens of a town to the south had risen in mass and taken the station there from the hands of the strikers. This news produced a feeling of isolation and discouragement which grew to positive panic, an hour later, on the report that a brigade of regular troops was on its way to Buffland to restore order. The report was of course unfounded, as a brigade of regular troops could not be got together in this country in much less time than it would take to build a city; but even the name of the phantom army had its effect, and the crowds began to disperse from that time. The final blow was struck, however, later in the day.

Farnham learned it from Mr. Temple, at whose counting-room he had called, as usual, for news. Mr. Temple greeted him with a volley of exulting oaths.

"It's all up. You know what I told you last night about the attack that was preparing on Riverley. I went out there myself, this forenoon. I knew some of the strikers, and I thought I would see if the — — — would let me send my horse Blue Ruin through to Rochester to-morrow. He is entered for the races there, you know, and I didn't want, by — — —, to miss my engagements, understand? Well, as I drove out there, after I got about half way, it began to occur to me that I never saw so many women since the Lord made me. The road was full of them in carts, buggies, horse-back, and afoot. I thought a committee of 'em was going; but I suppose they couldn't trust a committee, and so they all went. There were so many of 'em I couldn't drive fast, and so I got there about the same time the head of the column began to arrive. You never saw anything like it in your life. The strikers had been living out there in a good deal of style—with sentries and republican government and all that. By the great hokey-pokey! they couldn't keep it up a minute when their wives came. They knew 'em too well. They just bulged in without rhyme or rule. Every woman went for her husband and told him to pack up and go home. Some of 'em—the artful kind—begged and wheedled and cried; said they were so tired—wanted their sweethearts again. But the bigger part talked hard sense,—told 'em their lazy picnic had lasted long enough, that there was no meat in the house, and that they had got to come home and go to work. The

siege didn't last half an hour. The men brazened it out awhile; some were rough; told their wives to dry up, and one big fellow slapped his wife for crying. By jingo! it wasn't half a flash before another fellow slapped *him*, and there they had it, rolling over and over on the grass, till the others pulled them apart by the legs. It was a gone case from the start. They held a meeting off-hand; the women stayed by to watch proceedings, and, not to make a long story about it, when I started back a delegation of the strikers came with me to see the president of the roads, and trains will run through to-night as usual. I am devilish glad of it, for my part. There is nothing in Rochester of any force but Rosin-the-Bow, and my horse can show him the way around the track as if he was getting a dollar an hour as a guide."

"That *is* good news certainly. Is it generally known in the city?"

"I think not. It was too late for the afternoon papers. I told Jimmy Nelson, and he tore down to the depot to save what is left of his fruit. He swore so about it that I was quite shocked."

"What about the mill hands?" asked Farnham.

"The whole thing will now collapse at once. We shall receive the proposition of the men who left us to-morrow, and reëngage on our own terms, next day, as many as we want. We shan't be hard on them. But one or two gifted orators will have to take the road. They are fit for nothing but Congress, and they can't all go from this district. If I were you, Arthur, by the way, I wouldn't muster out that army of yours till to-morrow. But I don't think there will be any more calls in your neighborhood. You are too inhospitable to visitors."

The sun was almost setting as Farnham walked through the public square on his way home. He could hardly believe so sudden a change could have fallen upon the busy scene of a few hours before. The square was almost deserted. Its holiday appearance was gone. A few men occupied the benches. One or two groups stood beneath the trees and conversed in under-tones. The orators had sought their hiding-places, unnecessarily—too fearful of the vengeance which never, in this happy country, attends the exercise of unbridled "slack jaw." As Arthur walked over the asphalt pavement there was nothing to remind him of the great crowds of the last few days but the shells of the pea-nuts crunching under his feet. It seems as if the American workman can never properly invoke the spirit of liberty without a pocketful of this democratic nut.

As he drew near his house, Farnham caught a glimpse of light drapery upon Mrs. Belding's piazza, and went over to relieve her from anxiety by telling her the news of the day. When he had got half way across the lawn, he saw Alice rise from beside her mother as if to go. Mrs. Belding signed for her to resume her seat. Farnham felt a slight sensation of anger. "It is unworthy of her," he thought, "to avoid me in that manner. I must let her see she is in no danger from me."

He gave his hand cordially to Mrs. Belding and bowed to Alice without a word. He then briefly recounted the news to the elder lady, and assured her that there was no probability of any farther disturbance of the peace.

"But we shall have our policemen here all the same to-night, so that you may sleep with a double sense of security."

"I am sure you are very good," she said. "I don't know what we should have done without you last night, *and* Mr. Temple. When it comes to ear-rings, there's no telling what they wouldn't have done."

"Two of your guests are in jail, with good prospects of their remaining there. The others, I learn, were thieves from out of town; I doubt if we shall capture them."

"For goodness' sake, let them run. I never want to see them again. That ugly creature who went up with Alice for the money—you caught him? I am so glad. The impudence of the creature! going upstairs with my daughter, as if she was not to be trusted. Well," she added candidly, "she wasn't that time, but it was none of *his* business."

Here Alice and Farnham both laughed out, and the sound of the other's voice was very pleasant to each of them, though they did not look toward each other.

"I am beginning to think that the world is growing too wicked for single women," Mrs. Belding continued, philosophically. "Men can take care of themselves in so many ways. They can use a club as you do —"

"Daily and habitually," assented Arthur.

"Or they can make a speech about Ireland and the old flag, as Mr. Belding used to; or they can swear like Mr. Temple. By the way, Alice, you were not here when Mr. Temple swore so at those thieves. I was scandalized, but I had to admit it was very appropriate."

"I was also away from the room," said Farnham; "but I can readily believe the comminatory clauses must have been very cogent."

"Oh, yes! and such a nice woman *she* is."

"Yes, Mrs. Temple is charming," said Farnham, rising.

"Arthur, do not go! Stay to dinner. It

will be ready in one moment. It will strengthen our nerves to have a man dine with us, especially a liberating hero like you. Why, you seemed to me last night like Perseus in the picture, coming to rescue What's-her-name from the rock."

Farnham glanced at Alice. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground; her fingers were tightly clasped. She was wishing with all her energy that he would stay, waiting to catch his first word of assent, but unable to utter a syllable.

"Alice," said Mrs. Belding rather sharply, "I think Arthur does not regard my invitation as quite sufficient. Will you give it your approval?"

Alice raised her face at these words and looked up at Farnham. It was a beautiful face at all times, and now it was rosy with confusion, and the eyes were timid but kind. She said with lips that trembled a little: "I should be very glad to have Captain Farnham stay to dinner."

She had waited too long, and the words were a little too formal, and Arthur excused himself on the plea of having to look out for his cohort, and went home to a lonely dinner.

XVI.

OFFITT DIGS A PIT.

A WEEK had passed by; the great strike was already almost forgotten. A few poor workmen had lost their places. A few agitators had been dismissed for excellent reasons, having no relation with the strike. The mayor had recovered from his panic, and was beginning to work for a renomination, on the strength of his masterly dealing with the labor difficulties, in which, as he handsomely said in a circular composed by himself and signed by his friends, he "nobly accomplished the duty allotted him of preserving the rights of property while respecting the rights of the people, of keeping the peace according to his oath, and keeping faith with the masses, to which he belonged, in their struggle against monopoly."

The rich and prosperous people, as their manner is, congratulated themselves on their escape, and gave no thought to the questions which had come so near to an issue of fire and blood. In this city of two hundred thousand people, two or three dozen politicians continued as before to govern it, to assess and to spend its taxes, to use it as their property and their chattel. The rich and intelligent kept on making money, building fine houses, and bringing up children to hate politics as

they did, and in fine to fatten themselves as sheep which should be mutton whenever the butcher was ready. There was hardly a millionaire on Algonquin avenue who knew where the ward meetings of his party were held. There was not an Irish laborer in the city but knew his way to his ward club as well as to mass.

Among those who had taken part in the late exciting events and had now reverted to private life was Sam Sleeney. His short sentence had expired; he had paid his fine and come back to Matchin's. But he was not the quiet, contented workman he had been. He was sour, sullen, and discontented. He nourished a dull grudge against the world. He had tried to renew friendly relations with Maud, but she had repulsed him with positive scorn. Her mind was full of her new prospects, and she did not care to waste time with him. The scene in the rose-house rankled in his heart; he could not but think that her mind had been poisoned by Farnham, and his hate gained intensity every hour.

In this frame of mind he fell easily into the control of Offitt. That worthy had not come under the notice of the law for the part he took in the attack on the Belding house; he had not been recognized by Farnham's men, nor denounced by his associates; and so, after a day or two of prudential hiding, he came to the surface again. He met Sam at the very door of the House of Correction, sympathized with him, flattered him, gained his full confidence at last, and held him ready for some purpose which was vague even in his own brain. He was determined to gain possession of Maud, and he felt it must be through some crime, the manner of which was not quite clear to him. If he could use Sam to accomplish his purpose and save his own skin, that would be best. His mind ran constantly upon theft, forgery, burglary, and murder; but he could frame no scheme which did not involve risks that turned him sick. If he could hit upon something where he might furnish the brains, and Sam the physical force and the risk! He dwelt upon this day and night. He urged Sam to talk of his own troubles; of the Matchins; at last, of Maud and his love, and it was not long before the tortured fellow had told him what he saw in the rose-house. Strangely enough, the thought of his fiancée leaning on the shoulder of another man did not in the least diminish the ardor of Offitt. His passion was entirely free from respect or good-will. He used the story to whet the edge of Sam's hatred against Farnham.

"Why, Sam, my boy," he would say, "your honor is at stake."

"I would as soon kill him as eat," Sam answered. "But what good would that do me? She cares no more for me than she does for you."

Offitt was sitting alone in his room one afternoon; his eyes were staring blankly at the opposite wall; his clinched hands were cold as ice. He had been sitting in that way motionless for an hour, a prey to a terrible excitement.

It had come about in this way. He had met in one of the shops he frequented a machinist who rented one of Farnham's houses. Offitt had asked him at noon-time to come out and drink a glass of beer with him. The man complied, and was especially careful to bring his waistcoat with him, saying with a laugh, "I lose my shelter if I lose that."

"What do you mean?" asked Offitt.

"I've got a quarter's rent in there for Cap Farnham."

"Why are you carrying it around all day?"

"Well, you know, Farnham is a good sort of fellow, and to keep us from losing time he lets us come to his house in the evening, after working hours, on quarter-day, instead of going to his office in the day-time. You see, I trot up there after supper and get rid of this wad."

Offitt's eyes twinkled like those of an adder.

"How many of you do this?"

"Oh, a good many,—most everybody in our ward and some in the Nineteenth."

"A good bit of money?" said Offitt carelessly, though his mouth worked nervously.

"You bet your boots! If I had all the cash he takes in to-night, I'd buy an island and shoot the machine business. Well, I must be gettin' back. So long."

Offitt had walked directly home after this conversation, looking neither to the right nor the left, like a man asleep. He had gone to his room, locked his door behind him, and sat down upon the edge of his bed and given himself up to an eager dream of crime. His heart beat, now fast, now slow; a cold sweat enveloped him; he felt from time to time half suffocated.

Suddenly he heard a loud knocking at his door—not as if made by the hand, but as if some one were hammering. He started and gasped with a choking rattle in his throat. His eyes seemed straining from their sockets. He opened his lips, but no sound came forth.

The sharp rapping was repeated, once and again. He made no answer. Then a loud voice said:

"Hello, Andy, you asleep?"

He threw himself back on his pillow and said yawningly, "Yes. That you, Sam? Why don't you come in?"

"'Cause the door's locked."

He rose and let Sleeney in; then threw himself back on the bed, stretching and gaping.

"What did you make that infernal racket with?"

"My new hammer," said Sam. "I just bought it to-day. Lost my old one the night we give Farnham the shiveree."

"Lemme see it." Offitt took it in his hand and balanced and tested it. "Pretty good hammer. Handle's a leetle thick, but—pretty good hammer."

"Ought to be," said Sam. "Paid enough for it."

"Where d'you get it?"

"Ware & Harden's."

"Sam," said Offitt,—he was still holding the hammer and giving himself light taps on the head with it,— "Sam."

"Well, you said that before."

Offitt opened his mouth twice to speak and shut it again.

"What are you doin'?" asked Sleeney.

"Trying to catch flies?"

"Sam," said Offitt at last, slowly and with effort, "if I was you, the first thing I did with that hammer, I'd crack Art Farnham's cocoa-nut."

"Well, Andy, go and crack it yourself if you are so keen to have it done. You're mixing yourself rather too much in my affairs, anyhow," said Sam, who was nettled by these too frequent suggestions of Offitt that his honor required repair.

"Sam Sleeney," said Offitt, in an impressive voice, "I'm one of the kind that stands by my friends. If you mean what you have been saying to me, I'll go up with you this very night, and we will together take it out of that aristocrat. Now, that's business."

Sleeney looked at his friend in surprise and with some distrust. The offer was so generous and reckless, that he could not help asking himself what was its motive. He looked so long and so stupidly at Offitt, that the latter at last divined his feeling. He thought that, without telling Sleeney the whole scheme, he would test him one step farther.

"I don't doubt," he said, carelessly, "but what we could pay ourselves well for the job, —spoil the 'Gyptians, you know,—forage on the enemy. Plenty of portables in them houses, eh!"

"I never said"—Sam spoke slowly and deliberately—"I wanted to 'sassinate him, or rob him, or burgle him. If I could catch him and lick him, in a fair fight, I'd do it; and I wouldn't care how hard I hit him, or what with."

"All right," said Offitt, curtly. "You met him once in a fair fight, and he licked you."

And you tried him another way,—courtin' the same girl,—and he beat you there. But it's all right. I've got nothin' against him, if you haint. Lemme mark your name on this hammer," and, turning the conversation so quickly that Sleeny had no opportunity to resent the last taunt, he took his knife and began dexterously and swiftly to cut Sam's initials in the handle of his hammer. Before, however, he had half completed his self-imposed task, he exclaimed, "This is dry work. Let's go out and get some beer. I'll finish your hammer and bring it around after supper."

"There's one S on it," said Sam; "that's enough."

"One S enough! It might mean Smith, or Schneider, or Sullivan. No, sir. I'll put two on in the highest style of art, and then everybody will know and respect Sam Sleeny's tool."

They passed out of the room together, and drank their beer at a neighboring garden. They were both rather silent and preoccupied. As they parted, Offitt said, "I've got a scheme on hand for raising the wind, I want to talk to you about. Be at my room to-night between nine and ten, and wait till I come, if I am out. Don't fail." Sam stared a little, but promised, asking no questions.

When Offitt came back, he locked the door again behind him. He bustled about the room as if preparing to move. He had little to pack; a few shabby clothes were thrown into a small trunk, a pile of letters and papers were hastily torn up and pitched into the untidy grate. All this while he muttered to himself as if to keep himself in company. He said: "I had to take the other shoot—he hadn't the sand to help—I couldn't tell him any more. * * * I wonder if she will go with me when I come to-night—ready? I shall feel I deserve her anyhow. She don't treat me as she did him, according to Sam's story. She makes me keep my distance. She hasn't even shook hands with me since we was engaged. I'll pay her for that after awhile." He walked up and down his room with his head thrown back and his nostrils distended. "I shall risk my neck, I know; but it won't be the first time, and I never will have such a reason again. She beats anything I ever saw. I've got to have the money—to suit such a woman. * * * I'm almost sorry for Sam—but the Lord made some men to be other men's fools. * * *"

This was the staple of his musings; other things less edifying still may be omitted.

While he was engaged in this manner he heard a timid knock at his door. "Another visitor? I'm getting popular," he said, and went to open the door.

A seedy, forlorn-looking man came in; he took off his shabby hat and held it under his arm.

He said, "Good-evenin'," in a tone a little above a whisper.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Offitt.

"Have you heered about Brother Bowersox?"

"Never mind the brothering—that's played out. What is there about Bowersox?"

"He's dangerous; they don't think he'll live through the night."

"Well, what of it?"

This was not encouraging, but the poor Bread-winner ventured to say, "I thought some of the Brothers"—

But Offitt closed the subject by a brutal laugh. "The Brothers are looking out for themselves these times. The less said about the Brotherhood the better. It's up the spout, do you hear?"

The poor fellow shrunk away into his ragged clothes, and went out with a submissive "Good-evenin'."

"I'll never found another Brotherhood," Offitt said to himself. "It's more trouble than it brings in."

It was now growing dark. He took his hat and went down the stairs and out into the street. He entered a restaurant and ordered a beefsteak, which he ate, paid for, and departed after a short chat with the waiter, whom he knew. He went around the corner, entered another eating-house, called for a cup of coffee and a roll. There also he was careful to speak with the man who served him, slapping him on the shoulder with familiarity. He went into a drug store a little later and bought a glass of soda-water, dropping the glass on the marble floor, and paying for it after some controversy. He then walked up to Dean street. He found the family all together in the sitting-room. He chatted awhile with them, and asked for Sleeny.

"I don't really know where Sam is. He aint so reg'lar in his hours as he used to be," said Saul. "I hope he aint gettin' wild."

"I hope not," said Offitt, in a tone of real distress—then, after a pause, "You needn't mention my havin' asked for him. He may be sensitive about it."

As he came away, Maud followed him to the door. He whispered, "Be ready, my beauty, to start at a moment's notice. The money is on the way. You shall live like a queen before many days are gone."

"We shall see," she answered, with a smile, but shutting the door between them.

He clinched his fists and muttered, "I'll figure it all up and take my pay, Missy. She's worth it. I will have to do some crooked

things to get her; but by —, I'd kill a dozen men and hang another, just to stand by and see her braid her hair."

Returning to his house, he ran nimbly up the stairs, half fearing to find Sleeney there, but he had not yet arrived. He seized the hammer, put it in his pocket, and came down again. Still intent upon accounting for as much of the evening as possible, he thought of a variety-show in the neighborhood, and went there. He spoke to some of the loafers at the door. He then walked to the box-office and asked for a ticket, addressing the man who sold it to him as "Jimmy," and asking how business was. The man handed him his ticket without any reply, but turned to a friend beside him, and said, "Who is that cheeky brother that knows me so well?"

"Oh! that's a rounder by the name of Offitt. He is a sort of Reformer—makes speeches to the puddlers on the rights of man."

"Seems rather fresh," said Jimmy.

"A little brine wouldn't hurt him."

Offitt strolled into the theater, which was well filled. The curtain was down at the moment, and he walked the full extent of the center aisle to the orchestra, looking about him as if in search of some one. He saw one or two acquaintances and nodded to them. He then walked back and took a seat near the door. The curtain rose, and the star of the evening bounded upon the stage,—a strapping young woman in the dress of an army officer. She was greeted with applause before she began her song, and with her first notes Offitt quietly went out. He looked at the clock on the City Hall, and saw that he had no more time to kill. He walked, without hurrying or loitering, up the shady side of the street till he came to the quarter where Farnham lived. He then crossed into the wide avenue, and, looking swiftly about him, approached the open gates of Farnham's place. Two or three men were coming out, one or two were going in. He waited till the former had turned down the street, and the latter were on the door-step. He then walked briskly up the path to the house; but instead of mounting the steps, he turned to the left and lay down under the library windows behind a clump of lilacs.

"If they catch me here," he thought, "they can only take me for a tramp and give me the grand bounce."

The windows opened upon a stone platform a few feet from the ground. He could hear the sound of voices within. At last he heard the men rise, push back their chairs, and say "Good-night." He heard their heavy shoes on the front steps. "Now for it," he

whispered. But at that moment a belated tenant came in. He wanted to talk of some repairs to his house. Offitt lay down again, resting his head on his arm. The soft turf, the stillness, the warmth of the summer night lulled him into drowsiness. In spite of the reason he had for keeping awake, his eyes were closing and his senses were fading, when a shrill whistle startled him into broad wakefulness. It was the melancholy note of a whip-poor-will in the branches of a lime-tree in the garden. Offitt listened for the sound of voices in the library. He heard nothing. "Can I have slept through—no, there is a light." A shadow fell across the window. The heavy tread of Budsey approached. Farnham's voice was heard: "Never mind the windows, Budsey. I will close them and the front door. I will wait here awhile; somebody else may come. You can go to bed."

"Good-night, sir."

"Good-night."

Offitt waited only a moment. He rose and looked cautiously in at the window. Farnham was seated at his desk. He had sorted, in the methodical way peculiar to men who have held command in the army, the papers which he had been using with his tenants and the money he had received from them.

They were arranged on the desk before him in neat bundles, ready to be transferred to the safe, across the room. He had taken up his pen to make some final indorsement.

Offitt drew off his shoes, leaped upon the platform, and entered the library as swiftly and noiselessly as a panther walking over sand.

XVII.

IN AND OUT OF WINDOWS.

ALICE BELDING was seated before her glass braiding her long hair. Her mother had come in from her own room, as her custom often was, to chat with her daughter in the half hour before bed-time. It gratified at once her maternal love and her pride to watch the exquisite beauty of her child, as she sat, dressed in a white wrapper that made her seem still taller than she was, combing and braiding the luxuriant tresses that gave under the light every tint and reflection of which gold is capable. The pink and pearl of the round arm as the loose sleeve would slip to the elbow, the poise of the proud head, the full white column of the neck, the soft curve of cheek and chin,—all this delighted her as it would have delighted a lover. But with all her light-headedness, there was enough of

discretion, or perhaps of innate New England reserve, to keep her from ever expressing to Alice her pleasure in her beauty. So the wholesome-minded girl never imagined the admiration of which she was the object, and thought that her mother only liked to chat a little before sleeping. They talked of trivial matters, of the tea at Mrs. Hyson's, of Formosa Hyson's purple dress which made her sallow than ever, of rain and fair weather.

"I think," said Mrs. Belding, "that Phrasy Dallas gets more and more stylish every day. I don't wonder at Arthur Farnham's devotion. That would make an excellent match—they are both so dreadfully clever. By the way, he has not been here this week. And I declare! I don't believe you have written him that note of thanks yet."

"No," said Alice, smiling—she had schooled herself by this time to speak of him carelessly. "I was too much frightened to thank him on the spot, and now it would be ancient history. We must save our thanks till we see him."

"I want to see him about other things. You must write and ask him to dinner tomorrow or next day."

"Don't you think he would like it better if *you* would write?"

"There you are again—as if it mattered. Write that 'Mamma bids me.' There, your hair is braided. Write the note now, and I will send it over in the morning before he gets away."

Alice rose and walked to her escritoire, her long robe trailing, her thick braids hanging almost to the floor, her fair cheek touched with a delicate spot of color at the thought of writing a formal note to the man she worshiped. She took a pen and wrote "My dear Mr. Farnham," and the conventional address made her heart flutter and her eyes grow dim. While she was writing, she heard her mother say:

"What a joke!"

She looked up, and saw that Mrs. Belding had picked up her opera-glass and was looking through it at something out of the window.

"Do you know, Alice," she said, laughing, "since that ailantus tree was cut down, you can see straight into his library from here. There he is now, sitting at his desk."

"Mamma!" pleaded Alice, rising and trying to take the glass away from her. "Don't do that, I beg!"

"Nonsense," said her mother, keeping her away with one hand and holding the glass with the other. "There comes Budsey to close the blinds. The show is over. No; he goes away, leaving them open."

"Mamma, I will leave the room if——"

"My goodness! look at that!" cried the

widow, putting the glass in her daughter's hand and sinking into a chair with fright.

Alice, filled with a nameless dread, saw her mother was pale and trembling, and took the glass. She dropped it in an instant, and leaning from the window sent forth once more that cry of love and alarm, which rang through the stillness of night with all the power of her young throat:

"Arthur!"

She turned, and sped down the stairs and across the lawn like an arrow shot for life or death from a long-bow.

Farnham heard the sweet, strong voice ringing out of the stillness like the cry of an angel in a vision, and raised his head with a startled movement from the desk where he was writing. Offitt heard it, too, as he raised his hand to strike a deadly blow; and though it did not withhold him from his murderous purpose, it disturbed somewhat the precision of his hand. The hammer descended a little to the right of where he had intended to strike. It made a deep and cruel gash, and felled Farnham to the floor, but it did not kill him. He rose, giddy and faint with the blow and half-blinded with the blood that poured down over his right eye. He clapped his hand, with a soldier's instinct, to the place where his sword-hilt was not, and then staggered, rather than rushed, at his assailant, to grapple him with his naked hands. Offitt struck him once more, and he fell headlong on the floor, in the blaze of a myriad lights that flashed all at once into deep darkness and silence.

The assassin, seeing that his victim no longer moved, threw down his reeking weapon, and, seizing the packages of money on the desk, thrust them into his pockets. He stepped back through the open window and stooped to pick up his shoes. As he rose, he saw a sight which for an instant froze him with terror. A tall and beautiful form, dressed all in white, was swiftly gliding toward him over the grass. It drew near, and he saw its pale features set in a terrible expression of pity and horror. It seemed to him like an avenging spirit. He shut his eyes for a moment in abject fright, and the phantom swept by him and leaped like a white doe upon the platform, through the open window, and out of his sight. He ran to the gate, quaking and trembling, then walked quietly to the nearest corner, where he sat down upon the curb-stone and put on his shoes.

Mrs. Belding followed, as rapidly as she could, the swift flight of her daughter; but it was some minutes after the young girl had leaped through the window that her mother walked breathlessly through the front door

and the hall into the library. She saw there a sight which made her shudder and turn faint. Alice was sitting on the floor, holding in her lap the blood-dabbled head of Farnham. Beside her stood a glass of water, a pitcher, and several towels. Some of them were red and saturated, some were still fresh and neatly folded. She was carefully cleansing and wiping the white forehead of the lifeless man of the last red drop.

"Oh, Alice, what is this?" cried her mother.

"He is dead!" she answered, in a hoarse, strained voice. "I feared so when I first came in. He was lying on his face. I lifted him up, but he could not see me. I kissed him, hoping he might kiss me again. But he did not. Then I saw this water on the stand over there. I remembered there were always towels there in the billiard-room. I ran and got them, and washed the blood away from his face. See, his face is not hurt. I am glad of that. But there is a dreadful wound in his head." She dropped her voice to a choking whisper at these words.

Her mother gazed at her with speechless consternation. Had the shock deprived her of reason?

"Alice," she said, "this is no place for you. I will call the servants and send for a surgeon, and you must go home."

"Oh, no, mamma. I see I have frightened you, but there is no need to be frightened. Yes, call the servants, but do not let them come in here for awhile, not till the doctors come. They can do no good. He is dead."

Mrs. Belding had risen and rung the bell violently.

"Do, mamma, see the servants in the hall outside. Don't let them come in for a moment. Do! I pray! I pray! I will do anything for you."

There was such intensity of passion in the girl's prayer that her mother yielded, and when the servants came running in, half-dressed, in answer to the bell, she stepped outside the door and said, "Captain Farnham has been badly hurt. Two of you go for the nearest doctors. You need not come in at present. My daughter and I will take care of him."

She went back, closing the door behind her. Alice was smiling. "There, you are a dear! I will love you forever for that! It is only for a moment. The doctors will soon be here, and then I must give him up."

"Oh, Alice," the poor lady whimpered, "why do you talk so wildly? What do you mean?"

"Don't cry, mamma! It is only for a moment. It is all very simple. I am not crazy. He was my lover!"

"Heaven help us!"

"Yes, this dear man, this noble man offered me his love, and I refused it. I may have been crazy then, but I am not now. I can love him now. I will be his widow—if I was not his wife. We will be two widows together—always. Now you know I am doing nothing wrong or wild. He is mine."

"Give me one of those towels," she exclaimed, suddenly. "I can tie up his head so that it will stop bleeding till the doctors come."

She took the towels, tore strips from her own dress, and in a few moments, with singular skill and tenderness, she had stopped the flow of blood from the wound.

"There! He looks almost as if he were asleep, does he not? Oh, my love, my love!"

Up to this moment she had not shed one tear. Her voice was strained, choked, and sobbing, but her eyes were dry. She kissed him on his brow and his mouth. She bent over him and laid her smooth cheek to his. She murmured:

"Good-bye, good-bye, till I come to you, my own love!"

All at once she raised her head with a strange light in her eyes. "Mamma!" she cried, "see how warm his cheek is. Heaven is merciful! perhaps he is alive."

She put both arms about him, and, gently but powerfully lifting his dead weight of head and shoulders, drew him to her heart. She held him to her warm bosom, rocking him to and fro. "Oh, my beloved!" she murmured, "if you will live, I will be so good to you."

She lowered him again, resting his head on her lap. A drop of blood, from the napkin in which his head was wrapped, had touched the bosom of her dress, staining it as if a cherry had been crushed there. She sat, gazing with an anguish of hope upon his pale face. A shudder ran through him, and he opened his eyes—only for a moment. He groaned, and slowly closed them.

The tears could no longer be restrained. They fell like a summer shower from her eyes, while she sobbed, "Thank God! my darling is not dead."

Her quick ear caught footsteps at the outer door. "Here, mamma, take my place. Let me hide before all those men come in."

In a moment she had leaped through the window, whence she ran through the dewy grass to her home.

An hour afterward her mother returned, escorted by one of the surgeons. She found Alice in bed, peacefully sleeping. As Mrs. Belding approached the bedside, Alice woke and smiled. "I know without your telling me, mamma. He will live. I began to pray

for him,—but I felt sure he would live, and so I gave thanks instead."

"You are a strange girl," said Mrs. Belding, gravely. "But you are right. Dr. Cutts says, if he escapes without fever, there is nothing very serious in the wound itself. The blow that made that gash in his head was not the one which made him unconscious. They found another, behind his ear; the skin was not broken. There was a bump about as big as a walnut. They said it was concussion of the brain, but no fracture anywhere. By the way, Dr. Cutts complimented me very handsomely on the way I had managed the case before his arrival. He said there was positively a professional excellence about my bandage. You may imagine I did not set him right."

Alice, laughing and blushing, said, "I will allow you all the credit."

Mrs. Belding kissed her and said "Good-night," and walked to the door. There she paused a moment, and came back to the bed. "I think, after all, I had better say now what I thought of keeping till to-morrow. I thank you for your confidence to-night, and shall respect it. But you will see, I am sure, the necessity of being very circumspect, under the circumstances. If you should want to do anything for Arthur while he is ill, I should feel it my duty to forbid it."

Alice received this charge with frank, open eyes. "I should not dream of such a thing," she said. "If he had died, I should have been his widow; but as he is to live, he must come for me if he wants me. I was very silly about him, but I must take the consequences. I can't now take advantage of the poor fellow by saving his life and establishing a claim on it. So I will promise anything you want. I am so happy that I will promise easily. But I am also very sleepy."

The beautiful eyelids were indeed heavy and drooping. The night's excitement had left her wearied and utterly content. She fell asleep even as her mother kissed her forehead.

The feeling of Offitt as he left Algonquin avenue and struck into a side street was one of pure exultation. He had accomplished the boldest act of his life. He had shown address, skill, and courage. He had done a thing which had appalled him in the contemplation merely on account of its physical difficulties and dangers. He had done it successfully. He had a large amount of money in his pocket—enough to carry his bride to the ends of the earth. When it was gone—well, at worst, he could leave her and shift for himself again. He had not a particle of regret or remorse; and, in fact, these sentiments are

far rarer than moralists would have us believe. A ruffian who commits a crime usually glories in it. It exalts him in his own eyes, all the more that he is compelled to keep silent about it. As Offitt walked rapidly in the direction of Dean street, the only shadow on his exultation was his sudden perception of the fact that he had better not tell Maud what he had done. In all his plans he had promised himself the pleasure of telling her that she was avenged upon her enemy by the hands of her lover; he had thought he might extort his first kiss by that heroic avowal; but now, as he walked stealthily down the silent street, he saw that nobody in the universe could be made his confidant.

"I'll never own it, in earth or hell," he said to himself.

When he reached Matchin's cottage, all was dark and still. He tried to attract Maud's attention by throwing soft clods of earth against her window, but her sleep was too sound. He was afraid to throw pebbles for fear of breaking the panes and waking the family. He went into the little yard adjoining the shop, and found a ladder. He brought it out and placed it against the wall. He perceived now for the first time that his hands were sticky. He gazed at them a moment. "Oh, yes," he said to himself, "when he fell I held out my hands to keep his head from touching my clothes. Careless trick! Ought to have washed them, first thing." Then, struck by a sudden idea, he went to the well-curb and slightly moistened his fingers. He then rubbed them on the door-knob and the edge of the door of the cottage, and pressed them several times in different places on the ladder. "Not a bad scheme," he said, chuckling. He then went again to the well and washed his hands thoroughly, afterward taking a handful of earth and rubbing them till they were as dirty as usual.

After making all these preparations for future contingencies, he mounted the ladder and tried to raise the window. It was already open a few inches to admit the air, but was fastened there, and he could not stir it. He began to call and whistle in as low and penetrating a tone as he could manage, and at last awoke Maud, whose bed was only a few feet away. She started up with a low cry of alarm, but saw in a moment who it was.

"Well, what on earth are you doing here? Go away this minute, or I'll call my father."

"Let me in, and I will tell you."

"I'll do nothing of the sort. Begone, this instant."

"Maud, don't be foolish," he pleaded, in real alarm as he saw that she was angry and insulted. "I have done as you told me. I

have wealth for us both, and I have"—he had almost betrayed himself, but he concluded—"I have come to take you away forever."

"Come to-morrow, at a decent hour, and I will talk to you."

"Now, Maud, my beauty, don't believe I am humbugging. I brought a lot of money for you to look at—I knew you wanted to be sure. See here!" He drew from his pocket a package of bank bills—he saw a glittering stain on them. He put them in the other pocket of his coat and took out another package. "And here's another. I've got a dozen like them. Handle 'em yourself." He put them in through the window. Maud was so near that she could take the bills by putting out her hand. She saw there was a large amount of money there—more than she had ever seen before.

"Come, my beauty," he said, "this is only spending-money for a bridal tour. There are millions behind it. Get up and put on your dress. I will wait below here. We can take the midnight train east, be married at Clevalo, and sail for Paris the next day. That's the world for you to shine in. Come! Waste no time. No tellin' what may happen to-morrow."

She was strongly tempted. She had no longer any doubt of his wealth. He was not precisely a hero in appearance, but she had never insisted upon that—her romance having been always of a practical kind. She was about to assent—and to seal her doom—when she suddenly remembered that all her best clothes were in her mother's closet, which was larger than hers, and that she could not get them without passing through the room where her parents were asleep. That ended the discussion. It was out of the question that she should marry this magnificent stranger in her every-day dress and cotton stockings. It was equally impossible that she should give that reason to any man. So she said, with dignity:

"Mr. Offitt, it is not proper for me to continue this conversation any longer. You ought to see it aint. I shall be happy to see you to-morrow."

Offitt descended the ladder, grinding out curses between his set teeth. A hate, as keen as his passion, for the foolish girl fired him. "Think," he hissed, "a man that killed, half an hour ago, the biggest swell in Buffland, to be treated that way by a carpenter's wench. Wait awhile, Miss; it'll come my innings." He lifted up the ladder, carried it carefully around the house, and leaned it against the wall under the window of the room occupied by Sleeney.

He hurried back to his lodging in Perry Place, where he found Sam Sleeney lying asleep on his bed. He was not very graciously greeted by his drowsy visitor.

"Why didn't you stay out all night?" Sam growled. "Where have you been, anyhow?"

"I've been at the variety-show, and it was the boss fraud of the season."

"You staid so long you must have liked it."

"I was waiting to see just how bad a show could be and not spoil."

"What did you want to see me about to-night?"

"The fact is, I expected to meet a man around at the Varieties who was to go in with us into a big thing. But he wasn't there. I'll nail him to-morrow, and then we can talk. It's big money, Sammy, and no discount. What would you think of a thousand dollars a month?"

"I'd a heap rather see it than hear you chin about it. Give me my hammer, and I'll go home."

"Why, I took it round to your shop this evening, and I tossed it in through the window. I meant to throw it upon the table, but it went over, I think from the sound, and dropped on the floor. You will find it among the shavings, I reckon."

"Well, I'm off," said Sam, by way of good-night.

"All right. Guess I'll see you to-morrow."

Offitt waited till he could hear the heavy tread of Sleeney completing the first flight of stairs and going around to the head of the second. He then shut and locked his door, and hung his hat over the key-hole. He turned up his lamp and sat down by the table to count his night's gains. The first package he took from his pocket had a glittering stain upon the outside bill. He separated the stained bill carefully from the rest, and held it a moment in his hand as if in doubt. He walked to his wash-stand, but at the moment of touching his pitcher he stopped short. He took out his handkerchief, but shook his head and put it back. Finally, he lighted a match, applied it to the corner of the bill, and watched it take fire and consume, until his fingers were scorched by the blaze. "Pity!" he whispered—"good money like that."

He seated himself again and began with a fierce, sustained delight to arrange and sort the bank-bills, laying the larger denominations by themselves, smoothing them down with a quick and tender touch, a kindling eye, and a beating heart. In his whole life, past and future, there was not such another moment of enjoyment. Money is, of course, precious and acceptable to all men except idiots. But,

if it means much to the good and virtuous, how infinitely more it means to the thoroughly depraved—the instant gratification of every savage and hungry devil of a passion which their vile natures harbor. Though the first and principal thing Offitt thought of was the possession of Maud Matchin, his excited fancy did not stop there. A long gallery of vicious pictures stretched out before his flaming eyes, as he reckoned up the harvest of his hand. The mere thought that each bill represented a dinner, where he might eat and drink what he liked, was enough to inebriate a starved

rogue whose excesses had always been limited by his poverty.

When he had counted and sorted his cash, he took enough for his immediate needs and put it in his wallet. The rest he made up into convenient packages, which he tied compactly with twine and disposed in his various pockets. "I'll chance it," he thought, after some deliberation. "If they get me, they can get the money, too. But they sha'n't get it without me."

He threw himself on his bed, and slept soundly till morning.

(To be continued.)



THE MISER.

HOARDING up gold as each swift summer flies
 Unto a bitter season that he fears,
 The miser shuts the portal of his tears,
 And bars out Mercy, with her piteous eyes.
 But when Death enters, in unwelcome guise,
 "Poor fool, and wasteful of the lavish years!"

Avenging Conscience shrieks into his ears,
 And "Fool!" the murmur of the world replies.
 If so late wealth can bring no pleasure in,
 Be not to niggard spirits so akin:

But give me kisses, give me love, my sweet!
 Hoard not the coin of passion in thy breast,
 But spend it freely. Short is life at best,
 And Time speeds onward with remorseless feet.

TEN YEARS.

TEN winters has the north wind hurried by,
 Licking the streamlets with its frozen tongue;
 Ten summers through the boisterous robin sung
 Since, arm in arm together, you and I
 Walked from this church beneath a flawless sky.
 So many years! It seemed the air yet rung
 With wedding marches yonder piers among,
 So swift the happy seasons o'er us fly!
 And when the vexing thoughts I cannot quell,
 Which come a-tiptoe at the beck of care,
 About my spirit weave their dreary spell,
 Your voice, resounding through the hollow air,
 Smites on my quickened conscience like the bell
 That calls a sinner to forgotten prayer.

Andrew B. Saxton.

AN AVERAGE MAN.*

BY ROBERT GRANT,

Author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc.

I.

It was a fine moonlight night in early winter. The vicinity of Madison Square was a blaze of light. The theaters were just over, and a stream of people was pouring along the pavements. Horse-cars, packed to overflowing, jingled by. Democratic omnibuses thundered over the road-bed, side by side with smartly equipped coupés aglow with lanterns. The huge plate-glass windows of the restaurants flashed a dazzling welcome. All was glitter and roar and rush and hurry. The universal movement was of a race where each one fears to be left behind. It is here that the well-known avenues of fashion and trade intersect like the blades of a vast pair of shears, and focus the rumble, bustle, and glare of the metropolis.

Among the crowd that on this particular night peopled this famous New York thoroughfare, where Virtue and Vice touched each other's cheek,—where Plenty delights to flaunt, and Want to sun itself,—were two young men whom a less hurried gait distinguished from the average passer. They had been to the play, and the larger of the two—a compact, powerfully built fellow, whose hands were deep in the pockets of his ulster—softly hummed, between the puffs at his cigarette, an air from the reigning burlesque of the day. They entered Delmonico's, and crossing the floor of the restaurant established themselves at one of the tables.

"Bring a chicken salad, Alphonse, and a quart of that dry Monopole," said he of the ulster, whose name was Woodbury Stoughton, to the sinuous waiter at his shoulder. "I drink Monopole entirely now," he added sentimentally, turning to his friend; and his glance began to wander in note of the occupants of the apartment, which was gay with patrons.

Now that one saw him distinctly, he was a handsome young man, with a full round face, void of much color, large brown eyes fringed by dark lashes, and a thick and somewhat blunt nose. Save for a crinkling mustache that, without shading the curves of his firm, humorous mouth, stood out beyond his cheeks, he was smoothly shaven; but his complexion about the lower jaw had the bluish tinge

peculiar to those whose beard is dark. Both he and his *vis-à-vis*, Arthur Remington, were in the neighborhood of twenty-five. The latter lacked the robust beauty of his friend. His was a more delicate mold,—a slim figure, somewhat above the average height, and a spare cast of countenance, with fresh-colored, prominent features. He had a thoughtful, intelligent expression, and eyes that were earnest and nervous. He looked a little tired, and, while waiting for the supper, ate bread and butter with a mechanical eagerness.

"I notice," continued Stoughton, drumming with his fingers carelessly on the table-cloth, "the bride, Mrs. Tom Fielding, is back again. She looks lovely as ever; I don't see that her damask cheek shows any traces of the traditional worm."

"She was Miss Ethel Linton, wasn't she?" asked Remington, turning slightly in the direction indicated. The lady in question was one of a merry party at the other side of the room.

"Yes. The story is, you know, she was in love with Willis Blake, but her stern parent lit down on her. Willis hadn't a dollar to write after his name; and Tom Fielding stood all ready at the castle gate, so to speak, a-combing his milk-white steed. They say she and old man Linton had some pretty lively times together; but in the end Tom carried off the daughter."

"I've heard something of that sort before. Poor girl! I pity her."

"Well, I don't know. It isn't such a bad thing, now, to marry a million. Tom isn't overburdened with intellect, to be sure; but I guess he's a decent sort of fellow, and will know enough to let her have her head. There's no use looking a gift horse in the mouth merely because he has no brains. Ah! here comes the salad."

"By the way," said Stoughton presently, "talking of the other sex, I met that little Cambridge girl you used to be so sweet on in the street yesterday."

"What! Maud Bolles?"

"Yes, Maud Bolles—as if you didn't know well enough! She's married, she tells me, and to one of those scientific duffers. She was quite vivacious for her, and informed me that her husband was engaged at present in

weighing thirty guinea-pigs before and after meals, with a view to 'physiological induction.' Well, here's luck!" and Stoughton emptied his champagne glass.

Remington laughed. "You always were hard on those Cambridge girls, Wood. I suppose they were rather provincial as a lot, but somehow or other I used to like them. They seemed to appeal to the best side of me, and had the effect of a sort of moral tonic. I dare say it would have been a first-rate thing for me if I'd married Maud Bolles."

"Pshaw, my dear fellow! Compare her, for instance, with the girls one meets in New York. She can't hold a candle to them for genuine attraction. Spiritual graces are all very well; but — dash it, Arthur — the body counts for something. She had a pretty face, that was all."

"Oh, yes! You're right enough, I dare say. It's strange how things happen in this world. I was pretty well cut up because she would not accept me Class-Day evening," Remington leaned his head on his hand thoughtfully. "Perhaps now I'm glad she didn't; and yet my reasons somehow don't do me proud, as Tom Walker used to say."

"Well, it'll be all the same a hundred years hence, my dear fellow. Some more salad?"

"No, I believe not, thank you. It's curious, isn't it," he continued, "how a fellow grows more worldly in spite of himself? New York knocks the romance out of one very fast. I should like to be able to look at things from the same ideal point of view I used to, a few years ago. I suppose I'm wiser in some ways to-day; but I'm a cold, calculating creature compared to what I was then. This city life doesn't leave one much time for theorizing. What a whirl it is!" he added, reflectively, glancing about him; "and it seems to increase every day."

Stoughton scowled, as if irritated by this reminder of current existence, and buried his face in his glass. He set it down with emphasis. "It's all a race for wealth here. A man amounts to nothing in New York unless he has money." He poured out some more champagne gloomily. "Our people have no idea of enjoyment. They don't understand the meaning of the word. Our ancestors — the progenitors of those prim maidens you were admiring just now — went on the principle that everything except money-getting was wrong, and here you have the result. American civilization is based on the theory that life is a sort of 'twenty-minutes-for-dinner' at a way-station, and consequently every one keeps in such a state of nervousness, lest the train may start without him, that a com-

fortable square meal is out of the question. If a fellow happened to dawdle over a dish and smack his lips a little, he was sure to hear some one whisper, 'It'll be a warm day for that shrimp before long.' Our fathers were taught from the cradle that the man who lingers in this world over the peaches and cream is bound to get *left*."

Remington laughed. "At least, the present generation is not under the influence of any such delusion."

"Exactly, my dear fellow; but it doesn't know how to *enjoy*. That's the point. Beauty and repose are sealed doors to our race." And Stoughton proceeded further to illustrate his argument with the somewhat disdainful air common to him when roused. He admitted, he said, that it had dawned even upon our people that, after all, happiness is legitimate in this human sphere. The trouble was, nobody understood how to set about obtaining it. Our organisms had become so habituated, in former generations, to judging everything by so-called standards of man's invention, which he had had the presumption to dub divine, that they had become starved and contracted. Our sense of the beautiful, the artistic, the exquisite in life was false and illiterate. We had evolved as national traits a cold, lofty moral standard, not lived up to, and an exceeding commercial cleverness. We had made money, and how were we spending it? In tasteless extravagance and ostentation.

Remington was silent a moment. "Yes; and yet," said he, "underneath it all there lies something better. I believe that, like our fathers, we too are not content with the peaches and cream. We are at heart an earnest people."

"There spoke the spirit of some Puritan ancestor. My dear fellow, life is meant to be enjoyed. Why not get all the pleasure one can out of it, while it lasts?" And Stoughton sat back in his chair vehemently. His tone betrayed the irritation of one conscious of somewhat sharing at heart, against his will, his opponent's sentiments.

It happened at this moment that a party of three or four young men entered the restaurant, and passed close to the table where Remington and Stoughton were sitting. One of these was a thick-set and rather coarse-looking fellow, who swaggered a little as he walked, with a bullet head and a dogged sort of expression about the mouth that suggested a bull-terrier. The points of his dress were exaggerated and somewhat careless. He darted around him a pair of keen, dark eyes, as if to take in at a breath the occupants of the place. Catching sight of Stoughton, he nodded good-humoredly, and, bending over,

whispered across the back of his hand, in passing: "I bought that of yours at seventy-five. It closed six bid, and none offered."

"Hold on a minute, Finchley," said Stoughton, reaching out to detain the new-comer. "Is it going higher? How do things look?"

The broker placed his hand on the other's shoulder, and replied in a confidential tone: "I am a bull myself upon the situation. We may have temporary reactions, but I look for higher prices. Mr. Gould's brokers," he added, with an increasing earnestness of whisper calculated to convey the impression that his words were not intended for the public, "have been large buyers to-day. The earnings of the roads continue to be enormous. Take your purchase, for instance; the possibilities of that stock are something tremendous. Its land-grant alone is an empire in itself,—an empire in itself." He dwelt upon the last expression with an air of satisfaction. In the very ugliness of his smile there was something dangerously winning.

"Who's that?" inquired Remington, as the broker rejoined his friends.

"That?" said Stoughton absently, as if lost in calculation. "Oh," he continued, "don't you know Finchley? He's in J. C. Withington & Company. He used to be a clerk in their concern, but proved so serviceable they took him into partnership. I guess he makes his fifteen thousand a year fast enough."

"He isn't very much to look at."

"No, he's a genuine cad; but he's smart. That's the sort of man, Arthur," he added presently, "to get on in New York. He isn't troubled by any of the subtle considerations that trouble you and me. He'd call that kind of thing filigree work. He knows what he wants to do, and has it all cut out for him. It's his ambition in life to make a million, and he will before he's forty, if his luck doesn't go back on him. Any theory of living not bottomed on the Almighty Dollar would probably strike him as 'hole-in-the-sky.' I tell you what, old man, we're too well educated, we've got too many fine-spun ideas, to succeed in this place." Stoughton spoke a little bitterly. He paused, and chancing to look up, a strange expression came over him. "Shylock has a daughter," he murmured, and nodded toward the door-way.

Remington turned his head in the direction indicated, and his glance fell upon a young girl standing on the threshold, as if in search of some one in the restaurant. She was wrapped in a white opera-cloak. The light threw her figure, which was sufficiently tall, into perfect relief. Remington felt that he had rarely, if ever, seen such a beautiful being. Her person had exchanged the more

fragile grace of extreme maidenhood for a mature but equally symmetrical luxuriance of form. Her large blue eyes and round cheeks—tinged with the delicate olive of the brunette, yet suffused with color, and soft with the bloom peculiar to youth—were crowned with a superabundance of fluffy golden hair, that strayed far down upon her forehead in rebellious tangles. Her mouth was slightly prominent,—her lips full, unwavering, and so brightly red as to display to advantage the whiteness of her small, regular, and almost cruelly incisive teeth. The exuberance of the smile by which she now indicated her discovery of the object of her scrutiny betrayed a keen enjoyment of life, and a plentiful fund of vitality. There was something vigorous, fearless, almost bold, still not unrefined, in her expression. One realized the presence of a splendid animal. You felt, in regard to her possibilities, as one feels in gazing on a massive block of shining marble before the sculptor's hand has fashioned it.

She was accompanied by a slim youth of albino type and lackadaisical demeanor.

Remington had started at the apparition. "Who is she, Wood?" and his face wore a half-puzzled, half-amused look.

"Miss Idlewild, daughter of Peter Idlewild, the banker and railway magnate. She's a stunner, isn't she? Nothing of the pocket Venus about her; it's the genuine article."

Remington seemed lost in thought. "Yes, it must be the same," he muttered to himself. "But they're not Jews, surely?" he suddenly asked of his friend, recalling the other's previous remark.

"My language was merely metaphorical. I have no cause, my dear fellow, to doubt her Aryan descent," said Stoughton, with a laugh. "But whence all this mysterious cogitation? Do you know her?"

"It was on a steam-boat, four summers ago. I was going to Bar Harbor. It was the end of my Junior year, and I was feeling terribly blue, I remember, over a condition in chemistry," said Remington, musingly. "There happened to be very few people on board, and I found myself sitting next to this girl, near the bow. She wasn't as pretty as she is now, and was more slender-looking; but she'd have passed in a crowd even then. Somehow or other we got into conversation. I think it was a shoal of porpoises that brought us together. She inquired of a deck-hand if they were whales, and——"

"And you were *on deck* with an answer," laughed Stoughton. "I've been there myself."

"Exactly. She asked me what time it was, which broke the ice completely. I discovered

she was traveling entirely alone, and was on the way to visit some relatives in Maine. She seemed inclined to be communicative, and told me that her name was Isabel Idlewild, that her mother was dead, and her father in business in New York. 'And when I'm eighteen,' she said, 'I'm going to live there, and keep house for him. That'll be in two years. I'm only sixteen now. Don't you think I look older than that?' I remember it all distinctly, as if it had been yesterday. There was a moon, and after supper we went and sat aft of the paddle-box, where we could see the glitter on our wake. She produced, from a little reticule she carried, some oranges and a paper of chocolates, which she insisted on my sharing. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'isn't it lovely?' "

"What, the confectionery?"

"No, you unsentimental cynic. She had reference to the moon and the general surroundings. 'I suppose,' said she, with a little sidelong glance I have never forgotten, 'it's perfectly dreadful of me to be talking to you and telling you all these things. Do you know, the last words my folks said to me before I left home were that I mustn't talk to any one. But I do like company; don't you, Mr. — what did you say your name was?' "

"Num, num!" articulated Stoughton, banteringlly.

" 'I didn't say,' said I with a laugh. 'Oh,' said she, 'how unkind! but you will write it in my album, I know. I always make my traveling friends write their names in my album'; and therewith she ferreted out of the aforesaid reticule a small autograph-book."

"Did you write it?"

"Yes. I thought at first of writing a fictitious name; but, as I never expected to see her again, I didn't care much. We sat out until about ten o'clock," continued Remington, "and then she said it was time for her to go to bed. I tried to make her stay up longer, but she wouldn't. I walked with her to the head of the staircase. She was to land at an early hour in the morning. 'You will write to me?' she said, putting out her hand. 'Of course,' replied I, a little staggered withal. 'Address Maud Vandyke, care of the post-master,' she continued; 'my folks mightn't like it if they knew I was corresponding. Good-night!' and I have never seen her since until to-day. She landed before I was up."

"And you never wrote to her?"

"No. I don't know why exactly, but I never did. I wonder if she'd remember me. I've half a mind to speak to her," said Remington, turning slightly so as to command a glimpse of the young beauty, who had joined

some friends at a distant table. "You say her father is a banker?"

"Yes. Peter Idlewild & Company. That's he at the table with her. The blonde youth is her brother. The old man is one of your self-made chaps, who came to New York as a boy, without a dollar in his pocket, and has laid up a colossal fortune. Now he's trying to get into society on the strength of his money," said Stoughton. "I'll introduce you, if you like."

"What! do you know her?"

"A little," replied Stoughton, with a grin. "I met her at Newport last summer, once or twice. They had the Spencer Colgate cottage. They're rich, you know, and were invited about more or less. She's a *débutante*. The second wife, who is quite presentable, is anxious to cut a dash 'in the swim.' That's their new house on Fifth avenue, near Sixty-second street,—the one that looks big enough for a palace. I'm invited to a blow-out there next week. Come on; I'll introduce you."

Remington offering no objection, the other presently led the way across to where the Idlewilds were sitting. The party included the second Mrs. Idlewild, a beautifully dressed but languid-looking woman, considerably her husband's junior.

"Why, Mr. Stoughton, how *do* you do? We haven't met for ever so long," exclaimed the girl with a frank graciousness, putting out her hand. "I'm real glad to see you again." Her face wore an exuberance of expression unusual with those whom familiarity with the world has taught to temper the display of their emotions.

"Permit me, Miss Idlewild, to present my friend, Mr. Remington." Stoughton spoke with the air of subtle gallantry, of self-mortification, that charms a woman.

As Remington's eyes encountered those of the young beauty she blushed. "I think we have met before, Miss Idlewild," he said.

"I remember perfectly." She looked him now full in the face with fearless, wide-open eyes, her head coquettishly poised on one side. Stoughton had turned to speak with her parents. "But you never wrote"; and a mischievous smile parted her red lips, between which her small white teeth shone like pearls.

"I was afraid you wouldn't answer me. But is there no way in which I can condone my offense?"

"Oh," she cried, "I'll forgive you if you come and see me, Mr. Remington. And where have you been all these years? Let me see! Why, it's four since we met,—four years last summer. Father sent for me that autumn, and I've lived here ever since. Father's married again. That's mother with

him. Do you think I've changed much, Mr. Remington?"

"I think you've become very beautiful," whispered the young man.

"Really?" She darted a pleased little glance at him, then dropped her eyes confusedly. "Oh, but you mustn't say things like that. I'm grown up now, and am going to be dreadfully proper," she said, drawing herself up with mock dignity. "You know I'm just 'out' now, and — oh, Mr. Remington, I want you to come to my party. It's next week, and I'll get mother to send you an invitation." She paused a moment while Remington bowed his acknowledgments. "It is funny, isn't it, we should meet again after so long?" she said. "What a nice time we had that evening! Do you remember how lovely it was on deck, — and the chocolates, and the album, and all? I suppose it was dreadfully improper of me, wasn't it? Well, I shall make up for it by being a perfect icicle. Do tell me, Mr. Remington, is Mr. Stoughton a great friend of yours?"

Remington answered that they had always been intimate. "We were classmates in college."

"Really? Oh, then he must be, of course. He's very handsome, *isn't* he? But I'm afraid of him," she added, with a little laugh. "I always feel as if he didn't quite approve of me." As she glanced in the direction of Stoughton, who was still conversing with her parents, Remington detected, as he thought, a trace of something half defiant, as it were, in her eyes. "But I want to introduce you to father, Mr. Remington."

Peter Idlewild was a well-preserved man about sixty years old, of sturdy frame. His face was one which would at once command the attention. A large, beak-like nose; a deep-red complexion; a solid jaw; a firm mouth, the expression of which was shaded but not concealed by a stubby, bristling, iron-gray mustache, a trifle lighter than his still abundant hair; and a pair of glittering, deep-set eyes, of cold, metallic light, guarded by bushy eyebrows of that same iron-gray, — such were its distinguishing features; and, as an offset to these sterner lineaments, a smile — his daughter's smile intensified — suggesting confidences and a deep interest in your welfare, and breathing that peculiar power which word-painters of our day style magnetism. One saw at a glance that it was from him that the daughter had inherited her superb physique and vigor.

"Father, this is Mr. Remington. Mr. Remington and I are old friends"; and she shot a demure smile at the young man.

"How do you do, sir? I am very happy

to make your acquaintance, sir," said Mr. Idlewild, in a deep bass voice, — "very happy to make your acquaintance."

He introduced Remington to his wife, and insisted upon ordering more champagne. His voice and gestures were those of one who courts notoriety. It almost seemed that, as if aware good breeding lies beyond the compass of even an iron will or cunning fancy, he enjoyed a revenge in flaunting his wealth in the face of the community. In his presence, however, one felt unconsciously a dwarfing of self, if no effort were made to withstand its influence, — realized the fascination that flows from a superior, mastering vitality. After the first outburst of hospitality, he sat back in his chair sipping his wine with an important and sphinx-like gravity, while Remington talked to his wife.

"Mr. Stoughton tells me you were classmates at Harvard, Mr. Remington. We saw Mr. Stoughton quite frequently last summer at Newport. I suppose you know Newport very well?" said Mrs. Idlewild in her listless way. "I shall be glad to see you at our house on Wednesday of next week. My daughter expects a few of her friends."

A few minutes later Mrs. Idlewild rose to depart. There was some little delay about the carriage, and the young men stood chatting with Miss Isabel in the vestibule. While thus engaged, the gay party previously alluded to passed out, with velvet step, and wafting a faint odor as of violets. A tall, lithe young woman of graceful bearing turned her face, which peeped forth from the folds of the drapery wound about her head, back over her shoulder, and nodded in a friendly manner to Woodbury Stoughton. He raised his hat, and flew to her side.

"Permit me to see you to your carriage, Mrs. Fielding."

The aristocratic poise of her head, the springy piquancy of her motions, suggested a thorough-bred race-horse. Her face expressed excessive refinement and some physical delicacy. It was pretty, but pale and a trifle pinched. Its features were small, save a long, thin, pointed nose. The first bloom of youth was gone. Her beauty was that of a Marshal Niel rose, of which just the edges of the leaves have begun to curl and faintly to discolor.

"That's the bride, Mrs. Tom Fielding," whispered Miss Idlewild to Remington. "I saw her at Newport, when she was Miss Linton. She's lovely, isn't she?"

"Yes. That sleepy-looking man with the brown beard is her husband. What a heavenly night! It reminds me of four years ago."

She was tripping to the carriage now on the arm of the young man. "Wasn't it lovely! Ah, but you never wrote!" she murmured banteringly, and her clear, unconventional laugh fell upon the night air.

Stoughton, who had seen Mrs. Fielding into her coupé, came hurrying forward to offer his assistance, and a few merry words passed between the party. "Good-night, gentlemen, good-night," said the deep bass of Mr. Idlewild. The young men lifted their hats, and the powerful, prancing horses bore away their lovely burden.

II.

THE young men lit their cigarettes, and sauntered slowly along the pavement. The night was cool and tranquil. The moon had set, but the heavens were brilliant with the frosty glitter which the stars emit in the clear atmosphere of winter. Much of the roar and bustle of the neighborhood had subsided; yet the reverberations of Broadway, dulled by distance, still fell upon the ear like the ceaseless rush of a river heard by one who wakes at night amid the deathly stillness of the woods. The ferrules of their canes struck the sidewalk with the sharp, distinct ring that betokens quiet surroundings.

Their homes lay at some little distance up-town, and they walked and smoked, lost in their own reflections. How susceptible we mortals are to the influences of the natural forces! Our nervous systems respond to the waves of light and sound, to shadow and to luster, to silence and to turmoil, even as the chords of a piano to pressure upon the keys. Who shall escape his moods? We vary from hour to hour. A kiss, a crowd, a peaceful night, an apple-blossom, the pale cold face of one beloved,—what a widely opposite effect each one of these has upon the organism! And what, indeed, is human nature but a series of varied and recurring emotions, strung like pearls upon the thread of individual existence, which is bounded by mystery at either end?

Arthur Remington and Woodbury Stoughton had alike reached one of those halting-places in the struggle for existence, where even the most impetuous and least self-questioning natures have the desire and opportunity to pause and think. The precious boon of pondering on what has been and is to be, out of the sweep of the current, was theirs for a moment. This had been more literally true of their condition three months previous, at which time they had returned to New York to settle down to the serious business of life, as it is called. The

eight preceding years had been passed away from their native city. They both had been graduated at Harvard, and subsequently had studied law and spent a year in traveling abroad. Now they had come back to earn their living, after having enjoyed the best advantages our civilization affords in the way of education. The social position of both was likewise of the best. They belonged to families that had for several generations been people of consideration in society. But although this was the case, each had his way to make in the world. Beyond some five thousand dollars apiece, they had nothing of their own. Their fathers, as is generally the case in America, had made every effort to give them an excellent education, and now expected them to take care of themselves as soon as possible. The fathers were neither of them men of large fortune, and had need of all their income to provide for the expenses of a handsome establishment and growing family. The young men still lived at home. They had just been admitted to the bar, and had set up law offices of their own.

Woodbury Stoughton habitually produced the effect of an indifferent and rather lazy person, with a dash of the cynic. His conversation and bearing were apt to suggest one to whom enthusiasm or serious endeavor was at least distasteful, if not a theme for satire. It had been seemingly his desire while in college to figure as a skeptic of all that was intangible and otherwise than mundane. Watching him stroll along the streets of Cambridge, with an air both fastidious and reserved, a bull-pup at his heels, his fellows tacitly pigeon-holed him as an embryo Chesterfield. For, despite his apathetic ways, there were curious whispers in circulation concerning him. His intimates declared that he was immensely clever. It was said he had read everything. Besides, he was a handsome fellow, of commanding presence, and even those who resented his exclusive demeanor could not deny his ability to converse fluently and with pungency. Several years of schooling abroad as a child had given him a familiarity with foreign languages that served as an additional means of prestige. It came, in short, to be currently stated that, if Woodbury Stoughton only chose to work, he could have any place on the rank-list,—a measure of praise much more flattering in the eyes of his classmates than actual success would have been. He apparently, however, studied but little the college requirements, preferring—as those who voiced his utterances said—to read in self-chosen directions. He professed to be especially enamored of literature which presented most vividly the

philosophy of an epigrammatic pessimism. Aphorisms from Voltaire, La Rochefoucauld, and others of that class, were constantly on his lips.

The young ladies of the university town, who—with the example of the Trojan Helen constantly in mind, so to speak—were invariably suspicious of Parisian manners, did not approve of Mr. Stoughton. To begin with, he seemed to prefer the parties in the adjacent Boston to their own “sociables,” which was an excellent reason for suspecting him of an inclination toward worldliness; and when it was whispered about that he was acquainted with several actresses, the Puritan maidens took refuge in the dreadful anathema that there “was nothing in him.” They even took Arthur Remington, who was a favorite in Cambridge social circles, to task for his intimacy with the handsome Lothario. Miss Bolles, who was rightly supposed to possess great influence with the former, was deputed to inquire what there was to recommend Mr. Stoughton.

“Isn’t he dreadfully fast?” asked the suburban beauty, with a severe look in her serious face.

“Not in the least. Why, how could you have got such an idea?” answered Remington. “He’s fond of having a good time, like the rest of us, but that’s all. No; Woodbury Stoughton is one of the ablest men in the class.”

“Didn’t he stand very low on the rank-list last year?”

“That’s no test. He could have had *any* rank if he had chosen to study.”

Miss Bolles, far from convinced, shook her head. To have the opportunity of improving one’s self and not to do so, seemed to her earnest spirit quite incomprehensible. How many young men there were through the country struggling to obtain the means for a college education, and here was a man—and with natural ability, too—throwing away his advantages! It was simply dreadful, and Mr. Remington was to blame in seeking to defend him.

Nevertheless, the same young ladies regarded this black sheep with a certain awe that was not perhaps void of secret admiration. They could not help admitting that he was handsome. When they met him in the streets they bowed with frigidity, to be sure; but there was an excitement about the encounter for which they could not exactly account, and which the more analytical were conscious was not consistent with the disapproval they harbored. As time went on, indeed, a Miss Margaret Lamb, one of the sweetest and most simple-minded of the set,

allowed herself to become intimate with Stoughton, who had made an exception in her favor in his criticism of Cambridge manners. She presently gave it to be known that she had no idea there was so much *in* Mr. Stoughton, and that he was really very much in earnest, and *so* clever. Some of her companions, as a consequence, modified a little their views in his regard; but the majority preferred to think that Margaret had fallen a victim to her own vanity.

Remington, on the other hand, had been looked upon in his college days as a tolerably easy-going fellow, with amiable, unpretentious manners. There was a nervous energy about him always seeking vent, which had made him conspicuous in various fields of college enterprise. His exertions in the line of athletics, theatricals, and the like, were a contrast to the elegant inactivity of Stoughton, who used to smile withal at the other’s restlessness. He enjoyed life with a keenness that was visible in his expression. In the way of studies he, too, had been negligent, but from a buoyant heedlessness rather than premeditation. It was always his intention to work, and his penitence for his idleness was as sincere as it was apt to prove transitory. But, though impetuous and volatile, there had ever been a current of earnest seriousness beneath the bubbling surface of his days. There were those among his classmates who styled him visionary, and instanced in support thereof his rhapsodizing talk at times, and the tendency he showed for the discussion of serious and sentimental problems with his girl intimates. His devotion to Miss Bolles was a well-known circumstance, and some of his associates, be it said to their shame, looked upon the pale, slim professor’s daughter, whose face reflected the fervor of her earnest views of life, in the light of an infliction. In fact, before the close of his under-graduate course, the influences of sobering reflection had begun to manifest themselves in his conduct, and he became much more assiduous at his studies. Commencement-Day found him above the middle of his class on the rank-list; but, to the surprise of almost everybody, Woodbury Stoughton’s percentage for the Senior year was but two or three removed from the highest.

Remington was one of the few to whom Stoughton’s sudden prowess was no revelation. He was quite aware of the fire that burned beneath his friend’s calm and indifferent exterior—a fire which Stoughton had ever shrunk from acknowledging, but which was just as real as the restless energy which showed itself in the other’s very eyes. Their intimacy had been a singular one. The dissimilarity of their traits had seemingly attracted them

toward each other. The calm, passive force of Stoughton, his deliberate ways, suggestive of reserve power, and his casuistic cleverness had alike appealed to his more plastic companion; and the former had in turn silently watched, with a curious interest, the development of Remington's nervous nature. They were known as great cronies; but their bond of sympathy largely consisted in antagonism to each other's ideas. Stoughton had not been able to disguise from his friend the secret ambition within him; but even in confidential moments his attitude was apologetic, as if he considered all enthusiasm a weakness. While unable to conceal his own susceptibility to the aspirations common to the sober moments of youth, he inveighed against the same as stumbling-blocks in the path of happiness.

Many were the rambles they used to take together on Sunday afternoons, when their classmates who lived in Boston had gone home. They were wont to discuss all sorts of questions, and with great heat, too; for Stoughton was a bitter opponent of authority, and resented the old-time arguments upon which his comrade founded his conclusions. And Remington, while he deplored the upsetting of the opinions he fancied established forever, could not help admitting that the other was very clever, and that, perhaps, what he said regarding the automatism of human beings might have some truth in it. For Woodbury Stoughton professed great admiration for the doctrines of the materialists, and delighted to style himself a victim of the idiosyncrasies of his ancestors. He used to quote the Frenchman's remark that "to reform a man you must begin with his grandmother," and claimed the laws of heredity to be the arbiters of fate. Opinions? Beliefs? Who dared claim (so he argued) that any one set of opinions or beliefs bore the stamp of a supernatural approval? Who was prepared to assert that what men symbolized as divine commands was aught but accumulated human experience of what had been best for the race, —handed down through the centuries from father to son, until it had crystallized as an instinct of the organism and been accredited to a God? Best,—and what was best? The eternal strife went on, and on, and on. Still, the stronger survived and the weaker perished. To earn their bread, a pitiful mass of beings toiled day in, day out, in reeking factories and workshops, and in the bowels of the earth, that their more prosperous brethren might live in luxury. Here, too, the teachings of one were stamped with the disapproval of his neighbor. What some called right there were others to stigmatize as wrong. The laws of human device varied with suc-

ceeding generations, and those of nature ever found a new interpretation. Still, a portion claimed as of divine revelation doctrines to which the rest refused their faith, and the creeds of the world were as diverse as its peoples. And so from age to age man labored his allotted time, died, and was gathered to his fathers; and what came after, no one, not even the wisest, knew.

Those delightful four years of undergraduate life came to an end at last. Class-Day was at hand, and after that they were both to enter the law school. Remington was chosen one of the marshals of his class, an office which is commonly the reward of popularity; and his spirits were of the best as he stood under the flower-belted memorial elm, conducting what is familiarly known to Harvard men as "the exercises at the tree." During these rites, which are witnessed annually by enthusiastic audiences of maidens in muslin and their chaperons, ranged on benches around two sides of a quadrangle or looking down from the dormitory window-seats overhead, the graduating class, having exchanged the spick-and-span apparel of the morning for highly nondescript garments, commit every kind of student eccentricity. They cheer the favorite professors, the victorious "crews" and "nines," and even extend their patronage to the college "goodies," which is the still more aged title of the venerable dames who have the charge of rooms. When at last subjects for applause are no longer to be found, the heroes of the occasion, hand clasped in hand, begin to revolve about the ancient tree, which wears a vast band of choice flowers around its trunk, far removed from the grasp of the tallest of the revelers. The younger classes also rise from the turf upon which they have been lounging, and form three other rings, which begin to revolve with alternate motion. The Sophomores follow the movement of the graduating class, but the Juniors and Freshmen turn from right to left. The class song is sung, and after it "Fair Harvard," the darling air of the university; and then, as the tripping feet speed faster, the voices take up the burden of "Auld Lang Syne" and lift it to the stars. The pace grows frantic now; the arms swing with wild, ecstatic energy; and at a given signal the two hundred youths, who are supposed to be men from this day forth, rush in an indiscriminate mass toward the elm to tear the flowers from their resting-place. Regardless of appearances, or even of justice, they swarm up the mammoth trunk on the backs of each other. The giant lifts the nimble stripling upon his shoulders until his fingers touch

the posies, and robs him to the last bud as he hauls him down. It is *saute qui peut* with a vengeance. The weakest go to the wall, or rather to the earth, and the strong man carries off the prize to his Dulcinea. It is a mimic foretaste of the great world into which they will be let loose upon the morrow.

So at least had reflected Woodbury Stoughton, as he stood a little apart watching the scrimmage with a smile that was half disdainful. He was too lazy, as he would have expressed it, to make so much exertion for the sake of a few roses. There was nobody in especial to whom he wished to present them, and he would get heated for nothing. Therefore, he let the others do the climbing, and amused himself with the sight of their vicissitudes. He would have to encounter plenty of rough-and-tumble in the struggle of the next few years without beginning now. Holloa! there was Arthur Remington barking up the tree, like a good one. Smithson, the university stroke, had him by the legs, and was lifting him toward the goal. A little farther,—there, he had a handful now, and looked with beaming, mocking eyes triumphantly down at the envious faces below. "This way, that's a good fellow, Remington," "Remember your friends," "Pull him down," and the like, rose from a score of throats, until attention was diverted by the success of another aspirant who had clambered to eminence under cover of the confusion. Just then, Remington, who was casting favors right and left, caught sight of Stoughton looking up at him, and with a simple wave of his arm tossed in his direction a choice bunch of red roses which he had intended to reserve for himself. A dozen hands grasped at them as they floated downward, but Stoughton was not the man to suffer himself to be robbed under his very eyes. He strove valiantly for his property, and succeeded in carrying off the major portion of the blushing blossoms. While he was battling, the patience of the stalwart Smithson apparently gave way, and with it the support of Remington, who came tumbling to the earth, clinching however with the tenacity of desperation a few crumpled remains of flowers. The tree was entirely stripped now. In fact, the work of demolition had been vastly shorter than has been its narration, and the crowd, well pleased at the success of the spectacle, already was beginning to scatter in the direction of the "teas."

A spur in the side of Remington's native energy had been the desire to obtain from the rose-belt a *bouquet de corsage* for Miss Bolles, to whom he had promised to show later on in the evening, when the band began

to play and the college-green was alive with lanterns, the room that he had occupied during the four years of his student life. It was a sorry-looking bunch that he had carried off, so he reflected, as he presented them to the young lady, with a stammering, half audible remark, embodying the hope that she would keep them to remember him by. Nor did they look much better, as he scanned them by and by, from a seat beside his study-table, nestling in her waistband. Miss Bolles had possession of the cushioned window-seat, and her slim, girlish profile, surmounted by a jaunty chip hat and large white feather, were outlined as in a frame against the evening air. She held between her thumb and finger the cord of the shade, and gently and pensively swayed the tassel to and fro, while the strains of music and hum of voices floated up from below.

He had been too generous at the tree. He ought to have kept the best for her instead of giving them away. He had been in a position to win for her the choicest of all, and yet there was nothing to show for his endeavors but these faded sprigs. What had Woodbury done with his? he wondered. He had seen Miss Lamb wandering about at Jack Hewson's tea looking quite disconsolate, despite the attendance of a cavalier or two. Very likely Woodbury had found her by this time.

What was he doing here himself? Why had he persuaded Miss Bolles to climb the winding, narrow staircase to his nest in the top story of old Holworthy? He had been looking forward for weeks to this interview, and now it had come. Neither of them had spoken for several minutes. She was listening to the music. How pretty she looked, he thought, as he stealthily gazed at her. His heart was beating like a trip-hammer. Ought he to say anything to her? Would she like it if he did? Did he want to say anything to her, and what was there to say? He loved her—yes, he loved her; but somehow he wasn't ready to be married yet. What would his family say? He had his own way to make in the world. He was ready to work, he was eager to work. He would go out on a sheep-farm or do anything to make money, if only he was sure she cared for him. Yes, come what might, he would tell her his secret,—if it was a secret,—and have it over with. He never could be happy without her, he was sure of that.

So he had presently broken the silence, which was becoming somewhat awkward, with a sententious little speech that was so suggestive of sentiment as to cause Miss Bolles to draw her wrap about her shoulders

with a slight shiver and say she thought it really was time for her to be going. But the young lover would pay no attention to the hint. She should not escape him now. He never might have such an opportunity again. And he rushed to his fate very glibly when once the ice was broken, for he told the sweet descendant of the Puritans he had loved her ever since he had seen her first; that she was the dearest girl in the world, and had so much influence over him that if she would only say she loved him just a little, he would be very, very happy. He called her "Maud," too, and drawing his chair to the window-seat tried to take her hand, which she, poor girl, would not let him have. She sat silent and trembling, nor did she say a word until he had finished. Then she told him quietly, and even a little coldly, that what he asked was quite impossible. She had enjoyed their friendship very much, of course; but the idea of anything else had never entered her head.

"I am so sorry for you, Mr. Remington, but you must try and get on without me. I am not half so good a girl as you make me out to be," and she smiled faintly at her admirer. "I only wish I were," she added, and she covered her face with her hands as she spoke.

Half an hour later, after he had conducted Miss Bolles back to her party and bade her a rather stiff and funeral farewell, Remington took a bee-line for one of the clubs. He felt angry and, as if it were incumbent upon him to do something desperate in retaliation for his discomfiture, he would get drunk. He remembered that Harry Loring had, according to popular report, gone on a prolonged spree of ten days after being thrown over by a certain Miss Bowdoin, and he could now sympathize acutely with his action. The lights in the yard were dying out rapidly, and most of the guests had gone home. The songs of students who had exchanged feminine society for mild bacchanalia were beginning to be audible in the distance, and the greensward was fast assuming the appearance of a deserted battlefield.

As Remington was hurried on by the impetuosity of this mood, he was startled at hearing a voice close at hand ask him whither he was going so fast. Turning his head sharply, he found himself face to face with Woodbury Stoughton, who was sitting placidly smoking a pipe on the fence which bordered the sidewalk. The shade of a large tree concealed his figure from the careless passer.

"Holloa, Wood," exclaimed Remington, and he came to a halt. "What in the world are you doing here?"

"Reflecting, my dear fellow. Nothing worse, I assure you. I've been here most of

the evening." He smoked in silence for a minute. "You see, I was afraid if I went into the yard I might be led into saying something foolish. The last thing my mother said to me before I left home at Christmas was, that I must be careful not to do anything foolish. I've been following her advice; that's all."

Remington nervously switched off the head of an innocent dandelion with his cane. "I've been making a fool of myself to-night," he said.

"I think very likely," said Stoughton. "Did she accept you?" he inquired, presently.

"No."

"Well, you've got off better than I feared. If any one would have guaranteed me the same result, I might have had a pleasant evening; but I didn't dare to risk it." As he spoke, Stoughton looked down half-regretfully at a bunch of withered roses which adorned his lapel. Remington recognized them as the same he had thrown to him from the tree.

"I saw Miss Lamb at Jack Hewson's tea," said Remington.

"She's a nice girl,—a very nice girl." Stoughton shook his head slowly from side to side, and took another puff. "I'd told her that already though, so there was no use in my repeating it to her to-night. It was all I meant to tell her." He spoke the last words with a quiet deliberation. Presently he gave a deep sigh, and, rising, knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the fence. "'To-morrow, to fresh woods and pastures new.' Come on, old fellow. It's the luckiest thing in the world she refused you, and you'll think so, too, before you're a week older."

This prediction did not turn out to be exactly true; for, despite a consciousness that there was a certain compensation in still being free, and not having to go out to a sheep-farm immediately, Remington felt very gloomy for a number of weeks. Stoughton rallied him upon his despondency, and adduced many excellent reasons why he should be thankful that Miss Bolles had given him the mitten. They passed most of the summer, after graduation, at Newport; and it must be confessed that, when the time came for them to enter the law school, Remington did not experience any special elation at the idea of meeting his would-be sweetheart once more. Indeed, he had come to see that there were many things to be considered in the matter; that is to say, his youth, lack of means, and unsettled prospects in life did not warrant him in contracting an engagement. It was better as it was, perhaps. If he continued to love Miss Bolles three years hence, when he had begun to practice law, he would try his fortune again.

Until then he must be content to take his chance; and it was a little surprising to himself, withal, to observe how calmly he was able to face the prospect of taking his chance.

Those next two years at the law school were years of genuine hard study on the part of both Remington and Stoughton. It is very apt to be the case that those who have been easy-going students while under-graduates turn out wonderful workers as soon as they enter the professional schools. They each managed to spend so many hours a day over their law-books that the termination of the course found them thoroughly fagged out, and a year abroad was decreed as the needful tonic in the premises. Miss Bolles must have been a most unsophisticated young person, for Remington left Cambridge this second time with scarcely a pang at parting. Indeed, it is doubtful if there was any formal leave-taking between them. He had found her manner toward him, on his return from Newport, so cool (which was doubtless caused by a conscientious wish to avoid encouragement) that he soon began to plead the multiplicity of his legal duties as an excuse for not making more frequent visits. He scarcely ever went to the Cambridge sociables, and their opportunities for meeting were very few. Miss Margaret Lamb was in poor health during the greater portion of the two years, and Stoughton used to send her fruit and flowers occasionally. She was said to have played too much tennis at Bar Harbor; but, as her father, Professor George Lamb, happened to have been one of the original holders of Agueville and Talpeak Railway stock, she was able to have the best medical attendance.

"Only think," said Stoughton, the evening after their final law examinations, as he and his friend sat on the steps of Dane Hall, taking a last retrospective survey—"Only think, if I'd married Margaret Lamb, what a bonanza I should have struck! Somebody was saying yesterday that the professor is worth a cool million."

"And she's an only daughter," added Remington.

Thus had passed the days of their novitiate. A three months' experience of actual life had already begun to color the current of their ideas. Just as buds, which, fashioned through long months of dark, silent growth, burst into light and prominence beneath a spring day's varying sun and shower, impulses and impressions hitherto unknown to them were welling up under contact with the workaday world. They were passing through the disillusionizing process common to all carefully educated young men. The realities of life were very different from what they had pict-

ured them at the university. They had come to New York with the knowledge of their superiority to the mass of mankind, and confident of recognition. They were anxious to shine in their calling, to make money, to become prominent in the community; and though indefinite as to the precise methods, they had never doubted their ability to do so. But the result thus far had been quite removed from their expectation. They had found their theories and refinements of little apparent avail for the wear and tear of downtown life.

The discovery had been more or less mortifying. Stoughton, reserved, dignified, almost phlegmatic in his apparent indifference, yet eager at heart; Remington, nervous, impetuous, scarcely less clever,—they alike felt a certain chagrin at the realization of their (so to speak) helplessness among their fellows. The very qualities that distinguished them from the multitude seemed to unfit them for competition, to bar them from success.

Upon the mind of each the effect had been peculiar. To Remington, the most serious shock had been a keener appreciation of the force of materialism, a rude revolutionizing of his emotional side; but the feeling aroused in Stoughton was distinctly one of thwarted ambition and wounded vanity. Accustomed hitherto, almost without exertion, to be easily first, he had looked forward—vaguely, perhaps, yet confidently—to a conspicuous recognition. He had supposed the accomplished ability of which he knew himself to be possessed would be a free pass to advancement; instead of which he saw himself outstripped by men of Finchley's stripe,—men whom he sneered at, but whom he now secretly envied.

Such reflections were a part of their thoughts this evening, as they pursued their way in company up Fifth avenue. Stoughton's home was the nearer, and they stood for a moment chatting at the corner where it was necessary for him to branch off. To-morrow was Sunday. For the coming week they found themselves deep in engagements.

"There's no rest for the weary in this life," said Remington, with a sigh. "However, we can sleep late to-morrow; that's one comfort. By Jove, it's a fine night!" Carelessly swinging his cane, he gazed up at the clear heavens.

"Right you are," answered Stoughton, absently. "It's a strange world, Arthur," he continued, suddenly pulling himself together. "Well, as the bard says,

"If you can't get in by the golden gate,
Climb over the garden wall."

Good-night!"

"Good-night!" And the young men parted.

III.

It was usual with Remington and Stoughton to remain down-town until late in the afternoon, returning just in time to get ready for dinner. They were apt to walk the distance, so as to obtain a little fresh air and exercise. Sometimes they took the "Elevated," and tried to make a few calls at the afternoon tea hour. The gay season had begun, and invitations to all sorts of entertainments were pouring in upon them. Their social position gave them the *entrée* to the most agreeable houses in town.

One afternoon, shortly after the episode at Delmonico's, Stoughton carried his friend to call on Mrs. Fielding. She lived on Fifth avenue in the vicinity of Sixtieth street. The irreproachable man-servant who answered the bell had reached a period of life equally removed from the rawness of youth and the seediness of age. With a demeanor subdued, and not too unctuous to be consistent with a proper self-respect, he aided them to take off their overcoats in a large hall, exquisitely furnished in the spirit of the modern school of high art.

"What name shall I say, sir?"

"Mr. Remington, please."

"Thank you, sir." The servant drew aside the portière which hung across the door-way of the adjoining room: "Mr. Woodbury Stoughton — Mr. Remington."

Remington found himself in a spacious parlor, dim with faint daylight, strained through colored shades, and the afterglow of a wood fire. A maze of low tables, footstools, and other tasteful-looking knickknacks separated the young men from their hostess, whose sofa was beside the distant hearth. She laid aside the volume which lay open on her lap and rose to greet them with a cordial smile.

She was dressed simply, in a loose-fitting costume of some cashmere material of a neutral, greenish-brown tint. A single pale pink rose, with a dash of deeper color at the tips of its leaves, lay on her bosom. Remington noticed the same excessively refined delicacy of feature that had struck him the evening he had seen her at Delmonico's; but, in this dimmer light, no suggestion of meagerness marred the fascination of her pretty face. The apartment was in harmony with its mistress, a soothing pleasure to the eye that appreciates true elegance and grace. That perfection of effect, of which the heightening charm is an apparent absence of art, was there completely realized.

"You see, Mrs. Fielding," said Stoughton, "I have taken an early advantage of your

permission to bring my friend Mr. Remington to visit you."

"You are very good; Mr. Remington is welcome both on your account and on his own," she said in a sweet, low voice, and with a manner slightly languid, but completely gracious. "I know your mother and sisters very well, Mr. Remington," she continued, as she gave the young man her thin white hand. "Your mother is well, I hope?"

"Yes; she and my sister Mabel are in Boston for a few days." Despite her unaffected simplicity Remington blushed, with a sense of that discrepancy which exists between Sèvres china and common ware.

"Ah, how charming! Pray sit down, Mr. Remington." She reestablished herself on the lounge, and touched a little bell on the table beside her, which emitted a musical sound. The decorous man-servant appeared.

"The tea, Dawson."

Mrs. Fielding leaned back against the cushions. "You have come back to New York to stay, I hope, Mr. Remington."

"Yes, I believe so, Mrs. Fielding."

"I tell Mr. Remington," said Stoughton, "that if he desires to be a success, he must write himself down in Mrs. Fielding's good graces."

"I am sure Mr. Remington needs no assistance from any one to win his way," she said with a pleasant smile; "I can see he is clever."

Remington laughed confusedly. "Oh, I assure you that is quite a mistake," he murmured. Then, with an attempt at effusiveness which sounded a little elaborate: "I shall try to convince Mrs. Fielding of my desire for her favorable opinion."

The tea-things, a dainty Wedgwood service of quaint design, were brought in by Dawson and placed on the low plush-covered table at her elbow. She proceeded to make the tea while Stoughton told a bit or two of society news in his amusing vein.

"I saw you the other evening at Delmonico's, I think, Mr. Remington," said Mrs. Fielding presently. "That Miss Idlewild is a lovely-looking girl. Do you know her well?"

"Only slightly."

Stoughton gave an amused laugh. "You must not question him too closely there, Mrs. Fielding. I suspect Mr. Remington of being a gay deceiver."

"Indeed," she murmured softly. She was pouring out tea into one of the quaint little cups, and, as she spoke, raised her eyes therefrom and let them fall inquiringly on Remington. "Are you, too, of the faithless kind?" she asked with a sigh of simulated despair.

"Oh, I trust not," he answered, with a

nervous laugh; and as her glance encountered his, he blushed.

"Perhaps Mr. Remington will make a confidante of me some day when he comes to see me alone. I can keep a secret. Do you take tea, Mr. Remington?" she asked, with her head poised on one side, and another sly, blithe glance at the young man.

Remington disliked tea. "If you please," he answered.

"One lump, or two?" and she gracefully balanced the second bit of sugar in a lilliputian pair of tongs above the smoking beverage. "But stay; I will leave it in the saucer, and you shall choose for yourself," she added airily, before Remington could reply.

As he rose to receive his cup from her hand the portière was drawn aside, and the voice of Dawson announced "Miss Tremaine—Miss Lawton—Miss Crosby."

"How sweet of you, my dears!" Mrs. Fielding embraced all of the trio, who, kept in countenance by the superiority of their numbers, all chattered effusively at the same moment. They were young girls, dressed tastefully and in the height of fashion.

Miss Tremaine was a tall, gaunt girl, with large bones and a long neck, which gave her something of a giraffe-like demeanor. She was eminently vivacious, and began at once to relate in a chattering but spirited tone the latest social intelligence. "Oh, Ethel," she cried, turning toward Mrs. Fielding, "have you heard that the Guards have been ordered to the war in the Transvaal? Isn't it quite too distressing for poor dear Lady Poppleton? You know 'Beauty' will have to go. You remember 'Beauty,' of course?"

"What, the little one with the straw whiskers?"

"No, dear, that was 'Adonis.' 'Beauty' is the clever one with the large eyes, who stopped, when he was out here, at the Dudley Robinsons'."

Remington found himself beside Miss Lawton, a young lady in the vicinity of twenty-three, who possessed a pretty, round, florid face, with its traditional accompaniments of blue eyes and flaxen hair, but was short and dumpy. They had already met at a ball or two. Unlike Miss Tremaine, the still hunt was her method, and for some minutes she was very undemonstrative; but when the ice was once broken, her chirpy prattle had the easy flow of a brook in early summer.

"Weren't you at Bar Harbor last summer, Mr. Remington?"

"Yes, for a short time."

"I thought I saw you there. I staid eight weeks, and was dreadfully sorry to come home. It was my fifth season there. Isn't it

a fascinating place? I do think it's the nicest place to go to in the summer I know of. Some people call it rowdy; I don't; do you, Mr. Remington? Mamma is always complaining about my being such a *gad* down there, as she calls it; but I can't see the harm of seeing people naturally, can you? I make up for it by being frightfully proper in town. That reminds me, parties are beginning early this year. I suppose you will go about a great deal this winter, Mr. Remington. Mrs. David Kochlin's cards are out for a large *musical*, and the George Butts—this was told me in strict confidence, so you must not say I told you—are to give a ball soon. Their daughter Pauline is a *débutante*. And then the Idlewilds. Do you know the Idlewilds, Mr. Remington?"

"A little."

"Oh, really! I don't know them, but they've sent me an invitation. I think I shall go. I hear the house is perfectly fascinating. Mamma doesn't approve much of my going, but it will be such fun. Mr. Stoughton is a great friend of yours, isn't he? I think he's so nice! He's a lawyer, I hear. I should think the law would be frightfully stupid. Oh, but how dreadful of me! Perhaps you're a lawyer, Mr. Remington!" She stopped short with a little gasp, and then, in response to Remington's amused nod,—“What, really? Well, you'll forgive me, wont you, Mr. Remington?"

"What is that, Florence, I hear about forgiving?" exclaimed Mrs. Fielding, turning toward them. "You are getting on quite too fast. I can't have you monopolizing Mr. Remington altogether. You must beware of Miss Lawton, Mr. Remington; she is dangerous."

"I have discovered that already," said the young man, with a significant smile.

"Ah, now," cried Miss Lawton in her demure way, "how unkind! And all, Ethel, because I didn't happen to know that he's a lawyer."

"I have no doubt it was all your fault, dear. But you haven't drunk your tea, Mr. Remington. It is quite cold. I am going to give you another cup. Yes, I insist; and you shall sit over here where Miss Lawton cannot engross your attention."

As Remington crossed over to the vacant place on Mrs. Fielding's lounge, his glance fell upon Miss Crosby, who was listening intently to something Stoughton was saying. Remington had been introduced to her a few evenings before, and although he had exchanged but a few words with her, the agreeable impression thereof had lingered with him a little. She was a cousin of Mrs. Fielding,

and had much of her physique. The refined delicacy of her features was animated by the wistful interest of budding womanhood. One became aware at first that she had sympathetic brown eyes and a quiet manner.

"Tell me," said Mrs. Fielding, interrupting his momentary reverie with a beseeching little air as of a desire for confidence, "how do you think you are going to like New York?"

A few minutes later Remington found himself talking to his fair hostess with a freedom that was delightful, and yet surprising to himself withal. The peculiar air of sympathy with which she listened to what he had to say drew from him, almost unwittingly, a frank exposure of his ideas. It was easy to be unreserved, for she seemed so quick to catch his meaning, so appreciative of mere suggestions of thought. She was, besides, graceful and pleasing. Her air expressed the perfection of natural elegance. She must be very clever,—and yet how young-looking she was. Her years could be scarcely greater in number than his own. But women mature so much faster than men. He was a mere boy beside her.

He spoke of his travels, of the chitchat of the day, and of the defects of the reigning prima donna. Then, as he felt himself understood, he dwelt a little on his impressions of the great city. Money was the ruling spirit of the age, and the seeming dearth of lofty ambitions a depressing evil.

"I am so glad to hear you talk so," she murmured. "It is refreshing to meet a man who cares for something beyond dollars and cents." She sighed gently. "And so you are a lawyer, Mr. Remington?"

"Yes, I have decided on the law as a profession."

"How interesting!" and she gently knocked together in her clasped hands a pair of silver bracelets which she had untwisted from her arms.

"Scarcely interesting, I fear," replied Remington with a little laugh, which betrayed, however, that he was pleased. "Your sex is wont to apply that adjective less indulgently."

"Ah, but I cannot agree with you. It must be grand to be a lawyer and have important cases—or causes, you see I am ignorant of the precise term—to defend." She leaned back against the cushions and looked at him earnestly from under her penthouse lids.

Remington blushed and his eyes fell. He nervously indented with the point of his cane one of the flowers which patterned the carpet. "Perhaps—when you have them to defend. I am only a beginner."

"Yes, but everything has a beginning," she murmured in low, sweet tones.

"True." There was a pause, as if each were wrapt in thought. Remington reached out his hand and took from the plush table the volume she had been reading. "Permit me," he said. "Ah, Swinburne!" and he opened the book and began to turn over the pages.

"Do you know him, Mr. Remington?"

"A little." His eyes caught a passage which he paused to dwell upon.

"What is it, Mr. Remington?" and she bent over so that she might share the page with the young man. "'Before Dawn.' That is one of my favorites. Is it not lovely?"

They were silent for a moment. It was the last stanza of the poem which had attracted Remington's attention, and, as he came to it again in conclusion, he nodded his head in acquiescence with her enthusiasm. Mrs. Fielding repeated in soft murmur the lines that had struck his fancy:

"So hath it been, so be it;
For who shall live and flee it?
But look that no man see it
Or hear it unaware:
Lest all who love and choose him
See love and so refuse him,
For all who find him lose him;
But all have found him fair."

"Adorable, are they not?" she continued. "There is a wealth of deliciousness in Swinburne." And her pupils, dilated with their sense of enjoyment, sought his own.

"Exquisite," he replied; but, although the effect of the words just read was vastly soothing, he was not greatly concerned with their meaning. Without knowing exactly why, he was conscious of a vague delight he had no desire to analyze,—perhaps lest he might arouse that bugbear of a moral censor. The atmosphere of this refined, charming woman had the effect upon him as of violets on the sense of smell, or smooth rich cream upon the palate. What Stoughton had said regarding her previous attachment occurred to him. She had been married about a year ago, and had recently returned home from abroad. What was her purpose, her object in life now? he wondered. What were her feelings, her thoughts, her ideas?

"You are fond of reading—of books?" he inquired, gently.

"Yes,—that is, of real books, Mr. Remington. I sometimes think," she went on to say, "we have no literature in this country. The characters in our novels and poems are wanting in color and spontaneity. They are cardboard men and women, rather than flesh and blood. We lack passion as a nation—does

it not strike you so, Mr. Remington? We are artificial and cold. We are forever repressing ourselves." She gave a little shiver, and the curve of her lips wore for an instant the shadow of something half-bitter, half-weary.

"Yes," he answered: but before he could proceed, he became aware that the others had risen and were shaking hands with Mrs. Fielding. He stood up mechanically.

"I'm afraid you think I'm very dreadful, Mr. Remington," piped Miss Lawton wistfully, as she tripped past him. He found himself beside Miss Crosby.

"I know one of your sisters, Mr. Remington," she said softly. "We were at school together. Have you returned to New York for good?"

"For better or for worse, Miss Crosby," answered Remington, with a smile; "or rather, I should say, for richer or for poorer."

"Yes?" She pronounced the word with a little laugh and a sweet sibilation of the final consonant. There was an eloquent earnestness about her expression as she gazed at him that made Remington almost regret his flippancy.

It was a look Dorothy Crosby's face was apt to assume at such times as her imagination was appealed to, especially during conversations with the other sex, or when in the presence of fine scenery or listening to music. If her nervous system was powerfully affected, as often happened where beautiful music was concerned, the expression in question savored of a pleasure that was almost pain. Her large luminous brown eyes, looking out from a physiognomy noticeably delicate and refined, heightened the natural effect of this peculiarity, which had already caused her to be described in society as "interesting." She generally carried her head a little on one side at such moments. Young men sometimes made the mistake of ascribing this intensity of expression to the effect of their identities instead of to the interest of her own reflections.

She was a *débutante*. She lived alone with her mother, who was a widow. Her sister, Mrs. Charles Maclane, a beauty of the grand, dashing type, whose regular features were for several seasons a source of heart-ache to youthful admirers of classical loveliness, had made a brilliant match, it was considered, in dowering with her charms the hearth of a young millionaire. Marian Crosby, as her name was prior to that step, had, to be a little metaphorical, made a triumphal march to the altar over a route strewn with bleeding hearts. In short, she had been widely admired and had flirted desperately. The world

said she came well by this behavior, for her mother—whom no one, to judge from the demure repose of that good lady's maturity, would have ventured to suspect of early diablerie—had been just such another when she was a girl in Baltimore. The latter, however, unlike her elder daughter, had wedded a poor man. Mr. Crosby's fascinations had carried her maiden heart by storm, and she had followed the young lawyer to his simple home in New York. He was nevertheless, though comparatively penniless, an aristocrat by birth; and to his charming ways were added the more substantial advantage of good parts and a scholarly ambition. Had his health been able to withstand the strain of a rigorous devotion to his profession, distinction would doubtless in time have blessed their lot; but such was not to be, and shortly after Dorothy's birth Mrs. Crosby was left a widow.

Dorothy was like her father in person; and with the paternal form she had inherited that mixture of the serious and the gay which had marked his temperament. Coupled with intelligence of expression, she possessed to a high degree the ineffable air of refinement, the modest grace and finish of bearing, that are the outcome of generations of good breeding alone, and without which the self-possessed independence and smartness supposed to be the boasted heritage of American girls are but garish virtues. Her blood and nurture rendered her proof against everything that lacked delicacy. There are dispositions which, recognizing things of unrefined or sensual purport to be hurtful, bravely put them aside and cease to regret the self-denial; but to Dorothy aught that savored of coarseness in thought or action gave absolute pain. Such things were as repugnant and foreign to her nature as soot to the surface of the lily. She had been born so, and doubtless the purity and delicacy were no more to her merit than it is creditable to you and me that we do not use our rudimentary organs or have ceased to believe in witches. She could not help being what she was. Some one before her in the ancestral line had striven to be pure and refined, and Dorothy was the result of such endeavor. And thereby hangs a philosophy. We bear fruit in our descendants, and individual effort is the secret of the progress of the world. A man's possibilities are decided in his mother's womb. Each one of us mortals has his limits—his gamut, so to speak; and the best performer cannot strike a note to thrill the soul from a low-priced instrument. Life is a growth, and whosoever touches the stops aright will, though he play

himself a feeble strain, transmit to his children the power for sweeter melody.

The strenuous voice of Miss Tremaine, urging upon Miss Crosby the necessity of immediate departure, interrupted their conversation. Remington turned to proffer his own adieus.

"I hope you will come to see me very soon, Mr. Remington." Mrs. Fielding's eyes, as they met his, seemed liquid with a mute solicitation for sympathy. Her loose, open

sleeve, receding up her outstretched arm, displayed a frail, snow-white wrist.

The wished-for epigram failed to respond to his need. "I shall be very happy to, I'm sure," he replied; and he coveted the half-audacious badinage of Stoughton's farewell.

The young men walked along Fifth avenue with the attractive trio, and Remington, as he left Miss Crosby on her threshold, obtained her promise to dance the german with him at the Idlewilds'.

(To be continued.)

AT THE GRAVE OF CHARLES WOLFE.

Wolfe, the poet, is buried in Clonmel Parish Churchyard. Queenstown, of which this is the cemetery, was early a resort for consumptives.

WHERE the graves are many, we looked for one.
 Oh, the Irish rose was red,
 And the dark stones saddened the setting sun
 With the names of the early dead.
 Then a child who, somehow, had heard of *him*
 In the land we love so well,
 Kept lifting the grass till the dew was dim
 In the churchyard of Clonmel.

The sexton came. "Can you tell us where
 Charles Wolfe is buried?" "I can.
 See, that is his grave in the corner there.
 (Ay, he was a clever man
 If God had spared him!) It's many that come
 To be looking for him!" said he.
 But the boy kept whispering, "Not a drum
 Was heard" — in the dusk to me.

(Then the gray man tore a vine from the wall
 Of the roofless church where he lay,
 And the leaves that the withering year let fall
 He swept with the ivy away;
 And, as we read on the rock the words
 That, writ in the moss, we found,
 Right over his bosom a shower of birds
 In music fell to the ground.)

Young Poet, I wonder did you care,
 Did it move you in your rest,
 To hear that child in his golden hair
 From the mighty woods of the West,
 Repeating your verse of his own sweet will,
 To the sound of the twilight bell,
 Years after your beating heart was still
 In the churchyard of Clonmel?

S. M. B. Piatt.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.



ST. JOHN AS A SCRIBE. (FROM A TENTH CENTURY MS.)

IT is well known to those who have, in any degree, busied themselves with the investigation of the fountains of the text of the New Testament, as presented to us by modern scholars, that, in the vast majority of doubtful passages, the multitudinous authorities in the shape of manuscripts, versions, and fathers are reduced to two, viz.: the Sinaitic manuscript discovered by Tischendorf in the Convent of St. Catharine on Mount Sinai, and the Vatican manuscript preserved in the great Roman library. Without entering into the romantic history of the discovery of the first, or the almost equally romantic attempts to collate the jealously guarded text of the second, it is sufficient to remark that the most recent results of criticism, as given in the New Testament of Westcott and Hort, lead us to the conclusion that no readings of B (the Vatican manuscript) can safely be rejected; and that the text of the two manuscripts is much older than the vellum on which they are written, and cannot be far removed from the autographs themselves. Against these results, by means of which such preëminence is given to these documents as to make them outweigh a crowd of lesser

and later witnesses, very grave (not to say violent) objections are periodically made. Mr. McLellan, for instance, maintains that the characteristic of modern textual criticism is servile submission to two Egyptian (!) manuscripts of the fourth century, and that the New Testament has been forced into the bondage of Egypt! And Mr. Burgon believes the very citadel of revealed truth to be undergoing assault and battery, and that it is the business of every faithful man to bestir himself, "*ne quid detrimenti civitas Dei capiat.*"

Into the dust and heat of this arena it is no part of ours to venture; but the question presents itself here, as in so many other similar disputes, whether there be not some shorter way to obtain a correct estimate of the worth of these early manuscripts, without coming between the spears of the specialists. May it not be possible, by a purely paleographical argument, with no theological conscience at all, to determine for ourselves whether the manuscripts in question do really diverge from a point near the autographs? Is there no way of putting into the witness-box the very scribes who wrote the manuscripts, and of making them tell what it was that they really copied from in preparing those magnificent vellum books of the fourth century which are so much loved by one school of critics and reviled by the other? In order to do this, we begin with a few simple preliminary considerations, and ask ourselves what we know about the ways of that important race of men whom the printing-press abolished,—the copyists or scribes. Above is a picture from a tenth century manuscript of the Gospels, described in Montfaucon's *Bibliotheca Coisliniana*. It represents St. John at work, writing or copying his own Gospel. His writing-desk is fitted with a double ink-stand for red and black inks, a pen-cutter, a sponge for erasing a passage wrongly written, etc. The pages, open on the desk, contain the words with which the Gospel begins, and are evidently meant to represent leaves of a vellum book; a new leaf lies on the writer's knee; moreover, the writing is uncial (or in the great character), and is ornamented with breathings and accents. Observe, also, that the writing is abbreviated in an unusual manner. The artist, then, has represented St. John using writing materials of his own time, and is apparently unaware that the original

manuscript of the Gospel must have been written upon paper rather than vellum, and without breathings or accents, and certainly without any such abbreviation of the word Logos as the scribe suggests. He imagines



ST. MARK AS A SCRIBE. (FROM A SIXTH CENTURY MS.)

St. John to be a scribe of an order not very different from himself.

If, on the other hand, we examine the accompanying sketch of St. Mark as a scribe, taken from the recently discovered sixth century manuscript of the Gospels, the Codex Rossanensis, we shall see that there is a distinct consciousness in the mind of the artist that the Gospels were not always nor originally written upon vellum. Instead of a sheet of vellum, we have a long strip of writing material, which can hardly be anything else than a roll of papyrus. It is to this material that our minds must revert also if we would form an idea of the appearance of an original MS. of the Gospels. Such paper is prepared from thin layers of the stem of an Egyptian reed, pressed and smoothed and polished, and trimmed into the single sheets which, when glued together, form the roll or book. The appearance presented by such a roll, when opened, would be that of a great many narrow columns of writing standing side by side. Now, if any one were to open the pages of the Vatican or the Sinaitic manuscript, he would be struck with a precisely similar appearance: in the first he would see six narrow columns facing him, and in the second eight columns of writing; and almost the first thought that would occur to the mind would be that each of these manuscripts was closely related to a papyrus roll of the New Testament, since they still bear traces of the arrangement of text peculiar to such rolls. And

this discovery at once provokes our closer scrutiny, since we know for certain that in some of the Epistles paper, and not parchment, was employed, and have good reason for believing it to have been the more usual material.

Before determining the character of the rolls, we note two or three other peculiarities of the early scribes; and, first of all, that they were trained, not only to write in large character and continuously, but also to write lines of given length. The importance of such a custom is obvious: it furnished a means of measuring the contents of the book, was a convenience in determining the pay of the scribe, and was an important help in the citation of passages at a time when the uniformity of printed editions was unknown. To have engaged a scribe, for instance, to write at so much per hundred lines would have been absurd, unless the lines had been specified within certain narrow limits. In order to fix the line, two methods were adopted, the models corresponding to which were selected from the principal poems of the Greek and Latin literature. First of all, there was the long line, or hexameter, taken from the Iliad or Odyssey; and this seems to have been the pattern most commonly used. If it was too long for the width of the strips of paper upon which the scribe was writing, he divided the number of syllables or letters which such a line ought to contain into two or three parts, and wrote his hexameter as two or three lines. The effect would be just as if one were to print an edition of "Evangeline" as follows:

This is the forest primeval the
murmuring pines and the hemlocks
bearded with moss and in garments
green indistinct in the twilight.

A little examination shows that this mode of writing survives in the Vatican Codex. The average length of such a line is about sixteen syllables, and the half lines as we find them in the manuscript in question are found to contain seven or eight syllables, with occasional exceptions. If, for instance, we were to represent the opening of the Gospel of John in English, after the fashion in which it is arranged in the Vatican Codex, we should have—

In the beginning was the Word
and the Word was with God and the
Word was God the same was in the
beginning with God all things were

And better evidence still may be found in the case where St. James has fallen into an accidental hexameter, which is found to

occupy exactly two lines of the manuscript, and may be represented by

Every gift that is
good and every boon that
is matchless.

The second pattern was the meter used by the Greek tragedians and known as the iambic trimeter, a verse of twelve syllables, which may be divided in the same way as the previous pattern. Precisely similar inquiry shows that this divided line is the base of the Sinaitic manuscript: if, for instance, we take the iambic verse which St. Paul quotes from Menander, to the effect that "Evil communications corrupt good manners," we should find that the passage occupied two lines exactly in the manuscript. Although this type of writing is not so common as the other, yet I believe it can be shown that it was the very line employed by Josephus in writing his Antiquities, to say nothing of other early writers.

We have now advanced in our investigation by an important step; for in establishing the existence of pattern lines, we have quantities which are capable of very little variation, and must have remained very nearly the same since they first appeared in the written text. Every scribe who copies such a line has a tendency to preserve the line intact, because he recognizes it as the literary model. If he diverges from it at all, it will probably soon become a wide variation, such as we find in many irregularly written manuscripts of later times. The next peculiarity lies in the fact that, the sheets and rolls of paper being prepared and sold in given sizes, a special number of lines comes to be allotted to each page, so that a scribe has not only a tendency to write pattern lines, but, if he is in the habit of employing paper of a given size, his tendency is to write pages of given size, containing a given number of lines. In fact, before writing a page, he generally rules the paper with the number of lines which he considers proper. The last peculiarity is this: that the early scribes were far more careful than we are in the point of finishing the sheet of paper on which they were writing: if, for instance, a letter was written on a roll of five columns, the fifth column would be generally found to be almost as completely filled as the preceding four. Whether this was a feature of polite education, or whether it was simply due in many cases to the economy of paper, it is impossible to say; but I think we shall be able to establish the statement with a good degree of certainty. St. John, for instance, in his Second and Third Epistles, complains in most definite language of having many things to say for which paper and ink did

not suffice; and it would be very unlikely that a person should make such a statement and then leave the last sheet of paper blank. Curiously, too, as may easily be noticed even in the English translation, the two Epistles are precisely of the same length, and must therefore have been written upon the same space of paper. We shall show presently that each of them was a roll of five columns.

It must now be clear that, if the habits of the scribes (and this term is not limited to professional writers) be as we have intimated, it ought to be possible to restore approximately the original pages of the New Testament writers, and of the Epistles in particular, as soon as we can determine the original size of the pages which they wrote; and this possibility may be realized in the following manner:

The writer of the Vatican Codex arranged his text so as to place on each page three columns of forty-two lines each. If we divide each of these triple columns into three equal parts, and place these parts in succession so as to form a roll, it will be found that the greater part of the Epistles in the New Testament at once divide into fully written rolls, after the manner previously indicated. For instance, each of the two shorter Epistles of John occupies in the Vatican manuscript a column of forty-two lines, and twenty-seven lines; so that each of them is within a single line of five pages, such as would be formed by dividing the columns into sections of fourteen lines: for $3 \times 14 = 42$, and $2 \times 14 = 28$. If, then, we represent the subdivided page, consisting of fourteen lines, each of which is a half hexameter or near it, by the letter V, we should represent a complete page of the manuscript by

v v v
v v v
v v v

or, in other words, the manuscript was reduced from a papyrus roll by arranging the pages of the roll, nine in a square. And by the same method of representation, each of the shorter Epistles of St. John is represented by

v v .
v v .
v . .

The appearance of such a roll in its original form may be gathered from the accompanying figure (page 308).

Without making any of the previous assumptions as to model lines and pattern-pages, an observation of the manuscript itself will

show that there is a curious persistence in the way the separate Epistles have of ending two-thirds down the Vatican column; and this at once invites the subdivision which we made; and without going unduly into detail, we simply remark that every one of the Epistles of John, the Epistles of Jude and James, and the Epistles to the Galatians and II. Corinthians end at the place in the column which we have indicated,—a very remarkable peculiarity, and one for which the scribe who copied the manuscripts is certainly not responsible. He might, perhaps, have schemed to end his separate documents with the end of the columns, but no possible inducement existed for ending them two-thirds down the page. The peculiarity is, therefore, antecedent to the period of production of the manuscript.

When we turn to the Sinaitic manuscript, we shall find, in a similar manner, that the four columns, each of forty-eight lines, which go to make up a page of the document immediately suggest a subdivision of each column into four equal parts; and when this is done, we at once find that a number of the remaining books divide into fully written paper rolls.

In each of these subdivisions there are, as previously explained, twelve half-iambic lines; and if each subdivision be denoted by the sign S, the whole page is represented by

S	S	S	S
S	S	S	S
S	S	S	S
S	S	S	S

or, in other words, the scribe reduced his papyrus document to the vellum by placing sixteen of the papyrus pages in a square. In this case also the subdivision was suggested by the persistent way in which the several books ended at the twelfth, twenty-fourth, and thirty-sixth lines of the columns.

We shall verify the accuracy of this supposition, as to the mode of composition of the manuscript, by referring to some curious blunders of the scribe; but before passing to these, we stop and examine the point which the argument has reached. By a very simple process of section, we have reproduced a series of papyrus rolls of the books of the New Testament of two distinct types, and in either case not infrequently fully written on the last sheet of the roll. Now we need scarcely say that, if a series of documents were written or printed in any regular form so as to occupy complete pages, this fullness of the pages will disappear as soon as ever the pattern of the original writing is deserted; and further, if the original writings were not written on full rolls, no

ΙΩΑΝΟΥ Β

οὐτοῦ πατρός ἐκ θεοῦ καὶ γὰρ ὁ υἱὸς ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος ἐγενήθη	οὐτοῦ πατρός ἐκ θεοῦ καὶ γὰρ ὁ υἱὸς ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος ἐγενήθη	οὐτοῦ πατρός ἐκ θεοῦ καὶ γὰρ ὁ υἱὸς ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος ἐγενήθη	οὐτοῦ πατρός ἐκ θεοῦ καὶ γὰρ ὁ υἱὸς ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος ἐγενήθη
ὁ υἱὸς ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος ἐγενήθη	ὁ υἱὸς ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος ἐγενήθη	ὁ υἱὸς ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος ἐγενήθη	ὁ υἱὸς ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος ἐγενήθη
ὁ υἱὸς ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος ἐγενήθη	ὁ υἱὸς ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος ἐγενήθη	ὁ υἱὸς ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος ἐγενήθη	ὁ υἱὸς ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος ἐγενήθη
ὁ υἱὸς ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος ἐγενήθη	ὁ υἱὸς ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος ἐγενήθη	ὁ υἱὸς ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος ἐγενήθη	ὁ υἱὸς ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος ἐγενήθη

amount of change of style or size of page would ever bring them into a series of fully written pages. It follows, therefore, that the papyrus rolls which we have artificially constructed must be extremely close imitations, both as to lines and pages, of the actual autograph rolls. The truth of the theory will, however, be most apparent in the smaller documents, where various readings exercise less disturbance.

The two great manuscripts are, therefore, closely related to the very autographs of the New Testament, which was the point which we started to establish.

But now we return to the actual subdivision of the pages of the Sinaitic manuscript, and verify the method by the consideration of some indubitable errors into which the copyist has fallen: the errors shall be represented as nearly as possible by their English equivalents.

In the twelfth verse of the Epistle of Jude the scribe of the Sinaitic Codex ought to have written the words, "*These are spots in your love feasts,*" etc.; but by mistake he wandered to a passage some verses lower down, and began to write "*These are murmurers, complainers,*" etc., continuing for some lines, until he found out his mistake and proceeded to transcribe the passage correctly, leaving the erroneous words in the text, where they may still be seen. When we restore the document by the process of subdivision, the error explains itself; both of the passages confounded together are the first lines of pages, and the scribe has simply mistaken his page, or wandered from it in search of the words "*These are,*" which begin the two paragraphs.

The next instance is a still more eccentric mistake. In copying the First Epistle of Peter, at chap. ii. v. 12, the scribe seems to have finished a page, and was to resume with the words "*glory to God in the day of visitation*"; but upon returning to his work, he opened at the Second Epistle of Peter by mistake, and began to look along the pages for his catch-word "*glory*"; having found it in the sentence "*glory they do not tremble to blaspheme,*" or, as in the ordinary version, "*they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities,*" he proceeded to copy, waking up after awhile to the sense of his error, which still disfigures the Sinaitic manuscript. But the second passage would not have misled him, if the pages had not been subdivided as shown in the previous investigation, for it is only on such a hypothesis that the words in question are found at the top of a page at all.

One other instance shall be given, as it is an interesting example of a place where the critics and revisers, by extreme adherence

to the letter of the oldest authorities, have perpetuated the blunder of a scribe. The margin of the revised version in II. Peter iii. 11 directs us to read, "The earth and the works that are therein shall be discovered." "Discovered" is more elegant English for "found," and makes very doubtful sense. In the fifteenth verse of the same chapter the sentence reads, "That ye may be FOUND of him in peace." As soon as the pages are arranged in our hypothetical papyrus roll, it is at once seen that this is an exactly similar error to the preceding, and arises from the wandering of a scribe's eye from the top of a column to the top of an almost adjacent column. The error is more unfortunate, because it happens to disfigure first-class manuscripts.

It is needless to say that, if the theory implied in the foregoing pages be a correct one, it must have a very important weight in the criticism of the text; and the more so, as it is derived from considerations of a distinctly non-subjective character. We shall illustrate its use in the criticism of a very important passage in the Gospel of John, at the close of the seventh chapter, which the critics and revisers mark with brackets as being, probably, not authentic.

The passage describes an occasion on which, to quote Professor Seeley's fine judgment in "*Ecce Homo,*"

"He (Jesus) exhibited a profound delicacy, of which there is no other example in the ancient world, and which anticipates and excels all that is noblest in chivalrous and finest in modern manners."

In another passage, he refers to it as follows:

"A remarkable story which appears in St. John's biography, though it is apparently an interpolation in that place, may serve this purpose, and will at the same time illustrate the difference between scholastic and living or instinctive virtue. Some of the leading religious men of Jerusalem had detected a woman in adultery. It occurred to them that the case afforded a good opportunity of making an experiment upon Christ. They might use it to discover how he regarded the Mosaic law. That he was heterodox on the subject of that law they had reason to believe, for he had openly quoted some Mosaic maxims and declared them at least incomplete, substituting for them new rules of his own, which, at least in some cases, appeared to abrogate the old. It might be possible, by means of this woman, to satisfy at once themselves and the people of his heterodoxy. They asked for his judgment. A judgment he gave them; but quite different, both in matter and manner from what they had expected. In thinking of the case they had forgotten the woman, they had forgotten even the deed. What became of the criminal appeared to them wholly unimportant; toward her crime or her character they had no feeling whatever, not even hatred, much less pity or sympathetic shame. If they had been asked about her, they might probably have answered, with Mephistopheles, 'She is not the first,' nor would they have thought their answer fiendish, but only

practical and business-like. But the judgment of Christ was upon them, making all things new, and shining like the lightning from one end of the heaven to the other."

When we come to examine the passage in question, the very simple process of counting the letters, or, if we like, of writing the passage out in lines of the same length as those in the Vatican Codex, establishes that there are fifty-six lines of this size in the passage whose authenticity is questioned. And since we have already determined that the model of writing adopted by St. John is a page containing fourteen lines of the same kind that are found in the Vatican manuscript, it is clear that the doubtful passage is, in reality, four pages of the papyrus roll of St. John; as far, at least, as its size is concerned.

We have further to remark, that the passage, as found in ordinary Bibles, breaks the thread of the narrative; indeed, this is one of the main reasons which made the critics decree its non-authenticity. A little examination will show that the four pages really belong to the close of the fifth chapter, where they form a continuous narrative with the preceding account. This may be seen by comparing the discussion between Jesus and the Pharisees in chap. v., in which he challenged them with their non-belief in Moses, with the opening words of the Pharisees on the next morning, to wit, that "Moses, in the law, said * * * but what sayest thou?" And a little study of the text will show that, when the passage is restored in this way, not only does the objection of discontinuity disappear, but the pages are found to fall into line with the preceding pages, as ought to be the case if they were really a portion of the original roll lost or wantonly excised.

It will have been observed that, in the passage quoted from "Ecce Homo," the critical judgment of the writer admits that the passage in question is an interpolation *in its present position*; and this perception that the section is out of its right place, but that it is an integral part of the Gospel, is shared by

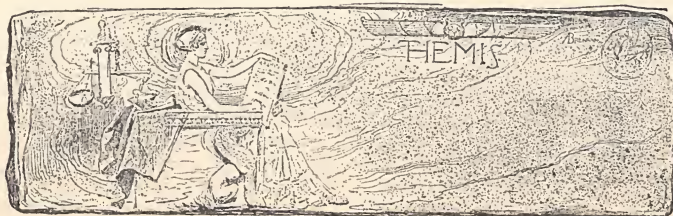
another writer of great insight, Mr. George MacDonald: a man who might well have been one of the prophets of this generation if he had spoken more in his own voice, and less through the mouth-pieces of imaginary curates. In concluding with a quotation from his "Thomas Wingfold," we must premise that the writer has fallen into the error of supposing that the earliest authority for the disputed passage is the Codex Alexandrinus of the British Museum. Now, the leaves of this manuscript are lost at the point in question, and a very simple reckoning will show that they cannot possibly have contained the section. The missing matter would be far too much for the lost leaves. With this exception, we may hear what MacDonald has to say upon the point:

"I don't know quite what to think about that story of the woman they brought to Jesus in the Temple, I mean how it got into that nook of the Gospel of St. John, where it has no right place. They didn't bring her for healing, or for the rebuke of the demon, but for condemnation; only they came to the wrong man for that. They dared not carry out the law of stoning, as they would have liked, I suppose, even if Jesus had condemned her; but perhaps they hoped rather to entrap him who was the friend of the sinners into saying something against the law. But what I want is to know how it got there; just there, I mean, between the seventh and eighth chapters of St. John's Gospel. There is no doubt of its being an interpolation—that the twelfth verse, I think it is, ought to join on to the fifty-second. The Alexandrinus manuscript is the only one of the three oldest that has it, and it is the latest of the three. I did think once, but hastily, that it was our Lord's text for saying *I am the light of the world*, but it follows quite as well on his offer of living water. One can easily see how the place would appear a very suitable one to any presumptuous scribe who wished to settle the question of where it should stand. * * * The tale must be a true one, only—to think of just this one story, of the tenderest righteousness, floating about like a holy waif through the world of letters! a sweet, gray dove of promise that can find no rest for the sole of its foot! Just this one story, of all stories, a kind of outcast." * * *

It will easily be seen that the method of restoration of an ancient document which we have employed is not limited to the Greek New Testament, but might be illustrated, if space permitted, by examples drawn from all parts of the field of classical literature.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Central Park in Danger.

WE have a comely city, we of New York,—a city of extraordinary natural advantages, some of which remain neglected, but many of which we have skillfully availed ourselves of for purposes of beauty and recreation. The trouble with us is that we do not fully know, appreciate, and cherish what we have. New Yorkers, as a class, seem to be more bent upon getting on in the world,—reaching out for something beyond,—than upon enjoying, providing for, and jealously guarding what they already possess. The city, collectively considered, is supposed to be proud, for instance, of its Central Park, and yet for years it has permitted the affairs of this same much-vaunted and really much-enjoyed pleasure-ground to be grossly mismanaged—until, to-day, notwithstanding the existence of a Board of Commissioners charged with the custody of its affairs, the only trustworthy and vigilant guardians of the Park are the newspapers of the city, which keep a sharp look-out, and now and again sound a note of alarm when some new act of vandalism is threatened.

At the moment of writing, the press is once again in full cry. The Board of Commissioners has succeeded in getting rid, one after another, of the two eminent experts, Messrs. Vaux and Parsons, whose engagement in the service of the Board was, not long ago, hailed as the beginning of a new *régime*; and, meantime, the Commissioners, it seems, propose to go to work and destroy, for the purposes of a menagerie, one of the prettiest and rarest spots in the whole Park. There being now no expert connected with the management of the Park, the proposed desecration is, of course, not recommended by any official whom the public are willing to accept as both competent and responsible; and it is known that the experts who have recently been forced to resign their positions would never have consented to the ruin of the meadow which the newspapers have been trying so hard to save.

We say that the newspapers are looking after the affairs of the Park with commendable zeal. But on the part of the general community there appears, at least, to be an apathy which we suspect would not exist, under the same circumstances, in any other large city of this continent. Park management by newspaper evidently works better in New York than park management by commissioners,—as said commissioners have been managing these many years. (Or shall we call it park butchery, tempered by newspaper criticism?) But if the people of this city had the proper feeling of citizenship, they would long ago have done something more effectual than grumbling by proxy. Yet, that the public are displeased with the present state of affairs there is not the slightest doubt. That the indignation is gathering force and intensity there is some reason to hope.

When the public does become thoroughly aroused, we believe that it will demand a more radical cure for the present evils of park management than has yet

been applied. One trouble with the Board, as at present constituted, is that the number of commissioners established—namely, four—makes it difficult to arrive at a majority vote for any measure. It has been found by experience that the Board is much more likely to be at a dead-lock of two to two than it is to reach a decision by a majority vote of three to one. This is in part the origin of the pitiable wrangling that, for the past half a dozen years (with rare intervals of apparent peace), has made the published proceedings of the Board of Commissioners of the Department of Public Parks a disgrace to the city. Of late, secret executive sessions have been instituted, and newspaper readers have been spared those grotesque accounts of meetings of the Board, which, at times in the past, have seemed more like reports of the inelegant altercations of pot-house politicians than the recorded debates of high public officials having in charge a costly and magnificent work of art.

When the public does act in good earnest—and, judging by analogy, it is sure to do so sooner or later—it will, we say, insist upon a radical cure. It will strike both at the membership and organization of the Board; and it will insist, moreover, upon the retention in the management of the Park of the very best and the very best known experts. Landscape gardening, architecture, and tree-planting are arts and occupations which ordinary business men, or politicians, or engineers, no matter how well trained and competent in their own lines, should not undertake without skilled and responsible advice. It happens that, just at present, one of the ruling four has more knowledge of a kind which should be valuable to a Commissioner than has often been the case with members of the Board. But this gentleman does not, we are sure, claim to be an expert on all the points covered by Messrs. Vaux and Parsons, nor has he the definite authority of an expert with his compeers of the Board, nor has his reputation as an “expert” been increased in the community by his having countenanced the installation of the menagerie in the South Meadow, and the consequent ruin of what we are inclined to believe the most beautiful glade of the whole Park.

In a word, the Department has forfeited the confidence of the public; every man in the Board pulls his own way; the experts are gone; the entire service is demoralized; and the Central Park is daily and hourly in danger.

The Spiritual Effects of Drunkenness.

THE curse of drunkenness, on the side of its physical devastations, has been abundantly depicted by the advocates of the temperance reform. The amount of grain consumed in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors; the number of men whose labor is worse than wasted in producing and in vending them; the number of lives destroyed by them; the number of paupers and insane persons whose woes are traceable to this source;

the effects upon the health of individuals of the habitual use of intoxicants,—all these things are frequently set forth with sufficient fullness in impressive rhetoric. Some allowances must be made for the over-statement of zealous advocates; but there are facts enough, of an appalling nature, in these representations, to call for the most serious thought.

But the worst side of drunkenness is not that which appears in these familiar figures. The most frightful effects of the drink-habit are not those which can be tabulated in statistics and reported in the census. It is not the waste of corn, nor the destruction of property, nor the increase of taxes, nor even the ruin of physical health, nor the loss of life, which most impresses the mind of the thoughtful observer of inebriety. It is the effect of this vice upon the characters of men, as it is exhibited to him, day by day, in his ordinary intercourse with them. It is in the spiritual realm that the ravages of strong drink are most terrible.

Body and mind are so closely related that when the one suffers the other must share the suffering; and the injury of the physical health resulting from intemperate drinking must, therefore, be accompanied by similar injury of the mental and moral powers. But the inclination of the popular thought is so strongly toward the investigation of physical phenomena, that the spiritual consequences of drunkenness are often overlooked. Degeneration of tissue is more palpable than degeneracy of spirit; a lesion of the brain more startling than a breach of faith; but the deeper fact, of which the senses take no note, is the more important fact; and it would be well if the attention of men could be fixed upon it.

The phenomena to which we have referred often report themselves to the quickened perceptions of those who stand nearest to the habitual drinker. Many a mother observes, with a heart that grows heavier day by day, the signs of moral decay in the character of her son. It is not the flushed face and the heavy eyes that trouble her most; it is the evidence that his mind is becoming duller and fouler, his sensibilities less acute, his sense of honor less commanding. She discovers that his loyalty to truth is somewhat impaired; that he deceives her frequently, without compunction. This effect is often observed in the character of the inebriate. Truthfulness is the fundamental virtue; when it is impaired the character is undermined; and strong drink makes a deadly assault upon it. Coupled with this loss of truthfulness is that weakening of the will which always accompanies chronic alcoholism. The man loses, little by little, the mastery over himself; the regal faculties are in chains. How many of his broken promises are due to a debilitated will, and how many to a decay of his veraciousness, it would be impossible for the victim himself to determine. Doubtless his intention to break off his evil habit is sometimes honest, and the failure is due to the paralysis of his will; doubtless he often asseverates that such is his purpose at the moment when he is

contriving how he shall obtain the next dram. It is pitiful to mark the gradual decay of these prime elements of manliness in the character of the man who is addicted to strong drink.

This loss of self-respect, the lowering of ambition, and the fading out of hope are signs of the progress of this disease in the character. It is a mournful spectacle—that of the brave, ingenuous, high-spirited man sinking steadily down into the degradation of inebriety; but how many such spectacles are visible all over the land! And it is not in the character of those alone who are notorious drunkards that such tendencies appear. They are often distinctly seen in the lives of men who are never drunk. Sir Henry Thompson's testimony is emphatic to the effect that "the habitual use of fermented liquors, to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce intoxication, injures the body and diminishes the mental power." If, as he testifies, a large proportion of the most painful and dangerous maladies of the body are due to "the use of fermented liquors, taken in the quantity which is conventionally deemed moderate," then it is certain that such use of them must result also in serious injuries to the mental and moral nature. Who does not know reputable gentlemen, physicians, artists, clergymen even, who were never drunk in their lives, and never will be, but who reveal, in conversation and in conduct, certain melancholy effects of the drinking habit? The brain is so often inflamed with alcohol that its functions are imperfectly performed; and there is a perceptible loss of mental power and of moral tone. The drinker is not conscious of this loss; but those who know him best are painfully aware that his perceptions are less keen, his judgments less sound, his temper less serene, his spiritual vision less clear, because he carries every day a little too long at the wine. Even those who refuse to entertain ascetic theories respecting these beverages may be able to see that there are uses of them that stop short of drunkenness, and that are still extremely hurtful to the mind and the heart as well as the body. That conventional idea of moderation, to which Sir Henry Thompson refers, is quite elastic; the term is stretched to cover habits that are steadily despoiling the life of its rarest fruits. The drinking habit is often defended by reputable gentlemen to whom the very thought of a debauch would be shocking, but to whom, if it were only lawful, in the tender and just solicitude of friendship, such words as these might be spoken: "It is true that you are not drunkards, and may never be; but if you could know, what is too evident to those who love you best, how your character is slowly losing the firmness of its texture and the fineness of its outline; how your art deteriorates in the delicacy of its touch; how the atmosphere of your life seems to grow murky and the sky lowers gloomily above you,—you would not think your daily indulgence harmless in its measure. It is in just such lives as yours that drink exhibits some of its most mournful tragedies."

OPEN LETTERS.

Recent American Novels.*

I WONDER if others have noticed as I have the large crop of novelists which has sprung up of late, and the number of works of fiction we have been favored with? I imagine that some of us are prone to under-rate both the quality and the quantity of current fiction. It is true that Mr. Cable and Mrs. Burnett have been silent for the time being, though Mr. Cable's silence is now broken. But without these two the list is far from short. There is Mr. Bret Harte speaking again with all his early vigor and point in a story of the Carquinez Woods. A rare impressionist in his own way, is he not, as he tells how tremendous influences of sunset and atmosphere overshadow the mighty forest of redwoods, and how in those shadows a deeper shade moves restlessly to and fro? A delightful bogey of the night turns into a wild beast no less thrilling; and when its slayer, the half-breed Cherokee and hero, steps from the flies—the heart of a redwood—on to the big stage of the forest so well described, one has the sensation that only boys are supposed to feel when they read their first dime novel. Mr. Harte appears to be able to take what is fine in the adventurous and thrilling quality of the dime novel and clothe it in English that charms one with its exactness and has the indefinable touch that constitutes style. Sometimes the dramatic is very near being overdone in the Carquinez Woods; perhaps the close is indefensibly hurried. It is an error one forgives because of other admirable qualities. Mr. Hawthorne is less forgivable. In "Fortune's Fool," he opens with strong and romantic figures, three in number, carries them through far too many adventures, unless he meant to write a "juvenile," and crushes all sympathy by a blood-and-thunder series of useless crimes. Judge Tourgée would also be dramatic, if possible, in "Hot Plowshares"; but while the dramatic is introduced unnecessarily, there are other passages which are successful in the same attempt, and which will serve as excuse for the abundant failures. Not the dramatic, but the historical, is the aim of Judge Tourgée, and in this field there are few authors who seek to rival him. Perhaps Mr. Hawthorne may be called historical in his other novel, "Dust," a charming but very irregular romance of London in the early part of the century, in which the author has, for

* In the Carquinez Woods. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Fortune's Fool. By Julian Hawthorne. James R. Osgood & Co.
Hot Plowshares. By Albion W. Tourgée. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

Dust. By Julian Hawthorne. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
The Gentle Savage. By Edward King. James R. Osgood & Co.
The Siege of London; The Pension Beaurepas; The Point of View. By Henry James. James R. Osgood & Co.

A Woman's Reason. By W. D. Howells. James R. Osgood & Co.

For the Major. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Isaacs. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co.
A Newport Aquarelle. Roberts Brothers.

But Yet a Woman. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Dr. Claudius. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co.

the sake of picturesqueness, taken the liberty of giving to Englishmen of 1825 the ways and looks of men of 1750. The perspective of Judge Tourgée in "Hot Plowshares" is crude but bold; his coloring is somewhat lurid; his plots are needlessly crowded with incident; his text is out of all kindness long. Yet he gains continually one good trait or another, and shows at his best in this novel, which is the last in time of production, although the first in point of chronology, of his series of historical novels. Still another novel, midway between the historical and the romantic, is Mr. King's "Gentle Savage," who is more soberly a half-breed than the heroes of Mr. Harte and Mr. Hawthorne.

Among the realists, Mr. Henry James comes forward with "The Siege of London," a work by no means among his best, but interesting and able, as all his work is. Have you remarked how Mr. James brings lessons to bear on small but important points of etiquette? He is a Chesterfield in a gentle and roundabout way. One might suspect in him, hidden carefully under the assumption of art for art's sake, a mind not a little didactic in its leanings. Mr. Howells does not so impress me. And yet Mr. Howells really does set out to instruct much more than Mr. James; he hardly conceals, under "A Woman's Reason," a lesson peculiarly fitted for the time, for the country, and above all for his home by adoption, Massachusetts. The upshot of the troubles of his heroine, while trying to earn her own living, is that most women are only fitted by nature to aid a man in the struggle for existence, and when there is no man to lean on, and the woman must work, it generally turns out that her education has been such as to unfit her pretty effectually for any labor for which demand exists in the markets of the world. Much the same conclusion was reached in "Dr. Breen's Practice"; but it was not so clearly, not so finely, put. I have hardly anything but admiration for "A Woman's Reason." Unquestionably Mr. Howells has never before written so finely as regards diction and style nor so acutely as regards observation of the ways of women in his part of the world. I forgive him gladly the exaggerated morality of his heroine. I forgive him, too, the making such an odious prig as Ray anything but a poor stick; such hypocritical humility as his deserves at least one good chastisement to make a gentleman of him, and it is hard to take him for a gentleman as he is. A little well-dressed "cad," our cousins of London would call him. I forgive, also, the unreality of the auctioneer's trick and the qualms of conscience incidental thereto. What may not be forgiven a writer who can set so quietly and handsomely before the people that read his work the radical error in the education of their daughters? Few girls would have the pluck to fight so long against fate as Helen Harkness did, even if they strained ideas of honesty and honor so near to cracking as she. Still fewer, so few as not to be worth reckoning, are those who will even have a chance at a Lord Rainford. Mr. Howells has lived in Massachusetts, where "cultured" and "educated"

girls are at a maximum and young men able to afford the luxury of a rich man's wife are at a minimum. He sees the difficulty, defines the error, and goes as near as he dares to suggest a remedy without becoming absolutely didactic.

Miss Woolson was in a vein of uncommon power and delicacy when she wrote "For the Major." Its morality is very high, without loss to the charming quality of the work; as a whole, the slender fabric rises to the atmosphere of the ideal. Like Mr. Howells, she has forborne the attempt to gain picturesqueness by a foreign setting; more, even, than Mr. Howells, who makes some play of Pacific steamers, storms, wrecks, and Robinson Crusoe life on an atoll island. Her realism and her morality are in sharp contrast with the first novel by Mr. Crawford, that delightfully fresh romance of the Himalayas and the Indian jungles, "Mr. Isaacs."

This opens a large field of morals and ethics, without taking the first step to decide matters one way or another, or leaving the reader any better prepared to come to a decision. A true novice, Mr. Crawford broached questions that all the world is trying to solve—polygamy, Mohammedanism, Mormonism, spiritualism. His English girl in love with a Persian diamond-merchant, when regarded realistically, will not bear considering, so impossible is her attitude, so phenomenal her appearance in her own nation and station. Her death is no solution of the question; it is a mere begging of it. Another realist, but with a dash of the romancist, is the anonymous pen that wrote "A Newport Aquarelle." Evidently this is by a woman; equally so, by a new-comer. She has facility rather than experience, and offers a light and not displeasing sketch of the outside of Newport life—a guide-book to Newport picnics and polo matches, with one or two excellent touches of real womanliness toward the end. The plot is somewhat strained, and it has a flavor of the didactic in the moralizing parts. Like Mr. Crawford, a college professor seeks in "But Yet a Woman" the picturesqueness in a foreign setting which is very much harder to show in home pictures. Professor Hardy chose a cheap and pointless title for his first venture, which has far more romance in it than reality. It is full of sparkling things, good points smartly and well expressed, but it has not one really well-drawn, well-pondered character, and its close is too melodramatic to be in keeping with the excellent quality of many passages. Romance of the worst and the best kind appears in "Dr. Claudius," the second venture by Mr. Crawford. It has happy passages, but verges on the ridiculous from the overcharging of colors. Beginning well, the realism in the character of Barker ends in arrant nonsense; it is somebody else, not Barker, whom Mr. Crawford is drawing at the close. The book is dislocated in the middle, and the latter half is unworthy of the author. What a breaking down from the really delightful love-making between Dr. Claudius and the heroine in the beginning! As for Mr. Crawford's New York lawyer, he is too preposterous a creation to be mentioned as a creation at all. No human being has seen such a man in the flesh in New York or elsewhere. Neither has a man like Dr. Claudius ever been seen; but in him exaggeration is pleasantly romantic until it is grossly overdone and the

character ruined by its untrained and hasty creator. But perhaps the truest idealist of the year is Miss Woolson. Observe in "For the Major" how she finds that idealism on the soberest, most patient study of the real. She has painted life on its good side. A true woman, she defends her sex very nobly and subtly by showing a couple of women sacrificing their time to an old man, husband of the one, father of the other. The elder lady paints her face, wears false hair, and lives a daily lie, to save her husband, slowly dying of a weakened brain, from the shock of disillusionment. The younger, to shield her step-mother, allows the man she loves to misconstrue her attentions to that step-mother's son, who is a roving character and turns up unexpectedly now and then, first for aid, then for final care. As characters of women, we enjoy these quiet ladies more than Mr. Howells's heroine, with her straining over *noblesse oblige*. Somehow it is hard to imagine all the crises of conscientiousness in Boston on the part of the heroine and her guardian. But we must not forget that Mr. Howells had far the harder picture to paint.

Now let us see what the chief novels of the season tell us as to the locality of their scenes. Foreign-laid novels are Mr. Hawthorne's "Dust," Mr. Hardy's "But Yet a Woman," Mr. James's "The Siege of London," and Mr. Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs." Home-laid novels are Judge Tourgée's "Hot Plowshares," Miss Woolson's "For the Major," Mr. Harte's "In the Carquinez Woods," and the anonymous "A Newport Aquarelle." Novels laid partly at home, partly abroad, are Mr. Howells's "A Woman's Reason," Mr. Crawford's "Dr. Claudius," Mr. Hawthorne's "Fortune's Fool," and Mr. King's "The Gentle Savage." The foreign and home books are thus exactly balanced, being four each. We see from this that novelists here find it profitable to give foreign scenes, and in some cases ("Mr. Isaacs" and "But Yet a Woman") foreign characters. I do not agree with people who demand of the novelists America and Americans, from a motive that is patriotic in its origin. It is a narrow and ignominious patriotism, for the most part, that quarrels with the right of the artist to choose his ground and persons. At the same time it seems to me that, in estimating the success of a novel with the public, the reviewers do not sufficiently bear in mind the fact that to draw home characters acceptably is much harder than to draw foreigners, for the reason that readers are much more able to criticise the former understandingly; while if the scenes are foreign, they have to take them and the actors in them largely on faith. Very few people here have been in India long enough to be able to say whether "Mr. Isaacs" is accurate in its descriptions; the bulk of its readers swallow it all, like any other fairy tale. So "But Yet a Woman" is accepted on its own assumption, as depicting French people of the upper class in Paris. But a novelette like Miss Woolson's, a sketch like "A Newport Aquarelle," and, above all, a careful and very serious literary study like "A Woman's Reason," have in almost every other reader a fairly competent critic. It is only just that this point should be brought out much more clearly than it ever has been hitherto.

Suppose we recapitulate and divide up our novel-mongers of the season,—good, bad, and indifferent,—

in accordance with the strongest trait of their works this year, into (1) ideal, (2) romantic, (3) dramatic, (4) historical, (5) moral, (6) didactic, (7) realistic; then we get for (1) Miss Woolson, (2) Mr. Crawford and Mr. King, (3) Mr. Harte and Mr. Hawthorne, (4) Judge Tourgée, (5) Miss Woolson and Mr. Howells, (6) Mr. Howells and Mr. James, (7) Messrs. Howells, James, and King, and Miss Woolson. I may be wrong; but it seems to me that by classifying in this way one gets a clearer idea of the conscious and unconscious aim of these various writers, and brings into relief the really important elements in books which are necessarily complex mixtures in different proportions of all the above seven qualities. The field for the novelist is immense, the demand is great, the prizes are immediate and rich. Few novels reach the higher planes of literary art. Unfortunately there is every inducement for flashy and crude work. No wonder novelists feel that the sooner they rush into print the better, for the poorest and hastiest work often brings in most money; and if they have a good idea, ten to one it will occur to somebody else who wields the pen of the ready writer and appear before the month is up. Much trash is published, that we all know. Among the twelve novels considered above, much trash is distributed. Yet, perhaps, without the trash no general interest will awake; without the interest of the general, no keen competition will set in between publishers; and without keen competition no great novels of the future will be forthcoming. Meantime, with so many practiced and conscientious workmen and workwomen on hand, I for one do not despair of the republic of letters. Novels are not epics, but they are the books that are read to-day. The public has a right to demand that they shall contain the best the writer can afford; and people should feel individually bound to encourage those novelists who seem to aim for and reach the highest standard of literary art by the simplest, most obvious course—by purchasing their books.

Alfred Arden.

"The Temperance Outlook."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

Sir: The article with the above title, under "Topics of the Time," in the September number of your magazine, calls for something to be said upon the other side; and presuming upon the spirit of fairness which has always characterized THE CENTURY and its predecessor, I shall ask to be heard in opposition to your views.

It is conceded that there is considerable force in your first objection to constitutional prohibition; yet that kind of legislation is justified by precedent. There is probably no State constitution which does not contain more or fewer of such "specific applications of principle"; and though it seems more appropriate to have laws enacted by the Legislature, composed of the representatives of the people, yet if the people, in their capacity as the primary source of all political power, see fit to indulge in legislation, they are perfectly competent to do so; and perhaps it is not unreasonable for them to do this where the object, as in this case, is to make the legislation more permanent, and not subject to repeal by a temporary change in

public sentiment or by the accidents arising from exciting partisan contests.

Your second objection rests upon assumptions which are unsound, or upon asserted facts which are not facts. You say, "This movement makes no distinction between things that differ. Fermented wine differs as widely from distilled rum or whisky as coffee differs from opium, and yet this prohibitory movement ties them up in the same bundle and puts one label on the whole! Human reason revolts at such arbitrary dealing." I think it will be found, on investigation, that the human reason which revolts at this dealing is the reason belonging to a class of persons who have been educated to use fermented wine, and to think the use of rum and whisky vulgar. Fermented wine does not differ from distilled rum and whisky as coffee differs from opium. The difference between fermented and distilled liquors is a difference in degree only, and not in character or quality. The active element in all of them is alcohol; and if that were eliminated from them, no one would drink either. The alcohol in the fermented wine is the same as that in the brandy distilled from it. The latter contains four or five times the amount of alcohol which the wine did before the distillation,—that process having merely removed a large portion of the water which the wine contained; and the difference between them is the same as the difference between the punch which the novice in tipping delights in and the "whisky straight" which the old toper swallows with equal satisfaction. Both are drinking diluted alcohol,—the one drink simply containing a larger amount of nature's own beverage than the other.

Perhaps some "men will not believe that a glass of wine at the dinner-table and a glass of whisky at the bar are the same thing"; but they nevertheless produce the same effect; and the only difference worth noting is that the latter is regarded in polite society as more vulgar. Both produce intoxication, and both are damaging to the drinker. It may be less disgraceful to eat one's opium at home than to take it in a pipe at Ah Ching's den; but the result to the individual who uses it will be no worse (physically, at least) in the latter than in the former. It will require a few more glasses of wine or beer at the dinner-table to intoxicate the drinker, but it will accomplish that result just as effectually as the whisky that is dispensed at the bucket-shop on the corner. And as for a glass of wine being the beginning of drunkenness, the experience of mankind for a thousand years and more has demonstrated the soundness of the theory; and although some men have heard this declaration with disgust, and have sneered at the fanatics who have urged it, yet a large portion of these same men, in their subsequent years, proved the correctness of the unsavory assertion. It is seldom, indeed, that men learn to be drunkards by drinking whisky, brandy, or any other distilled liquors, which usually contain fifty per cent. or more of pure alcohol, and never without diluting these liquors till the drink contains as small a percentage of alcohol as champagne. They commence with the lighter beverages or fermented liquors,—beer, cider, and wine; and in the use of these they can and do become as grossly intoxicated as they afterward do upon the stronger drinks. Alcohol creates and

strengthens a thirst for itself, and that thirst grows constantly, so that it is continually demanding a larger amount for its satisfaction. Thus, drunkenness grows from a glass of wine; and even so long ago as the days of the deluge, the drunken Noah would undoubtedly have resorted to whisky, had there been a distillery or licensed grog-shop convenient to Mount Ararat. If some people have heard, *ad nauseam*, the assertion that wine is often the beginning of drunkenness, they are like the members of the human family generally, who thus listen to unwelcome truths.

You speak of the impropriety of "classing the fermented juice of the grape from nature's own process with the results of the manufacture through man's alembics." Fermentation is, of course, nature's own process, and so is distillation. But left alone, without the aid of man, nature produces no alcohol; at least, none in any appreciable quantity. Wine and whisky are alike the products of man's skill and labor, using nature's own processes in their manufacture. But it does not follow that wine and beer are innocuous, even if they are produced by nature's own process, and without the aid of man; nor that rum and whisky are necessarily poisonous, because they "are the results of the manufacture through man's alembics." The deadly nightshade is "the result of nature's own process," but it is as destructive of animal life as are any of the products of man's manufacture. It is impossible to make a "discrimination between alcoholic liquors that are hurtful and those that are (in moderate use) healthful," because none are healthful. The alcohol which you abominate in whisky and gin is the same alcohol which the total-abstinence people abominate in wine and beer also.

The total abstiners occupy a position where they cannot be affected by the cry of fanaticism; for the total-abstinence principle or theory rests mainly upon the fact, now fully demonstrated by science and confirmed by experience, that *alcohol is a poison*. This being so, it cannot form an important element in a healthful beverage; and its use as a beverage must be injurious and destructive to health and life, at least when used in a quantity sufficient to produce an effect which may be either seen or felt. The experience of humanity for many generations proves that such is the effect of its use. But because we and our fathers, for hundreds of years, have been educated with the idea that this fiery liquid is not only not poisonous, but, used in a certain way, is healthful, nutritious, and a conservator of life,—an *aqua vite*,—we find it difficult to rid ourselves of this notion, and to learn how deadly and dangerous an agent it is. And many have not only had this error firmly rooted in their minds, but have also learned to love these fermented liquids so much that that love warps their judgment; and seeing the community laid waste by intemperance, and unwilling to admit that their favorite beverages have helped to produce the drunkenness that stirs us to action, they make their war against the distilled liquors, and thereby

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

The total-abstinence people being in the right, fidelity to truth and to their convictions compels them to

pursue the course which you condemn. To do otherwise would be to stultify themselves and justly subject them to the charge of pandering to falsehood, while professing a desire to suppress it. Knowing that alcohol is a poison, they must of necessity denounce its use, whether it is mingled with twice or six times its weight of water. And they must be allowed to differ with you in opinion as to the character of the legislation which they have defeated. They have never opposed the enactment of any laws "exactly suited to diminish the curse and destroy the political power of the rum interest"; but they have opposed, and will continue to oppose, the enactment of laws which are claimed to be in the interest of temperance, but which in reality are well calculated to strengthen the interests of the rum power.

Walter Farrington.

Hurricane Reform.

THE nostrum of constitutional prohibition of the liquor traffic, which is now pressed in many quarters as the panacea for the evils of intemperance, is a dose that should be well shaken before taken. Prohibition is one thing, and it may, in certain states of society, be a very good thing. But constitutional prohibition is quite another thing; and there are those who might under certain circumstances favor prohibition, but who would never, under any circumstances, consent to introduce prohibitory legislation into the organic law of the State. Such an attempt to forestall public sentiment, and to prevent the free expression of the popular will in legislation, ought not to be made and is not likely to succeed.

There are quite a number of methods of dealing by law with the evils of intemperance. No one of these methods will be found practicable in every community; much depends on the sentiments and the habits of the community. The people ought to be free to adopt those measures which seem to be the best adapted to their condition, and there ought to be no obstruction in the way of their changing a method which has proved ineffectual for one that promises better results. If they come to the conclusion that prohibition is the best method, they ought to be free to try it, and there should be nothing in their constitution to forbid the experiment. If they think that a combination of high license or stringent taxation with local option would be more effectual, they should not be debarred from trying that. But this scheme of constitutional prohibition shuts the Legislature up to one method. It is prohibition or nothing. So long as the Legislature is continuously and heartily favorable to prohibition, we shall have prohibition; whenever a Legislature that does not favor prohibition shall assemble, the prohibitory law will be repealed, or amended so that it will have no force, and then we shall have free liquor. One runs no risk in saying that there are but few States in this Union in which the Legislature will be continuously and heartily in favor of prohibition. In States where the public sentiment tends so strongly in this direction that such a Legislature could be kept in power, there is no need of any constitutional provision. The only State in which prohibition has been successful is Maine, whose constitution has until the last winter been silent

on the subject. In those States where the public sentiment cannot be relied on to send back a prohibitory Legislature term after term, the evil would remain, much of the time, wholly free from legal restraint, in spite of the constitutional provision.

In Ohio, after a long era of free rum,—the natural fruit of a constitutional provision forbidding license,—we have at last succeeded in securing a tax law, with a local-option section by which municipalities are empowered to prohibit the sale of liquor within their limits. The law seems to be based on a sound principle,—that of laying a special burden upon a business which is confessedly detrimental to the public welfare,—and there is no difficulty in enforcing it. It is compelling the liquor-sellers to contribute nearly two millions of dollars a year as a special tax to the treasury of the State. Doubtless this law can be improved. The tax ought to be heavier than it is, and it can be made heavier year by year. The privilege of local option ought to be extended to counties as well as to municipal corporations—the township in this State being a somewhat incoherent political division. With some such modifications, this law would probably prove about as effectual in restraining the evils of drunkenness as any law that we are likely to secure at present. But a strenuous effort is now making to pass a prohibitory amendment to the constitution. Under this amendment, the present law would, of course, be null and void. Whether anything would be gained by this change may well be doubted. The present law does not suppress all the evils of intemperance, but it does lessen them somewhat; it has closed a large number of the worst grogeries in the State, it has imposed a heavy fine upon the liquor business, and it is certain that it can be enforced in all parts of the State.

Could a prohibitory law be thus enforced? I have frequently put this question to my prohibitory friends, and they all, with one accord, confess that it could not. In the smaller communities it could be executed, they say; but not in Cincinnati, nor in Cleveland, nor in Columbus, nor in Toledo, nor in any other of a dozen cities or large towns that could be named—of course, not at present. "But," they say, "we are going to work up a public sentiment that will enforce it by and by." I confess that this seems to me a curious proceeding. It is proposed to enact a law which is sure to be trampled under foot by a good half of the population, and then, after enacting it, and while it is being mocked at and dishonored, to proceed to create the public sentiment which shall make it effective! The child Alice, in Mr. Carroll's fairy tale, found something like this in Looking-glass Land, but I never heard before of applying such principles to problems of statesmanship.

What the success of this attempt to introduce prohibition into the constitution of Ohio may be, I will not try to predict; before these words are in print the result will be known. But inasmuch as the same effort is making in other States, it may be well to consider the consequences of such a provision. These amendments all forbid the manufacture and sale as a beverage of all alcoholic liquors. The execution of a law based on this amendment would be a difficult undertaking. So far as the retailing of liquor in saloons is concerned, the problem is simple; the phrase "as a beverage" is easily applied to this part of the business. But how could it be determined whether the

manufacturer was manufacturing it to be used "as a beverage" or for use in the arts? Beer, of course, is used almost exclusively as a beverage, and the brewer could not shield his business against the prohibition. If the law were enforced the breweries would be closed. But the distillers could claim that they were manufacturing liquor not to be used as a beverage, but for other purposes; that they were selling it to the wholesale dealers with the understanding that it should be used for other purposes; and I am unable to see how the law could be successfully enforced against them. In this case the distilleries would all be running, and the breweries all closed; we should have an abundant supply of the stronger intoxicants, and a small supply of the lighter beverages; it would be difficult to get lager-beer and easy to get whisky. Perhaps the history of Scotland would then be repeated in our country. The date I am not able to mention; but students of history will recall the legislation which forbade or sharply restricted the manufacture of ale in Scotland, with the purpose of giving a monopoly of the business to the English brewers. The Scotch in anger forsook their ale and drank whisky instead, and the result was a swift and terrible increase of drunkenness. The excise returns of Great Britain to-day show that the average Englishman consumes nearly three times as much malt every year as the average Scotchman, and only one-third as much spirits. Scotland, as its best men sorrowfully confess, is one of the most intemperate countries in the world, and this sad result is partly due to the selfish and mischievous legislation to which I have referred.

There are a good many among us to whom a sharp reduction in the supply of both the stronger and the milder kinds of intoxicants would cause no inconvenience or regret; but even to us there appears to be a choice between evils; and we should be sorry to see whisky taking the place of beer as the popular beverage. Legislation having that tendency would certainly be ill-advised.

I find another serious difficulty with this prohibitory amendment. If it should accomplish the purpose of its authors, it would, of course, destroy the larger part of the capital now invested in the manufacture of spirituous and fermented liquors. Now I confess that I never look with enthusiasm on a big distillery or a big brewery. It is not a kind of business in which I should engage. I would starve first. It is a wonder to me that kind-hearted and otherwise reputable men (for there are such) should be willing, in view of the evils that flow from it, to get their living by it. Nevertheless, these men have embarked all their capital in the business, and it seems to me a harsh and inequitable procedure to sweep their property out of existence by an act of the Legislature. Even these men have some rights, and the State cannot afford to ignore them.

I have been reading an admirable speech lately delivered by the Hon. John Bright, at the opening of a coffee-house in Birmingham. Mr. Bright has long been a total abstainer; he believes himself to be a thorough-going temperance man; but he protests with vigor against such sweeping measures. "I am against dealing," he says, "with a question of this nature, affecting the interests of so many people, by what you may call a hurricane. That is fit only for times of revolution. I should like to deal with it in a

more just, and what I call more statesmanlike manner, according to the legislation that becomes an intelligent people in a tranquil time." Mr. Bright contends that, "if a trade in the country is permitted by law, that trade has a right to be defended by law." The liquor trade has been permitted, and is now permitted, and "it has a right to demand that it should not be subjected to violent and hasty legislation." The simple justice of this sentiment ought to be apparent to all fair-minded men. If for a long period of time men have been allowed, without censure of the law, to invest their capital in any kind of property, that property should not be extinguished by law without giving them some compensation. At any rate, some time ought to be given them to dispose of it, or turn it to other uses. It is quite possible that the people may come to the conclusion that a trade long permitted and protected by law is contrary to public morals or public policy, and may resolve upon extinguishing it, but the interests of the men engaged in it ought to be fairly considered. Slavery was a great wrong, and ought to have been abolished; but it would not have been right to abolish slavery in a time of peace by an act of Congress, without providing compensation to the owners of the slaves. It might justly be enacted, as in New York, that all persons born after a certain day should be free. The liquor business should be dealt with in some such manner. It could be restricted more summarily, no doubt; but some regard should certainly be paid to the property rights of the men who are engaged in it.

I am perfectly well aware of the answer that will be made to these suggestions. It will be said that the writer is undoubtedly a wine-bibber, probably a "rummy," and possibly in the pay of a Liquor Dealers' League. What will be charged upon Mr. Bright, I forbear to predict. But it is easy to anticipate the reception which awaits all moderate counsels in the camp of the professional temperance reformers. I see that *THE CENTURY* has been suffering this sort of violence, and am reminded of the treatment Dr. Holland received in his day from the same hands. The following brief paragraph on the temperance question, quoted from one of his "Topics," is particularly timely at this moment:

"It would be impossible for any set of men to manifest greater bigotry and intolerance toward all who have seen fit to differ with them on moral and legal measures, than have characterized those zealous and thoroughly well-meaning reformers who, through various organizations, have assumed the custody and management of this question. Editors who have undertaken to discuss the question independently—as they are in the habit of discussing all public questions—have been snubbed and maligned until they have dropped it in disgust, and turned the whole matter over to those who have doubted or denounced them."

This extract will show that Dr. Holland, though dead, yet speaketh in a way that should cause a tingling in the ears of a large number of temperance reformers.

Washington Gladden.

More About "Law-and-Order Leagues."

I HAVE read with pleasure the editorial in the October number of *THE CENTURY* on "Law-and-Order Leagues," and also E. V. Smalley's letter on

the enforcement of law. Your article probably answered his questions, but permit me to add a word of information, through your columns, with reference to the work that is being done in this direction, especially in the State of Illinois and in the city of Chicago. At the present time Law-and-Order Leagues are being organized all over the country, and on the 22d of February last a delegate convention was held in Boston, which resulted in the organization of a National Citizens' Law-and-Order League. This League is now ready to assist any community in organizing an auxiliary association. I shall be happy to furnish any information upon this subject that may be desired. The practicability of the suggestions made by Mr. Smalley has been fully demonstrated. To illustrate: We have had in Illinois for ten years a law that any person who shall sell or give liquor to a minor (without orders from his parents, guardian, or physician) or to a drunkard shall be subject to a fine or imprisonment. No effort was made to enforce this law until 1877, when a Citizens' League was organized in Chicago with the specific purpose of enforcing the law in relation to minors. In two years the law was so well enforced that the police reports show a decrease of one-third in the arrests of minors as compared with the arrests in the two years previous to the organization of the League. In other words, the actual number of criminals among boys and girls was decreased one-third. The law with regard to both minors and drunkards is now enforced, and our three agents who devote all their time to the work report the arrest and prosecution of an average of eighty-five saloon-keepers every month, and the conviction of more than two-thirds this number.

We have about four thousand saloons in Chicago. Many of them are notoriously vicious places, and their proprietors do not scruple to further their own interests whether in accordance with law or not. But so strong has our Citizens' League grown in the esteem of the public, that the Saloon-keepers' Organization has incorporated a clause in the constitution of its society to the effect that no one who sells liquor to a minor or a drunkard, knowingly, shall be eligible to membership in this society. It is now not infrequent for saloon-keepers to inform the League of other saloon-keepers who are violating the law.

If such an organization can live and do good in this city, in which the government is almost entirely controlled by the liquor interest; it certainly ought to live and do much more good in cities less under the control of the saloon element.

Through the efforts of the Chicago League, a bill was passed at the last Legislature, increasing the saloon license from \$52 to \$500 (license to sell beer only, \$150). This law is now being vigorously enforced.

Yours truly,

J. C. Shaffer,

Sec. National Law-and-Order League.

126 WASHINGTON ST. CHICAGO.

A Word about Christmas.

WHEN what was designed to be a pleasure becomes a burden, it is time to stop and examine it carefully, and see if it is the thing itself which has grown to be such a weight, or whether it is simply an awkward manner of carrying it. Certainly there must be some-

thing wrong in any celebration of Christmas which results in serious fatigue of mind and body. During the first three months of the year, nothing is more commonly given as a reason for ill health than an overstrain during the holidays. "She got so worn out at Christmas," or "She worked too hard in finishing her Christmas presents," or "The week before Christmas she was tired out with shopping," are excuses which appear as surely as January and February come. The question must occur sometimes to every one, whether all this worry and wear of heart and hand and brain are really worth while. Is there not some better way of celebrating this day of days than for women to wear themselves out in making or buying pretty trifles for people who already have more than they can find room for? Setting aside all effort of eyes and fingers, the mental strain is intense. Merely to devise presents for a dozen or more people, which must be appropriate and acceptable, and which they do not already possess, and which no one else is likely to hit upon, is enough to wear upon the strongest brain; and when one's means are not unlimited, and the question of economy must come in, the matter is still more complicated. The agony of indecision, the weighing of rival merits in this and that, the distress when the article which is finally decided upon does not seem as fascinating as one had hoped, the endless round of shopping, the packing to send to distant friends, the frantic effort to finish at the last moment something which ought to have been done long ago, result in a relapse when all is over into a complete weariness of mind and body which unfits one for either giving or receiving pleasure. Now, when all this is looked at soberly, does it pay? It is a remarkable fact that, although Christmas has been kept on the twenty-fifth day of December for more than a thousand years, its arrival seems as unexpected as if it had been appointed by the President. No one is ready for it, although last year every one resolved to be so, and about the middle of December there begins

a rush and hurry which is really more wearing than a May moving.

It seems to be a part of the fierce activity of our time and country that even our pleasures must be enjoyed at high pressure. While it is almost impossible, in matters of business, to act upon the kindly suggestions of intelligent critics that we should take things more leisurely, surely, in matters of enjoyment, we might make an effort to be less overworked. Cannot the keeping of Christmas, for example, be made to consist in other things than gifts? Let the giving be for the children and those to whom our gifts are real necessities. As a people, we are very negligent in the matter of keeping birthdays. If these festivals were made more of in the family, especially among the elder members, we should not find that we were losing the blessedness of giving and the happiness of receiving, even if we did omit presents at Christmas time. In many large families a mutual understanding that the Christmas gifts were all to be for the children would be an immense relief, although, perhaps, no one would be quite willing to acknowledge it. Sometimes a large circle of brothers and sisters can unite in a gift, in that way making it possible to give something of more value, and at the same time to lessen the difficult task of selection.

Above all things, if you give presents, be more anxious to give something which "supplies a want" than to send some pretty trifle which can only prove in the end an additional care. A little forethought and friendly putting of yourself in another's place will make this possible. In the great world of books something can be found to suit every taste. Flowers are always a graceful gift, and can never become burdensome by lasting after one has grown tired of them. There are numberless other things which can be procured, without a wear and tear of mind and body which make the recipient feel as David did of the water from the well of Bethlehem, that what cost so much was too valuable to be accepted.

Susan Anna Brown.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Fool.

From Ivan Tourguéneff's "Poems in Prose."

THERE lived a fool in the world. For a long time he remained content and happy; but slowly rumors reached him that everywhere he was held to be a brainless idiot.

Grieved was the fool, and began to think how he could stop these slanders. A sudden idea lightened his poor, darkened brain, and without delay he began to execute it.

He met an acquaintance on the street, who praised highly a renowned painter.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the fool, "this painter is almost forgotten. You do not know that? I did not expect to find you so naïf. You are behind the time!"

His acquaintance blushed, and hurriedly agreed with the fool.

"What a beautiful book I read to-day!" another acquaintance said to him.

"Beg pardon! are you not ashamed? This book is good for nothing; all have long ago abandoned it."

And this acquaintance also made haste to quickly agree with the fool.

"What a marvelous man is my friend, N. N.!" said a third acquaintance to the fool.

"Why!" exclaimed the fool, "N. N. is known to be a scoundrel! to have robbed all his relatives! Who does not know that? I pity you!"

The third acquaintance did as the others, and forgot his friend. Whomsoever or whatsoever was praised in the presence of the fool, he made always a similar reply, adding sometimes the refrain, "And you believe yet in authorities?"

"Malicious, captious man!" began the fool's acquaintances to say of him, "but what a head!" "And

what a tongue!" added others. "Ah! he is a man of talent!"

It ended in a publisher's asking the fool to control the critical section of his paper; and he began to beguile everybody, without changing his expressions or exclamations.

And now he who inveighed so much against authorities is himself an authority, and the youth worship and fear him. And what are the poor youth to do? If even it is not proper, generally speaking, to worship, fail to do it here and you will be pronounced stupid. Fools can make their way among cowards!

Translated by Borys F. Gorow.

Song of the "New Grounds."

'Way down in de slashes whar de cypus grow so tall,
Oh, de pine-tree got to come down an' de black-gum got to fall;
Don't you hear dem axes holler? don't you hear dem niggers call,—
'Way down whar de cypus grow so tall?

'Way down ermongst de briers whar de raccoon lub to play,
Oh, de pile o' bresh is burnin' an' a-blazin' all de day;
An' de fox-squ'el got to git out an' de 'possum couldn't stay,
'Way down whar de raccoon lub to play!

'Way down in de new groun's whar de big old white-oaks grow,
You nebber hear sich racket in dat neighborhood befo';
Dem niggers keep a-choppin' tell de sun done settle low,
'Way down whar de big old white-oaks grow!

'Way down whar de gra'-vine use to clam aroun' de tree,
Whar de akuns kep' a-droppin' an' de sweet-gum use to be,
Dem cutters keep a-choppin' down de stumpy cypus-knee,
Whar de gra'-vine use to clam aroun' de tree!

Oh, de young corn gwine to come up whar de cypus use to grow;
Oh,—how you do, Miss Susy gal,—de time is comin', sho!
When you hab to roun' de hill o' corn an' chop de cotton-grow,
'Way down whar de cypus use to grow!

'Way down in de new groun's whar' de wild-grape hang so high,
Whar de big owl lub to holler an' de wild-duck lub to fly,
Dem birds is got to scatter, for de plantin' time is nigh;
'Way down whar de wild-grape hang so high!

'Way down amongst de slashes, whar de scaly-barks so fine,
An' de hick'y-nut is growin' long beside de muscadine,
Dem varmint hear de racket an' dey all 'ill soon be gwine,
'Way down whar de scaly-barks so fine!

J. A. Macon.

Nancy.

AN IDYL OF THE KITCHEN.

IN brown holland apron she stood in the kitchen;
Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks all aglow;
Her hair was coiled neatly; when I, indiscreetly,
Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the dough.

Now, who could be neater, or brighter, or sweeter,
Or who hum a song so delightfully low,
Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender,
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?

How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it, caressed it,
And twisted and turned it, now quick and now slow.
Ah, me, but that madness I've paid for in sadness!
'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the dough.

At last, when she turned for her pan to the dresser,
She saw me and blushed, and said shyly, "Please, go,
Or my bread I'll be spoiling, in spite of my toiling,
If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading the dough."

I begged for permission to stay. She'd not listen;
The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir! no! no!"
Yet when I had vanished on being thus banished,
My heart staid with Nancy while kneading the dough.

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy;
Your heart, love, has softened and pitied my woe,
And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen
Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the dough.

John A. Fraser, Jr.

Love's Chase.

AFTER READING HERRICK.

"It must be sweet to be in love,—
At least, so all the maidens prove it.
Alas! my heart's so hard," she sighed,
"I fear that love will never move it;
For, out of books, I cannot find
A single lover to my mind.

"I've thought of all the lads I know,
And on each one have long reflected;
But since I find they all have faults,
Perforce I've every one rejected."
She leaned against the window there,
A charming picture of despair.

But growing weary soon, she cried,
Her dull looks changing all to laughter,
"Cupid, I've chased you long enough—
I think it's your turn to come after!"
But those who knew the maid aver
That it was *I* who followed her.

W. H.



W. F. Sherman

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HOWEVER unpatriotic a Scotchman may appear in the eyes of local advocates of "Scotland for the Scotch," there is one point in which he will share the sentiment of the patriots. He will admire Edinburgh, and be difficult to convince that any town in the kingdom has a more beautiful situation, or remains more rich in memories of the eventful past. When one speaks of Edinburgh, one means, of course, chiefly the Old Town. The new town has little to boast of except comfort, and the unalterable charm of her situation, with its view of the hills, of the sea, and of the serrated front of the ancient city. Mr. Ruskin has said so much against the architecture of the new town that it seems superfluous to add a malison to his maledictions. The new houses are very solid, and built of good gray stone, which has a tendency to grow dark, and to wear the solemn gloom admired in the respectable quarters of Bath. To me Bath always appears to have been built out of grave-stones, funereal slabs of a moderate antiquity. New Edinburgh is not so bad as Bath, of course, and stone walls can never seem so squalid and skimped as the London houses of dirty, yellowish

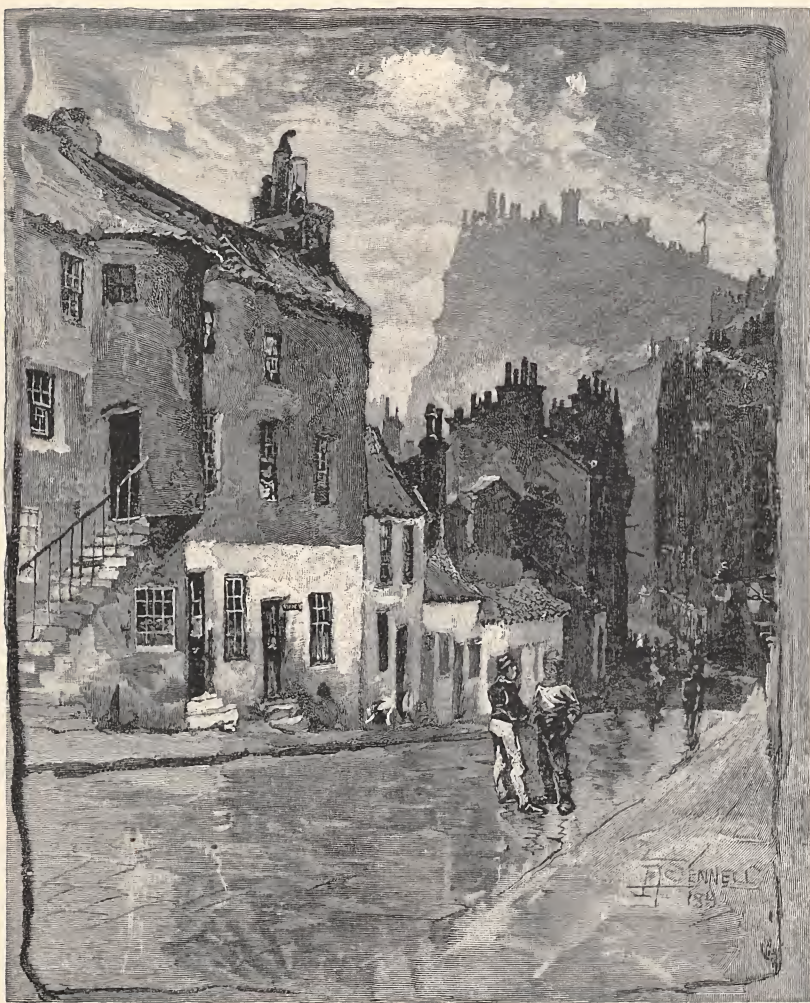
brick. But, on the whole, the new town reflects in her architecture a life of prosperity, without much stir or excitement; and the spires and towers of the various churches and public buildings can be credited at most only with good intentions. The sentimental traveler soon leaves New Edinburgh, with her steep ways, her grim monumental Moray Place, her streets where the grass grows long and green in the early autumn, for the picturesque and historical wynds and closes of the ancient town. Probably the majority of the dwellers in the new town pay very few visits to the decaying houses of their ancestors. They are proud of the old town, of Auld Reekie, but they do not often cross the ravine and climb the Mound and moralize over the scenes of old forays and fights, of murders and martyrdoms. To tell the truth, there are features in the old town that rather repel the curious. You may be inured to all the odors of Cologne, you may have traveled (in the interests of *bric-à-brac*) into the Jews' quarters in Italian towns, but nowhere will you have faced such dirt as in the closes and wynds of Edinburgh. Some of these lanes leading into the High street or the Cowgate

—lanes walled with high-roofed mansions of Scotch nobles and judges in past centuries—are homes of the most abominable filth. The gutter down the middle of the steep, narrow causeway is an open sewer; the grimy women come out and hospitably offer to let you view the rooms for which they pay rent, and only very keen curiosity will tempt you to accept the offer. The condition of the children playing in these fetid places cannot decently be described. Overhead, out of most windows, stretch poles on which a few rags of clothes are drying and dripping. The poles are the substitutes for the bleaching greens of civilization, and they are everywhere to be seen poked out of windows, even in the wider streets of old Edinburgh. Everything breathes of cholera, of plague, and of that ancient "pest" so often mentioned in civic annals; yet it sometimes happens that, from the black mouths of these closes, you can see the green sides of the hills quite near at hand. Within a mile or less are the smooth slopes and fresh sward of Arthur's Seat or Salisbury Crag; or

perhaps, beyond the farther mouth of the wynd, there is a glimpse of the blue waters of the Frith of Forth. Thus, it is not strange that the dwellers in the new town visit the old as rarely as possible, except for purposes of charity, or on a raid after blue china and old chairs. Between people living in Ainslie Place and people living in the Playhouse Close, the narrow ravine beneath the Castle, is "a great gulf fixed." On the south side of the little glen where the railway runs, the folk dwell in sanitary conditions not very much altered from those of the fourteenth century. There is gas, of course, instead of the oil lamps which of old were sometimes burned between five and nine in the winter evenings. The roofs are not thatched; great stacks of heather and peat or turf are not piled up on either hand of the door, as in the past. An unfortunate small boy, three hundred years ago, lighted one of these piles of heather "in a waggishness," as Bacon says, and was himself burned at the stake for the crime, by way of encouraging other boys not



A RAINY NIGHT, LOOKING TOWARD OLD TOWN OR NORTH BRIDGE.

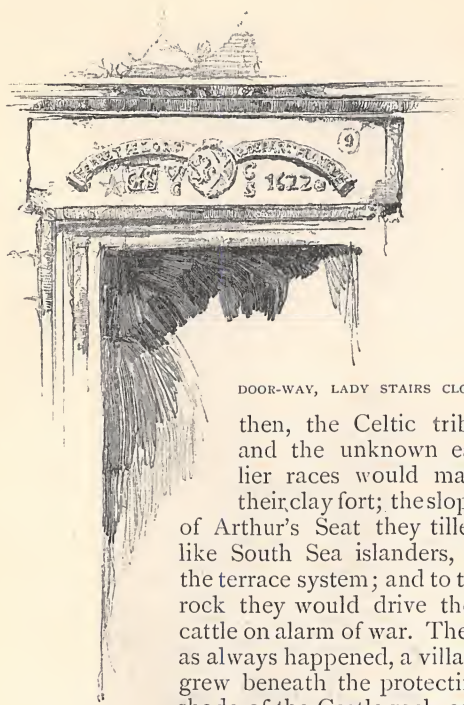


CANDLE-MAKERS' ROW.

to indulge in such high spirits. From these dangers the old town is now free; but in many of the wynds the dirt still reminds one of what Smollett's congenial muse described in "Humphrey Clinker." The crowding of human beings in these "lands"—houses fourteen stories high, crowded with scores of families—is probably about as bad as ever it was. The old conditions of life made these tall houses necessary, and the poor people who now inhabit them remain where they do partly out of carelessness, partly for want of cheap accommodations elsewhere. London has probably no such black rookeries as swarm in Edinburgh.

The original causes which made the streets so narrow and so high are plainly written on the configuration of the soil. Without going deep into the history of Edinburgh, without

grubbing among Roman remains and relics of the bronze and stone ages (for, if once we fall into that pit, we may never scramble out again), it is plain that the steep isolated rock of the Castle first tempted people to dwell here. It is like the crag of the Acropolis at Athens, or Ithome, or Hissarlik. A sketch of mediæval Athens, recently republished, shows that the town stretched in a rough oblong east of the Acropolis rock, exactly as old walled Edinburgh clung to the rock of the Castle. That rock was a commanding spot, easily rendered all but impregnable, and so far from the sea that precautions could be taken in time against invaders by water. The conditions are exactly those which, according to Thucydides, were preferred by founders of cities in the ancient days when Greeks were half barbarians. Here,



DOOR-WAY, LADY STAIRS CLOSE.

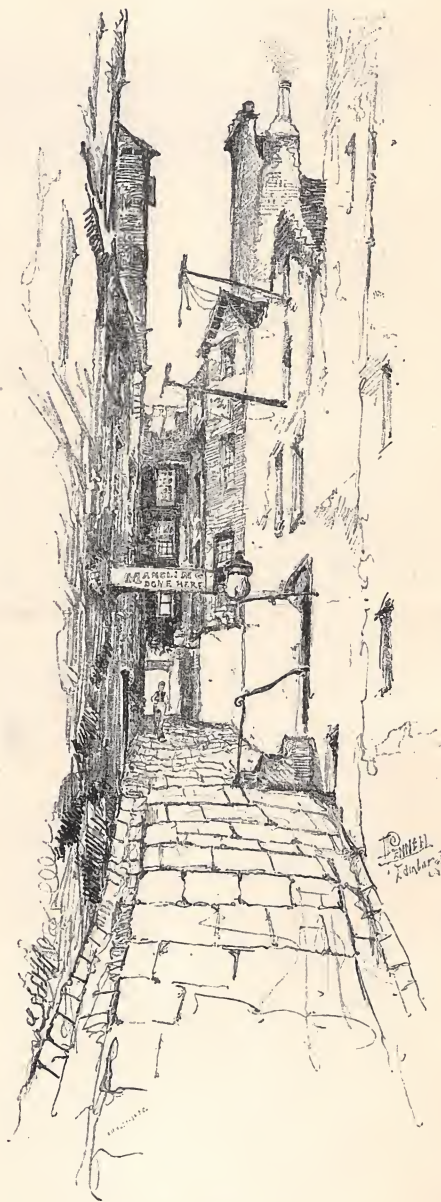
then, the Celtic tribes and the unknown earlier races would make their clay fort; the slopes of Arthur's Seat they tilled, like South Sea islanders, on the terrace system; and to the rock they would drive their cattle on alarm of war. Then, as always happened, a village grew beneath the protecting shade of the Castle rock, and that village developed into Edinburgh. But, from its neighborhood to the English border (whence the road along the sea is not difficult), Edinburgh was always exposed to the southern fire and sword. Again and again her gates were forced, her houses were burned, her people fled to the Castle and to the shelter of the surrounding forests. Naturally, then, the city huddled herself together as close as might be under the shadow of the Castle. Every house beyond the city walls was certain to be robbed and burned whenever a hostile force came against the town. Edinburgh had been walled in 1450, and so narrow was the circumvallation that the Cowgate was beyond the circle of towers. The wealthy dwellers in the Cowgate "were out in the open country." Any visitor to Edinburgh has only to stand where the Cowgate begins and look back to the Castle to understand how narrow were the limits of the mediæval town, and what urgent need there was to pile the houses "close and high." After the fatal battle of Flodden (1513),—a battle still remembered by the border people as a day of sorrow,—new walls were built round Edinburgh, and "the Flodden wall" included the Cowgate. "The whole length of the old wall was about one mile, that of the new was one mile three furlongs," says Mr. Grant, in his "Old and New Edinburgh." So prudent were the citizens that, for two hundred and fifty years, scarcely a house arose beyond the Flodden wall. And it is

within this miserably contracted territory, in the dark and burrowing lanes, that the poor of Edinburgh still herd, still regard the curious visitor with curiosity scarcely less than his own. So much it is necessary to say about the old town, lest the stranger who examines it should complain that he has been taken without warning into a pestilent, malodorous home of dirt and disease. He is now fairly warned, and he must console himself with the thought that the dirt is historical, the disease romantic,—a slight survival, from the unrivaled filth and pestilence of mediæval Scotland.

"In Athens," says Cicero, "every stone you tread on has its history." As much may be said for old Edinburgh, where the very nuisances are historical, and the wind brings you a realistic whiff of the middle ages. The old ruined castles all around have each its legend, clinging to the place like the ivy, haunting it like the ghost of the murdered man or child so often found built up within the thick masonry of the walls. What a dreadful mystery of old times these walled-up skeletons might unfold if they could speak! In what midnight murder or brawl over cards and wine, or in what bitter family feud about charters and settlements, did *he* perish whose bones were found walled up among the ruins of Craigmillar? What was the secret of that infant's birth, who, dead, had no other grave than the "stone shroud" of the castle wall within Queen Mary's chamber? There comes no answer out of darkness and the dust, nor can we well believe that some of these dead people, thus consigned *in pacem*, were sacrificed (according to the practice of the Black Art) to secure the safety of the buildings. The times were too late for such deeds in Scotland, and the dead men surely perished in some other cause. But if their secret is well kept, some, at least, of the other secrets of the town have come into the light of day, and are recorded in the annals of history and the black calendar of crime. The Scotch of the middle ages (which in Scotland lasted till 1745) were a wild, passionate, revengeful race. They yielded not in fury, and cruelty, and pride to the violent nobles of the Italian towns of Perugia and Verona. In such streets as the West Bow and the Cowgate and Canongate, it is easily seen that most of the ancient houses are as strong as fortresses. Observe the clean-cut line of the thick walls, the narrow entrances, the lintels each carved with a text, more for magic than in piety, the small windows heavily barred. The arms cut above the lintel may be the bearings of noble houses, Douglasses, Carrs, Scotts, or the trade blazon of the weavers or the saddlers.

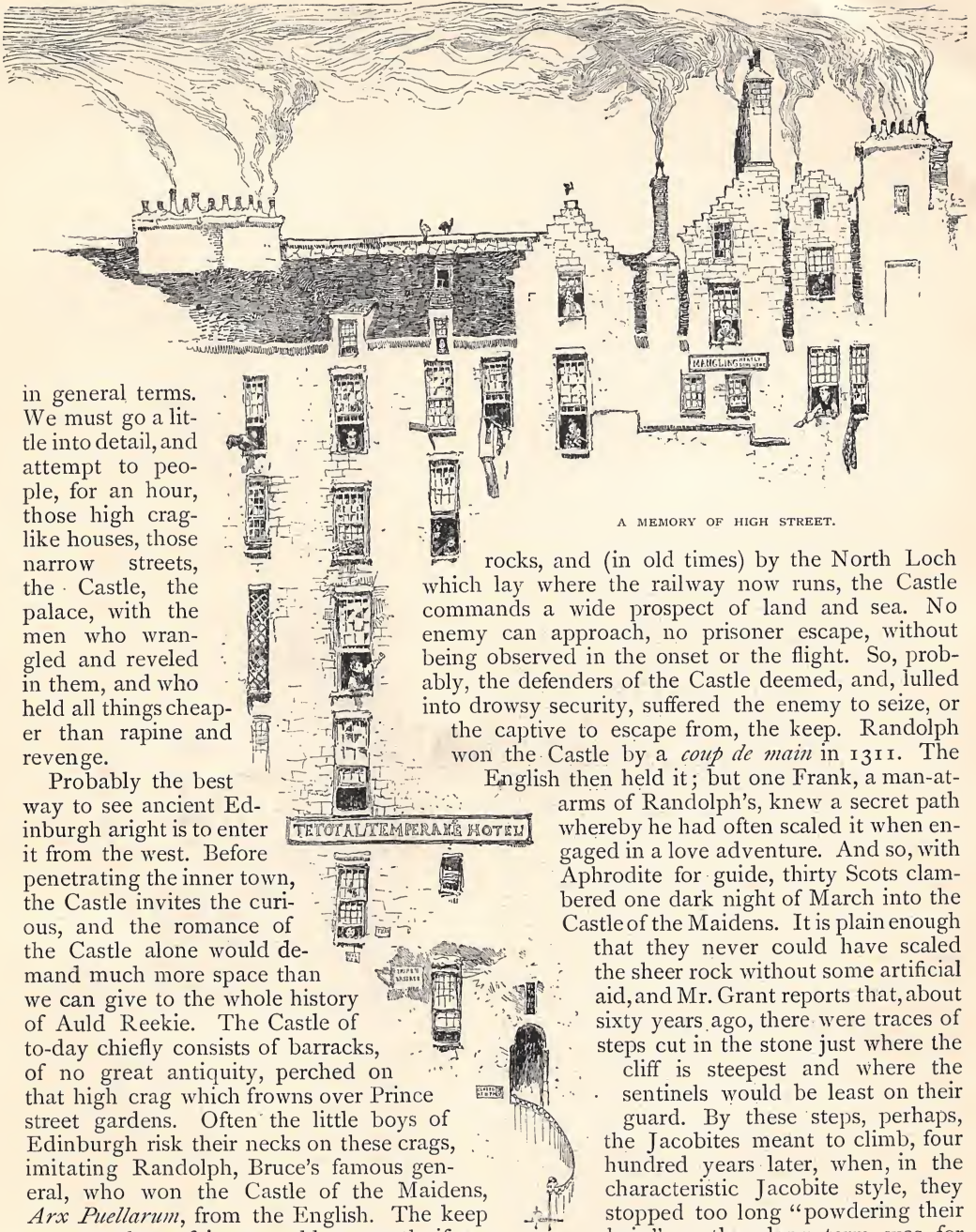
But everywhere the houses are strong enough to stand an irregular siege, and in no town in the British isles could street fighting be so dangerous and so protracted. Such houses were first the homes of a *noblesse* who shrank from no treachery and no violence. The cellars served well enough to lodge a captured judge in before he was carried on a rider's saddle to the dungeon of some keep in lonely Liddesdale. The sudden steps on the uneven floor, in dark corners, answered admirably for the purpose of stabbing a guest as he stumbled. The barred windows might long keep a deserted wife a prisoner, till it became convenient to remove her to some even more inaccessible retreat in an island of the western seas. In these recesses noble ladies have practiced sorcery, melting the waxen effigies and burning the hair of their enemies. Through these strait house-doors burghers have fled in terror, and wounded men have been dragged in hastily, when the slogan of the Border war was heard in the midnight streets, when torches flared above the thrusts of spears and swords and the noise of smitten shields. In shy corners of these closes, on a later day, gentlemen have found what Sir William Hope in his "Scots Fencing Master" calls "an occasion," that is, a chance for a sudden informal duel. Then, as the city expanded beyond the Flodden wall, and the gentry built houses in the new streets, or migrated to London, the old town fortresses fell into the hands of the most desperate of the poor. The properties and actors were changed, but the old drama went on, and the Irish murderers, Burke and Hare, counted their victims by the score, till one of them (*more Hibernico*) turned informer and had his comrade hanged. Even out of the net-work of narrow lanes, in the wider places of the city, the game of revenge, of bloodshed, of burning, went on in the open day. The gallows of the Grass Market saw brave men "testify" to the most various causes, to faith and loyalty, to reason and freedom. The stake had its share of gentle and simple, when old women of the people and beautiful daughters of noble houses were burned indifferently for the crying sin of witchcraft. Every room of each old prison—the Castle *oubliettes* and the Tolbooth—has its romance, its tale of some scarcely credible escape by royal prince or daring smuggler. The Scotch people, that is now so "dour," so prosperous and law-abiding, has the fiercest strain in its blood. Our fathers sowed their wild oats in rapine and slaughter and fire, while the children have subsided into a peaceful but not unadventurous race. Or perhaps, after all, it was chiefly the ravenous, arrogant nobles, so proud, so brave, and so

poor, that outdid in old Edinburgh the feats of the Baglioni. In the endless feuds and wars and party strifes, the Maiden (our Scotch guillotine) and the sword, poison, and the halter cut off the fiercer stocks of the Scotch *noblesse*, and in the struggle for existence



LADY STAIRS CLOSE.

victory remained with the quieter folk, whose necks were not eternally in peril. To understand what manner of men the "forbears" of the Scotch were, it is not enough to speak



A MEMORY OF HIGH STREET.

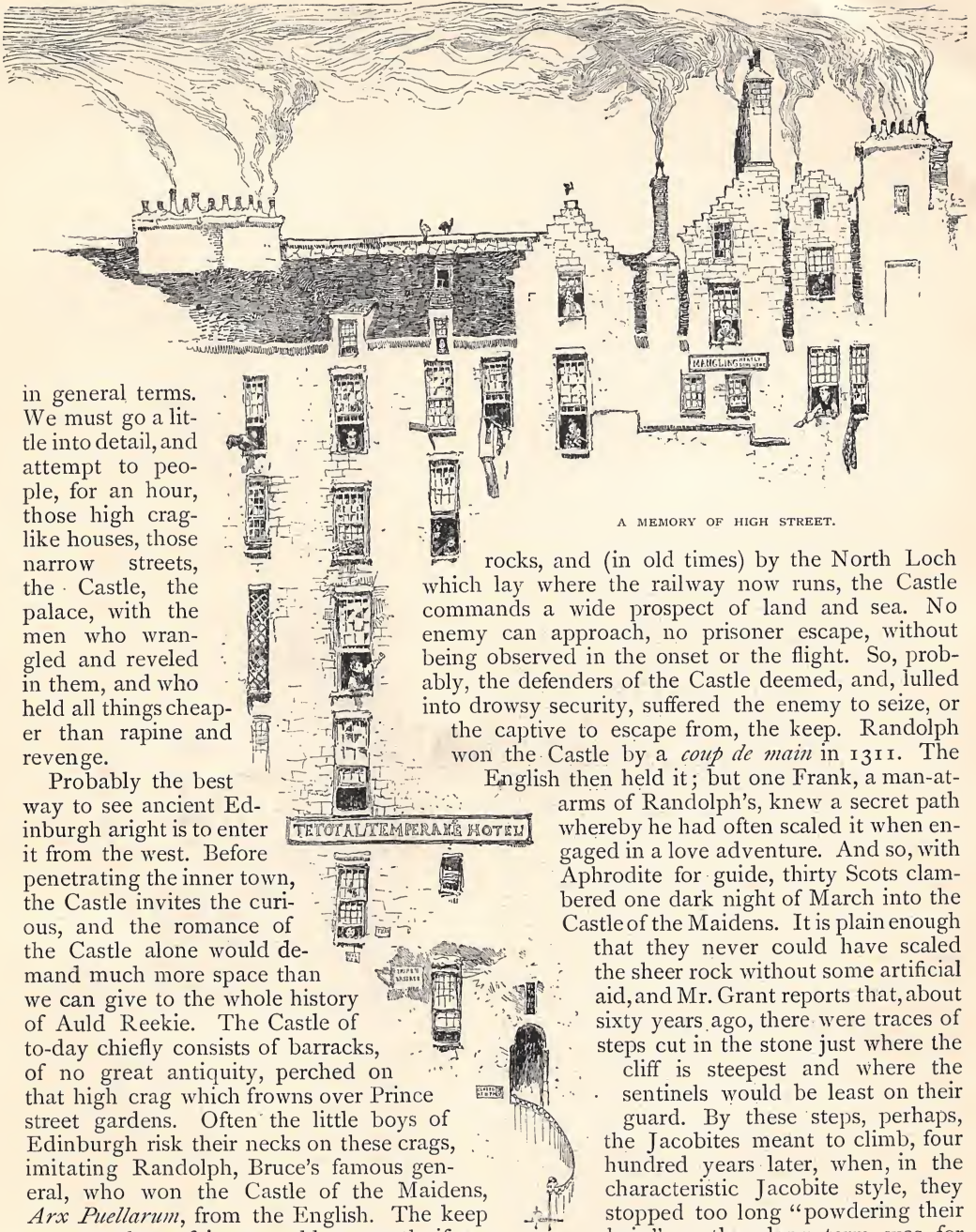
in general terms. We must go a little into detail, and attempt to people, for an hour, those high crag-like houses, those narrow streets, the Castle, the palace, with the men who wrangled and reveled in them, and who held all things cheaper than rapine and revenge.

Probably the best way to see ancient Edinburgh aright is to enter it from the west. Before penetrating the inner town, the Castle invites the curious, and the romance of the Castle alone would demand much more space than we can give to the whole history of Auld Reekie. The Castle of to-day chiefly consists of barracks, of no great antiquity, perched on that high crag which frowns over Prince street gardens. Often the little boys of Edinburgh risk their necks on these crags, imitating Randolph, Bruce's famous general, who won the Castle of the Maidens, *Arx Puellarum*, from the English. The keep seems a place of impregnable strength, if we think of the conditions of war before the invention of heavy siege pieces and modern artillery. From the dungeon prisons hewn in the rock, too, one might guess that even so ingenious a captive as Baron Trenck could never have escaped. Yet the whole history of Edinburgh Castle is a long tale of escapes and captures. Placed on such a height, its front secured by the perpendicular black

rocks, and (in old times) by the North Loch which lay where the railway now runs, the Castle commands a wide prospect of land and sea. No enemy can approach, no prisoner escape, without being observed in the onset or the flight. So, probably, the defenders of the Castle deemed, and, lulled into drowsy security, suffered the enemy to seize, or the captive to escape from, the keep. Randolph won the Castle by a *coup de main* in 1311. The

English then held it; but one Frank, a man-at-arms of Randolph's, knew a secret path whereby he had often scaled it when engaged in a love adventure. And so, with Aphrodite for guide, thirty Scots clambered one dark night of March into the Castle of the Maidens. It is plain enough that they never could have scaled the sheer rock without some artificial aid, and Mr. Grant reports that, about sixty years ago, there were traces of steps cut in the stone just where the cliff is steepest and where the sentinels would be least on their guard. By these steps, perhaps, the Jacobites meant to climb, four hundred years later, when, in the characteristic Jacobite style, they stopped too long "powdering their hair," as the slang term was for

drinking,—*Pulveris exigui jactus*. By that little toss of powder the plot was ruined, and the house of Hanover kept possession of the Castle. In 1337 the English again held the Castle, and were again driven out by a *ruse* of the most obvious character, a trick as transparent as that of the Trojan horse. In the Castle the fatal dish of the black bull's head was cooked for Earl Douglas in 1440. It would



A MEMORY OF HIGH STREET.

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be interesting to know whence the Scotch derived this *plat*, so conspicuous in their culinary history, and as purely national a delicacy as "sheep's head" or haggis. I do not know that the black bull's head was ever introduced at English, Irish, or Continental tables, and no mention of the dainty occurs, as far as I am aware, in the records of any savage or classical people. When one powerful party leader had so far overcome the suspicions of a rival as to induce that rival to accept an invitation to dinner, then the host went smiling home, consulted his cook, and hinted that a black bull's head might as well be added to the *menu*. When this ominous dish was brought to the table, the wretched guest knew that his last hour had arrived. And this was what befell young Douglas. The people expressed their horror of the deed in a ballad, of which, apparently, but one verse

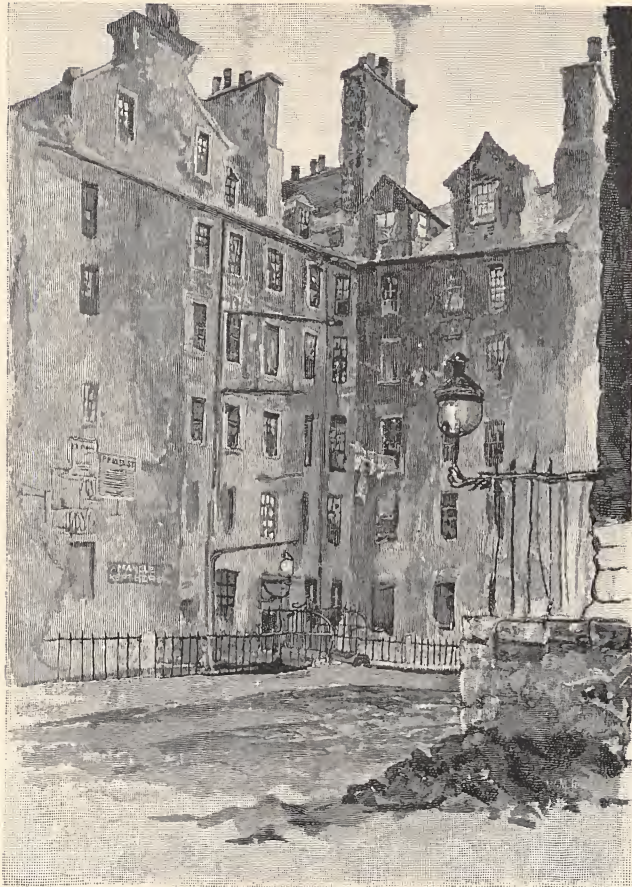
survives, though more may perhaps be known to the learning of Professor Child :

"Edinburgh Castle, towne and tower,
God grant thou sink for sinne,
And that even for the black dinner
Earle Douglas got therein."

If "sinne" could sink town and tower, Edinburgh would centuries since have been with "Memphis and Babylon and either Thebes." In those old times, when a Scotch prince hated a man, he very commonly acted on the maxim, "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself," and dirked his foe with his own hand. This was the custom of the Duke of Albany, brother of James III., who slew John of Scougal, and in other ways so conducted himself that, in 1482, he was consigned to prison in the Castle. Thence Albany deemed that he was not likely to come



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.



HOUSE OF BOSWELL AND HUME, JAMES COURT.

forth alive, especially as his brother Mar had mysteriously vanished—so mysteriously, indeed, that even now the manner of Mar's fate is unknown. Albany's friends sent a small ship to wait in the harbor of Leith, and a hamper of wine easily found admission to Albany's rooms in the castle. The hamper contained ropes as well as wine, and when Albany had made his keepers drunk with the liquor, had dirked them, and thrown their mail-clad bodies to grill on the fire, he escaped to the ship at Leith by aid of the rope. But the favorite way of escaping had a bland and child-like simplicity. The captive's wife paid him a visit, the pair exchanged clothes, and the prisoner walked out in the lady's petticoats! This old trick was played in the Castle as often as the "confidence trick" in the capitals of modern civilization. Apparently it never missed fire, and we may conclude that in every case the turnkeys were bribed. The only prisoner of note who ever failed was the first Marquis of Argyll, in 1601. The Marchioness came to see him in a sedan chair;

he assumed her dress and coif, and stepped into the sedan. But presently he lost heart and stepped out again, though what he was afraid of it is difficult to guess. He could only die once, his execution was certain, and he might as well be shot privately, in the attempt to run away, as be decapitated publicly in the town where the great Montrose, his enemy, was done to death. When the Marquis's son, in his turn, was confined in the Castle, his ready brain conceived the novel idea of escaping, not in the dress of a lady, but in that of the lackey of his daughter-in-law. He let the lady's train drop in the mud, whereon, with the wit and coolness of a daughter of the Lindsays, she switched the dripping silk in his face, crying, "Thou careless loon." Then the soldiers laughed, and Argyll, for that time, got clean away. A most spirited escape, not from the Castle, but from the Tolbooth prison, was arranged and executed in 1783 by James Hay, a lad of eighteen, but of precocious parts, who had been sentenced to death for robbery. Old Hay, the father,

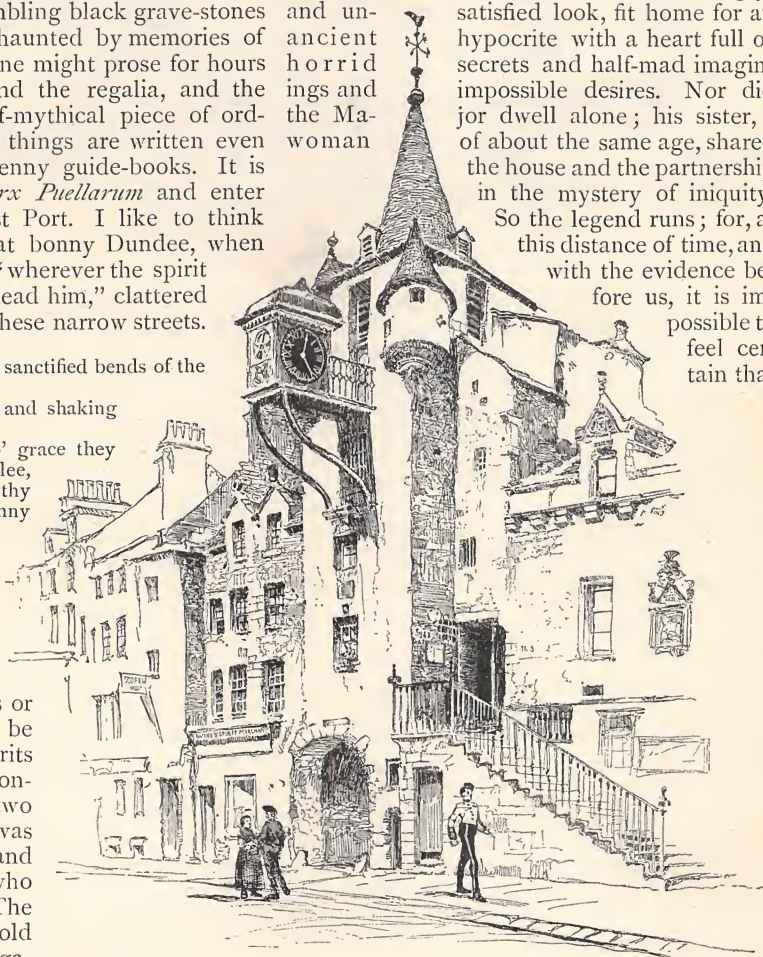
got the turnkey to drink with him, made him "no *that* fu'," but still "wi' a gey drap in his ee," and then induced the confiding jailer to go out and order some more whisky. The moment the turnkey had gone, old Hay cried (in a capital imitation of the jailer's voice), "Turn your hand," whereon the porter opened the prison door. Young Hay was off like a shot through the open prison gate, made for the Greyfriars Kirk-yard, scaled the wall, and hid himself in the vault of "bloody Mackenzie," the persecutor of the Covenanters. The vault, of course, was haunted by the ensanguined specter of Sir George Mackenzie; so no one looked *there* for young Hay, whose school-fellows of Heriot's Hospital, like bricks of boys, supplied him with food for six weeks. Then young Hay escaped, scot-free, to Holland. I don't know why it is, but I am glad he got off. All this happened precisely one hundred years ago, and it is something to think of in Greyfriars Church-yard, among the crumbling black grave-stones and ivy green, still haunted by memories of the Covenanters. One might prose for hours over the Castle, and the regalia, and the Mons Meg, that half-mythical piece of ordnance; but all these things are written even in unassuming sixpenny guide-books. It is time to leave the *Arx Puellarum* and enter the city by the West Port. I like to think that "Claverse," that bonny Dundee, when he went northward, "wherever the spirit of Montrose might lead him," clattered with his men down these narrow streets.

"As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Each carlin was flying and shaking
her pow;
But the young plants o' grace they
looked couthie and slee,
Said "Good luck to thy
bonnets, thou bonny
Dundee."

The gate on the West Port was a favorite place for exhibiting the heads of traitors or martyrs, or, when traitors or martyrs happened to be scarce, of any culprits that chanced to be convenient. Here also, two hundred years ago, was spiked the red right hand of Chieslie of Dalry, who slew Lockhart. The houses have the old "crow-step" on the gable, a series of narrow

stairs whereby the little sweeps in times past were wont to scale the chimneys. Fortunately the den of iniquity, down Tanner's close, where Hare and Burke carried on a wholesale business in murder, has long perished. Perished, too, but only within the last five years, has the house of Major Weir, the most horribly haunted place in Edinburgh, worse than even Mary King's ruined close, where the blue specters of those who died in the great plague used to walk. If Hawthorne had been an Edinburgh man, he would have made the dwelling of Major Weir immortal in romance. The legend has that blending of Puritanism, of superstition, of horror, which Hawthorne enjoyed; and over all these is a veil of mystery, which seems to lift for a moment only to leave one more puzzled and confused. The house of Major Weir was not precisely in the West Bow; but the tall, gaunt building stood back within a black narrow court of its own, a court with a dark, hungry, and unsatisfied look, fit home for an hypocrite with a heart full of secrets and half-mad unimaginable desires. Nor did jor dwell alone; his sister, a of about the same age, shared the house and the partnership in the mystery of iniquity.

So the legend runs; for, at this distance of time, and with the evidence before us, it is impossible to feel certain that



THE TOLBOOTH, HIGH STREET.



ALLAN RAMSAY'S SHOP IN HIGH STREET.

Major Weir was not an honorable man enough whose brain, perhaps, was turned in his extreme age by sickness and religious mania. The major had been an officer in the army which (in 1641) protected the Scotch settlers then recently planted in the North of Ireland. In 1650 he was one of the guard which attended the execution of the great Montrose. Like many soldiers of that age, Major Weir was, in religion, extremely evangelical, and his sermons and prayers met with much acceptance in "the sanctified bends of the Bow." It was observed that he could only be eloquent when he leaned on his favorite stick, "all of one piece of thorn-wood with a bent head." Probably much of Major Weir's evil fame rises from nothing more serious than his fondness for this black stick, which it was his trick of manner to fondle. But, if we were still as superstitious as our ancestors of two centuries ago, what young man of fashion who takes his "crook" everywhere into society would be safe from suspicion of sorcery? When the major was about seventy, he fell into a heavy sickness, which, according to some authorities, "affected his mind so much that he made open and voluntary confession of all his wickedness." Probably

enough the malady "affected his mind," which would then play, in a fearsome fashion, with horrors of sin and the dread beliefs of Calvinism. The Lord Provost of the period, like a sensible man, at first treated the confession as mere raving. But, plied probably by the superstitious, and by the Royalist enemies whom the major is sure to have made, the Provost finally arrested Weir, his sister, and his black stick. In prison the poor wretch stuck to his "confession," but refused to pray. "As I am to go to the devil, I do not wish to anger him!" he screamed. On April 9, 1670, he was sentenced to be strangled and burned, while his sister was merely to be hanged. When his dead body fell into the fire, his stick twisted and writhed in unholy fashion, and "was as long in burning as the major." As to the confessions of the major's sister, we have them on the excellent authority of "Satan's Invisible World Discovered,"—evidence which would not now drown a kitten, much less hang a woman. Major Weir's house was long uninhabited after his execution. When some one did occupy it, in the beginning of this century, he was startled by the apparition of a shadowy being like a calf. This is the third

case of a ghostly calf which I have met with in a life-long study of ghost stories. One of the other calves haunted the place where an idiot boy had been slain. The third appeared in France, to two lads, and is mentioned in M. d'Assier's recent volume on "Posthumous Man" (*L'homme d'outre-tombe*).

One follows the winding of the West Port to the Grass Market, a wide, airy place (for

still remember "Claverse" and "bloody Dalziel" with a curse. The peasant populations of the Lowland counties have not the deathless Celtic memory of grievances; but the persecutors of the Covenanters they have never forgotten nor forgiven, and they still speak of the bones of murdered saints, found in the beds and "brae-hags" of burns, where Claverhouse came on them at their prayers,



IMPRESSIONS OF GRASS MARKET.

the old town), from the crown of whose causeway many an old Covenanting hero, trailing his tortured limbs to the gallows, took his farewell of the sky, and the green hills, and the sea. From the gallows platform the eye can glance to the north and the west,—to the "hills of the robbers" beyond the Forth, and to where the setting sun slants on moors and morasses, faint and far away, the hiding-places of the "persecuted remnant." In Scotland, the popular tradition is all on the side of the Covenanters. We read Sir Walter's works, and give our hearts to the gallant Grahames, to Montrose and Dundee; but the people

and where his musketeers shot them even on their knees. With such stories my own childhood was fed, and even Sir Walter's magic has never quite cast the glamour over the more splendid and romantic party that stood for the Church and the King. But Scots of all historical parties may find in the Grass Market a sacred place; for here were done to death brave men and fair women of every creed and character. Among others, on February 17th, 1688, fell precious Mr. Renwick, the preacher. Quite lately I came across Mr. Renwick's last dying speech and confession, a sordid little fly-leaf, in a cheap book-stall. This ex-



THE COWGATE, FROM GEORGE THE FOURTH'S BRIDGE.

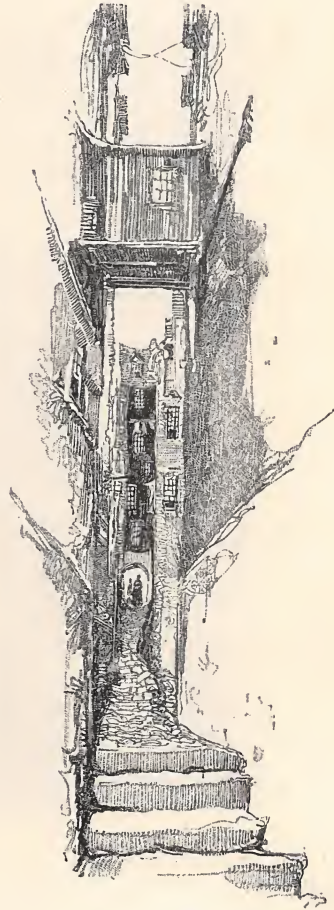
cellent martyr frankly admitted that he had always preached the righteousness of resisting his lawful king in arms. This was all very well; but the odd thing was to find Renwick full of indignant surprise at his own execution. It never seemed to occur to him that the corollary of his doctrine was the king's right to put him to death if he could catch him. This is a logical deficiency which one has observed in certain homicidal patriots of a much later epoch than 1688. The ancient stone-socket of the gallows-tree has long been removed from the Grass Market. In its place you may observe stones laid down in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross in the pavement; just as opposite the windows of Baliol, in the Broad street, Oxford, a small cross in the roadway marks the spot where Ridley and Latimer were burned at the stake. The

shop of the dyer on whose pole Porteous was hanged (as we have all read in the "Heart of Midlothian") has also disappeared. "Though much is taken, much remains," however; for example, the neighboring church and church-yard that of old belonged to the Greyfriars. Here is the flat tombstone on which the Solemn League and Covenant was signed by men desperately anxious to bring back the mastodon, Theocracy; here are the graves of martyrs and of persecutors; and here is the vault of which we have already spoken, haunted by the red specter of Bloody Mackenzie. And here "Greyfriars Bobby" lay, a faithful terrier, watching for many years on the grave of his dead master. People fed poor Bobby; otherwise he would have starved; and I presume he occasionally relaxed himself by cheyving one of the too numerous cats

which haunt the rusty-green grass and bushes of the old church-yard.

Leaving the Greyfriars, one naturally turns down the Cowgate, the fashionable quarter before Flodden fight—"being deemed open and airy." The Cowgate dives down a deep and narrow ravine, a kind of cañon, and high above it, as if in mid-air, passes the arch of George the Fourth's bridge. The Cowgate is like a Highland torrent of turbid population, flowing through its narrow and precipitous glen, and receiving at every turn the tributary streams of a score of dirty wynds, pouring in from either hand. The Cowgate, it is said, was originally the "Sou'-gate," or Southern Gate, and had nothing to do with kine. But this, to my mind, is contradicted by the fact that a writer of 1500-1530 calls the street *Via Vaccarum*, "the Street of the Cows," where, as he adds, you find *omnia magnifica*—everything handsome—about it. Now, it is not likely that the name of a new suburb would so rapidly be changed from South Gate to *Via Vaccarum*, or "Kowgaitt" (1518). But a short distance on the right hand of the Cowgate—attained by walking down Robertson's Wynd—was the Kirk of Fields, "St. Mary's of the Fields." The buildings of the University of Edinburgh now occupy most of the site of the house. It was an ill-famed, half-abandoned place, almost in the country, when Darnley was strangled there and when the mansion of the Kirk o' Fields was blown up. The very next wynd to Robertson's, namely, Niddry's, led you straight to the old High School, where George Sinclair shot the city officer dead at the great barring out, and where Scott had his schooling, and fought his "battle of the cross causeway,"—stones being the weapons, in very much later times. But the old High School has long ceased to exist. It was entered by a portal in a tower, very like the ancient entrance to the new buildings of the University in St. Andrews. The new High School is a handsome Greek edifice, near the south side of Calton Hill, and has no traditions of the famous elder world. The difficulty in writing about Edinburgh is that "one cannot see the town for the houses." So many legends cling to these black and narrow lanes and these "dour" old piles of masonry, that one is tempted to go on telling story after story, and neglecting the general effect. But this one more anecdote I cannot resist the temptation to steal from Mr. Grant's great treasure-house of traditions. Sir Walter Scott had a grand-aunt, who was all that a Scotch grand-aunt should be—a lady of an ancient house, with a memory well stored with legends. When she was a little girl, this Aunt

Margaret was residing at Swinton House, in Berwickshire, and happened to wander, in the listless fashion of childhood unemployed, into the dining-room. There sat a lady "beau-



A WYND.

tiful as an enchanted queen," and engaged in taking the refreshment of tea. Now, children have not a gift of beholding the thing that either is not, or is hidden by a veil from older eyes, that one might set this apparition down as a ghost or a day-dream. But the beautiful lady broke silence, and begged little Margaret to speak first to her mother, *by herself*, of what "she had witnessed." When the family came home from church, Margaret was advised to say nothing about the beautiful lady. Yet she was not a ghost after all, but a woman of flesh and (in the strictest sense) of blood. These things happened shortly after "the Fifteen," when many English officials were in Edinburgh. Among them was a Captain Cayley, who had grievously insulted a beautiful and very young lady, Mrs. Macfarlane. In penitence, or impudence, he then ventured



THE CANONGATE.

to call at Mrs. Macfarlane's house, near the Cowgate. What passed between them is not certainly known, but Cayley was shot dead, and Mrs. Macfarlane walked out and was no more beheld at that season. She it was whom little Margaret Swinton saw in Swinton House in Berwickshire, where the homicidal fair was concealed in the secret chamber with the sliding panel, which old Scotch families often found so convenient. So one goes down the Cowgate, past the site of College Wynd, where Scott was born, and where Oliver Goldsmith, though but a medical student, and a poor one to boot, swaggered in "a superfine small hatt," brave with eight shillings' worth of silver lace, and a "sky-blue satin, rich black Genoa velvet, fine sky-blue shalloon, and *the best* superfine high claret-colored cloth." What a genius for dress had Oliver, who, even in years mature, wore a coat of Tyrian bloom! The odd thing is that Oliver actually *paid*, at least in part, for the splen-

dors that dazzled the College Wynd, and charmed all eyes in the Cowgate.

From the Cowgate one reaches the High street, the central way and great battle-field of the old turbulent Scotch. As late as the end of the sixteenth century, Scotland had her regular blood-feuds, like Corsica. If one gentleman slew another, no one was so mean as to seek a legal remedy (which, indeed, no one was likely to obtain), but kinsfolk waited till they had a chance to pink some member of the hostile family. Far away in Yarrow, near the Dowie Dens, where the knight was slain in the old ballad, there is an upland farm called Catslack. The green hills gather close together; their slopes are dank and thick with rushes round the narrow Catslack burn, which leaps down, with little links and little pools, to the Yarrow. There my first trout was caught, and there, in an even more remote antiquity (1596), did Sir James Douglas of Parkhead, a natural son of the Regent Mor-

ton, meet his deadly foe, Captain James Stewart. Chance or design brought them together on the borders of the way which threads the vale of Yarrow and leads from Moffat to Selkirk. There Sir James Douglas, having overpowered Stewart in fight, left his body to be devoured by dogs and birds, and rode away,

wentwater to the Edinburgh Cross. Many were the revenges of the old Scotch *noblesse*; and the William Stewart who slew Torthorwald was himself son of the William Stewart slain, years before, by Bothwell, another Douglas, in the Blackfriars Wynd.

Next to the High street and Cowgate, the

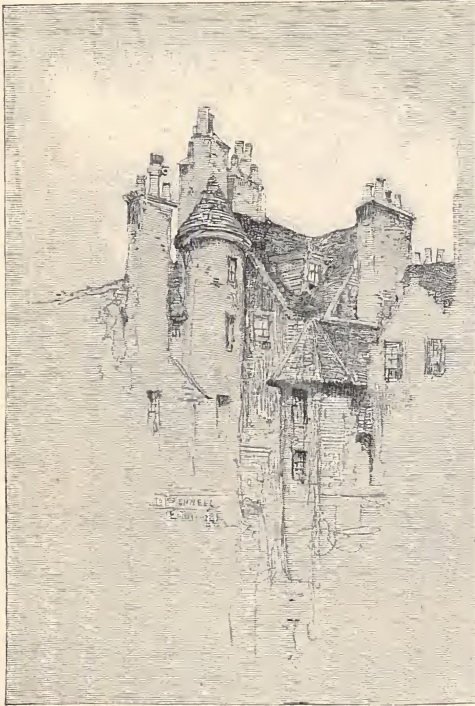


OLD HOUSES IN CANONGATE.

by Tinnies, and Hangingshaw, and Philiphaugh, through the oak wood, and below Black Andro, carrying the slain man's head on a spear. "Yarrow visited," indeed, with a vengeance! Now the house of Ochiltree, of which Stewart was a member, could not leave this shame unavenged. Accordingly, a trifle of twelve years afterward, Sir James, now Lord Torthorwald, was walking in the High street, and, as Homer says, "Death was not in his thoughts." There, however, he met William Stewart, a nephew of Captain Stewart, who drew his sword, and, without giving Torthorwald any "show," ran him through before he could defend himself. This was at the "Cross," hard by the great and splendid Church of St. Giles, in whose beautiful lantern cannon have been mounted to command the city, and in whose aisles Douglas and Albany built a chapel to expiate the murder of Rothesay, whom they starved to death. The cross where Stewart took his revenge on Torthorwald is now marked only by a kind of wheel of inlaid stones in the causeway. The bailies of 1756 swept it away, as bailies, town councilors, railway share-holders, and their like are always eager to destroy whatever is ancient or beautiful, from Der-

Canongate is the most famous of the ways through old Edinburgh. The Canons in Holyrood built and ruled over it,—a place without the walls, defended by the sanctity of the abbey and of the holy fathers. Yet the devil was once raised in the "back-green" of a house in the Canongate by Sir Lewis Bellenden, a lord of session, that is, a judge. Sir Lewis was so terrified "that he took sickness and thereof died," something like Semele, who perished after she beheld her heavenly lover in all his glory. We may trust that the learned judge raised the devil for no malignant purpose, but merely in the course of "psychical research." The visitor will notice the wide, wooden fronts of some of the old houses in the Canongate. According to tradition, these were fashioned out of the trees on the Borough Moor, a forest in the possession of the city. Beggars and robbers found this forest so convenient a shelter that the town council decided to fell it, and all the citizens received permission to carry off as much timber as they pleased, with which they faced their houses. But time wholly fails one to tell a tithe of the stories of the Canongate. The most horrible has for hero the gigantic idiot, son of an old

duke of Queensberry. One day the idiot was left unguarded, the house was empty of retainers, and the giant strayed into the kitchen. There he met one little boy turning the meat on the spit. When the family and servants came back, they found—but no, that is quite enough! The reader



SMOLLETT'S HOUSE.

may imagine what they found, or may consult original authorities. Nearly opposite the house of the dread ducal Cyclops and devourer of men is the "Golfers' Land," built by one Paterson, who was quite like an Olympian victor, for he and his ancestors had ten times won the champion medal at golf—an excellent and delightful game. Golf may be played wherever there is a wide enough space of broken grass-land; but he who would see the game in its glory and in its ancient seat (the most picturesque town north of the Forth) must go to St. Andrews. On the right hand of the Canongate is "the old Playhouse Close," one of the most characteristic of the antique wynds, and the home of the sorely persecuted stage in Presbyterian Scotland. And so, passing the White Horse Tavern, where Boswell entertained Johnson, and which, with its gables and dormer windows, is one of the best-preserved relics of the past, we go, by the quaint "Queen Mary's Bath," into the open free air, with the green slopes of Arthur's Seat on one hand, and

Holyrood on the other. It is pleasant to feel the salt breeze from the sea, and to leave behind the fume and reek, the memory and savor of crime and sin, the dust that may still have grains in it of burnt men's ashes, the gutters where blood has flowed so free, the historical ghosts and horrors of the old town and of old times.

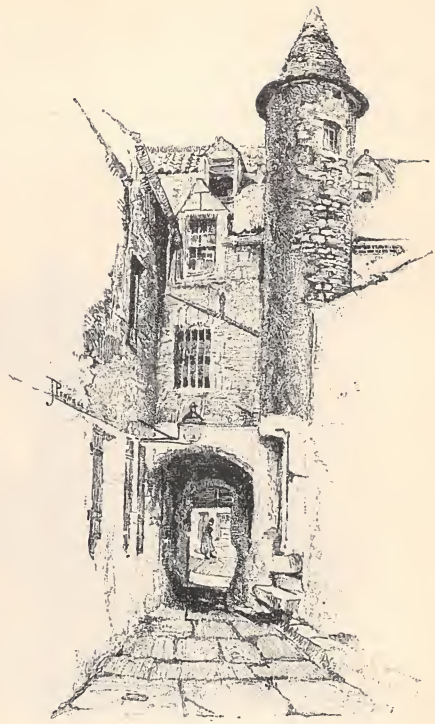
Not here, nor to-day, is there room to speak of Holyrood; nor, indeed, does its tale require to be told. "A beggarly palace, in truth," Hogg found it, when he visited it with Shelley. A beggarly palace, perhaps, but one, in which it is difficult to be quite unmoved and untouched; for in the beggarly bed slept the fairest woman in the world, and in that hole of a boudoir Rizzio died, and up the winding-stair came Darnley, with Faldonside and the others that "made sikker." The view of the hill from the windows must be what Mary saw every morning, though probably the bare sides of Arthur's Seat were then wooded.

Of New Edinburgh I have not proposed to say much. A casual Scot whom Hogg (Shelley's Hogg, not the Shepherd) found in the streets assured him that "if all the buildings at Oxford and Cambridge were molded into one edifice, the effect would not be the same as that of Edinburgh University. It would be far inferior." The effect would not, indeed, be precisely the same. But if you took a few things out of Queen's, and blackened that college, the effect would not be wholly unlike that of Edinburgh University. The Register Office, according to Hogg's cicerone, was "the finest building in the habitable earth." We Scots have a "canty conceit o' oursel's," and New Edinburgh is the Sparta which we have adorned. The monuments on the Calton Hill cannot be observed without admiration. Here is a Greek ruin, a pepper-box, "very late and dreadfully debased," with other weird edifices, testifying, wildly and incoherently at once, to our feeling for art, and to our recognition of Dugald Stewart and Robert Burns.

The Register Office may or may not be the finest building in the habitable earth, but the distant views of Edinburgh, the general impressions from a dozen different points, are wonderful and memorable,—as pleasant and dear to look back upon or forward to as the glowing spectacle of Florence from any of her storied and sacred heights. Only, while in Florence all is color and brilliancy, with an evident and beautiful arrangement and order, Edinburgh depends for her charm on the smoke, the sea-haze, the mystery, broken by the faint and clear forms of the Castle Hill and its towery crown, by the ridge of the old city, the tall spires, and the lantern

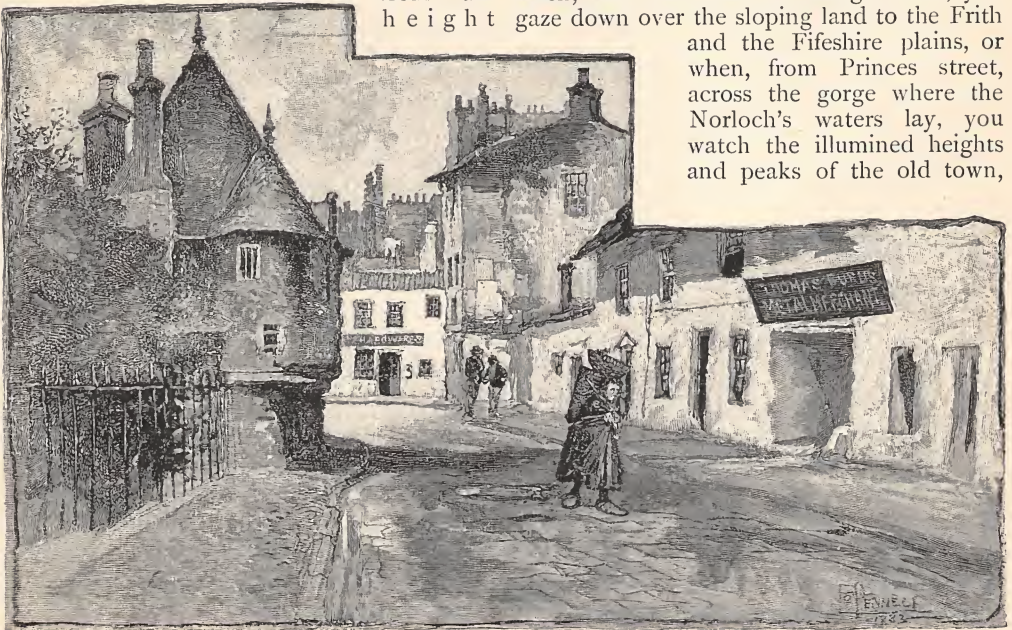
of St. Giles, etched on the gray background. Behind all, on three sides, are the everlasting hills, and to the north the gray or glittering Frith, decked with flying sails, and studded with tiny islands. Two views of Edinburgh remain impressed most deeply on my memory. One was seen on a late afternoon of January from the Calton hill. At our feet the straight line of the lamps of Princes street twinkled away into the shadow. Beneath us was swathed in long folds a soft brown mist, from which the crests of houses, the spires of churches, the Castle rock, rose solemnly, their bases in shadow and darkness, their crowns clear against the upper sky. Farther away emerged from a fainter mist the deep folds and rolling ridges of the hills,—farther away, but yet, owing to some effect of light, the hills seemed quite near at hand, brooding about the town. The other is a summer view of Edinburgh, about five o'clock on a bright August afternoon, the town beheld from Fetter College, between the new city and the sea. Now the ocean of mist, from which the spires emerged, and above which stood the long castled line of houses, was blue or silvery gray; the city and its towers were white and distinct against a sky of deep, tender blue. Behind was Arthur's Seat, with its leonine air of watching over a trust. These are two beautiful views of Edinburgh, but she is beautiful from all points and in every light, beautiful especially,

perhaps,
from the
h e i g h t



THE PLAYHOUSE CLOSE. FIRST THEATER IN SCOTLAND.

whence Marmion saw her before Flodden. The outlines of all the hills have a peculiar, almost a Greek grandeur and simplicity. Everywhere they are within sight, except when, from the crest of George street, you gaze down over the sloping land to the Frith and the Fifeshire plains, or when, from Princes street, across the gorge where the Norloch's waters lay, you watch the illumined heights and peaks of the old town,



QUEEN MARY'S BATH.

clear through the rainy air, reflected, with all their lamps, in the pools of water. This view Mr. Pennell has chosen, and none is more familiar and characteristic.

About the people of Edinburgh, so far, noth-

son and is Covenanting and Presbyterian enough to dance in Lent. Probably there is no more hospitable and amusing town in the kingdom. I remember a day of this last spring, a Sunday, which was horrible with



WHITE HORSE INN, WHERE JOHNSON STOPPED.

ing has been said. People are not like places, deaf and insensible, and it is a thankless job to criticise our contemporaries. Edinburgh cannot be said to be all that she was when it was a far cry to London, when Edinburgh was a capital indeed, with a literature and a brilliant society, and a school of art of her own. Now, London is within a brief nine hours' journey, and has drawn away the "county people"—the old families—from their old haunted *châteaux* to Belgravia and Mayfair. The artists, or many of them, have gone on where purchasers have gone before; and many of the members of the Academy in London are Scotch. Yet some remain in their own beautiful town and spurn the attractions of money and of a noisier fame. The same causes operate to withdraw men of letters from the capital of the Blackwoods and Constables, from the home of "Maga" and the "Edinburgh Review." The lights of London have a magnetic attraction, and people who resist them are usually either too indolent or too wise to be very ambitious. But "Maga" remains true to the city of Lockhart and Wilson, and has still her court of wits and scholars. The University, the Bar, the Army (as represented by the regiments at the Castle and Tuck's Lodge), these, with such of the surrounding lairds as prefer the comparative quiet of Edinburgh, make up the society of the place,—a society which has a winter sea-

howling east winds and tormented with dust. We struggled for a mile beyond the town, and found ourselves in a deep dell, a windless air; the trees were breaking into leaf, the primroses starred the banks, a clear trout-stream flowed singing through the midst of this sheltered paradise. This is the charm of Edinburgh. The unspoiled country lies within sight of her gates; the fields, and the hills, and the towns, and the sea, and the links of Musselburgh, whereon to play golf and forget this troublesome world, are all hard at hand. I do not imagine that the people of the old town think much of these advantages. The place is notorious for intoxicated Caledonians and temperance hotels.

Though Edinburgh has its drawbacks (something about them, more about its incommunicable charm, may be read in Mr. R. L. Stevenson's book on his native city)—though Edinburgh has its drawbacks, the position of a professor in the University, with half the year pure, untrammelled holiday, seems to be the true paradise of men of letters. So think all scribbling or bookish Scots, and I mean to send in my testimonials as soon as any pious founder endows a chair for the study of French fiction. Till then, only one's heart, or a great share of it,—*dimidium animæ mee*,—and one's memories, happy or sad, are in Edinburgh.

Andrew Lang.

THE BREAD-WINNERS.*

XVIII.

OFFITT PLANS A LONG JOURNEY.

THE bright sun and the morning noises of the city waked Offitt from his sleep. As he dressed himself, the weight of the packages in his pockets gave him a pleasant sensation to begin the day with. He felt as if he were entering upon a new state of existence—a life with plenty of money. He composed in his mind an elaborate breakfast as he walked down-stairs and took his way to a restaurant, which he entered with the assured step of a man of capital. He gave his order to the waiter with more decision than usual, and told him in closing “not to be all day about it, either.”

While waiting for his breakfast, he opened the morning “Bale-Fire” to see if there was any account of “The Algonquin Avenue Tragedy.” This was the phrase which he had arranged in his mind as the probable headline of the article. He had so convinced himself of the efficacy of his own precautions, that he anticipated the same pleasure in reading the comments upon his exploit that an author whose incognito is assured enjoys in reading the criticisms of his anonymous work. He was at first disappointed in seeing no allusion to the affair in the usual local columns, but, at last, he discovered in a corner of the paper this double-leaded postscript:

“We stop the press to state that an appalling crime was last night committed in Algonquin Avenue. The mansion of Arthur Farnham, Esq., was entered by burglars between ten and eleven o’clock, and that gentleman assaulted and probably murdered.”

“Full particulars in a later edition.”

“LATER.—Captain Farnham is still living, and some hopes are entertained of his recovery. The police have found the weapon with which the almost fatal blow was struck—a carpenter’s hammer marked with a letter S. It is thought this clew will lead to the detection of the guilty parties.”

Offitt was not entirely pleased with the tone of this notice. He had expected some reference to the address and daring of the burglar. But he smiled to himself, “Why should I care for Sam’s reputation?” and ate his breakfast with a good appetite. Before he had finished, however, he greatly modified his plan, which was to have the threads of evidence lead natu-

rally, of themselves, to the conviction of Sleeney. He determined to frighten Sam, if possible, out of the city, knowing that his flight would be conclusive evidence of guilt. He swallowed his coffee hurriedly and walked down to Dean street, where by good fortune he found Sam alone in the shop. He was kicking about a pile of shavings on the floor. He turned as Offitt entered and said: “Oh, there you are. I can’t find that hammer anywhere.”

Offitt’s face assumed a grieved expression. “Come, come, Sam, don’t stand me off that way. I’m your friend, if you’ve got one in the world. You mustn’t lose a minute more. You’ve got time now to catch the 8.40. Come, jump in a hack and be off.”

His earnestness and rapidity confused Sleeney, and drove all thoughts of the hammer from his mind. He stared at Offitt blankly, and said, “Why, what are you givin’ me now?”

“I’m a-givin’ you truth and friendship, and fewest words is best. Come, light out, and write where you stop. I’ll see you through.”

“See here,” roared Sam, “are you crazy or am I? Speak out! What’s up?”

“Oh! I’ve got to speak it out, raw and plain, have I? Very well! Art Farnham was attacked and nearly murdered last night, and if you didn’t do it, who did? Now come, for God’s sake, get off before the police get here. I never thought you had the sand—but I see you’ve got too much. Don’t lose time talking any more. I’m glad you’ve killed him. You done just right—but I don’t want to see you hung for it.”

His excitement and feigned earnestness had brought the tears to his eyes. Sam saw them and was convinced.

“Andy,” he said solemnly, “I know you’re my friend, and mean right. I’ll swear before God it wasn’t me, and I know nothing about it, and I wont run away.”

“But how will we prove it?” said Offitt, wringing his hands in distress. “Where was you last night from ten to eleven?”

“You know where I was—in your room. I went there just after nine, and fell asleep waiting for you.”

“Yes, of course, but who knows it? Sam, I believe you are innocent since you say so. But see the circumstances. You *have* talked about goin’ for him. You *have* had a fight

with him, and got put in jail for it, and —" he was about to mention the hammer, but was afraid—"I wish you would take my advice and go off for a week or so till the truth comes out. I'll lend you all the money you want. I'm flush this week."

"No, Andy," said Sleeney. "Nobody could be kinder than you. But I wont run away. They can't put a man where he wasn't."

"Very well," replied Offitt. "I admire your pluck, and I'll swear a blue streak for you when the time comes. And perhaps I had better get away now, so they wont know I've been with you."

Without a moment's delay he went to the chief of police and told him that he had a disagreeable duty to perform; that he knew the murderer of Captain Farnham; that the criminal was an intimate friend of his, a young man hitherto of good character named Sleeney.

"Ah-ha!" said the chief. "That was the fellow that Captain Farnham knocked down and arrested in the riot."

"The same," said Offitt. "He has since that been furious against the captain. I have reasoned with him over and over about it. Yesterday, he came to see me; showed me a hammer he had just bought at Ware & Harden's; said he was going to break Arthur Farnham's skull with it. I didn't believe he would, he had said it so often before. While we were talking, I took the hammer and cut his initial on it, a letter S." The chief nodded, with a broad smile. "He then left me, and came back to my room a little before midnight. He looked excited, and wanted me to go and get a drink with him. I declined, and he went off. This morning, when I heard about the murder, I said, 'He's the man that did the deed.'"

"You have not seen him since last night?"

"No; I suppose, of course, he has run away."

"Where did he live?"

"Dean street, at Matchin's, the carpenter."

The chief turned to his telegraphic operator and rapidly gave orders for the arrest of Sleeney by the police of the nearest station. He also sent for the clerks who were on duty the day before at Ware & Harden's.

"Mr. —, I did not get your name," he said to Offitt, who gave him his name and address. "You have acted the part of a good citizen."

"The most painful act of my life," Offitt murmured.

"Of course. But duty before everything. I will have to ask you to wait a little while in the adjoining room till we see whether this man can be found."

Offitt was shown into a small room, barely furnished, with two doors—the one through which he had just come, and one opening apparently into the main corridor of the building. Offitt, as soon as he was alone, walked stealthily to the latter door and tried to open it. It was locked, and there was no key. He glanced at the window; there was an iron grating inside the sash, which was padlocked. A cold sweat bathed him from head to foot. He sank into a chair, trembling like a leaf. He felt for his handkerchief to wipe his wet forehead. His hand touched one of the packages of money. He bounded from his chair in sudden joy. "They did not search me, so they don't suspect. It is only to make sure of my evidence that they keep me here." Nevertheless, the time went heavily. At last, an officer came in and said he was to come to the police-justice's for the preliminary examination of Sleeney.

"They have caught him, then?" he asked, with assumed eagerness and surprise. "He had not got away?"

"No," the man answered curtly.

They came to the court-room in a few steps. Sam was there between two policemen. As Offitt entered, he smiled and slightly nodded. One or two men who had been summoned as witnesses were standing near the justice. The proceedings were summary.

One of the policemen said that he had gone to Matchin's shop to arrest the prisoner; that the prisoner exhibited no surprise; his first words were, "Is Mr. Farnham dead yet?"

Offitt was then called upon, and he repeated, clearly and concisely, the story he had told the chief of police. When he had concluded, he was shown the hammer which had been picked up on the floor at Farnham's, and was asked, "Is that the hammer you refer to?"

"Yes, that is it."

These words were the signal for a terrible scene.

When Sleeney saw Offitt step forward and begin to give his evidence, he leaned over with a smile of pleased expectation upon his face. He had such confidence in his friend's voluble cleverness that he had no doubt Offitt would "talk him free" in a few minutes. He was confused a little by his opening words, not clearly seeing his drift; but as the story went on, and Offitt's atrocious falsehood became clear to his mind, he was dumb with stupefaction, and felt a strange curiosity wakening in him to see how the story would end. He did not for the moment see what object Offitt could have in lying so, until the thought occurred to him, "May be there's a reward out!" But when the blood-stained

hammer was shown and identified by Offitt, all doubt was cleared away in a flash from the dull brain of Sleeney. He saw the whole horrible plot of which he was the victim.

He rose from his seat before the officer could stop him, and roared like a lion in the toils, in a voice filled equally with agony and rage, "You murdering liar! I'll tear your heart out of you!"

There were a wide table and several chairs between them, but Sleeney was over them in an instant. Offitt tried to escape, but was so hemmed in that the infuriated man had him in his hands before the officers could interpose. If they had delayed a moment longer all would have been over, for already Sleeney's hands were at the throat of his betrayer. But two powerful policemen with their clubs soon separated the combatants, and Sleeney was dragged back and securely handcuffed.

Offitt, ghastly pale and trembling, had sunk upon a bench. The justice, looking at him narrowly, said, "The man is going to faint; loosen his collar."

"No," said Offitt, springing to his feet. "I am perfectly well."

In his struggle with Sleeney a button of his coat had been torn away. He asked a bystander for a pin, and carefully adjusted the garment. The thought in his mind was, "I don't mind being killed; but I thought he might tear off my coat, and show them my money." From this moment he kept his hand in such position that he might feel the packages in his pockets.

Sleeney was still panting and screaming execrations at Offitt. The justice turned to him with sternness, and said, "Silence there! Have you not sense enough to see how your ferocious attack on the witness damages you? If you can't restrain your devilish temper while your friend is giving his evidence, it will be all the worse for you."

"Judge," cried Sam, now fairly beside himself, "that's the murderer! I know it. I can prove it. He aint fit to live. I'll break his neck yet!"

Offitt raised his hands and eyes in deprecating sorrow.

"This is the wild talk of a desperate man," said the justice. "But you may as well tell us how you passed last evening."

"Certainly," said Offitt, consulting his memory. "Let me see. I took supper about seven at Duffer's; I went to Glauber's drug-store next and got a glass of soda water; if they don't know me, they'll remember my breaking a glass; then I made a visit at Mr. Matchin's on Dean street; then I went to the Orleans theater; I came out between the acts and got a cup of coffee at Mouchem's; then

I went back and stayed till the show was over; that was about half-past eleven. Then I went home and found Mr. Sleeney there."

"You had better go with Mr. Fangwell, and let him verify this statement," said the justice.

He then called the policeman who arrived first at Farnham's house the night before. He told his story and identified the hammer which had been shown to Offitt. A young man from Ware & Harden's swore that he had sold the hammer the day before to Sleeney, whom he knew. The justice held this evidence sufficient to justify Sleeney's detention.

"I should think so," said some of the bystanders. "If it don't hang him, there's a loud call for Judge Lynch."

"Silence!" said the justice. "The prisoner will be taken for the present to the city jail."

Sam was led out, and Offitt accompanied the chief of police back to the room he had just quitted. He remained there several hours, which seemed to him interminable. At last, however, the detective who had been sent to inquire as to the truth of the account he had given of himself, returned with a full confirmation of it, and Offitt was suffered to go, on his own engagement to give further evidence when called upon.

He left the City Hall with a great load off his mind. It was not without an effort that he had sworn away the character, the freedom, and perhaps the life of his comrade. If he could have accomplished his purpose without crushing Sleeney he would have preferred it. But the attack which his goaded victim had made upon him in the court-room was now a source of lively satisfaction to him. It created a strong prejudice against the prisoner; it caused the justice at once to believe him guilty, and gave Offitt himself an injured feeling that was extremely comforting in view of what was to happen to Sleeney.

He went along the street tapping his various pockets furtively as he walked. He was hungry. His diverse emotions had given him an appetite. He went into an eating-house and commanded a liberal supper. He had an odd fancy as he gave his order. "That's the sort of supper I would have if it was my last—if I was to be hanged to-morrow." He thought of Sleeney, and hoped they would treat him well in jail. He felt magnanimous toward him. "Who would have thought," he mused, "that Sam had such a devil of a temper? I 'most hope that Farnham wont die—it would be rough on Sam. Though perhaps that would be best all round," he added, thinking of Sam's purple face in the court-room and the eager grip of his fingers.

He came out of the eating-house into the gathering twilight. The lamps were springing into light in long straight lines down the dusky streets. The evening breeze blew in from the great lake, tempering the stale heat of the day. Boys were crying the late editions of the newspapers with "Full account! arrest o' the Farnham burglar!" He bought one, but did not stop to open it. He folded it into the smallest possible compass, and stuffed it into his pocket, "along with the other documents in the case," as he chuckled to himself. "I'll read all about it in the train to-morrow—business before pleasure," he continued, pleased with his wit.

Every moment he would put his hand into his side-pocket and feel the package containing the largest bills. He knew it was imprudent—that it might attract the attention of thieves or detectives; but to save his life he could not have kept from doing it. At last he scratched his hand on the pin which was doing duty for the button he had lost in his scuffle with Sleeney. "Ah!" he said to himself, with humorous banter, "it wont do to be married in a coat with a button off."

He went into a little basement shop where a sign announced that "Scouring and Repairing" were done. A small and bald Hamburger stepped forward, rubbing his hands. Offitt told him what he wanted, and the man got a needle and thread and selected from a large bowl of buttons on a shelf one that would suit. While he was sewing it on, he said:

"Derrible news apout Gabben Farnham."

"Yes," said Offitt. "Is he dead?"

"I don't know off he ish tet. Dey say he ish oud mid his het, und tat looksh mighty pad. But one ting ish goot; dey cotch de murterer."

"They have?" asked Offitt, with languid interest. "What sort of fellow is he?"

"Mutter Gottes!" said the little German; "de vorst kind. He would radder gill a man as drink a glass bier. He gome mighty near gillin' his pest vrient to-day in de gourt-house droben, ven he vas dellin' vat he knowed apout it alleweil."

"A regular fire-eater," said Offitt. "So you've finished, have you? How much for the job!"

The German was looking at a stain on the breast of the coat.

"Vot's dish?" he said. "Looksh like baint. Yust lemme take your coat off a minute and I gleans dot up like a nudel soup."

"Say, mind your own business, wont you?" growled Offitt. "Here's your money, and when I want any of your guff I'll let you know."

He hurried out, leaving the poor German amazed at the ill result of his effort to turn an honest penny and do a fellow-creature a service.

"Vunny beebles!" he said to himself. "But I got a kevarter off a tollar for a decent chob."

Offitt came out of the shop and walked at a rapid pace to Dean street. He was determined to make an end at once of Maud's scruples and coquetry. He said to himself, "If we are both alive to-morrow, we shall be married." He believed if he could have her to himself for half an hour, he could persuade her to come with him. He was busy all the way plotting to get her parents out of the house. It would be easy enough to get them out of the room; but he wanted them out of hearing, out of reach of a cry for help even.

He found them all together in the sitting-room. The arrest of Sleeney had fallen heavily upon them. They had no doubt of his guilt, from the reports they had heard; and their surprise and horror at his crime were not lessened, but rather increased, by their familiar affection for him.

"To think," said Saul to his wife, "that that boy has worked at the same bench and slept in the same house with me for so many years, and I never knowed the Satan that was in him!"

"It's in all of us, Saul," said Mrs. Matchin, trying to improve the occasion for the edification of her unbelieving husband.

Maud had felt mingled with her sorrow a suspicion of remorse. She could not help remembering that Sam considered Farnham his rival, with how little reason she knew better than any one. She could understand how her beauty might have driven him to violence; but when the story of the robbery transpired also, as it did in the course of the morning, she was greatly perplexed. When she joined in the lamentations of her parents and said she never could have believed that of Sam Sleeney, she was thinking of the theft, and not of the furious assault. When they had all, however, exhausted their limited store of reflections, a thing took place which increased the horror and the certainty of Mr. and Mrs. Matchin, and left Maud a prey to a keener doubt and anxiety than ever. Late in the afternoon a sharp-faced man, with a bright eye and a red mustache, came to the house and demanded in the name of the law to be shown Sam's bedroom. He made several notes and picked up some trifling articles, for which he gave Mr. Matchin receipts. Coming out of the room, he looked carefully at the door-knob. "Seems all right," he said.

Then turning to Matchin, he said, with professional severity, "What door did he generally come in by?"

"Sometimes one and sometimes another," said Saul, determined not to give any more information than he must.

"Well, I'll look at both," the detective said.

The first one stood his scrutiny without effect, but at the second his eye sparkled and his cheek flushed with pleasure, when he saw the faint, reddish-brown streaks which Offitt had left there the night before. He could not repress his exultation; turning to Saul, he said, "There's where he came in last night, any way."

"He didn't do no such a thing," replied Saul. "That door I locked myself last night before he came in."

"Oh, you did? So you're sure he came in at the other door, are you? We will see if he could get in any other way."

Walking around the corner, he saw the ladder where Offitt had left it.

"Hello! that's his window, aint it?"

Without waiting for an answer, the detective ran up the ladder, studying every inch of its surface as he ran. He came down positively radiant, and slapped Saul heartily on the shoulder.

"All right, old man. I'll trouble you to keep that ladder and that door just as they are. They are important papers. Why, don't you see?" he continued. "Bless your innocent old heart, he comes home with his hands just reg'larly dripping with murder. He fumbles at that door, finds it locked, and so gets that ladder, h'ists it up to the window, and hops into bed as easy as any Christian school-boy in town, and he thinks he's all right; but he never thinks of Tony Smart, your humble servant."

This view of the case was perfectly convincing to Saul, and also to his wife when he repeated it at the supper-table; but it struck Maud with a sudden chill. She remembered that when she had dismissed Offitt from that midnight conference at her casement, he had carefully taken the ladder away from her window, and had set it against the house some distance off. She had admired at the time his considerate chivalry, and thought how nice it was to have a lover so obedient and so careful of her reputation. But now the detective's ghastly discovery turned her thought in a direction which appalled her. Could it be possible? And all that money—where did it come from? As she sat with her parents in the gathering darkness, she kept her dreadful anxiety to herself. She had been hoping all day to see her lover; now she feared to have him come, lest her new

suspitions might be confirmed. She quickly resolved upon one thing: she would not go away with him that night—not until this horrible mystery was cleared up. If she was worth having, she was worth waiting for a little while.

They all three started as the door opened and Offitt came in. He wasted no time in salutations, but said at once, "It's a funny thing, but I have got a message for each of you. The district attorney saw me coming up this way, Mr. Matchin, and asked me to tell you to come down as quick as you can to his office—something very important, he said. And stranger than that, I met Mr. Wixham right out here by the corner, and he asked me if I was comin' here, and if I would ask you, Mrs. Matchin, to come right up to their house. Jurildy is sick and wants to see you, and he has run off for the doctor."

Both the old people bustled up at this authoritative summons, and Offitt as they went out said, "I'll stay awhile and keep Miss Maud from gettin' lonesome."

"I wish you would," said Mrs. Matchin. "The house seems eerie-like with Sam where he is."

Maud felt her heart sink at the prospect of being left alone with the man she had been longing all day to see. She said, "Mother, I think I ought to go with you!"

"No, indeed," her mother replied. "You aint wanted, and it wouldn't be polite to Mr. Offitt."

The moment they were gone, Offitt sprang to the side of Maud, and seized her hands.

"Now, my beauty, you will be mine. Put on your hat, and we will go."

She struggled to free her hands.

"Let go," she said; "you hurt me. Why are you in such a terrible hurry?"

"How can you ask? Your parents will be back in a few minutes. Of course, you know that story was only to get them out of our way. Come, my beautiful Maud! my joy, my queen! To-morrow, New York; next day, the sea; and then Europe and love and pleasure all your life!"

"I want to talk with you a minute," said Maud, in a voice which trembled in spite of her efforts. "I can't talk in the dark. Wait here till I get a lamp."

She slipped from the room before he could prevent her, and left him pacing the floor in a cold rage. It was only a moment, however, until she returned, bringing a lamp, which she placed on a table, and then asked him to be seated in a stiff, formal way, which at once irritated and enchanted him. He sat down and devoured her with his eyes. He was angry when she went for the lamp; but, as its

light fell on her rich, dark hair, her high color, and her long, graceful figure, as she leaned back in her chair, he felt that the tenderest conversation with her in the darkness would lose something of the pleasure that the eyes took in her. This he said to her, in his coarse but effective way.

She answered him with coquettish grace, willing to postpone the serious talk she dreaded so. But the conversation was in stronger hands than hers, and she found herself forced, in a few minutes, either to go with him or give a reason why.

"The fact is, then," she stammered, with a great effort, "I don't know you well enough yet. Why cannot you wait awhile?"

He laughed.

"Come with me, and you will know me better in a day than you would here in a year. Do not waste these precious moments. Our happiness depends upon it. We have everything we can desire. I cannot be myself here. I cannot disclose my rank and my wealth to these people who have only known me as an apostle of labor. I want to go where you will be a great lady. Oh, come!" he cried, with an outburst of pent-up fire, throwing himself on the floor at her feet and laying his head upon her knee. She was so moved by this sudden outbreak, which was wholly new to her experience, that she almost forgot her doubts and fears. But a remnant of practical sense asserted itself. She rose from her chair, commanded him once more to be seated, and said:

"I am afraid I am going to offend you, but I must ask you something."

"Ask me anything," he said, with a smile, "except to leave you."

She thought the phrase so pretty that she could hardly find courage to put her question. She blushed and stammered, and then, rushing at it with desperation, she said:

"That money — where did you get it?"

"I will tell you when we are married. It is a secret."

He tried still to smile, but she saw the laughter dying away from his face.

Her blood turned cold in her veins, but her heart grew stronger, and she determined to know the worst. She was not a refined or clever woman; but the depth of her trouble sharpened her wits, and she instinctively made use of her woman's wiles to extort the truth from the man who she knew was under the spell of her beauty, whatever else he was.

"Come here!" she said. Her face was pale, but her lips were smiling. "Get down there where you were!" she continued, with tender imperiousness. He obeyed her, hardly daring to trust his senses. "Now put your

hands between my hands," she said, still with that pale, singular smile, which filled him with unquiet transports, "and tell me the truth, you bad boy!"

"The truth!" with a beating of the heart which made his utterance thick; "the truth is that you are the most glorious woman in the world, and that you will be mine to-morrow."

"Perhaps," she almost whispered. "But you must tell me something else. I am afraid you are a naughty boy, and that you love me too much. I once told you I had an enemy, and that I wanted somebody to punish him. Did you go and punish him for me? — tell me that."

Her voice was soft and low and beguiling. She still smiled on him, leaving one hand in his, while she raised the forefinger of the other in coquettish admonition. The ruffian at her feet was inebriated with her beauty and her seductive playfulness. He thought she had divined his act — that she considered it a fine and heroic test of love to which she had subjected him. He did not hesitate an instant, but said:

"Yes, my beauty; and I am ready to do the same for anybody who gives you a cross look."

Now that she had gained the terrible truth, a sickening physical fear of the man came over her, and she felt herself growing faint. His voice sounded weak and distant as he said:

"Now you will go with me, wont you?"

She could make no answer. So he continued:

"Run and get your hat. Nothing else. We can buy all you want. And hurry. They may come back any moment."

She perceived a chance of escape and roused herself. She thought if she could only get out of the room she might save herself by flight or by outcry.

"Wait here," she said gently, "and be very quiet."

He kissed his fingers to her without a word. She opened the door into the next room, which was the kitchen and dining-room of the family, and there, not three feet from her, in the dim light, haggard and wan, bare-headed, his clothes in rags about him, she saw Sam Sleeney.

XIX.

A LEAP FOR SOMEBODY'S LIFE.

WHEN Sleeney was led from the room of the police-justice in the afternoon, he was plunged in a sort of stupor. He could not recover from the surprise and sense of outrage

with which he had listened to Offitt's story. What was to happen to him he accepted with a despair which did not trouble itself about the ethics of the transaction. It was a disaster, as a stroke of lightning might be. It seemed to him the work had been thoroughly and effectually done. He could see no way out of it; in fact, his respect for Offitt's intelligence was so great that he took it for granted Andy had committed no mistakes, but that he had made sure of his ruin. He must go to prison; if Farnham died, he must be hanged. He did not weary his mind in planning for his defense when his trial should come on. He took it for granted he should be convicted. But if he could get out of prison, even if it were only for a few hours, and see Andy Offitt once more—he felt the blood tingling through all his veins at the thought. This roused him from his lethargy and made him observant and alert. He began to complain of his handcuffs; they were in truth galling his wrists. It was not difficult for him to twist his hands so as to start the blood in one or two places. He showed these quietly to the policemen who sat with him in a small anteroom leading to the portion of the city jail where he was to be confined for the night. He seemed so peaceable and quiet that they took off the irons, saying good-naturedly, "I guess we can handle you." They were detained in this room for some time waiting for the warden of the jail to come and receive their prisoner. There were two windows, both giving view of a narrow street, where it was not bright at noonday, and began to grow dark at sunset with the shade of the high houses and the thick smoke of the quarter. The windows were open, as the room was in the third story, and was therefore considered absolutely safe. Sleeney got up several times and walked first to one window and then to another, casting quick but searching glances at the street and the walls. He saw that some five feet from one of the windows a tin pipe ran along the wall to the ground. The chances were ten to one that any one risking the leap would be dashed to pieces on the pavement below. But Sleeney could not get that pipe out of his head. "I might as well take my chance," said he to himself. "It would be no worse to die that way than to be hung." He grew afraid to trust himself in sight of the window and the pipe, it exercised so strong a fascination upon him. He sat down with his back to the light and leaned his head on his hands. But he could think of nothing but his leap for liberty. He felt in fancy his hands and knees claspings that slender ladder of safety; he began to think what he would do when he

struck the sidewalk, if no bones were broken. First, he would hide from pursuit, if possible. Then he would go to Dean street and get a last look at Maud, if he could; then his business would be to find Offitt. "If I find him," he thought, "I'll give them something to try me for." But finally he dismissed the matter from his mind, for this reason. He remembered seeing a friend, the year before, fall from a scaffolding and break his leg. The broken bone pierced through the leg of his trousers. This thought daunted him more than death on the gallows.

The door opened, and three or four policemen came in, each leading a man by the collar, the ordinary riffraff of the street, charged with petty offenses. One was very drunk and abusive. He attracted the attention of everybody in the room by his antics. He insisted on dancing a breakdown which he called the "essence of Jeems River"; and in the scuffle which followed, first one and then the other policeman in charge of Sleeney became involved. Sleeney was standing with his back to the window, quite alone. The temptation was too much for him. He leaped upon the sill, gave one mighty spring, caught the pipe, and slid safely to the ground. One or two passers-by saw him drop lightly to the sidewalk, but thought nothing of it. It was not the part of the jail in which prisoners were confined, and he might have been taken for a carpenter or plumber who chose that unusual way of coming from the roof. His hat blew off in his descent, but he did not waste time in looking for it. He walked slowly till he got to the corner, and then plunged through the dark and ill-smelling streets of the poor and crowded quarter, till he came by the open gate of a coal-yard. Seeing he was not pursued, he went in, concealed himself behind a pile of boards, and lay there until it was quite dark.

He then came out and walked through roundabout ways, avoiding the gas-lights and the broad thoroughfares, to Dean street. He climbed the fence and crept through the garden to the backdoor of the house. He had eaten nothing since early morning, and was beginning to be hungry. He saw there were no lights in the rear of the house, and thought if he could enter the kitchen he might get a loaf of bread without alarming the household. He tried the backdoor and found it fastened. But knowing the ways of the house, he raised the cellar-door, went down the steps, shut the door down upon himself, groped his way to the inner stairs, and so gained the kitchen. He was walking to the cupboard when the door opened and he saw Maud coming toward him.

She did not seem in the least startled to see him there. In the extremity of her terror, it may have seemed to her that he had been sent especially to her help. She walked up to him, laid her hands on his shoulders, and whispered, "Oh, Sam, I am so glad to see you. Save me! Don't let him touch me! He is in there."

Sam hardly knew if this were real or not. A wild fancy assailed him for an instant: was he killed in jumping from the window? Surely this could never happen to him on the earth; the girl who had always been so cold and proud to him was in his arms, her head on his shoulder, her warm breath on his cheek. She was asking his help against some danger.

"All right, Mattie," he whispered. "Nobody shall hurt you. Who is it?" He thought of no one but the police.

"Offitt," she said.

He brushed her aside as if she had been a cobweb on his path, and with a wild cry of joy and vengeance he burst through the half-open door. Offitt turned at the noise, and saw Sam coming, and knew that the end of his life was there. His heart was like water within him. He made a feeble effort at defense; but the carpenter, without a word, threw him on the floor, planted one knee on his chest, and with his bare hands made good the threat he had uttered in his agony in the court-room, twisting and breaking his neck.

Sleeny rose, pulled the cover from the center-table in the room, and threw it over the distorted face of the dead man.

Maud, driven out of her wits by the dreadful scene, had sunk in a rocking-chair, where, with her face in her hands, she was sobbing and moaning. Sam tried to get her to listen to him.

"Good-bye, Mattie. I shall never see you again, I suppose. I must run for my life. I want you to know I was innocent of what they charged me with——"

"Oh, I know that, Sam," she sobbed.

"God bless you, Mattie, for saying so. I don't care so much for what happens now. I am right glad I got here to save you from that——" he paused, searching for a word which would be descriptive and yet not improper in the presence of a lady; but his vocabulary was not rich and he said at last, "that snide. But I should have done that to him anyhow; so don't cry on that account. Mattie, will you tell me good-bye?" he asked, with bashful timidity.

She rose and gave him her hand; but her eyes happening to wander to the shapeless form lying in the corner, she hid her face again on his shoulder, and said with a fresh

burst of tears, "Oh, Sam, stay with me a little while. Don't leave me alone."

His mind traveled rapidly through the incidents that would result from his staying—prison, trial, and a darker contingency still rearing its horrible phantom in the distance. But she said, "You will stay till father comes, wont you?" and he answered simply:

"Yes, Mattie, if you want me to."

He led her to a seat and sat down beside her, to wait for his doom.

In a few minutes they heard a loud altercation outside the door. The voice of Saul Matchin was vehemently protesting, "I tell ye he aint here," and another voice responded:

"He was seen to climb the fence and to enter the house. We've got it surrounded, and there's no use for you to get yourself into trouble aidin' and abettin'."

Sam walked to the door and said to the policeman, with grim humor, "Come in! you'll find two murderers here, and neither one will show any fight."

The policemen blew their whistles to assemble the rest, and then came in warily, and two of them seized him at once.

"It's all very well to be meek and lowly, my friend," said one of them, "but you'll not play that on us twice—leastways," he added with sarcastic intention, "not twice the same day. See here, Tony Smart," addressing a third, who now entered, "lend a hand with these bracelets," and in a moment Sam was handcuffed and pinioned.

"Where's the other one you was talking about?" asked the policeman.

Sam pointed with his foot in the direction where Offitt lay. The policeman lifted the cloth, and dropped it again with a horror which his professional phlegm could not wholly disguise.

"Well, of all the owdacious villains ever I struck—— Who do you think it is?" he asked, turning to his associates.

"Who?"

"The witness this afternoon—Offitt. Well, my man," he said, turning to Sam, "you wanted to make a sure thing of it, I see. If you couldn't be hung for one, you would for the other."

"Sam!" said Saul Matchin, who, pale and trembling, had been a silent spectator of the scene so far, "for heaven's sake, tell us what all this means."

"Mind now," said the officer, "whatever you say will be reported."

"Very well, I've got nothing to hide," said Sam. "I'll tell you and Mother Matchin" (who had just come in and was staring about her with consternation, questioning Maud in dumb show) "the whole story. I

owe that to you, for you've always used me well. It's a mighty short one. That fellow Offitt robbed and tried to murder Captain Farnham last night, and then swore it on to me. I got away from the officers to-night, and come round here and found him 'saunting Mattie, and I twisted his neck for him. If it's a hanging matter to kill snakes, I'll have to stand it—that's all."

"Now, who do you think is going to believe that?" said the captain of the squad.

Maud rose and walked up to where Sam was standing, and said, "I know every word he has said is true. That man was the burglar at Captain Farnham's. He told me so himself to-night. He said he had the money in his pocket and wanted to make me go with him."

She spoke firmly and resolutely, but she could not bring herself to say anything of previous passages between them; and when she opened her lips to speak of the ladder, the woman was too strong within her, and she closed them again. "I'll never tell that unless they go to hang Sam, and then I won't tell anybody but the Governor," she swore to herself.

"It's easy to see about that story," said the officer, still incredulous.

They searched the clothing of Offitt, and the face of the officer, as one package of money after another was brought to light, was a singular study. The pleasure he felt in the recovery of the stolen goods was hardly equal to his professional chagrin at having caught the wrong man. He stood for a moment silent, after tying up all the packages in one.

"It's no use dodging," he said at last. "We have been barking up the wrong tree."

"I don't know about that," said the one called Tony Smart. "Who has identified this money? Who can answer for this young lady? How about them marks on the door and the ladder? Anyhow, there's enough to hold our prisoner on."

"Of course there is," said the captain. "He hadn't authority to go twisting people's necks in this county."

At this moment the wagon which had been sent for arrived. The body of Offitt was lifted in. The captain gathered up the money, notified Matchin that he and his family would be wanted as witnesses in the morning, and they all moved toward the door. Sam turned to say "Farewell." Pinioned as he was, he could not shake hands, and his voice faltered as he took leave of them. Maud's heart was not the most feeling one in the world, but her emotions had been deeply stirred by the swift succession of events; and as she saw

this young fellow going so bravely to meet an unknown fate, purely for her sake, the tears came to her eyes. She put out her hand to him; but she saw that his hands were fastened, and, seized with sudden pity, she put her arms about his neck and kissed him, whispering, "Keep up a good heart, Sam!" And he went away, in all his danger and ignominy, happier than he had been for many a day.

The probabilities of the case were much discussed that night at police head-quarters, in conferences from which the reporters were rigorously excluded; and the next morning the city newspapers reveled in the sensation. They vied with each other in inventing attractive head-lines and startling theories. The "Bale-Fire" began its leader with these impressive sentences: "Has a carnival of crime set in amongst us? Last night the drama of Algonquin Avenue was supplemented by the tragedy of Dean street, and the public, aghast, demands 'What next?' A second murder was accomplished by hands yet dripping with a previous crime. The patriotic witness who yesterday, with a bleeding heart, denounced the criminality of his friend, paid last night with his life for his fidelity." In another column it called for a "monument, by popular subscription, for Andrew Jackson Offitt, who died because he would not tell a lie." On the other hand, the "Morning Astral," representing the conservative opinion of the city, called for a suspension of judgment on the part of its candid readers; said that there were shady circumstances about the antecedents of Offitt, and intimated that documents of a compromising character had been found on his person; congratulated the city on the improved condition of Captain Farnham; and, trusting in the sagacity and diligence of the authorities, confidently awaited from them a solution of the mystery. Each of them, nevertheless, gave free space and license to their reporters, and Offitt was a saint, a miscreant, a disguised prince, and an escaped convict, according to the state of the reporter's imagination or his digestion; while the stories told of Sleeney varied from cannibalism to feats of herculean goodness. They all agreed reasonably well, however, as to the personal appearance of the two men; and from this fact it came about that, in the course of the morning, evidence was brought forward, from a totally unexpected quarter, which settled the question as to the burglary at Farnham's.

Mrs. Belding had been so busy the day before, in her constant attendance upon Farnham, that she had paid no attention to the story of the arrest. She had heard that

the man had been caught and his crime clearly established, and that he had been sent to jail for trial. Her first thought was, "I am glad I was not called upon to give evidence. It would have been very disagreeable to get up before a court-room full of men and say I looked with an opera-glass out of my daughter's window into a young man's house. I should have to mention Alice's name, too; and a young girl's name cannot be mentioned too seldom in the newspapers. In fact, twice in a life-time is often enough, and one of them should be a funeral notice."

But this morning, after calling at Farnham's and finding that he was getting on comfortably, she sat down to read the newspapers. Alice was sitting near her, with hands and lap full of some feminine handiwork. A happy smile played about her lips, for her mother had just repeated to her the surgeon's prediction that Captain Farnham would be well in a week or two. "He said the scalp wound was healing 'by the first intention,' which I thought was a funny phrase. I thought the maxim was that second thoughts were best." Alice had never mentioned Farnham's name since the first night, but he was rarely out of her mind, and the thought that his life was saved made every hour bright and festal. "He will be well," she thought. "He will have to come here to thank mamma for her care of him. I shall see him again and he shall not complain of me. If he should never speak to me again, I shall love him and be good to him always." She was yet too young and too innocent to know how impossible was the scheme of life she was proposing to herself, but she was thoroughly happy in it.

Mrs. Belding, as she read, grew perplexed and troubled. She threw down one newspaper and took up another, but evidently got no more comfort out of that. At last, she sighed and said, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall have to go down there after all. They have got the wrong man!"

Alice looked up with wondering eyes.

"These accounts all agree that the assassin is a tall, powerful young man, with yellow hair and beard. The real man was not more than medium height, very dark. Why, he was black and shiny as a cricket. I must go and tell them. I wonder who the lawyer is that does the indicting of people?"

"It must be the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Dalton," said Alice. "I heard he was elected this spring. You know him very well. You meet him everywhere."

"That elegant young fellow who leads Germans? Well, if that is not too absurd! I

never should have thought of him outside of a dress-coat. I don't mind a bit going to see him. Order the carriage, while I get my things on."

She drove down to the City Hall, and greatly astonished Mr. Dalton by walking into his office and requesting a moment's private conversation with him. Dalton was a dapper young man, exceedingly glib and well dressed, making his way in political and official, as he had already made it in social life. He greeted Mrs. Belding with effusion, and was anxious to know how he might serve her, having first cleared the room of the half-dozen politicians who did their lounging there.

"It is a most delicate matter for a lady to appear in, and I must ask you to keep my name as much in reserve as possible."

"Of course, you may count upon me," he answered, wondering where this strange exordium would lead to.

"You have got the wrong man. I am sure of it. It was not the blonde one. He was black as a cricket. I saw him as plainly as I see you. You know, we live next door to Captain Farnham——"

"Ah!" Dalton cried. "Certainly. I understand. This is very interesting. Pray go on."

With a few interruptions from him, full of tact and intelligence, she told the whole story, or as much of it as was required. She did not have to mention Alice's name, or the opera-glass; though the clever young man said to himself, "She is either growing very far-sighted, or she was scouring the heavens with a field-glass that night—perhaps looking for comets."

He rang his bell, and gave a message to an usher who appeared. "I will not ask you to wait long," he said, and turned the conversation upon the weather and social prospects for the season. In a few minutes the door opened, and Sleeney was brought into the room by an officer.

"Was this the man you saw, Mrs. Belding?" asked Dalton.

"Not the slightest resemblance. This one is much taller, and entirely different in color."

"That will do"; and Sleeney and the officer went out.

"Now, may I ask you to do a very disagreeable thing—to go with me to the Morgue and see the remains of what I am now sure is the real criminal?" Dalton asked.

"Oh, mercy! I would rather not. Is it necessary?"

"Not positively necessary, but it will enable me to dismiss the burglary case absolutely against young Sleeney."

"Very well; I'll go. I am so glad," she said to herself, "that I did not bring Alice."

They went in her carriage to the Morgue. Dalton said, "I want to make it as easy as I can for you. Please wait a moment in your carriage." He went in, and arranged that the face of Offitt, which was horrible, should be turned away as much as possible; the head and shoulders and back being left exposed, and the hat placed on the head. He then brought Mrs. Belding in.

"That is the man," she said, promptly, "or at least some one exactly like him."

"Thank you," he said, reconducting her to her carriage. "The first charge against Sleeney will be dismissed, though, of course, he must be held for this homicide."

A MONTH later Sleeney was tried for the killing of Offitt, on which occasion most of the facts of this history were given in evidence. Mrs. Belding had at last to tell what she knew in open court, and she had an evil quarter of an hour in the hands of Mr. Dalton, who seemed always on the point of asking some question which would bring her opera-glass into the newspapers; but he never proceeded to that extremity, and she came away with a better opinion of the profession than she had ever before entertained. "I suppose leading Germans humanizes even a lawyer somewhat," she observed, philosophically.

Maud Matchin was, however, the most important witness for the defense. She went upon the stand troubled with no abstract principles in regard to the administration of justice. She wanted Sam Sleeney to be set free, and she testified with an eye single to that purpose. She was perhaps a trifle too zealous; even the attorney for the defense bit his lip occasionally at her dashing introduction of wholly irrelevant matter in Sleeney's favor. But she was throughout true to herself also, and never gave the least intimation that Offitt had any right to consider himself a favored suitor. Perhaps she had attained the talent, so common in more sophisticated circles than any with which she was familiar, of forgetting all entanglements which it is not convenient to remember, and of facing a discarded lover with a visage of insolent unconcern and a heart unstirred by a memory.

The result of it all was, of course, that Sleeney was acquitted, though it came about in a way which may be worth recording. The jury found a verdict of "justifiable homicide," upon which the judge very properly sent them back to their room, as the verdict was flatly against the law and the evidence. They retired again, with stolid and unabashed pa-

tience, and soon re-appeared with a verdict of acquittal, on the ground of "emotional insanity." But this remarkable jury determined to do nothing by halves; and, fearing that the reputation of being queer might injure Sam in his business prospects, added to their verdict these thoughtful and considerate words, which yet remain on the record, to the lasting honor and glory of our system of trial by jury:

"And we hereby state that the prisoner was perfectly sane up to the moment he committed the rash act in question, and perfectly sane the moment after, and that, in our opinion, there is no probability that the malady will ever recur."

After this memorable deliverance, Sam shook hands cordially and gravely with each of the judicious jurymen, and then turned to where Maud was waiting for him, with a rosy and happy face and a sparkling eye. They walked slowly homeward together through the falling shadows.

Their lives were henceforth bound together for good or evil. We may not say how much of good or how much of evil was to be expected from wedlock between two natures so ill-regulated and untrained, where the woman brought into the partnership the wreck of ignoble ambitions and the man the memory of a crime.

XX.

"NOW, DO YOU REMEMBER?"

FARNHAM'S convalescence was rapid. When the first danger of fever was over, the wound on the head healed quickly, and one morning Mrs. Belding came home with the news that he was to drive out that afternoon. Alice sat in the shade by the front porch for an hour, waiting to see him pass; and when at last his carriage appeared, she rose and waved her handkerchief by way of greeting and congratulation. He bowed as he went by, and Alice retired to her own room, where she used her handkerchief once more to dry her wet and happy eyes.

It was not long after that Farnham came to dine with them. They both looked forward to this dinner as an occasion of very considerable importance. Each felt that much depended upon the demeanor of the other. Each was conscientiously resolved to do and to say nothing which should pain or embarrass the other. Each was dying to fall into the other's arms, but each only succeeded in convincing the other of his or her entire indifference and friendship.

As Farnham came in, Mrs. Belding went up to him with simple kindness, kissed him, and made him sit down. "You dear boy,"

she said, "you do not know how glad I am to see you here once more."

Alice looked on, almost jealous of her mother's privilege. Then she advanced with shy grace and took Arthur's hand, and asked, "Do you begin to feel quite strong again?"

Farnham smiled and answered, "Quite well, and the strength will soon come. The first symptom of returning vitality, Mrs. Belding, was my hostility to gruel and other phantom dishes. I have deliberately come to dinner to-day to dine."

"I am delighted to hear of your appetite," said Mrs. Belding; "but I think you may bear a little watching at the table yet," she added, in a tone of kindly menace. She was as good as her word, and exercised rather a stricter discipline at dinner than was agreeable to the convalescent, regulating his meat and wine according to lady-like ideas, which are somewhat oppressive to carnivorous man. But she was so kindly about it, and Alice aided and abetted with such bashful prettiness, that Farnham felt he could endure starvation with such accessories. Yet he was not wholly at ease. He had hoped, in the long hours of his confinement, to find the lady of his love kinder in voice and manner than when he saw her last; and now, when she was sweeter and more tender than he had ever seen her before, the self-tormenting mind of the lover began to suggest that if she loved him she would not be so kind. He listened to the soft, caressing tones of her voice as she spoke to him, which seemed to convey a blessing in every syllable; he met the wide, clear beauty of her glance, so sweet and bright that his own eyes could hardly support it; he saw the ready smile that came to the full, delicate mouth whenever he spoke; and, instead of being made happy by all this, he asked himself if it could mean anything except that she was sorry for him, and wanted to be very polite to him, as she could be nothing more. His heart sank within him at the thought; he became silent and constrained; and Alice wondered whether she had not gone too far in her resolute kindness. "Perhaps he has changed his mind," she thought, "and wishes me not to change mine." So these two people, whose hands and hearts were aching to come together, sat in the same drawing-room talking of commonplace things, while their spirits grew heavy as lead.

Mrs. Belding was herself aware of a certain constraint, and to dispel it asked Alice to sing; and Farnham adding his entreaties, she went to the piano, and said, as all girls say, "What shall I sing?"

She looked toward Farnham, but the mother answered, "Sing 'Douglas.'"

"Oh, no, mamma, not that."

"Why not? You were singing it last night. I like it better than any other of your songs."

"I do not want to sing it to-night."

Mrs. Belding persisted, until at last Alice said, with an odd expression of recklessness, "Oh, very well; if you must have it, I will sing it. But I hate these sentimental songs, that say so much and mean nothing." Striking the chords nervously, she sang, with a voice at first tremulous, but at last full of strong and deep feeling, that wail of hopeless love and sorrow:

"Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

There had been tears of vexation in her eyes when her mother had forced her to sing this song of all songs; but after she had begun, the music took her own heart by storm, and she sang as she had never sung before—no longer fearing, but hoping that the cry of her heart might reach her lover and tell him of her love. Farnham listened in transport; he had never until now heard her sing, and her beautiful voice seemed to him to complete the circle of her loveliness. He was so entranced by the full rich volume of her voice, and by the rapt beauty of her face as she sang, that he did not at first think of the words; but the significance of them seized him at last, and the thought that she was singing these words to him ran like fire through his veins. For a moment he gave himself up to the delicious consciousness that their souls were floating together upon that tide of melody. As the song died away and closed with a few muffled chords, he was on the point of throwing himself at her feet, and getting the prize which was waiting for him. But he suddenly bethought himself that she had sung the song unwillingly, and had taken care to say that the words meant nothing. He rose and thanked her for the music, complimented her singing warmly, and, bidding both ladies good-night, went home, thrilled through and through with a deeper emotion than he had yet known, but painfully puzzled and perplexed.

He sat for a long time in his library, trying to bring some order into his thoughts. He could not help feeling that his presence was an embarrassment and a care to Alice Belding. It was evident that she had a great friendship and regard for him, which he had troubled and disturbed by his ill-timed declaration. She could no longer be easy and natural with him; he ought not to stay to be an annoyance to her. It was also clear that he could not be himself in her presence; she

exercised too powerful an influence upon him to make it possible that he could go in and out of the house as a mere friend of the family. He was thus driven to the thought which always lay so near to the surface with him, as with so many of his kind: he would exile himself for a year or two, and take himself out of her way. The thought gave him no content. He could not escape a keen pang of jealousy when he thought of leaving her in her beautiful youth to the society of men who were so clearly inferior to her.

"I am inferior to her myself," he thought with genuine humility; "but I feel sure I can appreciate her better than any one else she will ever be likely to meet."

By and by he became aware that something was perplexing him, which was floating somewhere below the surface of his consciousness. A thousand thoughts, more or less puzzling, had arisen and been disposed of during the hour that had elapsed since he left Mrs. Belding's. But still he began to be sure that there was one groping for recognition which as yet he had not recognized. The more he dwelt upon it, the more it seemed to attach itself to the song Alice had sung, but he could not give it any definiteness. After he had gone to bed, this undefined impression of something significant attaching itself to the song besieged him, and worried him with tantalizing glimpses, until he went to sleep.

But Farnham was not a dreamer, and the morning, if it brought little comfort, brought at least decision. He made up his mind while dressing that he would sail by an early steamer for Japan. He sent a telegram to San Francisco, as soon as he had breakfasted, to inquire about accommodations, and busied himself during the day with arranging odds and ends of his affairs. Coming and going was easy to him, as he rarely speculated and never touched anything involving anxious risks. But in the afternoon an irresistible longing impelled him to the house of his neighbor.

"Why should I not allow myself this indulgence?" he thought. "It will be only civil to go over there and announce my departure. As all is over, I may at least take this last delight to my eyes and heart. And I want to hear that song again."

All day the song had been haunting him, not on account of anything in itself, but because it vaguely reminded him of something else—something of infinite importance, if he could only grasp it. It hung about him so persistently, this vague glimmer of suggestion, that he became annoyed, and said at last to himself, "It is time for me to be

changing my climate, if a ballad can play like that on my nerves."

He seized his hat and walked rapidly across the lawn, with the zest of air and motion natural to a strong man in convalescence. The pretty maid-servant smiled and bowed him into the cool, dim drawing-room, where Alice was seated at the piano. She rose and said instinctively to the servant, "Tell mamma Captain Farnham is here," and immediately repented as she saw his brow darken a little. He sat down beside her, and said:

"I come on a twofold errand. I want to say good-bye to you, and I want you to sing 'Douglas' for me once more."

"Why, where are you going?" she said, with a look of surprise and alarm.

"To Japan."

"But not at once, surely?"

"The first steamer I can find."

Alice tried to smile, but the attempt was a little woful.

"It will be a delightful journey, I am sure," she faltered, "but I can't get used to the idea of it all at once. It is the end of the world."

"I want to get there before the end comes. At the present rate of progress there is not more than a year's purchase of bric-à-brac left in the empire. I must hurry over and get my share. What can I do for you?" he continued, seeing that she sat silent, twisting her white fingers together. "Shall I not bring you the loot of a temple or two? They say the priests have become very corruptible since our missionaries got there—the false religion tumbling all to pieces before the true."

Still, she made no answer, and the fixed smile on her face looked as if she hardly heard what he was saying. But he went on in the same light, bantering tone.

"Shall I bring you back a jinrickshaw?"

"What in the world is that? But, no matter what it is, tell me, are you really going so soon?"

If Farnham had not been the most modest of men, the tone in which this question was asked would have taught him that he need not exile himself. But he answered seriously:

"Yes, I am really going."

"But why?" The question came from unwilling lips, but it would have its way. The challenge was more than Farnham could endure. He spoke out with quick and passionate earnestness:

"Must I tell you, then? Do you not know? I am going because you send me."

"Oh, no," she murmured, with flaming cheeks and downcast eyes.

"I am going because I love you, and I cannot bear to see you day by day, and know

that you are not for me. You are too young and too good to understand what I feel. If I were a saint like you, perhaps I might rejoice in your beauty and your grace without any selfish wish; but I cannot. If you are not to be mine, I cannot enjoy your presence. Every charm you have is an added injury, if I am to be indifferent to you."

Her hands flew up and covered her eyes. She was so happy that she feared he would see it and claim her too soon and too swiftly.

He mistook the gesture, and went on in his error.

"There! I have made you angry or wounded you again. It would be so continually if I should stay. I should be giving you offense every hour in the day. I cannot help loving you, any more than I can help breathing. This is nothing to you, or worse than nothing, but it is all my life to me. I do not know how it will end. You have filled every thought of my mind, every vein of my body. I am more you than myself. How can I separate myself from you?"

As he poured out these words, and much more, hot as a flood of molten metal, Alice slowly recovered her composure. She was absolutely and tranquilly happy—so perfectly at rest that she hardly cared for the pain her lover was confessing. She felt she could compensate him for everything, and every word he said filled her with a delight which she could not bear to lose by replying. She sat listening to him with half-shut eyes, determined not to answer until he had made an end of speaking. But she said to herself, with a tenderness which made her heart beat more than her lover's words, "How surprised he will be when I tell him he shall not go."

The rustling of Mrs. Belding's ample approach broke in upon her trance and Farnham's litany. He rose, not without some confusion, to greet her; and Alice, with bright and even playful eyes, said, "Mamma, what do you think this errant young cavalier has come to say to us?"

Mrs. Belding looked with puzzled inquiry from one to the other.

"Simply," continued Alice, "that he is off for Japan in a day or two, and he wants to know if we have any commissions for him."

"Nonsense! Arthur, I won't listen to it. Come over to dinner this evening and tell me all about it. I've got an appointment this very minute at our Oriental Gospel rooms, and cannot wait to talk to you now. But this evening you must tell me what it all means, and I hope you will have changed your mind by that time."

The good lady did not even sit down, but rustled briskly away. Perhaps she divined

more of what was toward than appeared; but she did as she would have wished to be done by when she was young, and left the young people to their own devices.

Farnham turned to Alice, who was still standing, and said, "Alice; my own love, can you not give me one word of hope to carry with me? I cannot forget you. My mind cannot change. Perhaps yours may, when the ocean is between us, and you have time to reflect on what I have said. I spoke too soon and too rashly; but I will make amends for that by long silence. Then perhaps you will forgive me—perhaps you will recall me. I will obey your call from the end of the world."

He held out his hand to her. She gave him hers with a firm, warm grasp. He might have taken courage from this, but her composure and her inscrutable smile daunted him.

"You are not going yet," she said. "You have forgotten what you came for."

"Yes—that song. I must hear it again. You must not think I am growing daft, but that song has haunted me all day in the strangest way. There is something in the way *you* sing it—the words and your voice together—that recalls some association too faint for me to grasp. I can neither remember what it is, nor forget it. I have tried to get it out of my mind, but I have an odd impression that I would better cherish it—that it is important to me—that life or death is not more important. There! I have confessed all my weakness to you, and now you will say that I need a few weeks of salt breeze."

"I will sing you the song first. Perhaps we may pluck out its mystery."

She preluded a moment, and sang, while Farnham waited with a strained sense of expectancy, as if something unspeakably solemn was impending. She sang with far more force and feeling than the night before. Her heart was full of her happy love, as yet unspoken, and her fancy was pleased with the thought that, under the safe cover of her music, she could declare her love without restraint. She sang with the innocent rapture of a mavis in spring, in notes as rich and ardent as her own maiden dreams. Farnham listened with a pleasure so keen that it bordered upon pain. When she came to the line,

"I would be so tender, so loving, Douglas,"

he started and leaned forward in his chair, holding his hands to his temples, and cried:

"Can't you help me to think what that reminds me of?"

Alice rose from the piano, flushing a pink as sweet and delicate as that of the roses in

her belt. She came forward a few paces, then stopped, and bent slightly toward him, with folded hands. In her long, white, clinging drapery, with her gold hair making the dim room bright, with her red lips parted in a tender but solemn smile, with something like a halo about her of youth and purity and ardor, she was a sight so beautiful that Arthur Farnham, as he gazed up at her, felt his heart grow heavy with an aching consciousness of her perfection that seemed to remove her forever from his reach. But the thought that was setting her pulses to beating was as sweetly human as that of any bride since Eve. She was saying to herself in the instant she stood motionless before him, looking like a pictured angel, "I know now what he means. He

loves me. I am sure of him. I have a right to give myself to him."

She held out her hands. He sprang up and seized them.

"Come," she said, "I know what you are trying to remember, and I will make you remember it."

He was not greatly surprised, for love is a dream, and dreams have their own probabilities. She led him to a sofa and seated him beside her. She put her arms around his neck and pressed his head to her beating heart, and said in a voice as soft as a mother's to an ailing child, "My beloved, if you will live, I will be so good to you." She kissed him and said gently,

"Now, do you remember?"

THE END.

AURORA.

WHAT purple seas have kissed thy skirts but newly?
 What hyacinthine shore
 Of Hellas, or what unawakened Thule,
 Embalmed thee, passing o'er?
 The Orient thee no further gift can render,
 Goddess mysterious, tender!
 Thou need'st not borrow of the fuller splendor
 Of him thou goest before.

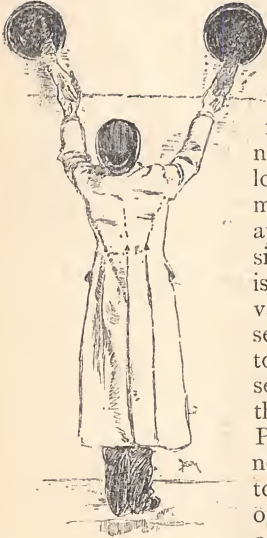
That gushing fount, not filled for mortals sighing,
 Nor earthly eyes to see—
 That spring of youth, unchanging and undying,
 Hath poured its life in thee,
 And its cool spray about thee yet is clinging.
 Over the desert winging,
 Thou benedest low: gray Memnon greets thee, singing
 His ancient melody.

Thou usherest in the day with sweet assurance;
 Thou pourest out the dew;
 Rich life, by night subdued and held in durance,
 Pulses and springs anew.
 The gates of morning open wide before thee;
 Heaven bends gently o'er thee;
 And, gazing upward, eager to adore thee,
 Leaps the broad ocean blue.

Farewell! though but a moment thou hast lingered,
 Swift as the pinioned dove!
 Gone is that darkest hour which thou, warm-fingered,
 Dost charm from earth above.
 Onward! awaking in thy path forever
 New life and strong endeavor.
 May thy bright promises forsake us never—
 Fresh hope and boundless love!

Henry Tyrrell.

LOG OF AN OCEAN STUDIO.



YOU are not to take our title too seriously. From a serious point of view, it was not much of a studio; nor does this "rough log," as the sailors say, make a very strong appeal for solemn consideration. Such as it is, it has to do with the vacation fancies of seven artists voyaging to Antwerp. Their serious aim in crossing the sea was to visit the Paris Salon, and, after noting its degeneracy, to seek, each in his own way, for better counsel from the Old

Masters in Holland and Spain. Their bond of union during the ocean trip was partly fellowship, and partly the idea of decorating the walls and ceiling of one of the ship's cabins as a novel means of killing time—poor Time, who is never thought well of unless he is niggardly, and who is never more generous than at sea.

Four of our party, a twelvemonth before, had originated the idea during a similar trip in a sister ship. It had been their good fortune to have the ladies' cabin for their ocean studio. In fact, their novel scheme seemed to have been built upon a new principle in aesthetics: "Art for the sake of the ladies' cabin."

We went aboard our steamer in the firm belief that no other cabin would do. It was a bitter disappointment, therefore, to learn after we were well out to sea, that—excepting the little lounging room at the head of the main companion-way—the ladies' cabin was an artificially lighted room between decks. Both were impracticable. So the enterprise had to be remodeled on the basis of "art for art's sake," which any artist will tell you is something of a humbug.

When we arrived at the Jersey City wharf, on that early morning of a sunny third of June, the usual sailing-day comedy was briskly acting. Numerous large bouquets and floral designs mingled hot-house odors with the peculiar staleness of the saloon, making us hope that before dinner-time the

recipients would cast them overboard. A rose to somebody else's name never smells as sweet; besides, wilting flowers are hardly appropriate to a steam-ship—not to mention the extreme of ostentation and theatrical effect which the fashion has reached. I once knew a young man who sought to obviate the defect of a floral gift by presenting a fair voyager with a large bouquet of dried grasses. Naturally, the gift was construed in the Pickwickian sense. Shortly afterward he removed to the land of the cactus, which would seem to offer new scope to his fatal ingenuity.

Though steam-ships are the safest means of travel yet invented, one does not see friends embark in them without a livelier sense of their temerity as travelers; besides, the wide sea lends reality to the idea of separation. There was no lack of women's tears at our departure; but we bachelors shared in them only as the party was represented by the marine artist, and somebody remarked that his pretty daughter, trying to smile through a mist of tears, was his best picture. At that time the visitors had been sent ashore, and the ship was denoting eagerness to slip her leashes and begin the tireless chase over the billowy hill to Antwerp. I noticed that those who did not feel justified in demanding a plump kiss on the hurricane deck deemed they had a perfect right to signal tokens of affection while the steamer was gliding majestically from the wharf. In the initial letter to this paper, the artist has shown the most reposeful phase of an incident which came under our observation. The young man in the ulster had taken formal leave on deck of two young voyagers. While the whistle was warning river craft to make way for the leviathan, he signaled them to descend into the saloon. In a moment he was clasping two daintily-gloved hands reached out to him from adjoining port-holes. Then he got upon a friendly beam, and with masterly tip-toeing and needed dispatch, for the lines were cast off and the engine bell was tinkling, he plucked a kiss from each round, laughing window.

Once free from the wharf strings, our steamer was nearly as independent of the ordinary world as a miniature planet peopled to order. With the grand air and assurance of a steamer outward bound, we threaded the Narrows, spun round the half-circle of the lower bay, caromed, as it were, on the Hook, and went down to breakfast as we struck out



FAREWELL TO SANDY HOOK. PANEL BY A. A. ANDERSON.

to sea. That important factor in "civilizing the ship," the seating at table, had been cleverly managed by the chief steward. There seemed to be fewer heart-burnings than usual on the part of persons who, having formally recognized their own importance, looked in vain for a seat at the captain's table. At the board of honor were, of course, the good-looking young woman and her mother, the director of the steam-ship company and his family, the reverend, and the doctor of medicine. Titles of any kind are beacon-lights to the chief steward's eyes. Our captain was always genial at meals; but if the table of honor has a disadvantage, it is that the tone of the conversation at the captain's board is inclined to rise and fall with his

barometer. No matter how genial by nature, the captain by profession is necessarily a tyrant and a dogmatist. Our party had a table by itself in the coziest corner of the saloon, and the mother of one of Gérôme's pupils matronized us with graceful dignity. There were only forty people in the first cabin, which made the social ice rather easy to break. The case is different on the large steamers carrying three or four hundred first-class passengers. It is a study then to watch the segregation of the company into small groups. As fellow-travelers, New Yorkers may claim the palm for reserve. Not long since, two substantial men of Gotham, who had met on shipboard and had proved congenial, parted at Liverpool to meet again, as tourists

frequently do, in hotels, museums, and, finally, in the same compartment of a railway "coach." In the intimacy of that ride, one of them disclosed the name of the street adorned by his brown-stone front.

"What number?" asked the other, eagerly.
 "Fifty-four, east."

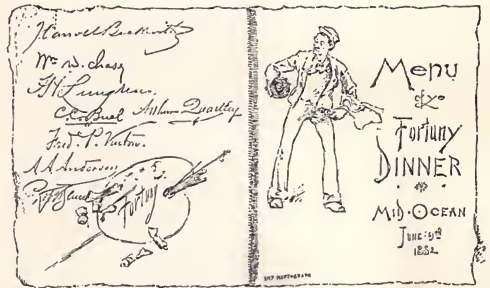
"Then you're my next-door neighbor but one, for my house is fifty, east!"

Like true citizens of Manhattan, they had lived up to its golden rule: Shun your neighbor as you would malaria.

Our first breakfast was a disorganized feast. Sea-cooks and stewards were still under the malign influence of the land. To call forth their best efforts, the ship must be in the toils of the sea, with the racks on the tables, the kettles spilling in the cook's galley, and the gymnastic stewards balancing soup-plates on their fingers and the ship on their feet. Everybody grumbles over the fare at sea, and, in general, there is too much reason for grumbling. There is always a profusion of eatables, seldom of the best quality, and less seldom served with an eye to the needs of the passengers. The waste is enormous. If the captain is an epicure, the outlook for the passengers will be better. But, practically, they cook for the ostrich-like digestions of the officers instead of for a multitude of squeamish sea-invalids. I am bound to say that on our studio-ship we were uncommonly well served. Yet we had a grievance that illustrates how natural it is at sea to grumble. On the fourth day the oranges gave out. No one knew better than the bachelor artists and their friends, the little children of the steerage, why the oranges prematurely failed; yet we grumbled, and one of the artists joined two grievances in volunteering to raise oranges from the seed in his state-room *in three days*. The gulf stream and south winds, and a southerly course to get below reported icebergs, and the raging fires under us, had combined to make our state-rooms tropical.

A dinner in honor of Fortuny was the memorable feast of the trip. His biographers have made the world believe he was born on the eleventh of June; but Fortuny's disciple in our party had private information that the great Spaniard was born on the ninth. With the connivance of the disciple of Velasquez, he surprised us with a Fortuny birthday dinner on the ninth, though during the morning the secret movements of the two had awakened suspicion. When we sat down as usual to six o'clock dinner we found at each plate a handsome *menu* on brown paper, part hektograph and part washed in with color; also, a large cake, with Fortuny's well-known signature imi-

tated in the frosting; smoking fish-balls, and delicious Boston baked beans, the product of the skill of one of the artists, an amateur *cordon bleu*, who had ingratiated himself with the chief cook; and, never to be forgotten, a moist dish of most excellent vivacity, put aboard as a surprise by a thoughtful member of the Tile Club, whom we were to meet later in Paris. Speeches and sentiments of local interest passed round the board. I remember somebody's saying, in a moment of enthusiasm, that "Fortuny was the most original painter of his age. If any one had said, ten years before he appeared, that there could be something new in art, the world would have replied, 'Not so, for art is exhausted!'" Toward the end,



COVER OF THE MENU.

a sententious person, looking out of the port-hole behind him upon the drear twilight ocean and comparing it with the merry scene inside, said, "A little sentiment makes a paradise of a sea-waste."

"You're wrong," replied the Boston cynic; "a little sentiment makes a paradise of a *small* waist."

On the third day the captain invited us to his cabin to judge for ourselves if its panels and oak-grained background would meet the requirements of a studio. It was an uncommonly large cabin, and the captain's personal trappings did not crowd much upon his charts and logarithms. It had a cozy look, with its sofa alcove and its red curtains, despite the overplus of chronometers and barometers. A miniature hall, with outer and inner doors, connected with the deck on the port and the starboard sides. Windows on three sides—for it was the forward cabin of the deck-house—commanded a view of the sea for half the circle of the horizon, and of the forward deck, with the busy sailors, the faithful lookout (always with his hands in his pockets), and about the foremast the group of steerage passengers, huddling like a remnant of the victims of the Deluge waiting on a hill-top for the rising flood.

Scarcely a word had been said of cabin decoration among ourselves. An overmastering *ennui* had settled upon us, a sort of mental seasickness, due, in part, to the steady rolling and teetering of the ship, and to the eternal *r-r-r-ker-chug! r-r-r-ker-chug!* of the engines which kept a tremor running through everything between keelson and topmast. Sackville suggests the feeling in a poem written in a man-of-war lying off the Flemish coast, which Locker has included in his admirable "*Lyra Elegantiarum*." He says:

"To all you ladies now on land,
We men at sea indite;
But first, would have you understand
How hard it is to write.

* * * * *

"For, tho' the muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet, if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea."

One morning an artist tried to make a sketch of the sailors who were holy-stoning the deck, but the working mood staid with him only long enough to outline their picturesque shoes and ankles. Early on a dull evening another artist seated himself in the prow, and began sketching the ship from that teetering point of view. Five minutes later he was showered by the first billow we had shipped. The next morning a third artist remarked, in a half-hearted way: "I feel like doing a little sketching to-day; but if I were to go to work, the men who believe in mood would call me a mechanic. I think there's a good deal of humbug about mood." An hour later I saw him disposing himself to sketch in a quiet place under the lee of the engine-house. Not to disturb him, I took the windward deck for my promenade, and, on returning the second time from the bow, found the artist who believed in the humbug of mood on the quarter-deck, demurely watching a game of ring-toss.

Only one of the party made good use of his leisure. In view of his youth and rather fantastic taste, we were not surprised, when he appeared on the hurricane deck, one morning, in a shaggy Berri cap, a brown velvet jacket, dancing-pumps, and silk tie and silk stockings of the color of old gold. What a sailor to set before our one-eyed boatswain! The rest of us, who were affecting old clothes, did not approve of him. But the French governess did, and hour after hour piloted him through the French verbs. And here we may add that semi-attached to our party was an artist who

was voyaging in company with his *fiancée* and her mother—and doing it very well; also, a veteran artist, who regarded our professional



UNDER A FRENCH SKY. PANEL BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

as well as our unprofessional proceedings with amiable contempt. "Let me give you some advice," he said to an artist who was belittling the work of a fellow-painter. "You talk too much in that vein; I've had some experience in it myself, and I've learned it's a



AT WORK IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN. BY ROBERT BLUM.

pretty safe rule to let other artists make as much reputation as they can."

For good nature and solid enjoyment of the voyage, nobody held a candle to our fellow-passenger, the Yankee skipper. He was a large, plain, quiet Bostonian, as close as an oyster about himself, but giving token of belonging to the old-fashioned race of New England sea-captains. His trowsers had a sedentary sag at the knee in harmony with the tried and true, steady-going air of his general make-up. He was the kind of man you would like to have with you if you were to be cast away at sea or lost in a wilderness. If a whale spouted within our dreary, disk-like world of water, he was sure to see it. No sail could dawn on our horizon unseen by his binocular. It encouraged early rising to know that the Yankee skipper would be found on deck with his gazette of ship's transactions and sea-happenings. Tobacco was his enemy, so we were a little surprised one evening to see him enter the blue atmosphere of the smoking-room where we were holding our usual after-dinner symposium. When anecdote and story had been the round, the skipper "took the floor" by a glance round the benches. "'Way back in 1850," he began, "I was six months sailing from New York to 'Frisco. Rounding the Horn, we fell in with the deadest calm I ever experienced. In the morning we sighted an albatross a little way off, as badly becalmed as we were, except that she could paddle, while we couldn't

make much headway sculling a full-rigger. We gave chase in the yawl, and caught the bird after a hard tussle; for, you see, she couldn't rise from the water without a breeze to help her spread her wings, and those wings on shipboard measured fifteen feet from tip to tip. Besides her crop was full, and may be she'd swallowed too much ballast for sky-sailing. We took a strip of sheet-copper, and with a marline-spike punctured in it the name of the ship and the date of capture. This we fastened round the bird's neck. When we got a breeze, we first made sail and then gave the albatross a chance to spread canvas. With a scream she flew off a little way, circled once or twice round the ship, and then set her rudder for the north pole. That bird was caught again, twenty-five hundred miles from Cape Horn, and carried into Callao. And I'll tell you how I know it. At Callao the captain of that ship wrote a letter to a New York newspaper, describing the capture of the albatross and the writing on the copper collar. My wife saw the paper, and in that way got news of our ship six months before my own letter reached her."

Silence followed the recital, until somebody expressed a regret that there were only two "marines" in the company to tell it to. "Pshaw!" exclaimed the skipper, a deeper color suffusing his face; "it's true, every word of it." By way of amends, a loud call was made for the elder marine's whaling story,

which always gains a good deal from the tar and tarpaulin manner in which it is told.

"You must fancy I'm Mr. Jones," he said, "a whaler's mate, spinning yarn for messmates. He shifts his quid and begins: We wuz all feelin' sort o' grumpy, for thar hadn't been no kind o' luck, when the lookout cries, 'Theer she blows!'—so I goes up to Cap'n Simmons an' sez I, 'Cap'n Simmons, she's a blower; shell I lower?'"

"Sez he: 'Mr. Jones, she *may* be a blower, but I don't see fitten fur tu lower.'"

"Then I goes forrard, and the man aloft sings out agin, 'Theer she blows!—an' she's a spermer!' So I goes agin to Cap'n Simmons an' sez I, 'Cap'n Simmons, she's a spermer an' a blower; shell I lower?'"

"Sez he: 'Mr. Jones, she *may* be a spermer an' she *may* be a blower, but I don't see fitten fur tu lower; but if so be *you* see fitten fur tu lower, w'y lower away an' be 'tarnally dashed tu yer.'"

"So I lowered away, an' when we come to about fifty yard o' the critter sez I, 'Hold on, boys, fur I'm death with the long harpoon!' An' I struck her fair, an' we towed her alongside the ship; an' when I come aboard, Cap'n Simmons stood in the gangway, an' sez he, 'Mr. Jones, you air an officer an' a gentleman, an' there's rum and terbacker in the locker—an' that of the very best quality—at yer service, sir, durin' this voyage.'"

"Then sez I, 'Cap'n Simmons, I'm a man as knows his dooty and does it, an' all I axes of you is *servility*—an' that of the commonest, dog-goned kind!'"

On the sixth morning two or three of the artists, nursing the mood lest it escape them, secretly spread their kits in the captain's cabin. By common consent, the right-hand panel of the sofa alcove was reserved for the captain's portrait. An excellent model was our commander. Every line of his figure proclaimed him master. "Captain" was in the tones of his voice, which, to the highest as well as the lowest subordinate, offered not the slightest invitation to a discussion. Every attitude, as he stood on the bridge mentally casting up the weather, nicknamed him "that harbitrary cove," as the London cabby designated John Forster. While he was being sketched, it was curious to note how the practiced eye of the

artist singled out the lines of character, as well as the subtleties of the costume which, hardly less than the curves of the face, helped to express the individuality. Ask an artist to draw from memory a caricature of a person he has seen, but whose features he has not studied. If he humors you, and appeals to your mem-



"CAPTAIN" WAS IN THE TONES OF HIS VOICE." PANEL BY FREDERIC P. VINTON.

ory to help him out with the facts, his questions will prove how superficially most of us observe. Twins never looked so much alike that an experienced portrait-painter would not individualize them at a glance.

Three could paint in the cabin at the same time, but, for the most part, if one was at work, the rest were content to sit in the captain's easy-chair and on his camp-stools, and even on his narrow bed, a cozy bunk on the port side, and keep up a ripple of chat and criticism. One day, when the captain's portrait was nearly finished, he said, by way of criticism, "I think you need a little more flesh on the starboard cheek." But little other comment fell from his lips regarding the pictures.

Three months later we discovered the captain's honest opinion. It was painted on the only panel that had been left vacant by us—the large panel of the port door. While the ship was lying in Antwerp, the captain engaged a local artist to paint a Norwegian water-fall on the door. It was a garish, painful daub. Without understanding just why the water-fall did not make the kind of a sensation he had arranged for the artists on their return to the ship for the homeward voyage, he consented to have it painted out.

Five of the six panels of the sofa alcove were sketched in and half finished in a few hours. Their growth thereafter was a matter of mood, with results of fluctuating value. In his effort to ballast the "starboard cheek" of the captain's portrait, the artist grew to hate the picture, erased it and began over again. In the next panel was painted a fanciful head to personify the comet of the previous winter. A striking effect was produced by the starlit hair streaming through a cold, dark-blue sky. There was along discussion over the manner in which the sketch had been developed, the verdict being that it was characteristic of the artist to paint the allegorical lady's cherry lips first of all. Somebody discovered the head of a Skye terrier in the hair. For a long time the artist stood out against amendments; then three or four clever strokes eliminated the dog.

A sullen coquette was the comet's right-hand neighbor. She wore a poke-bonnet surmounted by the jauntiest of orange feathers. Her entrance into society was effected in an incredibly short space of time, and we could not but admire the perfect manner in which the colors harmonized with themselves and with the pictures on either side. But there was a general outcry against her social status; and the painter, in the dumps, dropped his brush and left the creature hovering between the world of existence and the inferno of annihilation. The picture gave rise to an animated discussion. Such epithets as

"nightmare painter"—applied to an artist skilled in painting rainy street scenes by gaslight—and "painter of beautiful nothings" were bandied. This last was the retort direct



THE COMET. PANEL BY J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

of the "nightmare painter," and it seemed to be barbed with truth, for it called forth an instructive lecture on art methods, in about these words: "Very well—some artists paint pictures that are not even beautiful! You're all down on anything that is clever. Here's an artist, say, who succeeds by hard, patient effort; another will gain equal success by sheer cleverness. The first struggles with a commonplace subject, using a model for every little detail, from the sole of a slipper to the key-hole of a door; you call it high art. But, if the other does a dashing thing full of life and feeling, you call it mere *chic*!"

First to be finished was a pensive maiden in the next panel. In rich sealskin hat and cloak she was strolling near the sea on a raw November day. A feeling of romantic sadness pervaded the picture. The gossip of the stu-

dio assumed at once that the artist had drawn on his tender recollections for a subject. This he denied, but, as an expression of lack of confidence, the picture was entitled "The-Girl-he-left-behind-him-when-he-went-to-Munich." By way of confirmation, one of the artists improvised an anecdote to illustrate, as he said, how an artist may become so enamored of his art as to forget a live sweet-heart. "A New York artist," he began, "with a *remarkably fine studio* [cries of 'Hear! hear!'], was visited one Saturday afternoon, his 'show-day,' by two ladies, who behaved with singular constraint, and who were treated with that touching politeness with which the true artist seeks to overcome the natural embarrassment of visitors when brought face to face with the mute yet speaking witnesses of his genius. [Applause.] When the ladies withdrew, the artist turned to an old friend who appeared to be greatly amused, and asked:

"'Who are those people?'"

"'You mean to say you don't know?'"

"'I have a feeling that I ought, but I don't!'"

"'Not the pretty one?'"

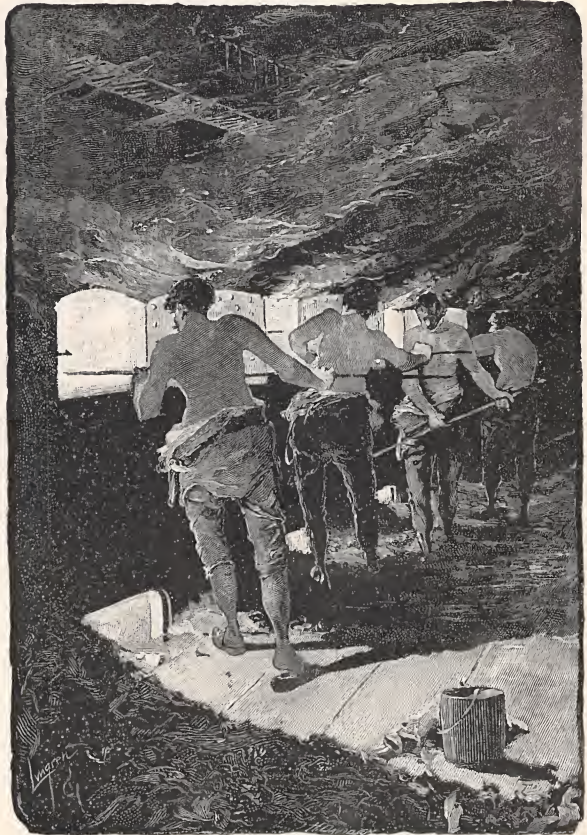
"'Noteven the—she isn't pretty!'"

"'You thought she was ten years ago, when you started for Munich with her promise to marry you!'"

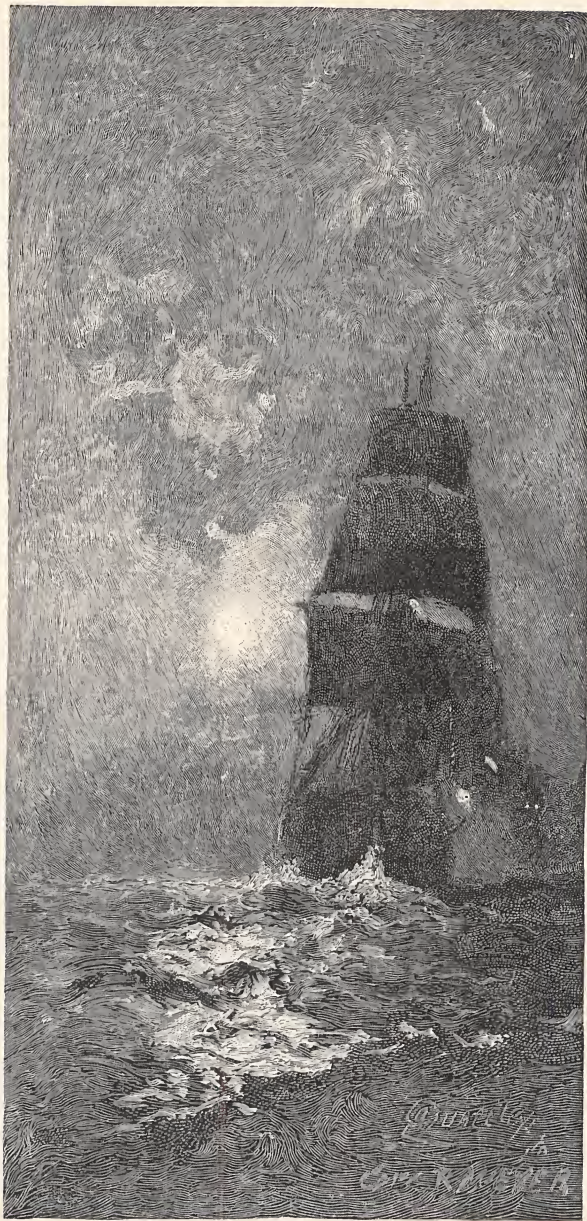
Our so-called "nightmare painter" professed to have an idea in his head for one of the end panels of the alcove. The first time he tried to express it a reasonable success was attained. He was far from satisfied, and, against the common voice of the studio, erased it thrice over. In a vexed mood, he determined to paint a picture of the pit of roaring darkness and fire which may be found in the center of every steamship,—though the passengers think little of it, seeing smoke and cinders pouring from the crater smoke-stack, without realizing that a volcano is raging beneath. He and I descended about forty feet, by means of the greasy steps and gratings of the engine-hold, the several floors and ladders of which were made of iron rods half an inch in diameter, with spaces between for ventilation. At the bottom we stood carefully one side. The rumble of the machinery was almost deafening. The mighty arms reaching down to the cranks of the great shaft turned it with the light-hearted ease of a boy's first five minutes at a grindstone. An engineer with a hand-lamp led

us into the shaft-tunnel. It might have been five feet square, but there seemed hardly room enough to walk between the spinning shaft, which was at one side, and the grimy wall. We stooped, instinctively, and gathered the skirts of our coats away from the shaft, which was revolving fifty-four times a minute, and at each revolution was forcing the ship through twenty-five feet of water. At the stern, where we were a hundred and twenty feet from the engine-room, our ears were filled with a buzzing as of ten thousand swarms of bees, so violently was the screw churning the brine in producing a speed of fifteen miles an hour. As we emerged from the tunnel, the engineers were helping a fourteen-year-old boy through a small hole in the floor. He was naked to his waist and smeared with rusty grime. He seemed to be completely exhausted. With a little oil-lamp to light the shallow cavern, he had been cleaning the bilge, a space about two feet deep over the keel and rapidly contracting on the sides. His had been a curious position,—twelve fiery furnaces above him, and a mile or two of salt sea underneath.

A narrow opening in the bulk-head admit-



IN THE FURNACE-HOLD. BY F. H. LUNGREN.



MOONLIGHT THROUGH THE LIFTING FOG. PANEL BY ARTHUR QUARTLEY.

ted us into the furnace-room, where there were two rows of fires, placed back to back, with six fires in a row. We remained perhaps five minutes, or until we were roasted out, though we were standing under the cold-air flues connecting with the curving trumpet-mouthed pipes which rise above the deck and are made to revolve to catch the freshest, strongest breeze that blows. Between the stirring and replenishing of the fires the room was filled with a whitish glare. When the

furnaces had been fed the half-naked stokers would stand under the air-shaft and wipe the perspiration from their faces and arms with a towel hanging at the belt. In that blanching pit nine coal-passers and twelve stokers were speeding their lives double-quick for \$17 and \$18 a month and "found," as the phrase runs, the finding consisting of the common seamen's mess and a stinking nest in the fore-castle. A strong young fellow will grow old at it, they said, in three years' time. But when

one breaks down, a score are ready to take his place. When the watch changes, passengers see the firemen shuffling, in wooden shoes, along the deck between their sleeping-pens and the iron ladders. Their pale, gaunt features and stooping shoulders tell a tragic story, which, however, cannot be fully understood before one has breathed the air of the furnace-hold. When human lives are so cheap, there is probably little incentive to give the same attention to improving the sanitary arrangements of the furnace-hold that is given to increasing the speed of the ship. One of the officers told me of an educated young Englishman who ran short of money in America, and, being too proud to send home for a remittance, worked his passage as a coal-passer and ash-heaver. He paid his passage with his life, for the exposure brought on a fatal illness.

A curious medley of nationalities were our ship's officers and crew. They would have made a notable collection in a museum of ethnology. Our captain, who was German-born, spoke English and Plattdeutsch besides his native tongue. He was sailing, under Belgian colors, a British-built ship owned by an American company. Our first officer was a "stub-and-twist" Englishman, with legs that seemed to be rooted to the deck. The second officer was a blonde-bearded Scotchman, the third a Welshman, and the fourth officer, I believe, was an Irishman. In the engine-room a similar mixture of races prevailed. Nearly every country of maritime Europe had contributed to the crew. Scotland claimed our one-eyed boatswain, a perfect *Dick Deadeye*, who "chalked our shoes" (as he called the swindle), for grog money, the first



THE GOOSE PASTURE. PANEL BY ROBERT BLUM.

time we ventured upon the forecabin. Peter, the saloon steward, had the responsibility of the bottles that adorned the swinging shelf over the tables, and sometimes this care was almost too much for his thirsty and phlegmatic nature. We remember the captain's formula for securing his presence in the studio. It was "Quartermaster!" in a thunderous voice. When that subaltern thrust his capless head into the doorway the same voice growled, "Call Peter!" Then came Peter's face, wreathed in smiles and frowns. We discovered the importance Peter attached to that rasping voice one evening when he was found peering about the hurricane deck in the dark. A call for "Peter" from an artist mimicking the captain made the poor fellow jump as if Satan's hand had been laid upon his shoulder.

Peter had his revenge the next afternoon when one of the artists, with the aid of a curly wig, painted face, and old clothes, got himself up to look like a drunken steerage passenger. Being a master of German dialect and something of an actor, the artist created a sensation on the hurricane deck, where the ladies were in a flutter of indignation. By the captain's order, Peter was put on the track of the masquerader, who slipped down the companion-way into the saloon. There Peter got him by the collar, and hustled him toward the deck with a dispatch that turned the joke on the joker.

The same afternoon two of the studio company got the boatswain's permission to climb the fore shrouds,—as if the boatswain had any permission to give. His one eye gleamed with delight when the officer on the bridge sent a quartermaster, first, to order them down, and

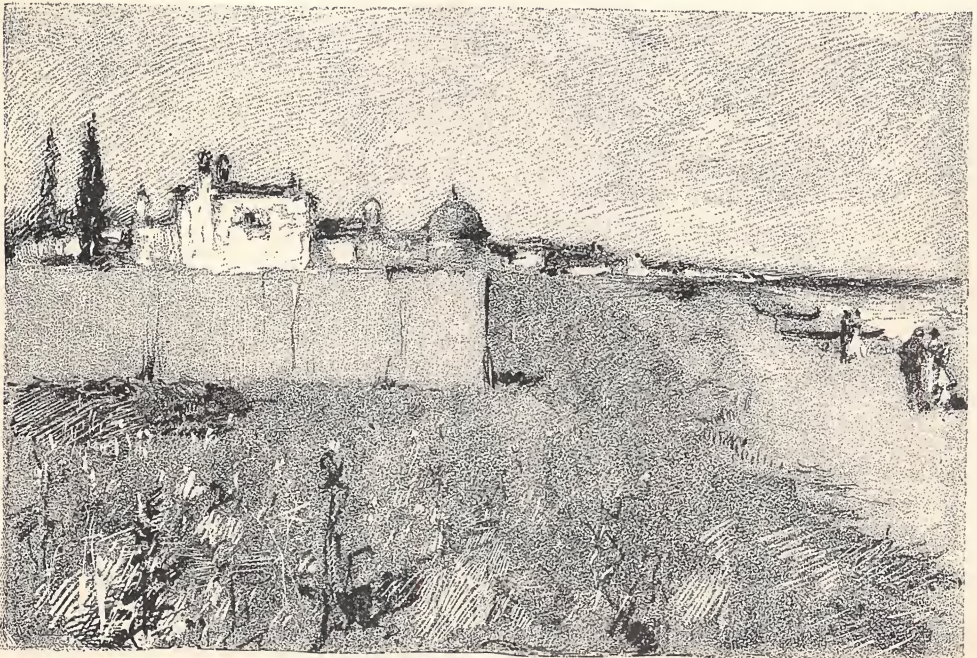
again, on their not complying, to "pull them down." They dropped to the deck and appealed to the captain, who was standing under the hurricane deck. The captain, from the companion-way, ordered the officer on duty not to interfere. "Now, climb away," he said. They sprang into the shrouds and clambered up the ratlines. The officer on the bridge, who had not understood the order, dispatched seaman after seaman to pull them down, while the captain each time called the seaman back, until, to save the officer from choking himself with passion, the captain showed himself. By that time the climbers were under the lubber-hole (which was out of their reach), and thinking of Black-eyed Susan's

"William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billows to and fro."

Late on a wet, clammy evening, we were chatting with the captain about the relative merits of life ashore and on the seas. "Sea-faring's a hard life, at best," he said. "I'm a young man to wear captain's lace (he had not turned forty), and I've been on the sea since I was a boy. A steam-ship captain seldom gets more than \$2500 a year, which is small reward for the hardships and responsibilities of his life. On a crowded steamer a captain may often eke out his salary by giving up his cabin to a rich passenger, but at the cost of his own comfort." He was interrupted by a rap; the fourth officer opened the door to say, "The fo'sail's being

reefed, sir! — we're running into a fog." "Very well, blow the whistle," answered the captain, reaching at once for his heavy ulster, tarpaulin, and neck-wrap. "Here's a sample of our life," he said, as he enveloped himself. "Instead of being 'well,' it's particularly bad. I look for a long watch in the fog, with this temperature and the weather we've been having. You may not see me again this side of the Channel, for so long as this fog lasts I'm bound to be on the bridge. Good-night!" He hurried into the darkness and at regular intervals the whistle strove to fill all space with its deafening drone. In half an hour he came back smiling and covered with fog moisture "False alarm!"

Three of us went on deck, and, by a ruse we had practiced before, reached the forecastle without being seen by the watchful officer on the bridge. It was near midnight, and we knew we should be ordered below if we were detected. The jib was hauled down but not furled, and we made a screen of the folds. Such a black, weird night was worth enjoying. The fog had risen or been blown away by a south breeze that filled the square-sails of the foremast. In the dim light of the head-lantern the bellying sails looked like gray specters. Peering back over the slowly pitching and rolling ship, all we could see was the great black, spark-spotted serpent coiling from the smoke-stack, and the wet decks and bulwarks where the thin rays of the cabin lights



A MEDITERRANEAN MEMORY. PANEL BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.



FLYING THE GREAT KITE. BY ROBERT BLUM.

were reflected. Nothing could be seen ahead except now and then a gray suggestion of a phosphorescent white-cap. If the Flying Dutchman had crossed our bows, we should not have been surprised. We counted the regular throbs of the engine and knew we were cutting the darkness at full speed. Two sea-dogs stood before us keeping lookout. "How do you like this life?" we asked of the big-bearded one. "Like it?" he muttered; "great heavens, I *have* to like it!" Ah, we thought, the sandy slopes of the sea are speckled with the bones of just such men as you!

Before we went below, the clouds broke away just enough to give us the weird effect of such a night, rifted now and then by a pale moonbeam. One of our marines painted the scene in a panel over the captain's chest of drawers, in a way that appealed to every seaman who saw it. The other marine filled the remaining end-panel of the alcove with a close-gathered group of seamen hoisting the top-sail in a rain-storm. And in it we fancied could be heard, above the wind, the boat-swain's pipe trilling like a shrill-voiced storm-bird.

Speaking of storm-birds, the ninth day out was enlivened by an incident which gave the marine artist his wished-for stormy petrel for a

model. A large flock of these sociable, untiring little birds, joined us before we were out of sight of Long Island. Two-thirds of them flew away in a body while we were off St. George's Shoals, leaving a flock of perhaps fifty, which followed us for nine days, making their graceful circlings over the boiling wake, and observing a certain order of precedence. When a mess from the scullery was thrown overboard, they would settle upon it and drift with it perhaps a mile away. But soon the leaders might be seen skimming the billows with quickened wing and taking up their old positions. Every night at sunset they disappeared, dropping, as we supposed, upon the water to sleep; but every morning before eight o'clock they would be in their old places, sailing back and forth over the wake in figure-eight curves. The morning they failed to re-appear we were only two days from Land's End. A strong head-wind had blown up during the night. It was evident to us, therefore, that these little steam-ship chasers had followed us so many days because the winds had steadily favored their overtaking us each morning by a rapid flight begun at the first streakings of the dawn. The head-wind must have been too strong for them; in fact, it held back the ship

twenty miles in twenty-four hours. The web feet. "Let him go," was shouted in sailors declared the head-wind was due to chorus by the by-standers; but one of the the sacrilege of catching one of the petrels, artists, thinking the opportunity to get a valu-



THE EMIGRANT MODEL. PANEL BY ROBERT BLUM.

the day before they disappeared. The manner of catching was this: A man who used to wrangle a good deal at table over ward politics in Philadelphia with another coffee-house politician, tied a piece of beef to a linen thread and threw a lot of slack thread overboard with it. One of the chickens got its wings caught in the snare and was drawn aboard. It was a wild, fluttering captive, with bright, bead-like eyes and dainty

able model too good to be lost, carried the bird to the ship's doctor to be chloroformed.

As for the head-wind, while it blew ill for the sailors, it was just what we wanted for flying an enormous kite we had constructed of stout ash sticks and a linen sheet. It was five feet high. On its face was painted a red-eyed monster intended to resemble the legendary dolphin. We had wheedled a new log-cord out of the boatswain for a kite-line, and fifty

feet or more of old rope for the tail. Our first experiments in flying it were failures, resulting in disaster to the kite and a narrow escape for the man who had hold of the line, and who was made to travel rapidly across the deck in a sitting posture. If the kite had not taken a header into the sea, it is possible he would have done so. Thoroughly strengthened and patched, the kite was now brought out to be launched on that head-wind. As a precautionary measure, the line was passed through a ring in the deck near the wheel-house, and the slack was given to an artist who promised not to let go even if he were drawn through the ring. Another artist was placed in charge of the line, with two others to support him. These three wore gloves, which were ripped and cut as the kite soared a hundred feet, and, owing to the strength of the wind, stood directly over our heads shaking its angry crest—but not for long. With a grand sweep “The Flying Dolphin” dove to port, skimmed the water, and soared again, but only to snap the quarter-inch hemp cord at the deck ring. Then with a back somersault it fluttered into the water and was lost to view in the froth of the wake. Kites of moderate, school-boy sizes had preceded the “Flying Dolphin” and also followed it so long as thread and twine could be raised by begging and bribing. The most successful were the small kites flown with strong linen thread. Some of these flew twelve or fifteen hundred feet from the ship, and, when the wind was astern, seemed to have the ship in tow. It was novel sport for a sea voyage, and picturesque enough to justify artist patronage, especially the day we had a kite up when a fog came on. We knew our lookout above the vapor was at its post by the faithful tug at the string. Tied



IN THE FOREST OF “CHIC.” PANEL
BY FREDERIC P. VINTON.

to the deck-railing and left to itself, it followed the wind round the heavens, and fouled the cord with the fore-topmast. A sailor ascended, and with much daring and patience carried the string round sails, spars, and shrouds. For a moment the fog opened, and revealed the kite shining in the upper sunlight. Several kites were left flying at night, tethered to the ship; but they invariably flew away before morning.

No day passed without a little serious work with brush and palette. A brawny emigrant with wooden shoes was painted in the alcove panel which had originally held the girl with the poke-bonnet and orange feather. And the “nightmare” artist, who had such trouble in realizing his idea, dashed it in one morning in an hour’s time. It was an impression in pink and gray,—a gay, young, old-fashioned beauty tripping along a country road. A fine flower panel, done with decorative effect, was worked principally with the palette-knife into the large space between the chest of drawers and the starboard door. Summer and winter landscapes were sketched on the odd panels scattered about the cabin walls. Occasionally the studio was honored with a call from the ladies, one of whom sat for her portrait. A tall panel was filled with a forest scene—a pleasing *tour de chic*. Somebody paid a compliment to the naturalness of the picture by asking, seriously, “What woods are those?”

The artist chuckled. “You remind me,” he answered, “of H——’s reply to the man who inquired the name of the mountains in a landscape he had evolved from his inner consciousness. ‘Ah, you don’t know those mountains?’ he said; ‘they are a part of the range that passes through the Tenth street studio building.’”



PETRELS FOLLOWING IN THE STEAMER'S WAKE. BY ARTHUR QUANTLEY.

For the sake of decorative unity, something had to be painted in the panels holding the chronometer and the barometer. The latter being in a round metallic case, it occurred to one of the artists to treat it as a cylinder revolving on the feet of a juggling clown, who, lying supinely beneath it, applied the rotary motion with two remarkably expressive black-and-yellow-striped legs. Underneath was painted the punning motto, "One 'fair' turn deserves another." The companion panel was a reminiscence of the Latin quarter, in the shape of a frivolous young man in full dress, dancing a jig with the chronometer held in his hands, over his head. The motto was "A Good Time." On the eleventh day, when the captain predicted we should see Bishop's Light, on the Scilly Islands, between seven and eight in the evening, two artists gave all their energies to decorating the ceiling with spreading branches of Japanese quince, the pink and white blossoms being deftly worked in with palette-knives.

That we were nearing land was apparent from the deep, long swell of the sea. Great billows rolled the length of the ship's sides, almost covering the bulwarks with their crests, and nearly revealing the keel in the deep trough following them. Everybody was on deck after dinner, looking into the grayish twilight off the port bow for the horizon star which should prove the captain a true sailor. A quarter of eight the captain drew the first officer's attention to a spot where he thought the light-house ought to be. They exchanged affirmative nods. Then the Yankee skipper brought his powerful binocular to bear, and gave us a peep at a yellow pin-point of light — a speck

in the eastern rim. That was a happy half hour, at the end of which Bishop's Light was nearly abreast; then the ship's course was shaped for Dover. Within the hour St. Agnes's revolving light flashed through the darkness, and after ten we were watching the red-and-white revolving light on Wolf's Island. Precisely at midnight, we passed the Lizard electric lights, blazing like twin suns on the cliffs of Merry England. We were about eight miles from the signal station. "Look out for fire-works," said the captain, going to the bridge. At the word, red fire blazed up at the prow, on the bridge, and at the stern, enveloping the ship in a spectacular glare which the clouds reflected back again. When we were in darkness once more, a blue light blazed up on the shore, assuring us that we had "spoken the Lizard," as the New York papers would say of us a few hours later.

A gale was at our back the next morning. With straining sails we scudded gloriously up the Channel, which was a greenish-drab, angry sea, dotted with every variety of craft that incited the marine artists to much rapid sketching in the short-hand of art. A Belgian pilot-boat intercepted us. It was a rough sea to maneuver in, but after an exciting twenty minutes, the chunky Dutch pilot and his leather bag were lifted safely over the bulwarks. At noon, we were off the Isle of Wight — which, to be appreciated, must be seen from the sea and bathed in such dreamy sunlight. We could have thrown a stone ashore, almost, as we passed St. Catherine's Light-house. Toward dark we scudded past Dungeness, looking bleak between angry water and tempest clouds. Behind its low

point was a forest of masts of vessels that had scampered in for shelter against the storm that was chasing us. Nearly four hours later Dover strand and the barracks half-way up the cliffs were revealed in dark outlines and straggling gas-lights. Passing the twin lights of Dover cliffs at midnight, we repeated with red lights the spectacular scene at the Lizard, and sailed out into the North Sea under a cold, blue-black sky. We remained on deck an hour watching the stars. It was a night to call up visions of old Norse jarls cruising in North Sea galleys.

At seven the next morning we were shivering in our warmest wraps in the lee of the deck-house, and wondering how soon the

muddy Scheldt would let us over the bar. Eager as we were to get ashore, the run up the river was too swift to satisfy our eyes. At the bend, not far above the Belgian line where Fort Liefkenshock frowned upon us with iron-plated front, the steeple of Antwerp Cathedral came in view. At the same moment the bunting, which had been drawn to all the mast-heads in little bundles confined by slip-nooses, was simultaneously shaken out to the breeze. As we glided into the river harbor under the escort of a tug-boat, the cathedral chimes were tinkling the "Mandolinata" in honor of noon of the fourteenth day of our voyage. By night-fall the artists had laid their wreath on the tomb of Rubens.

C. C. Buel.



IN HONOR OF RUBENS.

EARLY MORN.

WHEN sleep's soft thrall, with dawn of day, is breaking,
 With joy I see—just lifting up my head—
 Through the broad, bounteous windows near my bed,
 The first delicious glow of life awaking.
 I watch the bright, unruffled ocean, making
 The fair young morning blush with timid red
 To see her beauty mirrored there, and spread
 Far o'er the waves. I watch the tall ships taking,
 On flag and canvas, all the colors rare
 Of her sweet beauty and her rich attire;
 The violet veil that binds her golden hair,
 The chain of crimson rubies flashing fire;
 Until the blue, calm sky, with tender air,
 Charms the beloved morn to come up higher.

Caroline May.

TORU DUTT.



TORU DUTT.

IN the year 1876, there was issued from the Saptahiksambad Press, at Bhowanipore, a volume entitled "A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields, by Toru Dutt." It contained in all one hundred and sixty-six poems, original compositions in English, or almost literal translations from the foremost of modern French poets, including Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Béranger, Leconte de Lisle, Théophile Gautier, François Coppée, and Sully-Prudhomme—all notable for their brilliancy of word-painting and intricacy of form. A few copies of the book found their way to England, and were most kindly received. In 1878, a second edition appeared, containing forty-three additional poems and a prefatory memoir; whence it became known that the writer, who had been able to reproduce in one foreign tongue the best work of the most celebrated poets of still another foreign nation, was a Hindu girl, without a drop of European blood in her veins, who had died at the age of twenty-one, leaving indubitable proof of application and originality which, as one of the foremost of English reviewers recently remarked, would not have been surpassed by George Sand or George Eliot, had they been removed from us at a similar age.

Toru Dutt was the youngest of three children of the Baboo Govin Chunder Dutt, for many years an honorary magistrate and justice of the peace in Calcutta—a gentleman

of unusual culture and erudition. Of these three children, the eldest—a son, Abju—died in 1865, at the age of fourteen; the second, Aru, in 1874, at the age of twenty. Toru was born March 4, 1856. In 1869, the two sisters visited Europe in company with their father, remaining abroad for four years. With the exception of a few months in a French *pension*, the girls never attended school. Under their father's care, however, both became remarkable scholars, Toru acquiring a perfect mastery of French and English, a thorough knowledge of German, and, after her return to Calcutta, so great a familiarity with Sanskrit that she was enabled to make a number of translations in English blank verse from the "Vishnu Purana." While in England, the sisters attended the lectures for women at Cambridge University, and mingled to some extent in society.

"Not the least remarkable trait of Toru's mind," writes the Baboo, "was her wonderful memory. She could repeat by heart almost every piece she translated, and, whenever there was a hitch, it was only necessary to repeat a line or two of the translation to set her right, and draw out of her lips the original poem in its entirety. I have already said she read much. She read rapidly, too; but she never slurred over a difficulty when she was reading. Dictionaries, lexicons, and encyclopedias of all kinds were consulted until it was solved, and a note was taken afterward; the consequence was that explanations of hard words and phrases fixed themselves in her mind, and, whenever we had a dispute about the signification of any expression or sentence in Sanskrit, or French, or German, in seven or eight cases out of ten she would prove to be right. Sometimes I was so sure of my ground that I would say, 'Well, let us lay a wager.' The wager was ordinarily a rupee. But, when the authorities were consulted, she was almost always the winner. It was curious and very pleasant for me to watch her when she lost. First a bright smile, then thin fingers patting my grizzled cheek, then, perhaps, some quotation from Mrs. Barrett-Browning, her favorite poet, like this:

'Ah, my gossip, you are older, and more learned, and a man,'

or some similar pleasantry."

Toru's first venture in print was an exhaustive and learned essay on the writings

of Leconte de Lisle, which appeared in the "Bengal Magazine," in 1874, when she was only eighteen. At the same time she began the study of Sanskrit, following it with her customary energy until 1876, when her declining health would no longer permit of steady application. In the meantime, she had been composing either original or translated poetry in her native tongue in English, in French, and in German. Shortly after the publication of the "Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields," Toru fell ill. The same deadly disease which had carried off her sister—consumption—now fastened upon her. Gradually all literary work was given up. In the early spring of 1877 she was upon her death-bed; occasionally rallying, she sank lower and lower until, on the 30th of August, she passed away in her twenty-second year, "a firm believer in Christianity."

From the portrait of Toru accompanying this article (the copy of a photograph taken at the age of seventeen), the reader will observe that she must have possessed much personal beauty. The delicately rounded contour of the face, pure features, liquid black eyes, and heavy tresses of raven hair, were enough to distinguish their possessor, aside from their intellectual expression. It is a pleasant picture which the Baboo gives of the home circle when the two sisters, Aru and Toru, were its life and charm. In the performance of all the household duties which were incumbent upon them, both were exemplary. Fond of music and versed in the art, instrumental and vocal, their leisure moments were passed at the piano.

The "Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields" was, on the whole, the most important of the works of Toru Dutt. She left, besides, a novel in French, entitled "Le Journal de Mlle. D'Arvers," which was published in Paris early in 1879, edited, with a biographical and critical study of the author, by Mlle. Clarisse Bader, whose work upon "La Femme dans l'Inde Antique" had attracted Toru's attention and led to a brief correspondence. Toru also left eight chapters of an unfinished English romance entitled "Bianca; or, The Young Spanish Maiden," which is of interest only as being Toru's first venture in English prose. The language throughout is notable for its purity and grace, a few idiomatic errors alone marking the author as a foreigner. A number of original English poems were also found among Miss Dutt's manuscripts.

The "Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields" is a remarkable book. If the reader will imagine an American or English woman, not out of her teens, selecting something like two hundred of the best German poems of the age, and reproducing them in French with absolute

fidelity to the originals, and at the same time expressing herself in a pure and idiomatic style, he will have some idea of this collection. The interest of the poems does not arise from the fact that they are faithful translations. They are not *trans-lations* at all, as we ordinarily understand the term, but rather *trans-mutations*. The supreme test of a translation is in considering it as an original composition. The translations of Toru Dutt certainly endure such rigid examination, and there are several which defy the reader to detect, from any inherent quality, that they were not purely spontaneous productions. There are serious faults at times, but these faults arise from no awkwardness in reproducing the thought of the original author. The errors are in versification—a superfluous syllable, an uneven line, an arbitrary quantity, or an inverted phraseology; but a rugged grace of diction and spirited rhythm are uniformly characteristic of her work. Of the following poems, the first is the opening stanzas in a translation of an idyl by M. Arsène Houssaye, and the other a translation of one of Heinrich Heine's poems:

The rural sounds of eve were softly blending—
The fountain's murmur like a magic rhyme,
The bellow of the cattle homeward wending,
The distant steeple's melancholy chime;

The peasant's shouts that charm from distance borrow,
The greenfinch whirring in its amorous flight,
The cricket's chirp, the night-bird's song of sorrow,
The laugh of girls who beat the linen white.

The breeze scarce stirred the reeds beside the river,
The swallows saw their figures as they flew
In that clear mirror for a moment quiver,
Before they vanished in the clouds from view.

And school-boys, wilder than the winging swallows,
Far from the master with his look severe,
Bounded like fawns, to gather weeds, marsh-mallows,
And primrose blossoms to the young heart dear.

THE MESSAGE. (HEINRICH HEINE.)

To horse, my squire! To horse, and quick
Be winged like the hurricane!
Fly to the château on the plain,
And bring me news, for I am sick.

Glide 'mid the steeds, and ask a groom,
After some talk, this simple thing:
Of the two daughters of our king
Who is to wed, and when, and whom?

And if he tell thee 'tis the brown,
Come shortly back and let me know;
But if the blonde, ride soft and slow,—
The moonlight's pleasant on the down.

And as thou comest, faithful squire,
Get me a rope from shop or store.
And gently enter through this door,
And speak no word, but swift retire.

A number of poems in this volume are by Toru's sister Aru; none of them involves the difficult meters which make the work of the former so much more notable, but they show a remarkable facility.

In the two hundred and more poems included in the "Sheaf," Victor Hugo is represented by thirty-one, the Comte de Gramont by seventeen, Joséphin Soulayr by fourteen—and in all there are about one hundred authors. This includes nearly every form of versification, from the graceful Alexandrine of Soulayr to the Hugoesque meters of the author of "Les Châtiments"; from the sonnet of De Gramont to a sextine by the same author,—a form of verse which has been attempted in English only by two or three other writers.

In the notes which fill the concluding fifty pages of the volume, Toru has displayed a great deal of learning with rare critical ability. She has an epigrammatic way of summing up an author in a few words, as where she calls Victor de Laprade "a spiritual athlete," or remarks of Brizeux that his poems "want the Virgilian charm." Truly, the "Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields" is an extraordinary book; it may be said, without overstepping the limits of honest criticism, that no work within reach of the English reader affords so complete a survey of the French poets of the modern romantic school.

"Le Journal de Mlle. D'Arvers" was written by Toru partly in fulfillment of an agreement with her sister Aru, who was to illustrate the volume, she possessing considerable skill with her pencil; unhappily, her death prevented the consummation of the contract. The manuscript of this romance, written in French, was consigned by Toru to her father's hands while she was upon her death-bed. It was, as previously stated, published in Paris a few years ago, and immediately attracted wide attention. While dealing entirely with French characters, the romance is English in sentiment and is essentially a poem in prose. It appeals to the highest and tenderest emotions of our nature; it is permeated throughout with the influence of divine love, and certainly no one whose heart is touched by such influences will lay it aside without a tribute to the memory of Toru Dutt.

After the above was written a number of original and hitherto unpublished poems by Toru Dutt, from which we select two, were received from the Baboo, who kindly forwarded them at the request of the editor of this magazine: *

FRANCE.

1870.

Not dead—oh, no—she cannot die!
Only a swoon, from loss of blood!
Levite England passes her by—
Help, Samaritan! None is nigh;
Who shall stanch me this sanguine flood?

'Range the brown hair—it blinds her eyne;
Dash cold water over her face!
Drowned in her blood, she makes no sign,
Give her a draught of generous wine!
None heed, none hear, to do this grace.

Head of the human column, thus
Ever in swoon wilt thou remain?
Thought, Freedom, Truth, quenched ominous,
Whence then shall Hope arise for us,
Plunged in the darkness all again?

No! She stirs! There's a fire in her glance—
'Ware, oh, 'ware of that broken sword!
What, dare ye for an hour's mischance
Gather around her jeering France
Attila's own exultant horde!

Lo, she stands up,—stands up e'en now,
Strong once more for the battle fray.
Gleams bright the star that from her brow
Lightens the world. Bow, nations, bow—
Let her again lead on the way.

SONNET.—THE LOTUS.

Love came to Flora asking for a flower
That would of flowers be undisputed queen;
The lily and the rose long, long had been
Rivals for that high honor. Bards of power
Had sung their claims. "The rose can never tower
Like the pale lily, with her Juno mien."
"But is the lily lovelier?" Thus, between
Flower factions rang the strife in Psyche's bower.
"Give me a flower delicious as the rose,
And stately as the lily in her pride——"
"But of what color?" "Rose-red," Love first chose,
Then prayed: "No, lily-white, or both provide."
And Flora gave the lotus, "rose-red" dyed
And "lily-white," the queenliest flower that blows.

* Since this article was put in type, we have received a luxurious little volume of one hundred and thirty-nine pages, containing the original poems by Toru Dutt, and entitled "Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan" (London: Kegan Paul, French & Co.). It also contains an interesting introductory memoir by Mr. Edmund W. Gosse.

AN AVERAGE MAN.*

BY ROBERT GRANT,

Author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc.

IV.

PETER IDLEWILD had run away from home some fifty years ago without a dollar in his pocket. To-day he was one of the so-called railroad kings of the country. His native place was a small Massachusetts town, from which, at the age of fourteen, he had vanished in the wake of a traveling circus. The hard knocks incident to a tumbler's career had speedily dissipated the halo of hero-worship with which his youthful imagination had surrounded such a lot. During the next few years he became severally a bareback rider, a huckster of small confectioneries, and a lightning ticket agent. All these occupations, however, were but stepping-stones toward the realization of a wider ambition. The thrift and keen appreciation of the money-value of things peculiar to rustic New England were rife within him. By the time he was nineteen his savings permitted him to purchase a controlling interest in "The Fat Woman of Guinea," a side-show connected with the circus with which he had continued to travel. Severing the lady in question from the main company, he carried her about the country as an independent organization, with signal success. He was grown to be a strong, strapping fellow, with a sonorous voice and a happy gift of plausible statement. The village folk flocked to see his abnormal prodigy, who soon, however, became the nucleus of a considerable cabinet of curiosities. Money flowed in rapidly; but he was not a man to be satisfied with moderate profits. One fine day he sold out to a rival his entire live stock, not even exempting the foundress of his fortunes nor a peculiarly profitable "Tattooed Giant," and invested a portion of the proceeds in a well-stocked peddler's van.

Prospering here withal, he betook himself at the end of another five years to New York, to become the fountain-head from which a number of these itinerants were furnished with supplies. He was active and diligent, and his business thrived in pace with its increasing proportions. He launched out into new and various fields of enterprise. Omnibus and steam-boat lines, an express business, and even a hotel or two, were among the undertakings that were nursed into a lucra-

tive existence by his clear-sighted energy. All that he touched seemed literally to turn to gold, and men began to point to him as a capitalist. But even now his long-practiced caution stood him in good stead. As earlier in his career, he showed a willingness to allow others to reap what he was accustomed to call the "top-story profits." The eve of one of the most disastrous financial panics that had ever visited this country found him in a position of security. He had "salted down" into hard cash the gains from his outlying ventures, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, which, after the storm was blown over, he concentrated in the banking house of Peter Idlewild & Company, thereafter to be one of the money powers of the city. He had had the shrewdness to foresee the immense future of the railroad systems of the nation, and by bold yet prudent investment and speculation his large wealth doubled and trebled itself. He had become a millionaire in the actual sense of the word.

His life, as this epitome shows, had embraced a wide and varied experience. He was essentially a self-made man. His was one of those iron constitutions that defy abuse. Fatigue was almost an unknown sensation to him. He could eat anything, and at any hour, with seeming impunity, and obtain the refreshment of sleep at a moment's will. He possessed, besides, that power of adaptability which is itself one of the keys to success. Unpolished, unfamiliar with the graces of language, he had ever been able to electrify a circle by his quaint utterances, the pithiness of which was enhanced by their very dearth of grammar. His fund of stories, animated by the indescribable broad humor native to our workaday population, was inexhaustible. The smoking-car and hotel corridor, the camp-fire and village, had alike known him well and accorded him a delighted audience.

We whose efforts in life have been less prosperous are prone to entertain some hero-worship regarding one so thoroughly successful in practical fields. We like to believe that he must have been actuated by broad and elevated principles, that he must have generalized with the well-balanced rapidity of genius, and been influenced by liberal impulses. And yet, if we were to weave

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for Peter Idlewild such a vesture of idolatry, we should assuredly be doomed to disappointment. He had been completely a man of action, to whom theories were naught except in so far as they could be made use of to forward his personal interests. It may be doubted whether, after the primary romance of his boyhood had been rudely dispelled through an actual experience of the hardships of the tan-ring, he had ever allowed considerations of idealism to trouble him. Thrown upon the world and forced to win his way, he had made use of human nature and adapted himself to its many-sidedness, without becoming enslaved to what he regarded as its weakness. He appreciated the motive power and, at the same time, the limitations of theories and speculative opinions, and while humoring those of others had avoided partisanship himself. He had played upon, without sharing, the feelings and convictions of humanity.

But Dame Nature is a relentless creditor. There was one spot in the heart of Peter Idlewild that had escaped these benumbing methods. He cherished for his daughter Isabel an absorbing love. Her mother, a young woman from Western New York, whose acquaintance he had made during his peregrinations with the peddler's van, had died shortly after confinement. The baby girl, intrusted at first to the care of his own sister who still inhabited the New England homestead he had forsaken, had become, after she was able to run about freely, the constant companion of his wanderings. For a number of years she had shared with him this roving life; and when at last he was compelled by the requirements of education to send her back to his kinsfolk, she had yet ever lived in his thoughts and become a nucleus about which his possessions wound themselves with an ever-increasing tension.

As time went on he had come, as we have seen, to settle down in New York; and it had been half for Isabel's sake that he had married again,—this time a person of middle age and a certain social position, whom her friends declared to have accepted the banker on account of his money. Rugged and indifferent to the graces of life as he was himself, Peter Idlewild had perhaps secretly made up his mind that democracy avails women little, and that their only chance for prominence lies in social prestige. Content on his own part to drive fast horses in the comparative isolation of a single boon companion, he had begun to be eager, on his daughter's behalf, for the pass-word to good society. He had bought a house of astounding proportions, and had it furnished by an architect on a high scale of magnificence. He was just

about to give Isabel a "coming-out ball," to which he had invited upon the most trivial pretenses, in some cases in fact upon none at all, the greater portion of the fashion of the city. Nothing was good enough for his only child. She should have the best that money could bring; and there the old millionaire at least felt safe. He could slap his pocket with the sardonic consciousness that he held strong cards. It was his wont to tell the blooming girl, in moments of endearment, that she ought to be the wife of a duke; and who knows that in his heart, despite his plebeian tastes and instincts, he did not cherish some such future for her as an alliance with a titled foreigner?

Isabel in turn more than reciprocated the affection of her father. He was to her an idol upon which she lavished the wealth of her nature. To go to New York some day and keep house for him had been the Mecca of her girlish fancy, to which she had looked forward with an impatience but little concealed. This had come to pass when she was sixteen; but the sweetness of realization had been alloyed for her by the appearance on the scene of Peter Idlewild's second wife. The latter found the country girl sadly deficient in the usages of polite society, and for three years Isabel had been forced to submit to a series of refining processes at the dictation of her step-mother, which had resulted in an effectual removal of the young beauty's rougher edges.

Isabel's preceding years had been passed in a New England country town, under the tutelage of her father's sister, Submit Idlewild, or "Aunt Mitty," as she was commonly known. The latter was a spinster, whose native strength of character had developed in the direction of rigid views on the subject of discipline. She belonged essentially to the older generation, and had clung tenaciously to the letter and spirit of the Puritan code long after most of her neighbors had ceased to struggle against the encroachments of so-called progress. The young people of the day, in especial, incited her to ominous headshakings. Their easy-going independence and lack of reverence for age and authority were her favorite themes for homily. The linguistic and other accomplishments which were beginning to revolutionize the raw, though salutary, methods of New England education filled her with dismay. French she habitually stigmatized as a pack of nonsense, and "pianner playing" as a cloak for idleness.

But, with all this firmness of character, the sober-minded old maid had found in her niece a young person who kept her hands full. Isabel, in truth, had cost Aunt Mitty

a "peck o' trouble" to manage. As regards physique and vitality, she was preëminently her father's daughter. She possessed the same determined energy, and, as a complement thereto, a copious fund of animal spirits ready to overflow upon the slightest occasion. Naturally daring and self-reliant, the freedom of modern life had had for her a vivid attraction. Existence was to her a keen enjoyment, and she was impatient of the restrictions imposed by her relative. She had the stronger nature of the two, and, though the older woman contested every inch, victory generally remained with the splendid rebel.

A more politic or less conscientious person than Miss Submit Idlewild would have taken advantage, in these contests, of the impulsive nature of the young girl; for the latter had, beneath the harum-scarum of her irresponsible ways, a warm heart. An appeal to her feelings was a weapon which a greater strategist would have used with signal effect. But the very exuberance of Isabel's emotional side was a source of alarm, or at least a puzzle, to the sedate spinster, in whose ideas a rapid circulation of the blood was associated with innate depravity, as it were. And so, while in secret deeply attached to her niece, she had felt it necessary to repress displays of feeling on her own part as a check to the other's effusiveness.

The years had slipped away. This was the evening of Isabel's coming-out ball. She had already attended a number of entertainments at other houses, but to-night was to make her known to the gay world at large, or at least to such part of it as saw fit to conquer their prejudices to the extent of accepting Mr. and Mrs. Peter Idlewild's invitation. And most of them would succeed in doing this; for the house, as has been said, was reputedly worth while examining in person. Moreover, Mrs. Tom Fielding's answer to the surprise expressed by her husband at her willingness to accept courtesies from such mushroom members of society voiced the philosophy of many.

"Oh, my dear Tom," said the lady in question, "in three years everybody will visit the Idlewilds; and if one must take the plunge, it is best to do it with good grace, you know."

"Very well, dear," replied submissively her lord and master, whose objections were perhaps but a pretext to escape for once the rôle of tame bear in which he had begun to figure of late. It had already become his lot to be dragged about from house to house, evening after evening. His wife adored society, as she phrased it; and he, poor fellow, adored his wife. A simile of self-invention was a novel thing to be flitting through his brain, and he paused in his thought to grasp it more firmly.

A bear,—yes, that was what he was; a rough, dull-brained bear. Why hadn't he been born clever, like some fellows he knew? Perhaps if he had been less stupid, Ethel might have been ready to stay at home sometimes. It *was* tiresome for her, poor child. Thank Heaven! he had the means to gratify her every wish. How pretty, how delicate, how graceful she was, and how he loved her! If only he could feel sure that she loved him as he worshiped her, what a paradise life would be! But at the worst she was his,—she at least belonged to him, and no one could take her from him. Perhaps, too, some day she would grow to love him; and then——

"Why, Sleepy, what is the matter? You look positively inspired." And the subject of his reverie appeared almost amused at the rapt expression on the face of her husband, an epitome of whose wonted demeanor was contained in the pet name she had employed. She turned from the contemplation of her delicate face in the glass, to flash at her spouse that caressing smile which she had discovered to be the "open sesame" of her matrimonial status.

He looked awkward. "Nothing," he murmured; and then, simply, "I was thinking of you, Ethel."

"*Ça va sans dire*, my love, of course. You may order Holt for half-past ten." She smiled at him once more, and then as he passed out her glance strayed again to the mirror, whereon it lingered playfully and fondly, as if self-fascinated. She was in her boudoir. She was attired in a long, loose wrapper. Her hair had just been done. She leant forward to examine the effect more closely. Her lips were close to her own lips, and she seemed to be seeking the depths of her own eyes. They grew soft with the light of a sudden fancy.

"Narcisse?" she murmured.

She gazed, and now slowly the light seemed to fade from her face under the spell of her thought.

"Narcisse! Ah, yes, that is it; I love myself alone."

She leaned back in her chair and clasped her hands behind her head, still following in the glass the changing play of her expression. From gay it turned to grave, from grave to something more than that, half tired, half sad.

What was life to her but the admiration of her reflected beauty in the pool, as in the old-time myth? What other interest had she? Existence was so rapid, hollow, colorless. And yet once it was so different,—once, and that only a short two years ago. She loved then. Yes; but that was all over now. She had ceased to care; the wound had healed. She had been a romantic girl, and her father had

been right when he said she would get over it. "Ceased to care." Ah! why had she ceased to care? Why? Why was anything? Why had she become what she was, so hard, so indifferent, so cold? She was almost incapable of feeling now, and yet she was but twenty-five—a girl still. Why was she so miserable—she who ought to have been so happy. And how was it to end, what was to be the outcome of it all? She still lived, and she was but twenty-five. Her eyes dimmed with tears as she mused, and she covered her face with her thin, white hands.

There was a knock, and the maid entering held out toward her mistress a florist's box, with a blithe "*En voilà un autre, madame.*"

Ethel Fielding raised her head, and for a moment the sparkle of flattered pride danced in her eyes. There were those who said her face at times recalled the patrician qualities of her great-grandfather, Morris Linton, the caustic eloquence of whose thin lips had been the jeweled stiletto of the United States Senate in years long past. They had been an aristocratic race, these Lintons, and their motto, *Ab uno disce omnes*—"From one learn all"—was carved upon their foreheads, as it were.

Removing the cover and the dainty gauze of cotton-wool in which the bouquet was swathed, she revealed a mass of pale pink roses. A card, inclosed in a tiny envelope, lay half hidden amid their leaves. This she seized with avidity and read. Dropping the same upon her toilet-table, she lifted up the flowers and held them at arm's-length admiringly.

"Are they not lovely, Clementine?"

"Ah, oui, madame."

Ethel drank in their fragrance in a long, audible breath, pressing them against her face the while. Then, with the air of one who had exhausted a sensation, she thrust the bouquet into the hands of her maid and said briefly, "Put it with the others."

"*Bien, madame.*"

When Clementine was gone, Ethel stood for a moment pensively; then she picked up the card once more, and from her lips as she read fell a whispered "Mr. Donald Robinson." She shrugged her shoulders slightly, and stood looking into distance with a curious expression, hard, still yearning, about the mouth. The card had become a focus of nervous action, for she was bending it mechanically between her fingers.

"What is the use?" she said at length, slowly. "What can it lead to? And yet," she added through her teeth bitterly, "one must live."

Her eyes filled with tears. She picked up

a lace handkerchief and passed it across her face with anger. But the pent-up tears still flowed, and a look as of a groping for support—for something to soothe her sense of desolation—stole over her. Her glance fell upon the toilet-table, and with sudden transport she reached out for and clasped a miniature crucifix which lay thereon. Pressing it to her lips, she kissed with passionate tremor the sacred effigy, repeating the while, in whispers broken by sobs, "Thee only, blessed Saviour; thee only." She fell upon her knees and buried her face in her hands.

At this same hour Peter Idlewild was standing contemplatively on the threshold of his large ball-room, lustrous with its chandelier, mirrors, and smooth, inlaid floor, as yet untested by the foot of the dancer. He was in full dress. A brilliant solitaire blazed in his shirt-bosom in lieu of the ordinary triple studs of society. He softly slapped his snow-white kid gloves against the palm of his hand. From behind a recess skillfully concealed by large-leaved plants came the sounds of musicians tuning their instruments. None of the guests had as yet arrived. On a sofa close by in the adjacent parlor sat Mrs. Idlewild, in a claret-colored velvet and diamonds. She smoothed out the folds of her dress and leaned back against the cushions in languid complacency.

A buoyant step on the staircase announced the descent of Isabel. She entered the room beamingly. The virgin white of her *débutante* attire was relieved by a rose or two amid her masses of hair, and a superb necklace of pearls, the latest gift from her father.

Peter Idlewild turned at the sound of her step. "Well, Isabel!"

"Well, pa! Don't I look lovely?" and father and daughter gazed at one another for a moment with undisguised affection. The latter darted presently toward the ball-room.

"Oh, how perfectly fascinating the floor looks!" She clapped her hands together. "I'm just crazy to try it. Come, pa"; and seizing the old man, she tried to drag him forward. They executed a few clumsy movements together, the girl laughing merrily the while. Mrs. Idlewild stood watching them at the door.

"What geese you two are!" she murmured; "you will tumble her all to pieces."

This last sentence was called forth by the father's taking Isabel's cheeks between his hands, as they stopped almost breathless at the threshold, and kissing her smotheringly. She shook herself free from his embrace. "Oh, pa, you can't dance a bit!" she cried, as she pirouetted off gayly by herself.

"Isabel, Isabel, you will not look fit to be seen," besought Mrs. Idlewild, despairingly.

"How, ma?" and with the impetus of the waltz she sailed up to her mother's side.

"I have cautioned you so often, dear, against using that vulgar form of expression. If you say *how* when you mean *what*, people will set you down as uneducated."

"And pa's duke wont have me in consequence! That would be dreadful, ma." She laughed gleefully, and, passing her arm through that of her languid parent, led the way back into the parlor to where, upon a little table, several large bouquets lay together. "Don't they look too beautiful, ma?" She picked up one of them and buried her face amid its fragrance. "It would be rather nice to marry a duke, wouldn't it?" she said, reflectively. "Only think what fun it would be to be called 'My lady'! And one could use all sorts of expressions then without shocking anybody. People would observe, 'It is only her Grace's way'; and the way of a duchess must be correct, of course, ma."

At this moment the maid brought in another tell-tale green box.

"That makes four. What fun! *Merçi, Marie.*"

The French words, as pronounced by Isabel, had the effect of Mercy Murray. The fair perpetrator of this solecism proceeded to remove the wrappings of the box.

"Oh, ma, aint they perfectly lovely?" She disclosed admiringly a mass of magnificent deep-red roses. A card lay among them. "Mr. Woodbury Stoughton," she read aloud, half-wonderingly, and a faint flush crossed her cheek. "How nice of him!"

Mrs. Idlewild fanned herself, with an air of gratification. "He seems to have taken quite a fancy to you, Isabel."

"Pshaw, ma, I don't think he has at all."

The old man scanned the flowers ruminantly. "That young Stoughton sent them, did he? Humph! He must have a good deal of money to spare. You can't buy roses like that for nothing. What does he do for a living?" he inquired, abruptly.

"He's a lawyer, and doing very well, I hear," answered Mrs. Idlewild.

Isabel held the bouquet in her hand, and was picking over the exquisite buds pensively. "They are just too elegant for anything," she murmured. "I suppose they *did* cost all outdoors."

"Isabel!" groaned the mother, "where did you pick up such expressions?"

"By the way," said Mr. Idlewild, "did I tell you that I'd asked young Finchley to come to-night? He's a broker down-town, who sometimes does an odd job for me, and

smart as a steel-trap. He's with J. C. Withington & Company, and bound to get on."

"What does he look like, pa?"

"Look like? He looks like a man. Humph! There's nothing of the fashion-plate about *him*."

It happened, some ten minutes later, that the young man in question appeared upon the scene. Galling as the consciousness of being the first arrival must have been to Finchley, he entered the room with a crook to his elbow and tight compressure by a couple of fingers of the bit of white cuff protruding below his sleeve, that argued neither diffidence nor dismay. When he shook hands he dipped his body and crooked the other elbow in a masterly fashion. His efforts at politeness were so elaborate as to be almost audible.

His host received him with cordiality. Finchley, despite his self-assurance, was so far deprived, for a short spell, of his natural glibness as to confine his remarks to rather stilted praise of the new establishment. But presently, encouraged withal by the old man's friendliness, he began to feel himself at home, and make himself agreeable, which was more or less synonymous with talking about himself. He proceeded to tell Isabel, in his forceful, persuasive way, sundry facts connected with his personality. In addressing the other sex his winning, ugly smile was accompanied by a sort of leer. He had recently bought a driving-horse, which, he informed her, was the finest driving-horse in New York. In fact, it was characteristic of Finchley that everything he possessed was the finest of its kind. He took an almost enviable satisfaction in his doings and belongings, and in expatiating thereon to his acquaintances. He had a vivid sense of his own attainments, and was never slow to let people know that he had risen to his present position by dint of his individual exertions. In this connection, the dandified but well-bred young men for whom he carried stocks were a constant source of irritation to him. He sneered at their deportment, and, behind their backs, habitually characterized them as *snoobs*.

And in this lay one of the keys to Finchley's disposition. The real cause of his aversion to these fashionable customers was to be found in his secret consciousness of their superiority. He recognized at heart that they possessed an indescribable air of gentility that, despite his cleverness, he could not attain. His efforts, however carefully studied, resulted but in a vulgarity palpable to himself, yet the cause of which he failed to fathom. With all his air of assurance and boldness he knew himself deficient, and chafed

inwardly at the discovery. It was therefore a proud moment for him to have been invited to Peter Idlewild's ball, and he had taken care to make the most of the circumstance among the patrons of his office,—mentioning it quite accidentally, and with an air as if it were a matter of course.

Finchley was the son of respectable country trades-people. He had come to the great city at the age of sixteen, with his high-school education and a local prestige for *smartness* as his only capital. He had almost at once fallen upon his feet, as a firm of brokers to whom he applied for work, happening to be struck by his apt replies, engaged him as a clerk. But it is not everybody who falls upon his feet that can stand, and here Finchley had shown himself equal to his good fortune. His qualities were precisely suited to the needs of his employers, who from time to time had raised his salary during an apprenticeship of ten years, and had finally been led, by an intimation on his part of an intention to set up for himself, to offer him a share in their business. That had been some two years ago, and the firm of J. C. Withington & Company had as yet seen no reason to regret their decision. In fact, they had prospered exceedingly, and the new partner had developed a wonderful knack of obtaining custom. His statements were so volubly confident in tone, so bewilderingly bristling with figures, that the desire for opposition on the part of the listener vanished. There was nothing half-way in his judgments. He rarely qualified his remarks. There were those who said he would persuade an inquirer that white was black to-day and the contrary to-morrow,—but never that he was ambiguous or irresolute. He had been known to be a pronounced *bull* at the opening of the board and a relentless *bear* at its close; but if a customer were doubtful as to what course to pursue, he always found Finchley ready to decide the question for him and supply him with abundant reasons for his action.

He had prospered also financially himself, and now enjoyed a comfortable income for a young bachelor—or, verily, for a married man—in any place but New York. And here, indeed, it is Finchley's views that we are expressing. He had come, if the truth must be told, into the way of spending money almost with prodigality, and what others might consider a liberal competence seemed to him pitiful enough. He lived within his income, to be sure,—he was too shrewd a business man to commit so fatal an error as the reverse would imply,—but he already required a pretty handsome amount to supply his wants. This had come about by degrees.

While in the employ of the firm he had of course not been able, to any considerable extent, to indulge in extravagances; but the quality of his tastes had kept pace with his fortunes. He considered himself comfortably well off for the present, but the horoscope of his future embraced sums beside which his present affluence seemed a mere drop in the bucket. He intended to make a fortune; and there was so little doubt in his own mind as to his chances of success, that the thought of economy, in anything more than a loose sense, rarely, if ever, occurred to him. He always *talked poor*; but that was by way of comparison, not because he was conscious of any privations.

In his personal habits, as in the item of expenditure, Finchley had kept upon the sunny side of the line. No one could call him fast in the liberal interpretation of the word, and yet his mode of life was unmistakably luscious so far as concerned his creature comforts. He conformed to that which he saw about him, and, provided he had the example of others as an authority, was content to take the world as he found it, without troubling his head much as to how things ought to be. A man is meant to enjoy existence, and in order to enjoy it he must have money; such was the epitome of his philosophy. The world was good enough for him; so he phrased it. Accordingly, he took his cocktail socially, dined luxuriously, and played his occasional *full hand* for all it was worth, without any very definite moral twinges. He owned a neat open buggy, in which he drove the previously mentioned trotter, and he was altogether content with his present condition of life.

V.

AN hour later the scene was completely altered. The chain of connecting rooms was crowded with a gay, brilliant throng. A maze of dancers whirled over the ball-room floor, the entrance to which was beset by that somber body of unemployed men one sees at every large entertainment. In the main rooms—in one of which Mrs. Idlewild and Isabel were receiving—were grouped the elders and such of the youthful spirits as preferred the more tranquil joys of conversation to the attractions of Terpsichore. Despite the numbers, the large size of the house prevented the effect of a crush. Everything in the two lower stories was thrown open. There were charming corridors through which to wander, and hushed retiring-rooms—the library, the picture gallery, and a seductive little boudoir—for those in search of isolation. The hall was full of nooks and crannies, just large enough

to accommodate couples not averse to having their whispered confidences drowned by the peaceful splash of the neighboring fountain; and everywhere there were tasteful arrangements of flowers and beautiful ornaments and striking paintings to charm the gazer.

Arthur Remington and Woodbury Stoughton had come together, for they had been dining at the Sparrows' Nest,—a fraternity that had been brought into existence some two years before by a few fashionable but somewhat impecunious youths, who were barred by expense from joining one of the regular clubs. It was the fourth consecutive party at which they had been present this week, to say nothing of a dinner or two. The season was going to be a very gay one according to the authorities.

The young men were fairly in the whirl of New York life. They commonly rose in the morning at the latest possible moment consistent with reaching their offices at half-past nine. To be breathless and breakfastless on arrival down-town came to be with them no unusual occurrence. The twenty-four hours seemed excessively short, and they even begrudged the small allowance that it was necessary to devote to sleep. After a day of business they ordinarily reached home just in time to scramble into their dress-clothes. Dinner invitations, as well as those for later entertainments, were becoming very abundant. Rumor declared young men to be greatly in demand. The increasing corps of charming young ladies who composed "the blue-blood ballet," as Stoughton once phrased it, must be danced with by somebody. The older men grumbled at the lateness of the hours, and refused to stay to the german, so that partners were welcomed from among those new to the social stage.

But to-night there was a very large gathering of all ages. People were anxious to see the new house, concerning the magnificence of which there were such prodigious rumors.

Remington had become so far interested in Miss Dorothy Crosby, that her whereabouts was now what first occurred to him upon entering a ball-room. They had met a number of times. They had sat side by side at dinner only the evening before, and he was to dance the german with her to-night. There was something about the girl that appealed to him in the highest sense. She seemed to satisfy that thirsty yearning for ideality to which he was susceptible, though, if he had been asked to analyze why he liked her, his reply would probably have been that she was so refined and ladylike. Her disposition, too, seemed sweet, and her views of life were earnest and unworldly.

He was drawn to her all the more, though doubtless unconsciously, by the fact of his being rather disconsolate just now regarding his prospects. New York life was so very different from his expectation. The great ambition of everybody seemed to be to make an enormous fortune, and persons without means counted for very little. There was no repose. It was next to impossible not to be in a flurry and state of excitement most of the time. The competition was so great that one was obliged to overwork to avoid being left behind in the race. He had been warned, to be sure, that this was the case; but the reality exceeded the description. He had been taught as a child to believe that his countrymen were the superiors of other nations in the quality of their thought and the character of their ambitions, and he was loth to regard this as an illusion. Had he not always conceived this to be the land of noble aims and exalted views of living, as distinguished from the degeneracy of the older countries? And yet, looking about him, he could not clearly distinguish the superiority of his fellow-citizens in the matter of tone and aim. They were very clever; but he missed that tendency in the direction of the ideal which, during the reveries of his college days, he had felt sure he would encounter in real life. This, acting upon his mind already brought face to face with the problems of materialism, had awakened within him many a cynical thought.

But to-night he was happy at the prospect of a delightful evening. At least, he had come hither in that frame of mind; but, from his present post by the door, he could catch an occasional glimpse of Miss Crosby whirling through a ravishing waltz with a white-waist-coated exquisite, who wore a solitary stud that resembled a miniature plaque in his shirt-bosom. This was Ramsay Whiting, a young millionaire of good family, who happened as well to be very attractive and respectable. Remington was wondering who had sent her the second bouquet which she carried. He had himself committed the extravagance of sending her what would be ordinarily considered a handsome bunch of roses, but some other admirer had put his gift to the blush with a superb mass of Jacqueminots. He felt aggrieved without knowing exactly why. His sense of proprietorship, as it were, was offended.

When the waltz ceased he went up to speak to Miss Crosby. He was conscious of being a little glum, and the temper of his mood was not improved by the indifference of the young lady, who seemed to him much more partial to Mr. Whiting.

A few minutes later, Remington found

himself conveying Miss Lawton — whom his eye had chanced to fall upon after Miss Crosby went dancing off with Jack Idlewild, who had engaged her for the next waltz — through the various rooms. She was in her usual talkative mood, and began to entertain her escort in her demure way with a light, running prattle, interspersed by comments on the mutual acquaintances they encountered. He fancied himself quite happy and amused; but who does not know the heart-sickness of such peregrinations with the wrong girl?

"Oh, do look at Miss Nourse! I don't see why such large girls persist in wearing white! If I were her size, I should limit myself to black silks. I sometimes think I may grow to be just as large. I am positively afraid to be weighed, I have gained so much this winter. Dissipation seems to agree with me. . . I adore fountains, don't you, Mr. Remington?" she continued, as they strolled in the cue of couples through the spacious hall. "The splash is soothing to the nerves. But perhaps men don't have nerves. Yes, though, they must; for I was told yesterday that Mr. Harry Holmes is very ill with nervous prostration. But you seem preoccupied this evening, Mr. Remington, as if something were on your mind. I'm afraid I bore you dreadfully. Do take me straight to my chamber, Mrs. Hollis Beckford. Mamma couldn't come, so she promised to keep an eye on me. Don't I really bore you?" she went on to say, in response to the young man's iteration of never being more content in his life. "Still, I'm sure there's something on your mind. I do wish people could see into others' minds. It would be so convenient, wouldn't it? Oh, there's Mrs. Fielding, with Mr. Don. Robinson. How lovely she looks, doesn't she? I wonder who sent her all those flowers? Do you believe in a future life, Mr. Remington? They say, you know, Mr. Don. Robinson is an atheist. Isn't it a pity? — for he is rather fascinating to look at. I hear his wife feels dreadfully about it. That reminds me, talking of feeling badly, do you ever cry at the theater? Do you know, I went night before last to see 'The Two Orphans,' and positively I — Oh, is this our dance, Mr. Brumley? Well, I'll tell you the rest another time, Mr. Remington"; and Miss Lawton, turning back her head over her dumpy little shoulder, in mute pantomime of despair, was borne away by a somber youth in kid gloves much too large for him.

Miss Idlewild naturally was fettered to her mother's side during all the early portion of the evening, receiving the guests. Remington had said a few words to her upon entering,

and besought her to steal away for a waltz. "Oh, I can't, Mr. Remington. It wouldn't do at all. Wait until by and by, and then I'll give you one," she said effusively. She was looking her best. The increased flush of excitement was becoming to her. It had passed through Remington's mind, as he lingered for a moment watching her undergo the ordeal of reception, that he wished he could fall in love with her. She was certainly very beautiful, — twofold more beautiful, for instance, than Miss Crosby, — in the common sense of the word. Yet, much as he admired her, Isabel failed to inspire him as a whole. He was conscious of feeling himself in many ways her superior; or rather, perhaps, that she lacked those delicate qualities intimately associated with his vague ideal of what a woman ought to be. Perhaps it was his imagination, because he knew her origin; but was she not distinctly of the earth in her characteristics and tastes? And yet she was so frank, so guileless, so fresh and warm in all her ways! Whomsoever she did love she would love with her whole heart; there would be no lukewarmness in her passion. Calm analysis in such matters would be for her an impossibility.

The german came at last, and a magnificent affair it was, with its flowers and elaborate favors, which were each of an appreciable value. Isabel, who danced with Ramsay Whiting, was in a state of enthusiastic rapture over the *fun* of being *out*. She received an amount of attention well calculated to turn the head of any girl, for her free and naïve ways made her speedily a favorite. The older heads among the beaus were attracted to try their fascinations upon so charming a subject. She seemed to be perpetually waltzing, and whenever she resumed her seat there was always a semicircle of men about her chair. Prominent among these was Finchley, who — knowing but few people, and for once a little daunted by the consciousness of his own want of suppleness in social ways — stood his ground grimly among the worshipers of the young beauty. He seemed quite contemptuous of the conversation of the others, and the muscles of his face refused homage to the flow of badinage, save such as fell from Isabel's lips. He was anxious to get her things, to oblige her in some way. Why did he not dance? she asked. He never danced. Would he not like to know some one? Her father, she was sure, would be delighted to introduce him to any one he desired. No; he preferred to stay where he was, if she didn't object. He was quite happy there, he said; and he sought by dint of his leer to convey an idea of his content. She

was afraid he must find it terribly dull without dancing. The german was perfectly delightful, but unsatisfactory for conversation. One would just get settled, and somebody was sure to come up and take you out.

Remington, whose own partner was almost as great a favorite, found himself frequently in Miss Idlewild's neighborhood. He made her the recipient of his bouquet in the flower figure, and was presented by her in turn with a silver match-box. "Don't you like the favors?" she asked. "I thought it was nice to have them all different. Oh, I do think it's *such* fun, Mr. Remington. I had no idea I should enjoy society so much. Oh, thank you, Mr. Stoughton"; and Isabel rose to receive a bangle which the young man in question held out toward her. Again, as at Delmonico's, Remington noticed a curious expression in her face, and the flush on her cheek deepened as she sailed away in the waltz. He had watched her earlier in the evening with Stoughton, and been struck by a kind of embarrassed reticence in her manner. She was never like that to him. She always ran on in the most confidential strain. What was the trouble? he wondered. Could she be in love with Stoughton? Come to think of it, her bearing toward himself was somewhat as if he were a brother. If she cared very much for any one, she would probably be less frank. Well, even if she was in love with Stoughton, why should he care? He could not very well have told, if he had tried; but it is safe to say that no young man likes to have it made plain to him that he is regarded solely from a sisterly standpoint.

Remington had noticed, too, that Stoughton seemed to be quite devoted to Miss Crosby. Stoughton's own partner was Miss Tremaine, the giraffe-like young lady whom they had met at Mrs. Fielding's. She had, however, after the german was well under way, commenced a flirtation with Muchfeedi Pasha, a diplomat whom she had met the preceding winter in Washington. Miss Tremaine was no gosling. She had been out six winters, and understood perfectly how to arrange matters so as to obviate social suffering. She appreciated that Woodbury Stoughton had asked her to dance the german out of politeness, for he had staid at her mother's house in Newport the preceding summer. He had done his part in recognizing the obligation, and it was for her to make things as comfortable for him as possible. She was too sensible to imagine that he would care to talk to her all the evening, and she was certain she was not going to bore herself by a *tête-à-tête* with a boy like *him*. They could perfectly well each have a good time apart, and yet

preserve the form of union, after the manner of an ill-assorted couple that have agreed to keep the peace. She would have all the credit of having had a partner, and all the freedom that one sacrifices for such a trophy. There was a little boudoir adjoining the ball-room to which she accordingly removed herself with the aforesaid foreigner. "Be sure and tell me, Woodbury,"—she had called him by his Christian name since they were babies together,—“when our turn comes. Remember, for I dote on waltzing with you, you know.” At the other extremity of the same antechamber, Mrs. Fielding was ensconced with Mr. Don. Robinson.

The hours flew by, and it was now far into the night,—or, rather, early in the morning. The german was still being danced with vigor by a bevy of enthusiastic spirits, but there were gaps here and there in the circle that composed it. People had begun to go home, and a disposition to seek the seclusion of retired spots—where there was less liability to disturbance—had begun to show itself. It was pleasant to wander at will through the now thinned-out rooms and comment sympathetically on the taste of one's host, or sip an ice in the shadow of the library while your partner told you confidences about himself. The splash of the fountain was an attractive neighbor, especially where an arrangement of hot-house plants afforded two recesses within just the right ear-shot of its music.

"Let's sit down here, where it is cool, Mr. Stoughton," said Isabel. She was warm with the exercise of dancing, and a detached lobe of her hair, which had broken loose, gave her a somewhat disheveled appearance. This but increased, however, the effect of her beauty. She reached down to pick up a strip of tulle, trailing from her skirt. "Oh, mamma will be madder than a March hare," she exclaimed, as she gazed, half ruefully, half gleefully, at the havoc.

She tore the strip off short. "Please put it in your pocket, Mr. Stoughton. I haven't got any pocket. That's one of the disadvantages of being a girl. I should think you'd be awfully glad that you weren't born a girl."

"I should like to have been born anything half so lovely."

Isabel gave a flattered little laugh, accompanied by her artless "Really?" There was a pause. She sat with her eyes on her lap, and fingered thoughtfully the roses in her bouquet. She carried but one now; the others had been long since consigned to the table as too burdensome. Stoughton had recognized that it was to his that she had given the preference.

He sat watching her with all the rapt de-

votion of a lover in his manner. He was an adept at that sort of thing. It came to him as naturally as possible to give the impression to a woman that he was an admirer and perhaps a suppliant. His ordinary air suggested something of the kind, and when he saw fit to intensify it a little the guise was unmistakable. And yet, despite this ardent exterior, a curious train of thought was passing through his mind,—one that, as it were, irritated him. Did he really love this girl? Why was he paying her attention? She was very beautiful, very splendid, very attractive; but, did he love her? He had been more or less devoted to her ever since they had met at Newport the previous summer, and he had sent her flowers on several other occasions. She was full of enthusiasm and charm; but would she make him the wife pictured to himself in those ideal dreams for the future that he had cherished in secret? Her tastes, her ways, her thoughts, were wholly unlike his own. Compared with him she was illiterate, and her little lapses in grammar and grace stirred his sense of irony. Was she fit to be his helpmate in the struggle of life, to aid him with intelligent counsel and sympathy? She would love him with all her heart,—love him to distraction,—he did not doubt that; but, would it not be a fervid, unreasoning passion, an infatuation that saw in him no faults, that was—in short—as blind as it was doting? He had always believed he should marry a woman who would be able to understand and appreciate his ideas and interests, who would be a companion as well as a lover.

Why, then, was he hanging about this girl? Was it not largely because she was to be very rich, because her father was worth millions? If she had been penniless, would he ever have thought of her in the way of matrimony? He might have enjoyed amusing himself with her for a time on account of her originality or beauty, but the idea of marriage would never have occurred to him. He was going to offer himself to her because of her money. He was going to sacrifice his ideal to a consideration of worldliness. He would weary of Isabel. She would be sure to bore him after his passion began to cool.

He shook himself mentally. Bah! Bother such suggestions. She was a magnificent, lovely creature, and his scruples were but the sentimentality of a super-æsthetical fancy. The rest of the world consulted their material interests in the choice of a wife; and was he to fetter himself with moonshine,—with the shadow of a dream? The world was a practical place, and one must have money to live and get on. He was ambitious to succeed.

He wanted to make a name for himself. A rich wife would be worth to him ten years of struggle. Besides, she was beautiful, ornamental,—everything, in fact, to make him an object of envy.

Why was he sitting here so coldly, so impassively? Why was he reasoning so deliberately? Many men in his place would be thrilling with passion. Why did he not feel the desire to seize this lovely girl in his arms, to clasp her to his breast? It would be cruel, it would be wrong, but it would be human; and he—he with his fine-spun notions and Puritan blood—was void of humanity. One's vital current congealed in this northern latitude, and split hairs with one's intellect. His ancestors had bequeathed to him, forsooth, a goodly heritage.

From behind the shrubs on the other side of the fountain, a gentle laugh, which caused him a sensation of annoyance, fell on his ear.

It was that of Dorothy Crosby, *tête-à-tête* with Remington. Ah! there was a girl indeed! Was she not the kind of woman he had dreamed of. Was she not charming enough to satisfy his ideal? If she were rich as Miss Idlewild, would he not to-day be at her feet?

These thoughts sped through his brain in the few seconds of silence.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Stoughton, for these lovely roses. It was awfully kind of you to send them."

The words permeated his reverie, and—with a gesture as of a clearing away of mental cobwebs, a desire as it were to prove to himself that he really loved this girl—he bent forward eagerly. "I could not help sending them. I wanted to send them."

"Well, they are very pretty," she said, seemingly ignoring, save for a tell-tale blush, the vehemence of his tone. She leaned backward on the lounge and raised her eyes toward him experimentally, as the fascinated bird gazes at its magnetizer. But there was coquetry as well as curiosity, half-suspicion as well as a tribute to sorcery, in their blue depths. "Do you know, Mr. Stoughton, I sometimes think that you are laughing at me."

"Yes? Well, what can I do, Miss Idlewild, to assure you that such is not the case?—and that, on the contrary, I——"

"Do? I don't know that you can do anything. But really I often feel that you must be saying to yourself, 'How foolish that girl is!' Don't you, really? Just own up that you do occasionally; I think I should feel better"; and she laughed gleefully.

Stoughton shook his head and looked at her admiringly. How charming her *naïveté* was, to be sure. She was so bold with others, so coy and gentle with him.

"I come from the country, you know," she went on to say,—as if, the ice of her reserve once broken and possible doubts as to lurking irony dissipated, she rather enjoyed a free tongue,—“and am frightfully ignorant,—provincial, as ma calls it. Oh, the dear old country! I sometimes miss it so. I used to have splendid times there. I was a dreadful tomboy, I guess. Aunt Mitty always said so. That's pa's sister, who took care of me after I was too old to travel with the circus. Did you know that I once traveled with a circus, Mr. Stoughton?”

"No," said the young man.

"Well, I did. Does it shock you dreadfully? It was when I was quite little. I was on intimate terms with the Fat Woman, and the Three-legged Boy used to buy me candy. Pa said he had a *dash* on me."

She paused a moment, as they both laughed. "Oh, but those were delightful days. I wonder if I shall ever have such a good time again. Do you think, Mr. Stoughton, people have such a good time when they are grown up as they did when they were children?" she asked earnestly. Her face, when serious, had much of her father's firmness about the mouth, but the eyes were soft and far-away in their expression.

"Oh, yes, I think so. I enjoy myself more than I used to when I was younger," replied Stoughton.

"Do you?" she said, dreamily. "Well, you're a man. I think somehow it's harder for girls." She stopped for a second, reflectively. "You aint very well acquainted with pa, are you, Mr. Stoughton?"

"Not very well."

"I was thinking," she said, "what I should do if anything ever happened to pa. I care for pa, you know, more than for everything else in the whole world. He's been awfully good to me. My mother died when I was born,—that is, my real mother. Here's her picture." And Isabel, unclasping a bracelet from her arm, revealed a small tintype set in its back. It was the face of a pale, delicate woman, quite unlike that of the daughter, excepting for the eyes. Their shade was not discernible; but the same soft, yearning expression that one noticed at times in those of Isabel was plainly apparent.

Stoughton had taken the bracelet into his hand. "You do not look much like your mother," he said. "She must have been sligher than you."

"No," she answered, almost joyfully; "they tell me I am pa's daughter. I am about to be very like pa."

The young man still gazed from the one to the other. Ancestral portraits always inter-

ested him. He delighted to trace the signs of inheritance, and theorize therefrom. There must be a certain portion of the frail, sensitive mother in this blooming girl. It was easy to distinguish the father, but it was not from him that she had derived her gentleness of spirit.

"I wish ma had lived," she went on, as if in echo of his speculative mood; "I miss her dreadfully sometimes. Things puzzle me. Are men ever puzzled, Mr. Stoughton? I have been wondering lately why we are made, and what it all means. I never used to bother my head much about such matters. I simply lived on and was happy." She was silent a moment, and leaning forward clasped her hands over one of her knees in her absorption. "Do you go to church, Mr. Stoughton?" she asked presently.

Her simplicity touched the young man; but the feeling produced upon him was rather one of pity, in which he detected, so to speak, the germ of future boredom. For him, with his agnostic views, or at any rate his searching, rigid tests, this girl would be no fit helpmate. She was leagues behind him in the region of thought. She would be unable to understand, to follow him. But nevertheless he unconsciously shrank, in his response, from asserting his position.

"Not very often, I am afraid," he said.

"Neither does pa. Ma goes, though. She takes me to the Episcopal church." She paused again. "Do you believe all they say there is true?"

Stoughton hesitated. He leaned forward and spoke in a whispered tone, half impressive, half endearing: "Who can say in this world what is true and what is false, my dear Miss Idlewild?"

Meanwhile, upon the other side of the fountain, Remington was conversing with Miss Crosby, whom finally he had persuaded to desert the ball-room. She had been enjoying herself extremely, and her admirer would probably not have felt wholly flattered had he divined that her consent to exchange waltzing for a *tête-à-tête* proceeded mainly from the reflection that, by the latter course, she would be more likely to evade the scrutiny of her mother, whom she suspected of a design to carry her home prematurely. To have been taken out almost every turn in the german was an attention which had filled her cup of happiness quite to the overflowing point, and her vivacity rendered her more charming than ever in the eyes of her partner, who now was telling her some of his college experiences with a devoted air. Once established in a retired nook, she was quite reconciled to the situation. She liked Mr. Remington

very much. He had been very kind, and his bouquet was a beauty. It was *so* nice of him to send it. She had had a "perfectly splendid" time.

Remington finished a tale of hair-breadth escape from a proctor with some self-congratulation, for his companion's eyes were sparkling with keen interest. Animation was becoming to her, and made her thoughtful face very expressive.

"Men have such good times," she murmured, in a tone of arch despondency. "They have so much more freedom than we poor girls. I often wish I were a man. They have such opportunities."

She clasped her hands reflectively. "If I were a man, I'm certain I should be very ambitious," she went on to say.

"What would you do?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. I think I should be a lawyer—and—and then go to Congress. My father was a lawyer, you know. But, of course, you wouldn't know. You are a lawyer, too, aren't you, Mr. Remington?"

"I believe so."

"You don't seem very enthusiastic on the subject. I used to think," she exclaimed, laughingly, with a sudden recurrence to her previous thought, "that I should like to be an author. I would give anything to be able to write poems or novels. But I never could, I'm sure. Do you write at all, Mr. Remington?"

"I wrote verses occasionally when I was in college."

"Oh, how interesting! Haven't you some with you that you can read to me?"

Remington laughed. "I don't, as a rule, carry verses concealed about my person, Miss Crosby. Besides, I have given up all that sort of thing now. I'm a worker, and have no time for the poetry of life."

His tone made her look serious again. "Do you have to work very hard?" she asked. "I think all the men in this country work too hard, don't you? Why should it be so?"

Remington answered that it was because they all wanted to make money. Everybody was afraid that some one else would get his business if he wasn't always on hand to look after it. He explained to her how difficult it was for a young fellow without influence to back him to get ahead. One might take great risks, of course, but then you were liable to lose everything. "You see," he added a little more gayly, "there are disadvantages in being a man after all. Girls remain at home and escape all these worries."

"Yes; but they have their own, Mr. Remington. A girl's life is so monotonous and

empty. Her occupations are all so petty. She has such a narrow field of usefulness, and there seems no way of doing anything great and noble. If one ever attempts what is out of the common run, people are sure to call you peculiar." She spoke with her head on one side, almost as though soliloquizing. "There is so much to do, Mr. Remington, when one considers the misery that exists in the world."

"I know," said Remington. He was silent for a moment. "It's a puzzling age to have been born in. I used to think in college that it would be all plain sailing, and if a man only lived up to his principles and was true to himself he would get on easily enough. But it's pretty hard work, holding on to one's ideals in this place. It sometimes seems as if the happiest men are the ones who try to get all the amusement they can out of life. Those who have been hewing at the granite wall of destiny for so many centuries, in the hope of solving the riddle of existence, do not seem to have made a great deal of progress."

"Oh, but don't you think the world is a great deal better than it used to be?" asked the girl, with a deep interest written on her thin, intellectual face.

"I don't know exactly what you mean by better. The world runs smoother, I think. People are more comfortable, and are willing to do more to make others comfortable. I dare say it is better."

She sat looking before her, lost in the pure reverie of budding womanhood, smelling now and again, with unconscious movement, of the roses sent by him over whose words she was grieving. "Life is a very strange thing, isn't it? But I don't believe men have been trying, all these thousands of years, to find out what it means, for nothing; do you? I can't help feeling that I am somebody, and that what I do in this world will make a difference somehow—somewhere. The trouble is, one can do so little. One is so powerless to make others happy."

"I should not think you would find much difficulty in doing that," he said significantly, in a quiet tone.

The girl roused herself from her abstraction, and, blushing, replied that he knew her very little. "Here is mamma come to capture me," she continued, and she rose to greet Mrs. Crosby, who stood at the entrance to their hiding-place.

"Dorothy, where *have* you been? I've been looking for you everywhere."

"Here, mamma, all the time since I stopped dancing. It is deliciously cool so near the fountain."

"Well, it's time to be going now; I do hope you haven't caught cold."

Ten minutes later Remington and Stoughton encountered each other in the supper-room, whither the need of a little refreshment after the labors of the evening had driven them.

"That Miss Crosby you were dancing with seems a nice girl," said Stoughton, as he impaled a raw oyster.

"She's very pleasant."

"She looks like a lady. It's a comfort to see a thorough-bred after so much of the imitation article. She's intelligent, too, isn't she?"

"I have found her so."

"Well," said Stoughton, presently, "I've had enough of this. Let's skip."

They both seemed thoughtful as they passed through the nearly empty rooms.

"It's a pity she's poor as a church mouse."

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked Remington.

"Miss Crosby, of course."

"Oh."

Further conversation on the point was interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Tom Fielding, who came gliding down-stairs enveloped in swan's-down. The two young men hurried forward with offers to look after her carriage.

"Thank you; Mr. Fielding has ordered it, I believe."

Remington stood talking with her while she waited.

She took him playfully to task for having deserted her all the evening. "You must come and see me again soon, Mr. Remington. I was reading yesterday a new poet to whom I want to introduce you."

Remington bowed a smiling acquiescence. She was very charming, to be sure, he reflected, and quite too sylph-like to belong to the heavy-faced, big-bearded man who now stood vailing his impatience under a forced smile.

"You had better look after your friend; I fear he is a sad flirt. I thought the young lady was your peculiar province," whispered Mrs. Fielding, as she said good-night.

Remington's eyes, following the direction indicated, caught sight, through a vista of parlor reflected in a mirror, of Woodbury Stoughton leaning against a mantel-piece and looking down at Miss Idlewild. The girl was fastening in her bosom a brilliant rose, which he evidently had just given her.

Afterward, Remington remembered that Mrs. Fielding's face wore an expression that betokened annoyance almost, and he heard her tell her husband in the door-way that she felt tired.

(To be continued.)

MORE LIFE.

THIS listless pulsing of our life
Is not enough. The daily strife,
The dull, monotonous round
Palls on our spirits, and we waste
With eager passion to make haste—
We wither above ground.

We watch the opening of the flower
That drinks the sunlight for an hour,
Then hangs its head and dies;
And Hope, in some half-shaped refrain,
Goes sobbing through the restless brain
Her dim analogies.

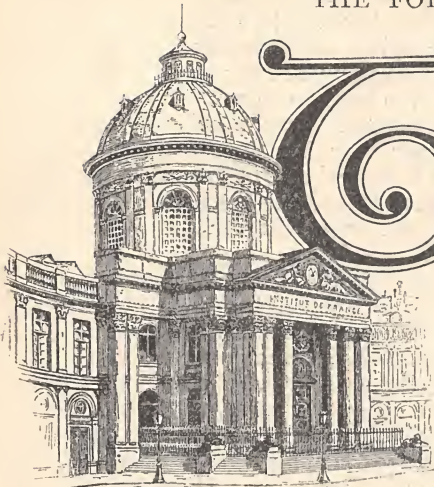
Like a fair soul, yon splendid star
Glow in the darkening sky afar,
Its garments flashing light;
But when at morning the Divine
Holds to its lips the sacred wine,
Ghost-like, it fades from sight.

As the unloosened worlds go by,
They hear, unheeding, many a cry,
And swerve not from their way.
Is there no answer in the air
Unto the oft-repeated prayer
For the more perfect day?

A longing after better things—
A spreading of the folded wings—
The breathing holier breath:
More life—more life! 'Tis this we crave.
More life—more life! When this we have—
'Tis this that we call death.

Henry Gillman.

"THE FORTY IMMORTALS."



PALAIS MAZARIN.

TO BELONG some day to the Academy is the hidden ambition of every young Frenchman who adopts literature as a profession. He may rail at that body; may blame it for not giving an arm-chair to Molière, Balzac, and Michelet; may sneer at its weakness for dukes and high ecclesiastics, and may call it an accretion of old-fashioned ways and motives; nevertheless, he often dreams that he is being raised to "immortality," and often in hard times cheers himself by teasing, in an imaginary academical speech, some rival author who has had better luck. In the outset of his career he is obliged to court the public. Should there be a demand for ignoble literature, he may try, like Zola, to meet it. But Zola having made his fortune, shows, as they all do at last, a wish to conciliate the Academy, which he certainly had in his eye when he wrote his last novel, the heroine of which is virtuous enough to merit the white-rose

crown awarded annually at Nanterre to the most deserving maiden in the commune.

Low comedy has never been in favor at the Academy, where the humorous dialogues of Molière were deemed too broad for polite ears. The Grand Monarch and his red-heeled courtiers enjoyed them; but they offended the nicer taste of the Forty who, when *M. Jourdain* and *Tartuffe* were new creations, had not yet emancipated themselves from the literary canons of the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

Catherine de Vivonne, Marquise de Rambouillet, and a dainty writer named Valentin Conrart were the progenitors of the Academy. Survivals of both are perceptible at the private meetings and the public sittings. Richelieu was merely godfather. It was of almost spontaneous growth, and issued from the circles of Madame de Rambouillet and Conrart. The iron-willed Cardinal, whose ideal in the moral as in the political order of things, was uniformity, lent himself to a plan for creating a fixed standard of grammar and rhetoric. He had leveled feudal strongholds, broken down the Protestant federation at Rochelle, and turned the king's mother, who got in his way, out of the realm, to die a beggar at the gates. All power was concentrated in the sovereign's hands. Equality in servitude to the crown was established. It was expedient to clear away dialects which were an impediment to the unification of France, and would tend to transform what survived of the feudal into a federal system. Richelieu's policy was in spirit the same as Napoleon's. Though a man of violent will, he was politic enough to see that it was better to coax than to force the nation into verbal uniformity. He found the instrument for doing this ready to hand at the Hôtel de Rambouillet and in the literary circle of Conrart. They formed the mold. The iron-willed Cardinal granted the investiture.

Conrart was named perpetual Secretary of the Academy. He had permission to centralize literary activity and to direct it. The function which he and his thirty-nine colleagues were chiefly to discharge was "to purify and fix the national tongue, to throw light on its obscurities, to maintain its character and principles; and at its private meetings to keep this object in view. Their discussions were to turn on grammar, rhetoric, and poetry; their critical observations on the beauties and defects of classical French authors, in order to prepare editions of their works and to compose a new dictionary of the language. The director of the Academy was to take the advice of the other members of the company on the order in which tasks were to be executed." In virtue of another article, vacancies were to be supplied by election and members were to be the electors. Richelieu was a churchman. His idea was to establish a literary conclave. Circumstances and the sociable French genius gave his foundation the character of a salon. It was furthermore ordained that once



ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MULNIER.)

a year the Forty were, in their corporate capacity, to hear mass in the church of St. Louis, at the Sorbonne. This rule is obsolete.

Conrart was scholarly but not pedantic. He was subtle-minded, and had the ready dexterity of a man of the world. Being of agreeable countenance and a man of good fortune, he was received in those salons in which dames of high degree held literary *conversazioni*. His table was well served, he knew how to choose his guests, and he often gave hospitality to poets and aristocratic votaries of the muses at his country house. Voiture, Gombault, St. Amant, Mlle. de Scudéry, Colletet, and Péliçon belonged to his circle. They cultivated politeness and looked to Italy for their models. Conceits were then regarded as a stamp of elegance. Conrart lived at an angle of the Rue St. Martin and the Rue Vieille du Temple. The Academy met at his house before it was installed at the Louvre. Christina, the eccentric Queen of Sweden, was sometimes present at the meetings. She also dabbled in poetry and indited madrigals. The mania for versification and

conceits led to the formation of the neat, pointed style which is a characteristic of French literature. The fair literary friends of Conrart were brought on the stage by Molière, to be laughed at in "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*."

The "immortality" of members of the Academy is a survival of the high-flown style of language which was in vogue in Paris when Mlle. de Scudéry was writing her interminable novel. In ordinary speech and literary composition this mode soon died out. It took refuge in fine art. Louis Quatorze became the "Sun-King." Madame de Montespan, in becoming the favorite of "le grand monarque," brought in the sprightly, alert, piquant, natural, and yet elegant verbiage of which there are so many charming examples in Madame de Sévigné's letters.

The claim of the present Academy to an unbroken descent from the one that first met at Conrart's house is disputed, and with reason. The original Academy was swept away in 1793, along with the ancient nobility and monarchy. It was revived as a part of the Institute in 1795; and in 1803, Napoleon,



ERNEST RENAN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LOPEZ.)

who was then First Consul, re-organized the Institute. He had been advised in the opening year of the century by Fontanes, his Minister of Public Instruction, to restore the literary corporation founded by Richelieu. But the Emperor (in all but name) shrunk from an act which might determine an outburst of hostile opinion. A popular charge brought against the Academy was that it had never offered an arm-chair to Rousseau. Voltaire, it is true, was given one; but while he only spoke to the intellect, Rousseau appealed to sensibilities and sentiments as well as to mind, and was better understood by women of all classes and by the laborious bourgeoisie. Napoleon, much as he wished to set up a disguised monarchy, and to keep within the general lines of Richelieu's policy, did not dare to revive the Academy under its former style and title. All he could venture upon doing was to add a class of Literature and Eloquence to the Institute which he had lodged in the Palais Mazarin. But he placed this class under the direction of a perpetual secretary, who was instructed to act as if the original Academy had not been abrogated. Napoleon liked the graces and amenities of the defunct monarchy, although he never tried to practice them himself. He enjoyed the taste for luxury of his soft and brainless creole wife, and was sensible to the intellectual refinement and lady-like address of Madame de Rémusat. The savants

whom the Revolution had brought up were of hard grain and angular and conceited; self-made men in Europe generally are. It was Bonaparte's wish to draw together a company of well-bred writers who would advance literature and cultivate the *art de bien vivre*. Conrart, he remembered, did not think the less justly for being a white-handed nobleman. Buffon made an elaborate toilet before sitting down to his daily task of authorship, and was careful not to let sputtering quill pens stain his point-lace wrist-frills with ink. Who ever turned a compliment with more grace than Voltaire?

Suard, the perpetual secretary of the class of Literature and Eloquence at the Institute, was at heart a royalist. But as he had not gone to Coblenz and endured the miseries of emigration, his sympathy with the ideas of progress that he had imbibed before the Revolution was not chilled. He remained an encyclopedist. Napoleon's protection did not lessen Suard's affection for the old state of things. Suard and Talleyrand agreed in thinking that those who had not lived in France previous to the downfall of the monarchy, when freedom of thought was secured by verbal dexterity and polite manners, could have no conception of the charm and suavity which can be thrown into human life. The perpetual secretary found occasion to injure the Emperor in 1812. Chateaubriand was elected to fill a vacant arm-chair. This was the first political election that ever took place in the Academy. It was a protest against the despotism of the empire in things intellectual. The *récipiendaire* was to eulogize Marie-Joseph Chénier. But he so violently attacked the Emperor that the Bureau of the Academy (or class of Literature) decided not to give him a public reception. Three years later, the desire of Suard was accomplished. Louis XVIII. was brought back by the allies. The perpetual secretary enjoyed his favor up to the time of his death in 1817. Suard died that year at the age of eighty-two. Since 1815, he had worked steadily to eliminate those democratic elements which Napoleon could not help admitting.

All the other sections or classes of the Institute have remained what the Convention, on the last day but one of its existence, and Napoleon made them. They are assemblies of learned scientists and antiquaries. Louis XVIII. restored the old name and statutes and the Academy proper.

The perpetual secretary of the Academy has a salary of 12,000 francs a year and a spacious lodging at the Institute. His influence in the literary world is like still water that runs deep. The "Philistine" world

knows little of him. Directors of the Academy are elected every year. The perpetual secretary is the managing director for life. He attends every public and private sitting, and is first to enter and last to leave. It is

tyon's will disposing of this annuity. But for Villemain the 20,000 francs a year might have been spent in encouraging imitations of Miss Edgeworth's novels and Miss Hannah More's strictures. He caused the literary



JOHN LEMOINNE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TRUCHELOT & VALKMAN.)

he who gives sequence to the general business and turns down work for a director, who leaves all initiative to him. The questions set down for consideration are studied by him and presented by him. As he gives most attention to them, he can, by the exercise of a little tact and art, suggest their solutions and bring the majority round to them. In the prize awards, which exceed yearly the sum of 85,000 francs, his suggestions nearly always tell; 20,000 francs, the interest of part of the fortune left by a miserly philanthropist, M. Montyon, to the Academy, is spent annually in recompenses to poor people for acts of disinterested benevolence and humanity. An equal sum is given to the Frenchman whom the Academy thinks has written and published the book most useful to the advancement of manners (*mœurs*) and morals. When M. de Villemain was perpetual secretary, he suggested an elastic and elevated interpretation of the clause in Mon-

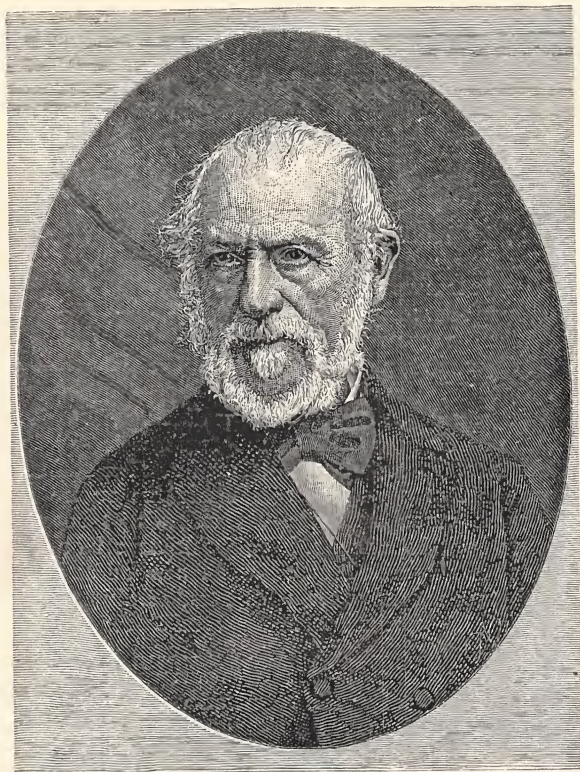
Montyon prize to be awarded to Tocqueville for his work on Democracy in America, and to authors of lexicons of Corneille's, Racine's, and Molière's tragedies and comedies, and Madame de Sévigné's letters. The prize founded by Baron Gobert is an annual one of 10,000 francs for the most eloquent page or chapter of French history. The names of Augustin Thierry and Henri Martin are on the list of those who have been rewarded in pursuance of Gobert's will. The prize for eloquence brings a pecuniary reward of only 4000 francs, but it is held the most honorable. "Eloquence" in this instance does not mean oratory, but written eulogium. The subject is confined to the life or writings of some great man. Government allows the Academy, for the payment of its officers and the conservation of its library, 85,000 francs a year and free lodgings at the Palais Mazarin.

The history of the Academy is to be found

in the reigns of its perpetual secretaries. Suard, as I have shown, mended the link in the chain of tradition which was broken on the tenth of August. Those who have reigned since 1817 are Raynouard, Auger, Andri-

prize award was the salient event of Raynouard's secretaryship.

The baggage-wagons of the allies brought something more than the Bourbons into France in 1815. Waterloo rendered English



HENRI MARTIN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LOPEZ.)

eux (an all but forgotten poet), Villemain, and Camille Doucet. Raynouard was not the man for the place. He was a mere methodical clerk and a pedagogue. When he should have insinuated, he was dictatorial. In subjects chosen for prizes of eloquence in his time, we find that seventeenth century literature was in highest esteem. The choice of the life and writings of Vauvenargues, who was a moralist and indeed an epic character, it should be acknowledged, was due to Raynouard, and was fated to bring up in Thiers a mind created to make France deflect from the lines into which the battle of Waterloo had thrown her. Vauvenargues belonged to a noble family near Aix, in Provence, where, in 1821, Thiers, who was miserably poor, was studying law. The student was prompted by a visit to their castle to compete for the prize of 4000 francs. In winning it, he obtained money enough to come to Paris to seek his fortune along with his friend Mignet, now the senior member of the Academy. This

(which many of the *émigrés* had picked up) a fashionable language. In polite society there were Anglomaniacs, as there were in military circles, and in most of the middle-class families Anglophobes. Scott's novels and Shakspeare's plays were read at court. Miss Burney, the author of "Evelina," had married General d'Arblay, and occupied a good position in courtly circles. Those *émigrés* who had been to Germany imbibed a taste for the drama of Schiller and Goethe. The rising generation of authors who had seen history in violent action, and in no classic garb either, were bitten with the taste for an English, that is to say, a non-conventional treatment of heroes and heroines of romance and tragedy. Free thought was asserted in the time of Voltaire. Free form and literary expression was not demanded until after the battle of Waterloo. Although in close quarters with the court, which unknown to itself was for innovation, the Academy was hostile to live



DUC D'AUMALE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCK.)

books and plays—to what was stirring, striking, and colored in vivid tints. The new school of writers who were governed by inner light and direct impressions were called *Les Romantiques*. At an annual meeting of all the classes or academies of the Institute, Auger, the perpetual secretary who succeeded Raynouard, tilted at the romantic writers. They were "poetic barbarians and violated every principle of literary orthodoxy." It was for the Academy, which had been founded to improve and keep undefiled taste and diction, to stand out against the heretics. Olympian Victor Hugo was chief of the new school and had been already given the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Lamartine, who had been a child of nature in the hills of Upper Burgundy until he became a dandified member of the diplomatic service, wrote according to his own impressions. He was received in the Academy in 1829. In the same year, Victor Hugo brought out his short and poignant work, "*Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné à Mort*." It set the impressionable heart of Paris throbbing. This was too much for Auger. He threw himself into the Seine from the bridge which connects the Palais Mazarin and the Louvre, and was drowned.

Between 1829 and 1835, the Academy through its perpetual secretaries, Andrieux and Arnault, remained hostile to free form. In the latter years, the election of M. de Villemain marked a new departure. His maxim was, that in keeping tradition alive, the present should be closely observed and its teachings accepted. Thiers, Guizot, Mignet, and Flourens were elected before Victor Hugo was admitted in 1841. Under Villemain, who died in 1871, the illustrious company reached a far higher altitude than it ever previously attained. He was singularly ugly. The figure was thick-set and vulgar; the face was lumpy and pock-pitted, but was lighted up by a bright mind. His intellect was bold and his wit subtle and delicate. Literary criticism was his forte. His charm lay in his conversational abilities. As Minister of Public Instruction, of Louis Philippe, he defended free thought and free form at the College of France. He exerted his influence to get the novel, in the person of Jules Sandeau, represented among the Forty, and the newspaper in the person of M. Prévost-Paradol. The Academy's indirect action upon literature and politics reached its apogee in Villemain's time. A militant spirit was



DUC DE BROGLIE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCK.)

aroused in it by the *Coup d'État*. Berryer was elected by way of protest against the Empire in 1852, and the late Duc de Broglie in 1855. This forensic orator submitted a written speech or harangue to the Bureau. On the day of his reception he unfolded his manuscript to read it. But he was accustomed to improvise, and needed liberty to gesticulate with his left hand. The right hand he usually thrust into the breast of his waistcoat. To be at ease, he flung away his set discourse, and, trusting to the inspiration of the moment, delivered a speech of inimitable grandeur. It was a philippic against the Empire. No journal dared to report it. The bold line he thus took resulted in a union of all the monarchists and liberals against imperialism.

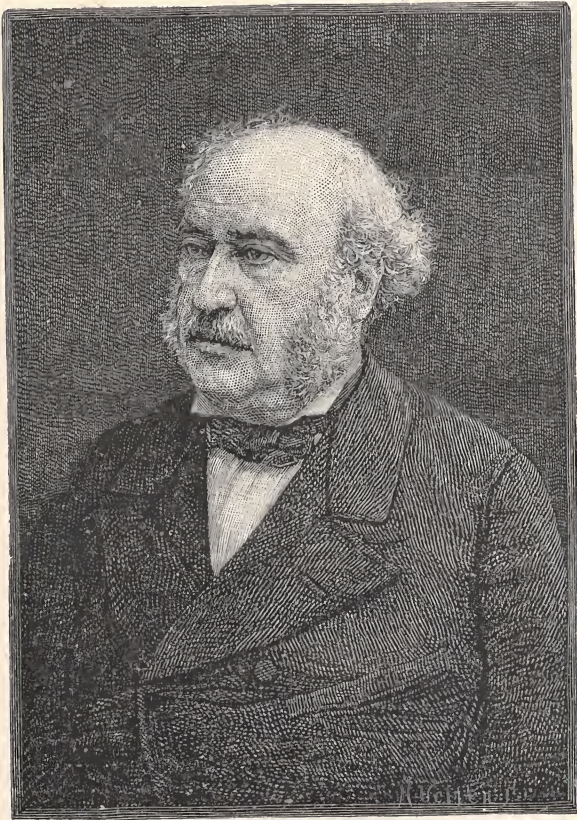
When the French press was silenced by Napoleon III., the educated classes watched the receptions at the Academy with keen interest. Orleanist liberalism had a strong foothold there. Villemain, as perpetual secretary, was able to foster opposition. He lived at the Palais Mazarin, and entertained at his soirées most of the eminent writers, orators, and *beaux esprits* who stood aloof from the court. Not to drive the Emperor to bay and tempt him to deal harshly with the Academy, Villemain occasionally advised his friends to vote for non-political adherents to the Empire. Their entrance was used as an occasion for protesting against the régime under which they were obliged to live. The public looked on with outstretched head, as if expecting that every pin-prick given by an Academician would inflict a mortal wound on the spurious Cæsar. There were then many doors to the Academy. One was from the office of the

"Débats," and a second from the office of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*." Two others were from the salons of Madame d'Haussonville, granddaughter of Madame de Staël and daughter of the late Duc de Broglie, and of Madame Jules Mohl. This lady was Irish. Her maiden name was Clarke, and her husband was Professor of Persian Literature at the College of France. For perhaps more than a quarter of a century she never missed a public sitting of the Academy. If a foreigner wanted to see in a few hours the greatest men and women of the time of Louis Philippe, the best means for succeeding was to get himself invited to Madame Mohl's. She was thin, lively, and had a vulgar face, which in her youth looked like a wrinkled skull animated by fine eyes. Her personal appearance gave her small trouble. She usually wore a coal-scuttle bonnet at the Academy, a dingy Paisley shawl, and, when crinoline was fashionable, a limp and skimp dress of some neutral color. She was nicknamed "Our Lady of the Academy." The late Queen of Holland, when visiting Paris, used to go to her dinners and soirées and give her court news. Is it because the Madonna of the Palais Mazarin used to go there in the plainest garb that showy dress at a reception is counted vulgar? The salons of Mesdames Buloz, Pailleron, Jules Simon, and the Ducs de Broglie and Chantilly are now side-ways into the Academy.

There is no reality in the "arm-chairs" in which the Forty are supposed to sit. Academicians, with the exception of the officers (*i. e.*, the director, chancellor, and perpetual secretary, forming the Bureau) and the new member, occupy ordinary chairs. Originally the officers alone had chairs; the others were ranged on benches. But the equality in the republic of letters founded by Conrart and Richelieu did not suit the cardinals who had been admitted. They were princes of the Church and electors of the Sacred College, to say nothing of their aristocratic birth. In 1713 a change was brought about. Cardinal d'Estrées, who was of the Academy, wanted to vote for a friend, and went to talk about the impediment which the sedentary rule threw in his way to Cardinals de Rohan and de Polignac, who also were of the company of the Forty. De Polignac had a Gascon's forwardness. He offered to wait on the King and submit the matter, and ask him to release their eminences from the obligation of sitting on benches. Louis Quatorze had social tact pushed to the extent of genius, and nice judgment in small things. He solved the difficulty by a general leveling up. All were to continue equal, but on a higher plane.

Forty arm-chairs were sent by the King's order to the hall in the Louvre where the Academy met, and orders were given for the removal of the benches. This settlement of the difficulty so won the hearts of those who were

other the new-comer. It rarely happened that all the two-score attended. Twenty-six was the average maximum. But members of the Academies of Soissons and of Marseilles received vacant arm-chairs. When all the Aca-



JULES SIMON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. LADREY.)

not princes of the Church or noble, that when Louis XIV. shortly after died it was proposed by one of them that henceforth each *récipiendaire* was to add in his harangue a eulogium on that monarch, to the customary eulogies on Richelieu, the Chancellor Séguier (who was one of the founders of the Academy and a friend of Conrart), on the reigning king, and on the defunct immortal whose chair he had been elected to fill. In 1803 Napoleon did not restore the chairs. The old sedentary rule which Louis Quatorze abrogated is now in force. At private and informal meetings, which are held in a room attached to the library of the Institute, members sit as they can, on chairs armless or armed.

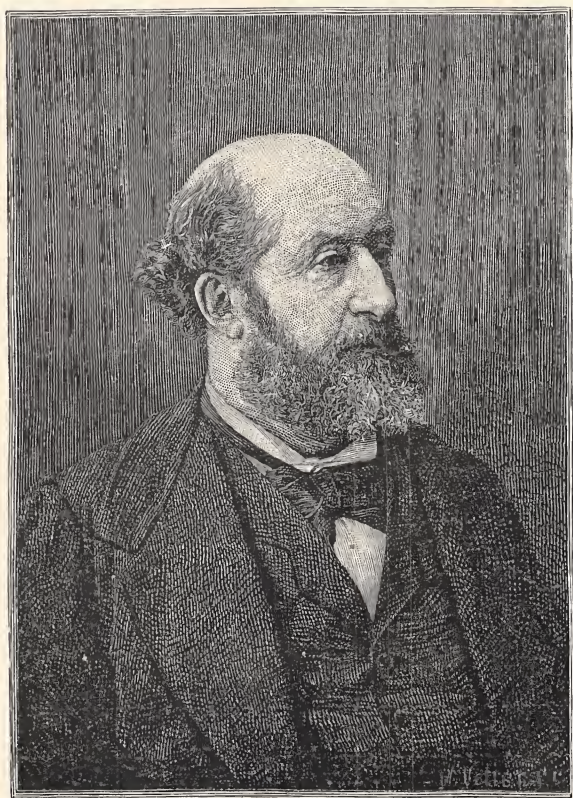
Old court formalities were observed at the Academy's receptions in the Louvre, which appear to us quaint and picturesque. Members were placed round a long table, at one end of which sat the director and at the

demicians were seated, the director and the neophyte, who alone had entered with their heads covered, placed themselves at the ends of the table. After he had delivered his speech, the director took off his hat and made a sweeping bow to the gentleman facing him. It was the sign that his turn had come. Whenever the *récipiendaire* spoke of the King he uncovered his head and bowed. The subjects to which he was limited have been mentioned. As for the director, he was to speak only of the new member and his writings and of the reigning monarch.

Public meetings of the Academy are held in what used to be, under the old monarchy, the Chapel of the Palais Mazarin, an edifice taking the form of a Greek cross, with a central rotunda under a cupola. While the muses are not sumptuously lodged there, they have plenty of light and air. No trace of the Latin cult remains in the

public hall; every religious painting and symbol was removed when the Church was secularized. The mural paintings in *grisaille* are browned with the dust of eighty years. The Pierian Nine, arranged in the

desk on a pillar-stand, which he may or may not use. His entrance is a curious sight, intensely French in its accompanying circumstances. Escorted by soldiers, he comes in by the portal, which opens and shuts with a



ÉMILE AUGIER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.)

pseudo-classic mode of the First Empire, decorate the cupola above the amphitheater, from which tiers of narrow benches rise in rapid gradation, and after filling the rotunda are continued up into three ends of the Greek cross. There should be a tenth muse to personify that essentially modern flower of the human brain—the novel.

The different "classes" or academies forming the Institute are seated on a platform or stage, filling a segment of the round part and the northern end of the cross. Benches reserved for them are to right and left. A wide central space between the lateral forms is covered with a dingy carpet. In the middle, near a bronze portal, which used to be the grand entrance from the quai to the church, is placed a table draped with a green cloth of baize. Behind it are three chairs for the officers. At right angles to the table, but a short distance from it, the *recipiendaire* is seated before a tall reading-

clang. The sponsors walk on each side. They and the members of the Bureau wear the uniform of the Academy. This dress is composed of trowsers and a swallow-tailed coat buttoned up to the throat, with a high standing collar, which, as well as the chest, is covered with palm leaves embroidered in a crude shade of green silk. This verdure is very trying to the masculine complexion of all ages, but especially to the one to which senility gives the tone of old ivory. Littré's picturesque ugliness was rendered hideous by the embroidery of his uniform.

Candidates for vacant seats are expected to pay canvassing visits to immortals. It is a popular error to suppose they are obliged to do so. Littré never paid any. This usage is contrary to a statute which, on the ground that electors should judge in strict accordance with literary worth, forbids personal solicitation of votes. But the Academy is a drawing-room without ladies, an athenæum club of

the most refined character, at which weekly and monthly as well as annual meetings are held. The statute in question has therefore become obsolete. Before the Revolution, when, as a matter of course, an Academician took off his hat and made a sweeping bow in mentioning the King, politics did not exist. Paris was not a city of great distances. Eminence was not acquired in an ugly rushing, shoving, and racing, as games of foot-ball are won in England. It was obtained by the spontaneously uttered approval of a small number of supercivilized, delicate-nerved, and very clever writers, and men and women of quality. Every one who counted in arts and letters knew everybody else. It is now possible for an author of great talent to be only known to his book-seller and a small set of disciples and journalists.

When Thiers, the Warwick of the bourgeois monarchy, paid the customary round of visits in 1833, he wore a camlet mantle, fastened at the neck with a large buckle. In every house at which he called he left the cloak in the ante-room, and in again donning it slipped a golden coin into the hand of the servant who helped him to put it on. This profusion arose from his native shrewdness. Parisian servants talk freely to their employers. The widow of an Academician whom M. Thiers visited to obtain his support has related to me her first impressions of him. M. Laya was the author of "*L'Ami de la Loi*," a drama written to defend Louis XVI. and played in the Reign of Terror. He was out when the candidate for immortality called. But Madame Laya asked the visitor to stay until her husband returned. She thought him odd. They fell into conversation. He had something original to say in a falsetto voice on every topic that she broached. It did not occur to her that he was the king-maker of the days of July, until M. Laya came in and recognized in him the statesman and historian. When the visitor had gone, Madame Laya said to her husband:

"Of course you will vote for him?"

"I don't know."

"Why?"

"He is not a man of the world; he is petulant and ill brooks contradiction."

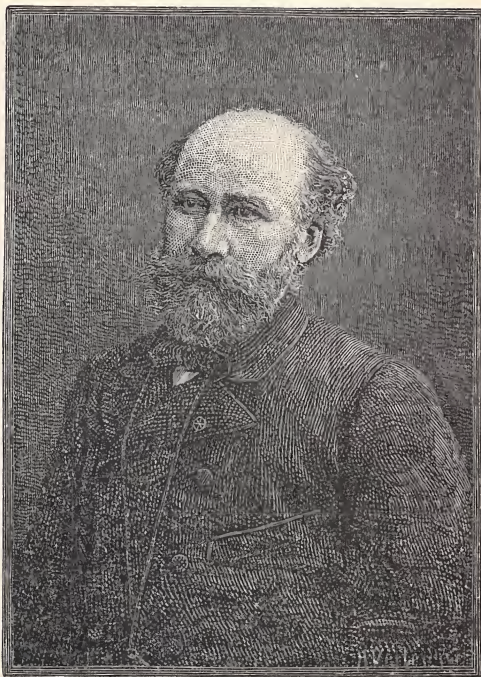
"But what of that?"

"Why, because at the Academy he would be *comme un diable dans un bénitier* (like Satan in the holy-water font)."

"What matter, since he is charming. In voting for him you will do me a pleasure."

"If monsieur will allow me to risk an observation," broke in the maid, who was sewing in the drawing-room, "I shall take the liberty of saying that generous men, like good wine, soften down with age."

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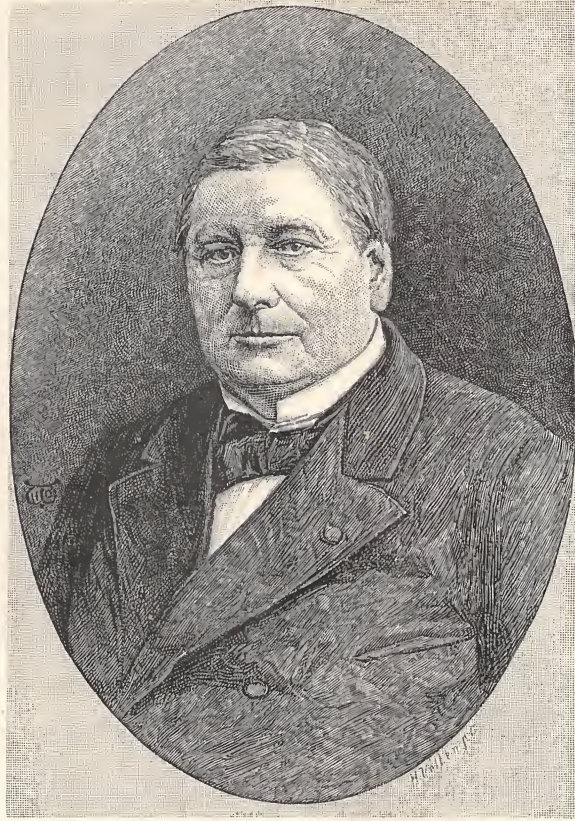
OCTAVE FEUILLET. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.)

"How do you know he's generous?"

"Why, he handed me a twenty-franc piece when I buckled his cloak. Monsieur has two sons. The friendship of a man in M. Thiers's position is not to be thrown away." This argument was conclusive. M. Laya voted for the little great man, who was ever ready afterward to oblige any member of his family.

Victor Hugo, who feels that he should not attend private meetings unless to vote, only receives candidates at dinner. I was at his table in the society of three rival competitors. They were MM. Paul St. Victor, Renan, and Eugène Manuel the poet. St. Victor and Manuel talked, as well as listened to their illustrious host. Paul St. Victor was an old and much cherished friend of the poet, but angular, and held to his own opinions on socialism, religion, and philosophy. He was a Catholic and Bonapartist. Renan for three hours only listened, except to ejaculate every two or three minutes, when Victor Hugo was speaking, "*Maître, vous avez raison*." He kept his head hung on one side, and continued to smile as if in a state of beatitude. Need I say that on the day of the election "the Master" voted for him? Hugo excused himself to the older friend, St. Victor, on the ground that he was bound to protest against the fanaticism of the Bishop of Orleans.

The Academy is a place where literary men rub shoulders with polished men of the



EUGÈNE LABICHE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TRUCHELUT & VALKMAN.)

world and forensic and parliamentary orators of the highest eminence. This mingling of classes in a little republic of letters is good for all the Forty. Owing to it, controversy among them loses its sting. Geniuses who are unable to master their irritable nerves are not held desirable associates. To mental power combined with social amenity, the Academy is of easy access. Chateaubriand, whose vanity took a rudely self-assertive form, would not probably have been elected if the immortals had not felt obliged to him for standing out against Napoleon's tyranny. Victor Hugo, who won an arm-chair in his fortieth year, was then a lady-killer as well as a great poet. The virile strength of his body, soul, and mind, were toned down by chivalrous respect for women and an almost feminine tenderness for little children. He was a lion in whose presence a lamb might play fearlessly. Lamartine got into the Academy on the basis of dandyism and poetry. Palpably, he had blood, and he had acquired the shibboleth of fashionable society in diplomacy.

Voltaire thus defined the Academy: "A learned body in which men of rank, men in

office, prelates, doctors, mathematicians, and even literary persons are received." It now contains four dukes, one of whom is royal and a soldier, two counts, one bishop, two scientists (Pasteur and J. B. Dumas), two political lawyers (Émile Ollivier and Rousse), and a great many literary men, some of whom enjoy world-wide celebrity. Journalism is represented in the latter group by Cuvillier, Fleury, and John Lemoine. The first was secretary to the late ex-King of Holland, Louis Bonaparte, and then tutor to the Duc d'Aumale. He defended warmly the interests of the Orleans family under the son of his first patron, and, notwithstanding his friendship with the Ducs d'Aumale and de Montpensier, advocated in the "*Débats*" a republican form of government when MacMahon was at the Élysée. He is an accomplished polemist and essayist. The longest of his essays fits into the third page of the "*Débats*." When Queen Mercedes died, he wrote on her a necrological article, the spirit of which was grandfatherly and very touching. John Lemoine is also a "*Débats*" leader-writer, and has never been anything else. He externally resembles those photographic images

of celebrated men in which the head is vastly magnified at the expense of body and limbs. He is gifted with that brilliant cleverness bordering upon wit which the French call *esprit*; plumes himself upon having no fixed political principles and being able to laugh at all; and is ready to break a lance one day for the Orleanists, another for the fusionists, and then for the Republic. Dwarfs have more self-confidence than giants. Under all circumstances, John Lemoinne can make-believe in his own cock-certainty that he is right. He was born in the island of Jersey, and speaks and writes English. M. de Sacy was the first journalist writing only for the daily press who was admitted to the honors of immortality. His election was in 1854. Mignet and Henri Martin are, as Thiers was, historians and journalists, but have not for years written articles. Jules Simon was for a year editor of the "*Siècle*" and for three months of the "*Gaulois*." He is an unready journalist. Ollivier's attempts to find with his pen a lever in journalism have been utter failures. He can never take a ball on the bound, and his self-consciousness gets between him and the subject that he should treat rapidly and with which alone he should be occupied while treating it.

The historical group used to be the most brilliant one at the Academy, when Mignet, Thiers, and Guizot were in their prime. Mignet is now eighty-seven. He walks or, when the weather is wet or snowy, rides in an omnibus to the Academy from his lodging in the Rue d'Aumale. The distance is about a mile and a half. To attend to his duties as a literary executor of Thiers, he resigned this year the office of secretary to the Academy of Moral Sciences and History. The emoluments were 6000 francs. Mignet fell in with Thiers at the law school of Aix in 1818. They were called to the bar simultaneously, won academical money prizes which enabled them to journey together to Paris to seek their fortune, shared the same garret, studied in the same public libraries, chose the same subjects for histories they meditated writing and wrote, worked in the same journals, promoted the candidature of Louis Philippe to the throne when he was Duke of Orleans, and lived until 1877 in the closest intimacy. Mignet remained a bachelor. He has been from 1833 a tenant in the same house, first with Madame Dosne, afterward Madame Thiers, and now with her sister, Mlle. Dosne. It is in proximity to the historical mansion in which Thiers lived in the Place St. George. The gardens of both dwellings are connected by a private alley. Mignet dined, as often as he did not accept invitations to other houses,

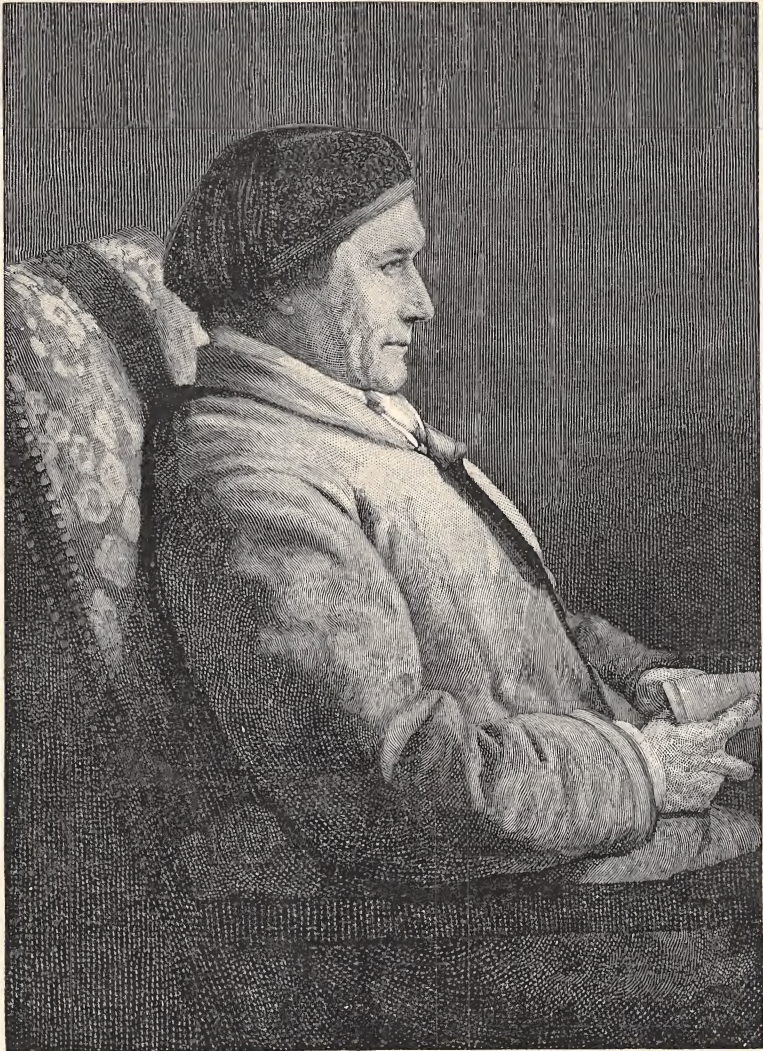
with his illustrious friend. He preserves his erect carriage and the ardent southern brightness of his eyes, which gleam out from beneath bushy eyebrows.

Henri Martin stands next to Mignet. This good man has rehabilitated the Druids, erected an altar to Joan of Arc, and shown the Revolution to be the triumph of the equality-loving Celt over the Frank and his feudal system. Henri Martin is in his seventy-third year. He has a tall, strong-boned, loose-made, stooping figure, and a serious face which easily lights up into smiles and expresses pleasure—mental or moral—in blushing cheeks. His inner man lives in the most transparent of glass houses. Though a well of erudition, he keeps the freshness of childhood. It delights him to oblige. His conversation, when he is set talking on a subject in which he is at home, is an instructive and delightful essay. He lives in a pretty little house of his own at Passy, far from the center of the town. He, therefore, goes often to the Senate and the Institute in clumsily made evening dress. Nothing fits him. The gloves—of cotton—are a world too big for hands that are in proportion to his stature. Though tolerant of every belief, or unbelief, he groans when he sees materialist articles in the scientific columns of the Republican papers. His grandchildren are nourished with works of Unitarian piety. One of his two children—a daughter—was the delight of his eyes and pride of his heart. She grew up in beauty, and cultivated, under Ary Scheffer, a genius for painting. On the day on which she had achieved an artistic triumph and was engaged to be married she died. Henri Martin clings to the old belief in the soul's immortality.

Taine has written a history of the Revolution, the aim of which is to show that France might have progressed more steadily but for that movement. It is the book of an industrious searcher into records, which is devoid of philosophical scope and inferior to his works of criticism.

The small fry of historians in the Academy are the Duc de Noailles, who wrote about St. Louis; the Duc de Broglie, who undertook, in his history of Constantine the Great, to refute Gibbon; Camille Rousset, whose great achievement is having classed the archives at the War Office; the Duc d'Aumale, who will probably never have the courage to finish his history of the house of Condé, the first chapter of which he brought out in England; and M. Viel-Castel, whose literary "baggage" is a history of the Restoration.

Jules Simon is also the author of a historical work. It deals with the period of four



VICTORIEN SARDOU. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MELANDRI.)

years which ended on the 24th of May, 1873. His other works are on moral philosophy and sociology, which he treats more as a man of feeling than as a reformer. His writings are inferior to his lectures; these to his speeches; and his orations to his drawing-room talk, which is the perfection of conversational genius and art. Jules Simon's private life is honest, honorable, and morally healthy. His wife is good, unaffected, intelligent, and broad-minded, and they both are wrapped up in their infant granddaughter, whose pretty childish ways console them for the ingratitude of old political associates.

The poets of the Academy are Victor Hugo, Lecomte de Lisle, and Sully-Prudhomme. With the first the whole civilized

world is acquainted. Lecomte de Lisle is "immortal" because he is Hugo's friend. As for Sully-Prudhomme, he is a modernized and middle-class Hamlet, from whom the tragic element has been eliminated, but whose heart and soul are tormented and whose intellect is perplexed by questions which science and the conditions of modern life now force upon thinking minds. He lives in a small and plainly furnished third floor opposite the Élysée. He made the acquaintance of his neighbor, President Grévy, the day on which, soon after his reception at the Academy, he paid him the regulation visit.

The dramatic group includes Victor Hugo, Legouvé, Émile Augier, Camille Doucet, Victorien Sardou, Dumas *fils*, Labiche, and

Pailleron. Victor Hugo may be said to be the chief poet, novelist, and dramatist in the Academy. He is vast, astounding, sublime, beautiful, defective, and faulty in all three branches. His genius has its scoria. Legouvé is a delightful essayist and lecturer. He is the author of "Adrienne Lecouvreur" and launched Ristori in Paris; he was in love with Malibran; is a poet, and venerates woman, as well as loves her by hereditary impulse. Old age—M. Legouvé is seventy-three—has only mellowed the experience of earlier years. He is charitable and stimulates charity in others, but avoids those trading in philanthropy. As a lecture-room or salon elocutionist he has no parallel. Sardou is better as a reader of plays because his face lends itself to delicate mimicry. Legouvé is of Breton origin and Paris breeding.

Octave Feuillet's plays are aftermaths of his novels. He studied fashionable life at the Tuileries and Compiègne, and won not only the favor but the friendship of the Empress. She went to the Academy to witness his reception, and she was to have appeared on the boards of the palace theater of Compiègne, in a character expressly written to fit her. The "Débats" first, and the war with Germany finally, prevented her from acting this part, which was a somewhat indecorous one. Octave Feuillet excels in diagnosis of the moral ailments of idle, frivolous, delicately-nurtured, and rich women. His feminine characters might be noble, were a healthy sphere of action open to them. As it is, they are flowers of evil and restless dwellers in the Land of Nod. The novelist, being unable to follow them into old age, and to show the ultimate penalties which in the natural order of things overtake all such, makes suicide the wind-up of their vain, futile, and unhappy lives. He is a painter of decadence. His morbidness is *sui generis* and has a penetrating and intoxicating charm. St. Lô, in Normandy, is his birthplace, and pictures of Norman localities abound in his novels.

Camille Doucet is the dwarf of the dramatic group. He has written only one play—a comedy, in five acts, which is almost forgotten. It is entitled "Considération," or "Respectability." Two lines of it are still remembered. They are:

"Considération! Considération!
C'est ma seule passion! ma seule passion."

He is the incarnation of amiable kindness and social tact. His election was owing to his relations, as director of theaters under the Empire, with dramatic authors belonging to

the Academy. He was the link connecting them with the imperial court. No great dramatic author save Victor Hugo resented the *Coup d'État*.

Dumas *fils* tried novel-writing at the outset of his career, but with small success. Description is not his forte. He is an analyst and a polemist, a superficial prober of sores and wounds, but knows nothing of those tempests between good and evil which sometimes rage in the human heart and conscience. We get very soon to the bottom of a worthless person. Dumas's bad people are natural. His good folks are conventional, and simply mouth-pieces whereby the author expresses his own views in short, strong, clear, ringing, and ear-catching sentences upon current vices or desirable virtues.

Dumas *père* was never an Academician. In his time the Academy would have fainted at the idea of letting in a man so spontaneous, irrepressible, imaginative, exuberant, and original, to say nothing of the Bohemianism of his life and the Africanism of his head. Guizot was then king of the Academy, and he was a prig.

Dumas *fils* inherits nothing from Africa, unless the texture of his hair and the savage frankness of speech. He takes from his father capacity for rapid literary production, light blue eyes, which protrude and stare, and the vein of kindness which runs through his man-of-business flintiness. He has a heart, and a good one, but it is not on his sleeve. In the example of his father he saw how undisguised good nature is preyed upon, and how thankless people are for spontaneous kindness. Dumas *fils* buys pictures as an investment. He is married to a Russian lady of rank and fortune, and has two daughters to whom he is devotedly attached. Desclée was to him the beau ideal of a modern actress. Sarah Bernhardt's affectations irritate him. As he cannot take her by the back of the neck and shake her, he says to her and of her the rudest things imaginable. He was the author of that *mot*, *Un os jeté à un chien* (A bone thrown to a dog), which described a picture of her with a big dog at her side. Dumas *fils* is a neighbor at the sea-side near Dieppe, of Lord Salisbury. He lives in Paris, in a detached house of his own, beautifully furnished with salable bric-à-brac and furniture, in the Avenue de Villiers. Since he entered the Academy he has cut the *demi-monde*. He is now engaged in a campaign against those sumptuous stage toilets which oblige actresses to lead vicious lives.

Pailleron writes flimsy and sparkling plays in verse. They are like those diaphanous Eastern stuffs into which gold and silver threads are interwoven; if well acted, they are

very effective. Their author is young and already very wealthy. He is married to a sister of Buloz, the actual editor of the "Revue

the valet, he accompanied the visitor to the door.

Sardou is the sole author whom a buf-



LOUIS PASTEUR. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TRUCHELUT & VALKMAN.)

des Deux Mondes," and inhabits a stately flat in what used to be the residence of the de Chimay family on the Quai Voltaire.

Labiche's muse is purely farcical. His plays are as droll to read as to see acted. Labiche is a prodigiously hard worker. He constantly rewrites whole scenes of his comedies. His father was an opulent grocer. Labiche has a passion for agriculture and has reclaimed a large tract in Sologne. He is there "Farmer Labiche" and mayor of a commune which he created. As such, he often unites in marriage the hands of rustic couples. Until Labiche as a candidate for the Academy visited the Duc de Noailles, this nobleman had never seen him. The duke is a gentleman of the old school, formal, and apt to stand on his dignity. In showing out an author who visits him to canvass, he never advances beyond a certain number of steps. But Labiche told with a quietness that did not ruffle the octogenarian's nerves mirth-exciting stories, and made comical remarks which so tickled and pleased the duke that, instead of ringing for

fool piece served at the Academy. He got in there for two reasons. One was having caricatured Gambetta in "Rabagas," and the other was in having for his competitor the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, whom M. Thiers after the 24th of May detested. Sardou is very much dependent upon stage accessories and bewildering toilets for the success of his pieces. What would "Fédora" be without Sarah Bernhardt's wondrous dresses, or the "Famille Benoiton" have been were it not for the mantua-maker, hair-dresser, and milliner? Perhaps this may account for the heat with which the author of "La Dame aux Camélias" (Dumas *fils*) resents the intrusion of Worth upon the stage. Sardou regards dramatic literature from a purely business point of view. Foreigners who come to Paris to spend their money, and who keep the theaters well filled, would not understand his best literary efforts. "Les Pattes des Mouches," a *chef d'œuvre* of wit, fancy, and invention, is not appreciated by them. It was the first play that he brought out, but not by

any means the first that he wrote. Déjazet produced it at her theater, Sardou, who had called upon her at her country cottage, having inspired that aged actress with a half maternal half sentimental interest. He had vainly knocked at many other doors. A tragedy in five acts and in verse was his initial play. He wrote it in the hope that Rachel would patronize it; but as the heroine was not a Greek or Roman, but a Queen of Sweden, she refused. For some years Sardou lived by teaching Latin to the son of an Egyptian pasha at a salary of five francs a day. He is now a millionaire and the possessor of a historical château, standing in a fine park at Marly, and of a villa at Nice. He spends the summer in one place and winter in the other.

Émile Augier, taken all round, is the greatest modern French dramatist. *Le style c'est l'homme*, and he is one of nature's noblemen. Strength and good proportion are two leading features of his drama. He does not attach much importance to scenic accessories. When the passions of human beings are in manifest play, we only think of the action in which they show themselves. It does not occur to us to look whether there are fine curtains to a window from which we see a man or woman jump with suicidal intent. We do not think of the window at all. Unlike Dumas, Augier sounds the conscience and brings it into play with a dramatic effect which bears away the spectator. He comes of a fine race, probably of Latin origin. Valence, his native town, was the center of a Gallo-Roman colony. Pigault-Lebrun was his grandfather, and he has inherited his fun and cleverness. These qualities are allied with others of a higher order. Augier has the sculptural instinct and philosophical elevation. His comedies in prose are stirring and excitants to "mental gayety"; his dramas in verse, though modern in their subjects, are written with classical simplicity and *verve*. The characters are clean-built. Augier writes French as Dryden wrote English. This dramatist is an old bachelor. He has remained one because his only sister, as he rose to eminence, was left a widow with five young children. She and they live with "Uncle Émile." The greater part of the year they reside in a plain, roomy house on the edge of the Seine at Croissy. Augier is almost a Chinese in ancestral cult. He venerates and cherishes the memory of father and mother and of the hearty and humorous Pigault-Lebrun.

Taine is like a stiff cold soil which is hard to break, and when broken, produces excellent wheat, but rarely brings forth sweet, delicate herbage. He is an encyclopedia, and has a methodic brain, which he beats very hard

when he wants to entertain and interest. Nor does he beat in vain. But the force acquired in the beating process carries him on too far in the same direction. He rides to death the system borrowed from Condillac, by which he explains the peculiarities of English and French literature, and of the Dutch, Flemish, and Italian schools of art. Variety in Taine's books and lectures is a result of will, not of spontaneous cerebration. Ardennes is his native country. He has a strong frame, and his complexion and physiognomy are Flemish. One of the eyes is slightly turned inward. Both are near-sighted. Glasses hide and remedy these defects.

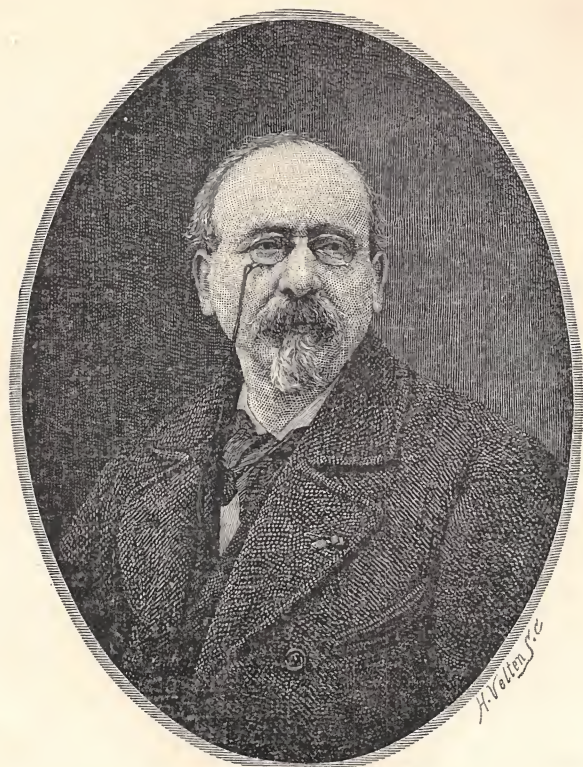
Taine and his fellow-Academicians, Caro, Mézières, M. de Mazade, and Gaston Boissier, are all distinguished lecturers in great public seats of fine art and learning. Caro descants on moral philosophy at the Sorbonne. He is a handsome man, and has a bland, persuasive style. Ladies of quality form perhaps three-fourths of his auditory. He has made mince-meat of the works of German philosophers to suit their taste and mental digestions, and has explained to them, in combating it, Schopenhauer's pessimism. Schopenhauer advises human beings not to marry, because the best thing in his opinion that could happen to the world would be the extinction of humanity. He hated women because they stood in the way of this desideratum. Caro became the darling of the drawing-rooms. At the examination for the bachelor's degree last session, a candidate who feared not said to him in passing:

"I am so anxious to get through in order to do myself the pleasure of attending your lectures."

"May I ask," inquired the professor, with a smile, "whether you have a rendezvous in my lecture-room?"

M. de Mazade lectures at the Sorbonne on Latin literature, and writes articles on contemporaneous French history for the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*." They are in a severe and somewhat pompous style. In private life, their author is an exuberant Southern, speaking with a Languedoc accent.

Renan also occupies a chair at the College of France. He is the most complex of all the immortals. He is a strange compound of Gascon keenness and expansiveness, Breton superstition, and of Celtic sensibility, of *verve*, of scholastic erudition, theological lore, and Virgilian grace. An æolian harp is not more impressionable. There is a good deal of æolian harpism in the female population of little seaports in Brittany. Every scudding cloud, every moaning breeze, every storm sign affects them. They rejoice in every precursor of fine weather.



VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TRUCHELUT & VALKMAN.)

Renan's mother was a Breton woman, who was reared, as all her people had been time out of mind, at Tréguier, a small port of Brittany, with an old church and monastery. Renan's father was a Bordelais skipper. He was found dead at the foot of a cliff when his son was five years old. Had he been accidentally drowned, thrown overboard by the crew, or had he committed suicide? Nobody can tell. The son found more than a mother in his only sister, who was grown when they were orphaned. She had the æolian-harp impressionability, but great heart-power behind it, and the adventurous courage of a hero. Though their mother was alive, the sister attended to the education of Ernest. He and she were intellectual, and letters were represented at Tréguier only by the Church. Ecclesiasticism became the nursing mother of his literary faculties. Feminine converse and sympathy and wild sea-side nature did the rest. How well Renan understands the fishers who followed Jesus! He went from Tréguier to St. Sulpice to study theology. Rosalie, who had gone as a teacher to Russia, helped him with her purse. When she came back to France, and learned that he did not believe in the Catholic dogmas, she said: "Follow the inner light. Have faith in it only." She was the

first to discard dogmas. She accompanied her brother to Syria when he went there to study Biblical localities, and there she died. Madame Cornu, foster-sister of the late Emperor, encouraged Renan to transmute into a prose poem the work of Strauss, which ordinary minds could not digest. Renan has always been taken care of by women. His wife, a daughter of Henri Scheffer, Ary Scheffer's brother, is a cheerful Martha,—very intelligent, well instructed, and competent to chat with him about his literary plans and projects. She is an agnostic brought up in Protestantism, and he a materialist reared in the Catholic faith and still loving it.

Monsignor Perraud, the Bishop of Autun, was a class-fellow of Taine at the École Normale. He is a man of refined mind, vibrating heart, and elevated aims. He wrote twenty years ago an account of "A Tour in Ireland," which was read with delight by Madame d'Haussonville, and he has never missed an opportunity to lift up his voice in behalf of Poland. He is of an emaciated countenance; but his eyes beam with hope and faith. He believes that God's grace is inexhaustible and that it will operate a wide-world miracle.

There are usually two scientists at the Academy. Dumas, the chemist, and Pasteur are

now occupants of chairs. It is a remarkable fact that both stood out against materialism in the harangues they delivered on being received. Dumas is a Spiritualist of a deistical shade. Pasteur is a Catholic and a reactionist. Outside of his special studies Pasteur is narrow. It is erroneously supposed that he did not rise to eminence through the school of any faculty. What he did was to work his own way into the great seats of learning. He began as an usher in the lyceum of Besançon, and set before himself the task of qualifying at the Normal School for the brevet of a university professor. His mind was led toward the lilliputian side of creation by an accident. The usher had a good-natured pupil, to whom a kind godfather sent a microscope for a birthday present. The boy had not time to amuse himself with the scientific plaything, and lent it to Pasteur, who studied with it so far as he was able the insect world and the organizations of plants. He was then not quite twenty. The idea that animalcules were the origin of contagious diseases was suggested to him by an apothecary at Dôle, who got it from Raspail, a quack of genius. This idea was often thought over, and dismissed, and then taken up again. As Raspail was nearly all his life in prison for his political opinions, he had not opportunities to demonstrate experimentally the truth of his notion. Pasteur won his university gown. But he yielded to his vocation, and, instead of teaching in high schools, became a scientist and obtained a chair in the faculty of Strasburg. There he came in contact with German thinkers, and had almost a European reputation as a geologist and chemist, when he was appointed scientific director of the École Normale by the Emperor Napoleon III. He owed his nomination to the head master, Nisard, under whom he studied in that school, and who, being a devout Catholic, liked him for his attachment to his religious principles. Pasteur entered the Institute when a controversy was going on there about spontaneous generation and the unity and origin of species. He fell back upon his microscope, which he had been neglecting, to elucidate these problems. He was thus brought round again to his starting-point—that of the effect of animalcules in giving rise to contagious diseases. Swift's penetration into many things his generation did not understand was justified by Pasteur. The scientist proved that the Lilliputians could, and often did, get the better of Gulliver. In binding him down they took the names of small-pox, scarlatina, yellow fever, cholera morbus, tuberculosis, glanders, murrain, hydrophobia, and other fell plagues. Lilliput transformed grape-juice into wine

and dough into leavened bread. Pasteur then studied the laws of existence of the infinitesimal creatures and the conditions most favorable for the irreproduction or destruction. Could he modify their virulence, and turn those bred in specially arranged liquids into protecting agencies against the maladies which, in their natural state, they would cause? To use a Scriptural expression, he aimed at casting out Beelzebub by Beelzebub. It is certain that his "vaccines" are efficacious; but it is also to be feared that they break down health and weaken defenses against other morbid agencies. M. de Lesseps has deliberately averred that he never knew a fearless man to die of cholera. He was himself in the midst of it in Egypt in 1831, and turned his house, in which he continued to live, into a hospital. Yet the plague never touched him. The discoveries that fresh air, rich in oxygen, will consume microbes, and that animalcules cannot live in boiling water, are precious ones for the world. Pasteur may be known at the Academy by his absent air, and eyes in which there is, to judge by their look, no visual power. They are too habituated to the microscope to have any ordinary human focus, and they see as through a fog. Pasteur is free from conceit and loves what he thinks is true. He has been freed from the cares of life by his country. The present Chamber of Deputies has doubled the yearly pension of 12,000 francs which the Versailles Assembly granted to him. He has a rugged temper and a crabbed style as a writer. Perseverance is his dominant quality. He is undemonstrative. The face is not an expressive one; but the forehead and head are powerfully shaped.

Cherbuliez is a Swiss by birth and French by descent and by option. There is a brightness in his eyes that makes me think of mild moonbeams in which there is no heat. And so it is with the novels of Cherbuliez: They are sweet as the moonbeams that slept upon the bank in Portia's garden, and they are honest and of good report; but they do not take a grip of the reader, or stir him up to thought, emotion, or action. What the moon is to an ardent summer's sun, they are to the novels of George Sand, of whom Cherbuliez confesses himself an imitator.

Maître Rousse is the law Academician. He cannot be said to "replace" the Doric Dufaure, who had the genius of common sense, and whose plain, unvarnished style was more effective than brilliant flights of rhetorical eloquence. Rousse was brought into the Academy by the dukes, with the consent of Jules Simon and the aid of Taine, and some other reactionists. He was thus

rewarded for placing his talent, which is not of a high order, at the service of the religious orders when the famous decrees were executed against them.

Notwithstanding the laurels M. Émile Ollivier won at the bar, he would resent being called "Maitre," as advocates are styled in France. He hung up forever his cap and gown when he entered the Corps Législatif. He is in his own eyes a statesman, and he dreams of being again the prime minister of an emperor. Prince Napoleon is the quenched sun round which he revolves. Ollivier is a man who is set drunk by his own eloquence and who has lived for eighteen years in a fool's paradise. His talent—which as a rhetorician is remarkable—is entirely subjective. He is a man of friendly disposition and boundless vanity. His infatuation led him to desert his Republican friends and become an Imperialist. It dragged him into a war with Germany, because he imagined the Empress was dazzled by his genius. In return for her supposed admiration, he lent himself to her desire "to give Prussia a lesson." If he had kept his head, he would have brought the whole Orleanist party and moderate liberals of every kind round to the Empire. They were tired of being governed and wanted to reënter the governing class. In sign thereof, M. Émile Ollivier was elected an Academician shortly after he formed a cabinet. Thiers did not believe that the Empire could avoid a collision with Germany, and he foresaw that United Italy would not be with France. But not to seem factious, he advised his friends at the Academy to vote for the Emperor's "liberal" prime minister.

Maxime Descamps is able to sign himself "Academician," because he "slew the slain" in writing a virulent book against the Commune after its defeat. He has the St. Simonian talent for extracting all the good out of the world that it is capable of yielding him. As a writer he is not first-rate. What he excels in is giving a readable form to statistics in review articles.

M. de Falloux, the most clerical of the Forty, is a wealthy land-holder in Anjou; cultivates a large estate there, and corre-

sponds actively with a few distinguished old gentlemen who share his ideas.

The chair of Sandeau is now competed for by Alphonse Daudet and Edmond About. The former is an exquisite novelist, but only that. His rival has many strings to his bow, and can use them all with a master's hand. He is a journalist and polemist of the highest order, every inch a man, healthy in body and in mind, warm-hearted, and sharp-tongued when vexed, writes and speaks French as might a grandson of Voltaire and Diderot, is frank as a man who has risen direct from the popular class, thinks the best of those he likes, and says the worst of those who anger him. He is one of the best family men in Paris. With his wife and ten children he occupies a handsome and most comfortable town house and a château in the country, in both of which the virtue of hospitality is largely exercised. Daudet, through his brother Ernest, may count on a good number of Orleanist votes. But many of the Forty do not like the idea of having him at their Thursday meetings. What they object to in him is his habit of observing those whom he is with as if they were insects stuck on the glass plate of a microscope.

The Academy has no action now on politics. Its action on literature, as I have shown, is becoming remote. Life is too busy under the Republic for Academicians to attend faithfully to the task, enjoined in the statutes, of compiling a dictionary. Littré, it may be said, left the illustrious company nothing to do. There are social advantages in being one of the Forty. An Academician's wife finds it easy to obtain good matches for her daughters, although their portions are small. The book-seller, also, is more ready to enter into terms with a novelist, dramatist, or historian who is of the Academy, provided he is not fossilized or that his works have currency. But if an author is in the way to become a fossil, the right to don the palm-embroidered coat hastens the change. The literary man does not keep so fresh in as out of the Academy. Legouvé and Mignet have been exceptions. Renan has visibly gone down since he obtained a chair.

Y. D.

GARFIELD IN LONDON.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO EUROPE IN 1867.

The following portions of the journal kept by Gen. Garfield during a trip to Europe with Mrs. Garfield in 1867, while he was yet a member of Congress, have been transcribed with absolute fidelity, saving the correction of such verbal and other errors as are inseparable from writing under such circumstances:

NEW YORK, July 13, 1867.

DURING the last few years of my life, I have learned to distrust any resolution I may make which involves keeping a diary for any considerable length of time. My life has been recently so full of action that I have but little time or taste for recording its events. But now that I am about starting for Europe with my wife, leaving our little ones behind, I am constrained, for two reasons, to attempt a record of the leading points that impress me while abroad: first, as my friend Dr. Lieber writes, if I do not take notes, I shall leave much of the trip a chaos behind me; second, a somewhat particular statement of occurrences and impressions will probably some day be pleasant and profitable for our children. These two points being kept in mind will account for the notices of little things which are likely to be found in these pages, and also for the speculations on national and individual life and character.

When I entered Williams College, in 1854, I probably knew less of Shakspeare than any student of my age and attainments in the country. Though this was a shame to me, yet I had the pleasure of bringing to those great poems a mind of some culture and imagination, and my first impressions were very strong and vivid. Something like this may occur in reference to this trip; and, however much ignorance I may exhibit, I shall here speak of what impresses me, whether it be that which has been adjudged remarkable or not.

PREPARATIONS.

1. Material. We have reduced our luggage to two large leather satchels, and we take no books except "Harper's Book of Travel," Fasquelle, a French dictionary, and a book of French conversation.

2. Funds. I take a letter of credit from Brown Brothers, a small bill of exchange on Brown, Shipley & Company, of London, and the balance in sovereigns and napoleons. The sight of coin is a reminder of the days before greenbacks and scrip had been born of rebellion. In running over my coin with a childish curiosity, I find the stamp of the elder Napoleon, of Louis XVI., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III. I notice that the earlier stamps of Napoleon III. have no

laurel wreath on the brow, but the later ones have. Did he assume that because of the Austrian war or the Crimean?

3. The Start. At 12 o'clock and twenty-five minutes, New York time (12.08 by Washington time), our lines were cast off, and the steamer *City of London* left her wharf, Pier Number 45, North River. As I looked upon the crowd of people on the shore waving their good-byes, some with streaming eyes and the shadow of loneliness and sorrow coming over them, I felt that, though there was not one face among them I knew, and probably none who knew me, yet they were my countrymen, sharers with me of the honor and glory of the great Republic which I was leaving, and then sprang up in my heart a kind of feeling of bereavement at leaving them. Our steamer is one of the largest on the ocean. She is 395 feet long, draws 22½ feet of water, as now loaded; is registered for 1880 tons burden, and allowed to carry 780 passengers. She was built on the Clyde, and is commanded and manned by Englishmen. The master, Captain Brooks, is a fine type of the solid, capable Englishman. We have about 50 cabin passengers, and 270 in the steerage. The freight is mainly cheese, destined ultimately for the ports of the Mediterranean. We had hardly passed the "Hook" when we sailed due east. At eight in the evening we saw the last glimpse of land: it was the eastern point of Long Island. A splendid cloud-rack in the north gave us a picture, which, by looking at, became Niagara in the sky. A fine breeze gives a delightful coolness to the atmosphere, and now, at 9 P. M., we go below to sleep, after saying to our native land good-night.

SUNDAY, July 14, 1867.

AFTER a tolerably fair night's rest, awoke at half-past five. The sea was only a little rougher than last evening, and in consequence of not having the windows of our state-room closely fastened, the salt water had dashed in and pretty thoroughly saturated our carpet and lounge. At six, went on deck and found the try-sails set and the wind from the north-east helping us a little.

At half-past 10, Dr. H. read service in the cabin, and preached a short discourse. We

were so intent in watching the sailors, as they loosed and unfurled the top-sails to catch the breeze, which had veered a little to the north, that we did not know that there was any religious service till it was nearly ended. We went in long enough to hear the conclusion of the sermon and the last prayers. There was a muscular denunciation of sin, which struck me as not usual to modern thoughts. Why not better to let sin alone, and preach mercy and righteousness? After all, may it not be found in the final analysis that sin is negative, and duty, truth, and love are the only positive classes of realities? If we attend to these, we may let sin take care of itself.

When the Doctor's service ended, he came to me and talked of his visit to America. He said there was more liberality between denominations in the United States than in Europe; thought it was partly the result of the late war for the Union. I think there is *quoddam commune vinculum* among virtues and great reforms, as Cicero says, in his Oration for the poet Archias, there is among the liberal arts. Hence, political union is inducing religious union and the abolition of sects. Among all the evils of sectarianism, there is this one good thing to a philosophical mind: it enables us to see the solidarity of religious truth, as we do objects in the stereoscope. Wonder if "Ecce Homo" and "Ecce Deus"* might not be the two eyes of the same observer, and thus enable him to see the God-man on both sides at once?

There is a most pure and refreshing breeze on deck, and the day is as beautiful as we could wish. A steamer has just come in sight behind us, faster than we are, and we must be humiliated, I suppose, by having her pass us. They say it is the steamer *Manhattan* which is to conquer us. Well, it is some consolation that it is New York *versus* London.

Took a good dinner at 4 P. M., after which I was invited by the captain to his room to take a cup of coffee with him and his friend Mr. G., agent for English claims in the United States. Had a pleasant conversation on the late war, and the relations of the two countries. Walked the deck with C. for an hour and a half; saw the sun sink and the stars come out. The full moon is on our starboard, and paves a broad highway from us to the horizon with silver. On the larboard, we watch the faint moon-shadow of the ship on the waves, and wonder if shadows are not entities which shall never perish, but, in the infinite permutations of the water, may, a thousand years hence, reconstruct the image of this ship and crew somewhere on the ocean.

* These two remarkable books had recently appeared anonymously, and there was much curiosity and speculation regarding their authorship.

MONDAY, July 15, 1867.

AROSE at 6 A. M. Day more beautiful, if possible, than yesterday. Warmer than then, and it was suggested by some of the passengers that we had reached the influence of the Gulf Stream. Temperature of the air, 62°; of the sea, 66°; wind same as last evening—nearly ahead. Sailors in the fore-castle think it is because we have a clergyman aboard. Had some fun with Dr. H. in reference to it. Told him the opinion was evidently descended from the example of Jonah. Talked with him and the captain in reference to the superstitions of sailors. The captain says not one sailor in a thousand would throw a cat overboard. Should it be done, they would expect disaster. Dr. H. spoke of the habit in England of throwing a slipper after a friend as he was leaving. He told of an Irish gentleman who was going away, and, being anxious that his wife should throw her slipper, looked back and caught the heel of it in his eye, which gave him a severe wound. While he was gone, his ticket drew a large prize in the lottery, and all his neighbors said it was because of the vigorous throw of the slipper. The Doctor thought this custom is derived from the Bible, wherein a shoe is considered the symbol of a good wife. I do not remember the passage to which he referred; but I ventured to quote, *per contra*, "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe," which I had always regarded as a malediction. The Doctor escapes the force of this by declaring the passage improperly translated. The virtue of horse-shoes fastened up over doors and on the bows of ships was also discussed. It is common to England and the United States. This the Doctor was disposed to trace to a Bible origin. Iron, he said, was the symbol of the Roman Empire, or of power; hence it is considered a good omen to find iron, especially a horseshoe. I don't think that is the origin of it. I suggested it might be from the horseshoe magnet and its marvelous properties. This theory seemed to take with the company better than the Doctor's; but I suspect it would be necessary to find out, before making much noise about my theory, whether the horseshoe magnet is older or younger than the superstition.

A few minutes before 12 our engines stopped, in consequence of some derangements of the brass bearings, and now, at 1.40, we are still lying—

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

The sea is very calm, and a fishing smack from Nova Scotia is within a few miles of us, her sail flapping uselessly, though she seems to creep a little to the westward. I am not

so much annoyed as most of the passengers seem to be at the delay, for I came to rest, and this is almost the first time for six years I could say I had nothing to do, and I am trying to let my body and mind lie fallow awhile.

I take this opportunity to set it down that I have no plan of travel determined upon, it being my main purpose to rest, and do as I may please when the time comes. I have not even determined whether I will stop at Queenstown or go on to Liverpool.

After nearly four hours' delay we started again, and the day passed off most delightfully.

TUESDAY, July 16, 1867.

AROSE to a bright morning and a good breakfast. The sea is, if possible, more quiet than yesterday. It realizes the "*æquora vitrea*" of which Horace speaks.

Found a young man who is on his way to Germany to study. He is beginning German, and I have agreed to hear him recite while he is on board. In the afternoon, several hours were consumed on the main deck in games of skill, viz.: quoits, shuffle-board, marking with a piece of chalk with the feet suspended in a noose, and backing up on the hands as far as possible. Only the captain went beyond me. The clergy looked on and smiled a condescending smile; but I have no doubt they wanted to be at it themselves, and would have been but for the laws of ministerial propriety. The barometer is dropping a little.

WEDNESDAY, July 17, 1867.

AWOKE with a rough sea, and a strong wind with driving rain.

After dinner, took coffee and a cigar with the captain, and played cribbage in the evening. To-night I won a game of chess from him. He says if this day does not make me seasick, none will. Heard from him the story of his life. Very interesting. I could almost feel the old passion for the sea arise in my heart again. Were I not what I am, I should have been a sailor.

THURSDAY, July 18, 1867.

SEA calmer this morning. C. well. We went on deck about half-past seven, and soon saw Newfoundland low-lying to the north and east. This is the last glimpse we shall have of North America.

I am feeling better than for three weeks.

Strange I am not sick with this rocking motion.

SUNDAY, July 21, 1867.

A LOVELY day, with bright, warm sunshine. At 10, the captain read the church-service, and at its conclusion Doctor H—— delivered a very vigorous and impressive discourse

from Acts iv. 12. It is rarely that I listen to a broader or more liberal sermon. The leading thought was that salvation would be the result of attraction to Christ, and not the fear of hell; that religion did not make cowards, but heroes, of men. His illustrations, borrowed from the ship and our voyage, were very fine; e. g., the ship's lamps compared with reason or conscience as a guide; the ship stranded and broken up—not by storm, but by the usual motion of the waves—likened to the common effects of sin on the soul to destroy it.

I hear that the Doctor is called the Surgeon of Ireland, and I can well believe it.

A young Episcopalian clergyman from Connecticut preached at 6 P. M. a very sensible and earnest discourse. We have had a delightful day.

WEDNESDAY, July 24, 1867.

THE belief that we are to reach Ireland before to-morrow morning has made a great change in the appearance of all on board. The ship is being washed and the upper works repainted, that she may reach home with a bright face. Passengers we are to leave at Queenstown are packing up their luggage and making ready. Many who have become pleasant acquaintances are now asking each other's names for the first time. This arises from the peculiarity of life on shipboard; all formality is abandoned, and, being involved in a common destiny for the time being, they feel that right to each other which isolation confers and assume to be acquainted. The name and antecedents are of little consequence, the chief test being what each brings on board of intellect and good-fellowship for the benefit of all. The people I have become acquainted with on this ship will remain in my memory as a little world apart from all the rest of mankind. I am quite sure I have no adequate or even correct knowledge of their characters, and am equally sure that, from what they have seen of me, they have no knowledge of mine.

The life on board ship is not altogether an artificial one, but it is another from the usual life we lead. Each human being has a number of possible characters in him which changed circumstances may develop. Certainly life on the sea brings out one quite unique. Mine is as much a surprise to me as it could be to any one else. I have purposely become absorbed in the parenthetic life, and have enjoyed it so much that a fellow-passenger remarked to C. that it must be that I would be sorry when we landed.

The record I have kept of the bearings and distances of our passage has been kept chiefly for the purpose of testing the practical accuracy of the science of navigation. The test was brought to trial to-day. At noon the

captain, after telling where we were, and computing the distance to Queenstown (one hundred and sixty-nine miles), and taking into account the speed of the ship and the condition of sea and sky, said we would see an Irish island, called the "Little Skelligs," about 6 o'clock in the evening of to-day. He said it would not be thirty minutes either way from that time. At 5 o'clock there came a bright, brief shower, which cleared up the atmosphere, and at ten minutes before 6 the little speck of an island was seen; and the joyful "Land ho!" and the bells brought everybody on deck. C. suggested that it was fitting we should first see Ireland in sunshine and tears. In half an hour we were within three miles of the main-land, our signals were answered from the shore, and it was known probably in an hour afterward to the two worlds that our ship had safely crossed the Atlantic.

The first impression that Ireland makes upon me is the peculiar light which surrounds distant objects. Instead of the deep indigo-blue of our American landscape, there is a delicate, hazy purple, which I am told is peculiar to the whole of north-western Europe. It must arise from the difference in climatic and atmospheric conditions; it will be a pleasant question to discuss with some artist or scientific man. We came near enough to land to see the verdure, and this also had a peculiar coloring; not the dark, rich green of the United States, but a light *terre verte* tint, which our lichens have. I asked Dr. H. if they were not lichenized cliffs which we saw; but he said it was probably heather, or the usual verdure. I was told by the Doctor and his party that our verdure is a much darker, richer green than that of Europe.

THURSDAY, July 25, 1867.

AT 3 o'clock, just as the dawn was making the east gray, a little side-wheel steamer came alongside as we lay still at the mouth of Cork Harbor, ten miles from Queenstown, and after a terrible tumbling of luggage, without regard either to trunks or contents, more than three-quarters of all our company went on board. The bell of the little tender rang, and with three cheers for the ship, answered by our debarking friends with three more, away they went. Our stately ship turned her head toward the dawn, and steamed along the Irish coast, while I went back to sleep and dream of the brave old world that has just greeted us with such a happy welcome. Arose at half-past 8, and found we were still steaming along the southern coast of Ireland. Passed the Tuskar Rock light-house about 10 A. M., and a little before noon lost sight of Ireland, and, cross-

ing the mouth of St. George's Channel, came in sight of Wales, and coasted up the channel all day. The rough promontories and jagged hills were quite in keeping with the character of that hardy race of Cambrians from whom I am glad to draw my origin. We passed the Menai Strait, which separates Anglesea from the main-land, but which was bridged by the genius and enterprise of Stephenson. Passed Amlwch, near where the *Royal Charter* steam-ship was wrecked a few years since. The water has here a peculiar pea-green color, quite different from our American seas. The channel appears to be a very fickle water, easily provoked by the wind. In a few moments the breeze converted its calm waters into a troubled sea. After passing around the island of Holyhead, from which we saw the Dublin mail steamer making her way to Ireland, we turned into the Irish Sea, and at 10.30 P. M. lay at the mouth of the Mersey, waiting for the tide to enable us to cross the bar and go on to Liverpool, nine miles above. We could not cross till 3, and so slept one night more on board ship.

FRIDAY, July 26, 1867.

BETWEEN 3 and 5 o'clock A. M., the ship made her way up the Mersey, and waited for higher tide to get into her dock. In looking out upon the muddy water of the river, I was reminded of the use made of Shakspeare by Harriet Beecher Stowe in her "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands":

"The quality of *Mersey* is not strained!"

When the pier-mark showed twenty-one feet, we were enabled to be worked into our dock. Our ship drew twenty-two and a half feet when we left New York, but we have consumed about seven hundred tons of coal, which has lifted us out of water about two feet. The Liverpool docks are a most remarkable exhibition of skill and energy. A long sea-wall, extending for miles on the Mersey, and parallel to the shore, is opened every few hundred feet by entrances and gates, where ships may enter, and manifold docks branch off in the interior from these entrances. The masonry is peculiar in having large masses of stone set in obliquely to bind the walls. There are fifteen miles of docks, and the city derives its wealth almost wholly from its commerce. The name of the city is said to be derived from "liver," the name of a fabulous bird, and a pool which originally occupied most of the space of the present city. At 7.30 A. M. we lay in dock, with thousands of masts on all sides of us, and before 8 stood on English soil. Just as we were landing, a drove of cabs came in sight;

a clumsy, heavy-wheeled vehicle, drawn by one horse. After the inspection of our luggage, we took a cab, and in fifteen minutes were set down at the "Angel," and took a quiet, quaintly furnished room on the third floor. I was struck with the fact that the bricks were from half an inch to an inch thicker than ours.

We drove through the market and the cemetery, visited Nelson's statue and Huskisson's. This place was the home of both Huskisson and Canning. The former was killed in 1830, on the occasion of opening the first important steam railway in the world—that between Liverpool and Manchester, I think. I am particularly interested in him in consequence of the prominent part he took in the great financial discussions of 1810.

MONDAY, July 29, 1867.

AT half-past 9 A. M. we took the N. W. R'y for London. We took a second-class coach, at £2 2s. for both. The road was very smooth, and after stopping at Crewe—there was but one stop (Rugby) in one hundred and eighty miles—we reached London in less than six hours, sometimes going at the rate of fifty miles per hour. Stayed at the Langham Hotel in Regent street. Found Henry J. Raymond and Benj. Moran, U. S. Secretary of Legation, and went with them to Parliament. The separation of specimens of natural history from works of art in the British Museum was the subject under discussion. The Liberals held that the Museum is so managed that the common people can get but little benefit from it, since it is not open at night or on Sundays. Layard spoke on the side of the Opposition. Heard Disraeli and two others from the Treasury bench. The speaking is much more conversational and business-like than in Congress; but there is a curious and painful hesitating in almost every speaker. At half-past 8, Mr. Moran called for me, and obtained my admission into the House of Lords, where I sat on the steps of the throne, and heard the debates for about two hours, so far as such speaking could be heard at all. Bulwer and the Prince of Wales had been in, but were out when I arrived. Heard Lord Russell, Lord Malmesbury, and several others, and saw a division on the Reform Bill. I am strongly impressed with the democratic influences which are very manifest in both Houses. There seems to be as much of the demagogical spirit here as in our Congress. Underneath the wigs of the Speaker and Chancellor there is still a constant reference to the demands of the people. The halls are very elaborately furnished, and have the brilliancy which the florid Gothic

always gives to a building; but they are not so well fitted to stand the assaults of time as is our more Grecian Capitol.

Went to Covent Garden Music Hall,—an old place of resort for theatrical people for a hundred years, filled with pictures of actors,—and heard fine singing of ballads, by men and boys only. Home at midnight.

TUESDAY, July 30, 1867.

VISITED St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, where we spent most of the day. In the evening went to the House of Lords with Senator Morrill of Vermont and Mr. Gibbs of Paris. Heard Lord Cairns's speech on his two-vote system for three-cornered constituencies.*

Also, short speech from Lord Cardigan, once the leader of the "noble six hundred" at Balaklava. Also had a drive late in the evening through the streets. Home a little before midnight. Can't undertake to give the details of the day's work.

THURSDAY, Aug. 1, 1867.

SPENT the afternoon in Westminster Hall and Abbey. The statuary and paintings in Westminster Hall are worthy of the nation, and shame me when I think of the art in our noble Capitol at Washington. Note the "Last Sleep of Argyle," both from its subject and its execution. In all the monuments I have observed a manifest determination to ignore Cromwell and his associates in the work they accomplished for England. One picture, "The Burial of Charles I.," is an evident attempt to canonize him and vilify the Puritans, and yet there is the picture of "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims" for New England from Delft Haven, which seems to indicate some love for them.

The sad evidences of decay which meet one everywhere in the Abbey make the pomp of kings a mockery. The Poets' Corner is far more to me than the Chapel of Henry VII. and all the costly shrines and tombs with which the head of the cross is filled. Went through the cloisters where old monks secluded themselves in Catholic times.

In the evening, visited both Houses of Parliament, but spent most of the evening in the House of Lords. Lord Derby's gout is sufficiently allayed to allow him to be in his seat, and I had the privilege of hearing speeches from him, Lord Russell, and Earl Grey—the

* "After clause 8, Lord Cairns moved to insert the following clause: 'At a contested Election for any County or Borough represented by Three Members, no Person shall vote for more than Two Candidates.'"

(Parliamentary Reform—Representation of the People Bill—No. 227, Lords.)

latter two in the Opposition. On a division on raising the disfranchising clause from ten thousand to twelve thousand, the vote was: Ministry, 98; Opposition, 86,—a close pull for Derby. Derby is the best speaker I have heard. Saw Wm. E. Gladstone,—fine face.

FRIDAY, August 2, 1867.

SPENT the whole day in the lower story of the British Museum. The Elgin marbles disappoint me. They are more decayed and fragmentary than I had expected to see them; still, I observe that decay is, in some instances, in the inverse order of age. Westminster Abbey is more decayed than the Elgin marbles, and they much more than the statues and tablets from Nineveh. A question was raised in my mind, whether the age of statuary has not passed, and whether better and higher methods of conserving the past cannot be found. This suggestion applies only to outdoor statuary. With such as I saw in St. Stephen's Hall I am delighted. Their value cannot be overestimated. The autographs of kings and authors are very full and valuable; but, everywhere, I find an old writer takes a stronger hold on my heart than most of the old kings. There was John Milton's contract for the sale of the copyright of "*Paradise Lost*," and the autographs of nearly every literary man England has produced. The famous library which George III. bequeathed to the Museum makes me like the old hater of the United States. The Anglo-Roman antiquities were of the most interesting character, exhibiting Roman art and industry as established in Britain; immense pigs of lead, with Roman emperors' names stamped upon them. I should have mentioned that, in the morning, I called on our Minister, Charles Francis Adams, with whom I had a long and interesting conversation on American politics.

SATURDAY, August 3, 1867.

WE took the train on the South-Western Railway, at Waterloo Station, for Teddington, about sixteen miles from London. From there we walked about two miles to Hampton Court, passing, on the way through Bushy Park, a noble grove, with an avenue of horse-chestnut trees in the center more than a mile long. The trees are from two to three feet in diameter, and are in exact rows. The avenue is about one hundred feet wide, and the trees on either side three rods apart. Back of each row of horse-chestnuts are four rows of elms and oaks, making in all more than one thousand five hundred noble trees, on a sward of most soft and beautiful texture. The upper end of the avenue expands into a broad circle,

inclosing a fine pond, in the center of which is a statue of Diana and her attendants. Three hundred yards beyond the basin we enter the grounds of Hampton Court, through a gate on the posts of which are two huge lions in stone. This noble old palace and grounds were for a long time the seat of a Chapter of the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. In 1515, when Cardinal Wolsey was at the height of his power, he sent physicians to find the most healthful locality within twenty miles of London. They selected this spot, and Wolsey purchased it, erecting a palace more regal than any King of England had yet built. When Henry VIII. became jealous of its magnificence, Wolsey presented it to him. Here Henry lived, and here much of the splendor and shame of his social life was exhibited. Here Elizabeth lived many years. The good William and Mary engaged Wren to enlarge and beautify the palace and grounds, and resided here. Anne, also, and James, and the two Charleses, and succeeding sovereigns down to, and including, George II. Since then the sovereigns have made Windsor their country place, and Hampton Court has passed into a kind of hospital. The only royal rule imposed upon visitors is that they must not enter the precincts with any such plebeian vehicle as a hansom or cab; nothing less than a "fly" will do. The building covers about eight acres, and the grounds are almost as beautiful as I can conceive level ground to be made. I never weary of looking at English turf; we have nothing like it in the United States. When London can put over a square mile of land in a single park, and have a dozen of them, great and small, it is a shame that in a country where we have both room and noble trees we have not one outside of New York and Baltimore worthy of the name.* The grounds of Hampton Court are laid out a little too regularly, evidently on the artificial French model; but they are, nevertheless, very beautiful. We visited the state apartments of William and Mary, which seemed to have been constructed to symbolize and perpetuate the true and noble love of those two most worthy people. There are few sovereigns for whom I have so high a regard and admiration as these. Much of the state furniture remains in the building, and there are about one thousand two hundred pictures,—many poor, but some very good. A large number of quaint old pictures by Hans Holbein, which made me laugh at their grotesqueness, and yet I greatly admire their power and perfection. A portrait of bluff King Hal, seated under a canopy with one of his wives, and the Princess Elizabeth near him,

* Written in 1867.

was a most singular specimen of a Dutch interior. The embarkation of Henry VIII. from Dover, in 1520, and the meeting of Henry with Francis, were remarkable specimens of the Dutch notions of perspective three hundred years ago.

One room was wholly devoted to the paintings of our Philadelphian, Benj. West, who did much service for George III. The work was good, but I wondered how it affected the Republican loyalty of West. Several pictures by Titian and Rubens, and two heads by Rembrandt, the latter specially noticeable, attracted me. One room exhibited the beauties of the court of Charles II., among whom the apple-girl, Nell Gwynne, was prominent. Fine old vases of Delft ware, which William and Mary brought over from Holland, were in one room. We visited the Grand Hall, hung with tapestry, where the great assemblies were held, and where a sport was had, cruel as history or literature could devise. Shakspeare's "Henry VIII." (The Fall of Wolsey) was acted on the very stage over which were the portraits of Wolsey and Henry, wrought into the very structure of the building. Beyond the Hall was the withdrawing-room, tapestried also, where James I., better fitted to be a professor of Latin or theology than a king, presided over a convocation of, and discussion between, the doctors of the Established Church and the old Kirk, which produced great results for Great Britain.

We visited the old Black Hamburg vine in the vinery, which is 101 years old, and has now 1500 clusters. The England for which its first clusters ripened was not fit to drink of the wine of its last vintage. No country has made nobler progress against greater obstacles than this heroic England in the last hundred years. After going through "The Maze," we partook of a good dinner at the hotel near the gates, and taking the S. W. Railway, were in London in a few minutes, and in our rooms before 9 P. M.

SUNDAY, Aug. 4, 1867.

WENT at an early hour down Regent street, across Westminster Bridge, into that part of London, called Newington, to the Metropolitan Tabernacle of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. By good fortune we were invited by a pewholder to take seats in his pew in the second gallery, and finding our shipmate, Rev. Mr. Goodrich, of New Haven, on the steps, took him with us. I did not intend to listen to Spurgeon as to some *lusus naturæ*, but to try to discover what manner of man he was, and what was the secret of his power. In the first place, the house is a fine building, and we had a good opportunity to examine it while

the people were assembling. It will seat comfortably at least seven thousand people. The popular estimate is ten thousand, but seven thousand is nearer the fact. The building was two-thirds filled before the main doors were opened to the public. When they were opened, a great throng poured in and filled every seat, step, and aisle to the utmost. At half-past 11 Spurgeon came in, and at once offered a short, simple, earnest prayer, and read and helped the whole congregation to sing Dr. Watts's stirring hymn:

"There is a land of pure delight."

For the first time in my life I felt some sympathy with the doctrine that would reject instrumental music from church worship. There must have been five thousand voices joining in the hymn. The whole building was filled and overflowed with the strong volume of song. The music made itself felt as a living, throbbing presence that entered your nerves, brain, heart, and filled and swept you away in its resistless current.

After the singing, Spurgeon read a chapter of the lamentations of Job, and then a contrasted passage from Paul, both relating to life and death. He accompanied his reading with familiar and sensible, sometimes striking, expositional comments; and then followed another hymn, a longer prayer, a short hymn and then the sermon, from a text from the chapter he had read in Job: "All my appointed days will I wait till my change come." He evidently proceeded upon the assumption that the Bible, all the Bible, in its very words, phrases, and sentences, is the word of God; and that a microscopic examination of it will reveal ever-opening beauties and blessings. All the while he impresses you with that, and also with the living fullness and abundance of his faith in the presence of God, and the personal accountability of all to Him. An unusual fullness of belief in these respects seems to me to lie at the foundation of his power. Intellectually he is marked by his ability to hold with great tenacity, and pursue with great persistency any line of thought he chooses. He makes the most careful and painstaking study of the subject in hand. There can be no doubt that fully as much of his success depends upon his labor as upon his force of intellect. He has chosen the doctrines and the literature of the Bible as his field, and does not allow himself to be drawn aside. He rarely wanders into the fields of poesy, except to find the stirring hymns which may serve to illustrate his theme. He uses Bible texts and incidents with great readiness and appropriateness, and directs all his power, not toward his sermon,

but toward his hearers. His arrangement is clear, logical, and perfectly comprehensible, and at the end of each main division of the sermon he makes a personal application of the truth developed to his hearers, and asks God to bless it. His manner is exceedingly simple and unaffected. He does not appear to be aware that he is doing a great thing, and I could see no indication that his success has turned his head. He has the word-painting power quite at his command, but uses it sparingly. I could see those nervous motions of the hands and feet which all forcible speakers make when preparing to speak; and also in his speaking, the sympathy between his body and his thoughts, which controlled his gestures, and produced those little touches of theatrical power, so effective in a speaker. His pronunciation is exceedingly good. In the whole service I noticed but one mispronunciation. He said "transient." There appears to be almost no idiom in his language. An American audience would hardly know he was not an American.

Every good man ought to be thankful for the work Spurgeon is doing. I could not but contrast this worship with that I saw a few days ago at Westminster Abbey. In that proud old mausoleum of kings, venerable with years and royal pride, the great organ rolled out its deep tones, and sobbed and thundered its grand music, mingled with the intoning of the hired singers. Before the assembly of rich and titled worshipers sat a choir of twenty persons. The choir boys, in their white robes, had been fighting among the tombs and monuments of the nave just before the service began. However devout and effective their worship may be, it is very costly, and must be confined to a great extent to the higher classes. I felt that Spurgeon had opened an asylum where the great untitled, the poor and destitute of this great city, could come and find their sorrows met with sympathy; their lowliness and longings for a better life touched by a large heart and an undoubted faith. God bless Spurgeon! He is helping to work out the problem of religious and civil freedom for England in a way that he knows not of.

In the afternoon we walked in the Botanical Gardens, in Regent's Park, and spent nearly three hours in these delightful grounds. I never tire of the sweet and subduing beauties of this park. While sitting in the great greenhouses, under the tropical plants, we read an article from the "Westminster Review," for August, 1867, entitled "The Social Era of George III." The writer says the three greatest indications of a people's civilization are: 1. The state of the roads; 2. The state

of agriculture; 3. The mode of transportation; and proceeds to apply these texts to the state of England at the beginning (1760) of George the Third's reign and at its close (1820). I am surprised at the facts he developed. I had supposed that such great contrasts could only be shown between periods of centuries,—like that exhibited by Macaulay in the third chapter of the first volume of his *History*. But this article shows that the greater part of all the change that Macaulay shows in that chapter has taken place within the memory of men now living.

I make this note in order to keep in mind the article, that I may call it up hereafter.

I notice the old Vauxhall Gardens, so admirably described in Frances Burney's "Evelina," have disappeared. The S. W. Railway runs through them, and a thousand tenements fill the space where only people in full dress could be admitted fifty years ago.

London is still growing rapidly, and is destined to do all that cities in this age can accomplish. It is a phenomenon—a wonder which grows upon me every day.

MONDAY, August 5, 1867.

WENT again to the British Museum, and spent three hours in the upper story. Went through the zoölogical collection, which is very full. C. thought our American birds had a touch of the impudence and freedom in their bearing which characterizes the people! African, Australian, and South American vie with each other in gorgeousness of plumage. The Geological Department is exceedingly fine. I should know the place from Hugh Miller's description of it. The Pompeian remains were full of interest, and another room of Anglo-Roman antiquities confirms me in the opinion that we do not make sufficient account of the influence of the Romans upon our English civilization. From the Museum, we passed down Oxford street, among the second-hand book-stores, and took an omnibus to the Bank of England, near which, at Brown, Shipley & Co's, we find a letter from H——.

Visited the Tower of London, so full of sad, strange history. It was built by William the Conqueror, soon after the conquest, in 1066, as a defense for himself and his court against the turbulent Britons, and has been added to by many succeeding sovereigns until it is now a curious compound of all the fusions of architecture, and an embodiment of the ideas and purposes of seven or eight centuries. The White Tower in the center, built by William, has many of the old Norman features in its architecture; and, though much of its exterior has been renovated, yet

there is here and there a double-arched window of the Norman style, and, in the interior, a wonderfully well-preserved chapel of quaint Norman pillars. Its walls are thirteen feet thick, and its dungeons admitted no light nor air, except through the main entrance. The cell in which Raleigh slept, and the room where he wrote his "History of the World," were touching memorials of the heroism and intellect of a cruel age. The dungeons and inscriptions on the walls, carved by prisoners; the instruments of torture, the block and axe, and mark of the stroke; the quaint suits of armor, from the earliest days of the Norman kings till gunpowder stripped soldiers of all defense; the cavalry cuirasses, torn by shot and shell on the field of Waterloo, being the last attempt at armor on the field; the conquered banners of civilized and uncivilized nations; the weapons of all sizes and forms for the destruction of human life, from the battle-axe, pike, matchlock, stone-shot, to the one hundred thousand breech-loading Enfield rifles with which England has just armed herself; the crown jewels; the crowns worn by so many English sovereigns; the scepters, from the heavy rod of solid gold of one of the Edwards, and the splendid ivory and gold wand of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, to the costly scepter which Victoria bore at her coronation; the baptismal font of solid gold, used at the baptism of her children; the massive golden maces, with which she opens Parliament; the inclosed spot of green in the yard, where the gallows stood, where so many criminal and innocent were put to death; the Traitor's Gate, through which all prisoners charged with high treason were brought from the Thames; the stairway, under which the fierce King John secreted the bones of his royal nephews, whom he here murdered; the room where an English duke was drowned in a butt of Malmsey,—all these have been associated in my mind with the Dinotherium, the Mastodon, the Megatherium, and the Ichthyosaurus which I saw this morning in the Museum. This Tower seemed a monster, tearing down men and families, and crunching them in its merciless jaws, as the Dinotherium crushed and devoured the fern-trees, dateless ages ago. Both are passed away. The fern-trees burn in the grates and glow in the chandeliers of thousands of happy homes, and the broken hearts and crushed hopes of a thousand martyrs, who sleep under the shadows of this terrible Tower, have given civil and religious liberty; and their memories and brave words live and glow in the hearts of many millions of Englishmen, and will bless coming generations. May the Tower stand there many centuries,

as a mark to show how high the red deluge rose, and how happy is this England of Victoria compared with that of her ancestors!

On our way home, we walked through Billingsgate, which has given a word to our language. I saw in the stalls a curious little animal, which seemed a cross between a lobster and a beetle. I asked the fishwoman who presided what they were.

"Four-pence a pint," said she.

"But," said I, "*what are they?*"

"Four-pence the pint, I tell ye."

"But," I persisted, "what is the name of the animals you have for sale?"

"Humph! *shrimps*," and, with a look of contemptuous indignation: "That's all *you* wanted!"

After dinner we went to Madame Tussaud's, in Baker street, and spent two or three hours among her wax figures and historical relics. Here were all the sovereigns of Europe, from William the Conqueror down, and many distinguished men of other nations and other ages. The verisimilitude of life in these figures produced a singular effect upon my mind, not altogether pleasing. I think it shocks us when we see Art so nearly a copy of Nature as almost to deceive us. When I see Napoleon in marble, without the accidents of boots, hat, or coat, I think of those permanent characteristics of head and face which belong to history; but when I see him so like life as to feel like begging his pardon for crowding him, I am balanced between a live and a dead man, and the effect is not pleasing. Yet I get a more vivid and, I presume, a more correct impression of how men looked than in any other way. The effigy of Washington gave me a better idea of how he looked when President than any statue or picture I have seen. Many of the dresses are the identical ones worn on State occasions. The effigies of many of the kings of England will long remain in my memory, such as William the Norman, Richard Cœur de Lion, the murderer John, from whom Magna Charta was forced, old Hal and his six wives, red-haired Elizabeth, handsome, thoughtful William of Orange. I also mention the fine head, face, and eye of Walter Scott.

TUESDAY, Aug. 6, 1867.

OUR first rainy day in London. Though we have had remarkably cool weather, a thin overcoat being almost every day comfortable, we have had but little London fog, and no shower until to-day. But all day, London has been like Mantilini's supposed condition: "a demmed, damp, moist, unpleasant body." The fog was visible, palpable, tangible; a wet, cold sheet, which, like that in Mrs. Barbauld's "Washing Day," "flaps in the face abrupt."

Called on Mr. Adams and his wife. Mrs. Adams is a woman of fine sense and vigor, * * * and showed a keen appreciation of the diplomatic struggle through which we have passed with England. Had a pleasant talk of an hour with Mr. Adams at his office; also with Morgan, Secretary of Legation. Mr. Adams spoke of the character of his father and grandfather. He thinks the chief difference was in culture, his father having much more training. He is preparing his father's works for publication. I spoke of his grandmother's letters, which he edited many years ago, and he said there were many more that should have been published.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 7, 1867.

CAME this morning by way of St. James's Park, and entered again the old Abbey and, with my inkstand resting on the tablet of Chaucer's tomb, I make this note. We have just read Irving's chapter on Westminster Abbey, and find it wonderfully suggestive to look upon the objects that met his eye when he wrote. I notice that he praises an inscription which declares that "all the sons" of the deceased "were brave, and all his daughters virtuous," and the same thing is mentioned contemptuously by Hawthorne in his late book, "Our Old Home." I found myself leaning rather toward Hawthorne in this matter. I am struck with the different estimate which a man's contemporaries place upon him from that in which later generations hold him. Of course, I know how mendacious epitaphs are; yet they may be supposed to be about equally false, and may enable us to judge of the relative estimation in which the different dead were held. Here by my side lies Abraham Cowley, under a fine marble monument surmounted by a lofty, flower-wreathed urn. A few steps away is the bust of Milton, surmounting a decorated tablet on which William Benson, Esquire, attempts to make the world know who he was, by telling us that in the year 1737 *he* caused this bust to be made and placed here; he, who had the "distinguished honor of being one of the two Auditors of the Imprests of George II.)*" He does not see fit to tell us that Milton was Latin Secretary of State to the stout old Commonwealth, which did so much in its rough way for English liberty. That reign is quite ignored. It is only in Madame Tussaud's wax-work that I have seen "Old Noll" recognized.

* "Auditors of the Prest, or Imprests, are officers in the Exchequer who formerly had the charge of auditing the great accounts of the king's customs, naval and military expences, and of all monies impressed to any man for the king's service; but they are now superseded by the commissioners for auditing the public accounts." Rees's *Cyclopedia*: London, 1819.

Another thing that strikes me with force,—that many of the bewigged and highly praised busts are mere intruders, who ought to, if they could, feel ashamed to be thrust into such august company. For instance: why should Gulielmus Outram fill so large a space with his long, Latin eulogium, which no one cares to read, that Macaulay's bust must be pushed almost out of sight between him and the full length of Addison? By the way, this prim Addison would be ashamed, if he knew his nearest neighbors—Macaulay and Thackeray—to stand so plumply before them, who are so much his superiors in everything except style. It is appropriate that Garrick should be buried where he is, at the feet of Shakspeare; but his ridiculous, life-size statue, on the wall nearly opposite, is in a theatrical attitude, which I am sure he would not approve; and the epitaph is fustian, which he would not have spoken. I am glad to see that Lamb thought of it as it impresses me. His statue reminds me of Sam Weller, as Cruikshank shows him to us in the frontispiece of "The Pickwick Papers."

It is raining now (1.15 P. M.), and "the dim, religious light" is too feeble to read by; much too feeble to write by. I very much want B—— here, that I might watch his face and see the conflict between the historical and literary pleasure he would feel and his chronic disgust at all humbug and pretension.

In the main nave of the Abbey is the tomb of Newton, with his statue reclining on a block sarcophagus, with sculptured designs, showing his astronomical and mathematical discoveries, and also his work in the Mint on the recoinage.

THURSDAY, August 8, 1867.

VISITED Kensington Museum and Hyde Park. Met Mr. and Mrs. H——, of Cleveland, who were jaded and weary of sixteen months of sight-seeing. The museum is of much more consequence than I supposed. It contains a large collection of manufactures, ancient and modern; of articles of furniture and house-building, as well as casts of the most celebrated pieces of sculpture. Also, the cartoons of Raphael, or part of them; many paintings by Edwin and Charles Landseer, West, Reynolds, Turner, and the original of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." We spent nearly three hours here, and came away regretfully. At 4, we went to Westminster Hall. I sent Mr. Chase's letter to John Bright, who came out and got me in back of the Peers' seat, under the Speaker's gallery, where I had a fine view, and where I staid—except when divisions were being taken—till near midnight.

When I went in at half-past 4, petitions

were being presented in open house; each member reading his petition, and carrying it to the Speaker's table. There are no pages, and, besides the doorkeepers, there appear to be no officers in the House, except the Speaker, who wears a full-bottomed wig, and three clerks, who sit directly before him, in half, or short wigs.

When a member read a petition of four thousand citizens of Birmingham in favor of Lord Cairns's amendment for a third vote in tripartite constituencies, Bright followed with a monster petition on the other side. Then followed a volley of questions fired at the Administration from all sides, and their responses. Disraeli sat passionless and motionless, except a trotting of the foot, indicative of a high pitch of intellectual activity and expectancy. His face reveals nothing. The most pointed allusions, either of logic, fact, or wit, fail to move a muscle or change a line of the expression.

At 5, the Reform Bill is announced, and all sounds subside in the crowded hall—so full that several members sit in the gallery.* Disraeli, in a very calm, somewhat halting way, goes over the chief points of the Lords' amendments, puts them very adroitly, and in a very conciliatory tone speaks about twenty minutes. Meanwhile, Bright has been sitting on the second row, and next the gangway, taking a note now and then, manifesting a little nervousness in the hands and fingers, and occasionally passing his hand over his ample forehead. Mill is settled down in his seat, with his chin resting in the palm of his hand, and giving close attention, as he does to everything that passes. By the way, his face greatly disappoints me in one respect: there is nothing of the Jovine breadth and fullness of brow I expected; but there is great depth from brow to cerebellum, and strong, well-defined features. There is a nervous twitching of the muscles of his head and face, which probably results from hard work. Gladstone rises and opens the debate on the Opposition side, in an adroit speech of eight minutes, evidently reserving himself for a fuller assault later in the evening. He is the most un-English speaker I have yet heard, and the best. Disraeli shows great tact in determining how far to persist and when to yield. In that essential point of leadership, Palmerston has probably never been excelled. Disraeli is no mean disciple of his. Gladstone, with more

ability than either, is said to be especially lacking in that respect.

After several more amendments have been given up with apparent reluctance, but for the sake of harmony, the amendment of Lord Cairns is reached, on which the ministry intend to make a stubborn fight. Bright opens the attack in a speech of half an hour or more. Though cordially disliked by the Tories, he compels attention at once. With a form like that of Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, he has a large, round, full, fine, massive head, and straight, almost delicate nose. He has a full, rotund voice, and, like Gladstone, is un-English in his style—that is, he speaks right on, with but little of that distressful hobbling which marks the mass of Parliamentary speakers. With all my sympathy with Bright and the Liberals, I am inclined to favor the amendment. I remember Mill's discussion of it in his "Representative Government," and his approving reference to the work of Hare on the same subject. Bright put the case very strongly on his side, and pointed out the anomalies it would produce; but I thought they would result from the limited application of the principle, rather than from the principle itself. I also thought it a little inconsistent in him, who has been so bold an advocate for change, to object to this as an innovation. But he put his case very strongly, and made us sympathize with his earnestness. Many speeches were leveled at him; but, like all politicians, he seems to have become a pachyderm, and paid no attention to it. Howmuchsoever they may affect to despise him, they cannot blink the fact, which even "The Times" admitted this morning in a mean attack on him, that "John Bright was the most skillful speaker in England, and, in some kinds of oratory, the first orator."

I notice that many of the leaders were high honor men at the universities. Gladstone took a "double-first"; Roundell Palmer took a "first" in classics, and many other classic honors and prizes. Mill is not a University man, but his "Logic" has been a text-book at Oxford for twenty years. Tom Hughes, who made Rugby and himself immortal, was not a first-class scholar. Forster is a good speaker and a Radical, but I do not know what his scholarship was.

At 10, Gladstone rose and spoke for nearly an hour, going into the whole question with great clearness and incisive force. He spoke with much more feeling than any other except Bright. Gladstone was followed by Lowe, who is considered the strongest man of his school in the House. He sits on the Opposition side; but on this question of suffrage is Conservative. He is nearly blind, and spoke

* Bill 79, Commons. The Bill is very voluminous, and is a comprehensive demand of the people of England for a broader and fairer participation in the legislation and administration of the affairs of their country, and for the correction of evident abuses of the Franchise.

without notes and with his eyes apparently shut. He combines sharpness with a remarkable toughness of intellectual fiber, which makes him a powerful assailant. It was exceedingly fine, the way he sought out and javelined the exposed joints of his antagonist's harness. Gladstone winced manifestly. About half-past 11 a division was had, which resulted: 206 against, and 258 in favor. This is a strong example of the influence of the Ministry. When the same principle was discussed in the Commons a few weeks ago, Disraeli made a strong speech against it, and it was negatived by 140 majority. It has been very curious to see what different and opposite motives have moved men to favor this new feature in representative government. Mill votes for this only as an installment of what he has long advocated as a *doctrinaire*: that minorities should be repre-

sented, and he hopes to see it prevail in all elections. He thinks it will vitalize voters, and virtually extend the suffrage. He votes for it as a higher step toward democracy. Gladstone opposes it for this very reason, and several others because it will give them a Tory member. "The Times" favors it for this reason, and because it thinks it will control the democratic tendencies of the bill.

The measure seems to me to be vulnerable: first, because of the practical difficulties in carrying it into operation; secondly, because of its partial application.

The voting-paper clause was taken up, and the House of Commons refused to concur with the Lords.

I left the Commons a little before midnight, having witnessed the practical consummation of the greatest advance toward political liberty made in England in a century.

From London, before leaving Great Britain, General and Mrs. Garfield went to Warwick, Stratford, York, Edinburgh, Melrose and Abbotsford, Glasgow and Ayrshire, and Leith, whence they took steamer to Rotterdam. The remainder of the trip was devoted to Holland, the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy, France, and London again. The return voyage was made from Queenstown, October 24, in the *Helvetia*.

DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS

LET us enjoy the present as is meet,
Nor anger heaven to take our joys away
By weak complainings that the hours are fleet,
And death too soon shall close our little day.

In the brief space that lies 'twixt morn and eve,
Some trees of life may bloom, some hopes may grow,
Some clear persuasion that the bliss we leave
Is but a gleam of that to which we go.

So that, when falls the dusk at set of sun,
Glad we may turn from toil to rest awhile,
Sure to complete the tasks we leave undone,
With stronger purpose 'neath the morrow's smile.

E. D. R. Bianciardi.

IN WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY.

NO OTHER English poet has touched me quite so closely as Wordsworth. All classes of men delight in Shakspeare; he is the universal genius; but Wordsworth's poetry has more the character of a message, and a message special and personal to a few readers. He stands for a particular phase of human thought and experience, and his service to certain minds is like an initiation into a new order of mysteries. His limitations make him all the more private and precious, like the seclusion of one of his mountain dales. He is not and can never be the world's poet, but

the poet of those who love solitude and solitary communion with nature. Shakspeare's attitude toward nature is for the most part like that of a gay, careless reveler, who leaves his companions for a moment to pluck a flower or gather a shell here and there, as they stroll

"By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beachèd margent of the sea."

But in Wordsworth's love, nature is not second, but first; the poetic rill with him rises in the mountains.

You can hardly appreciate the extent to

which he has absorbed and reproduced the spirit of the Westmoreland scenery until you have visited that region. I paused there a few days in early June, on my way south, and again on my return late in July. I walked up from Windermere to Grasmere, where, on the second visit, I took up my abode at the historic Swan Inn, where Scott used to go surreptitiously to get his mug of beer when he was stopping with Wordsworth.

The call of the cuckoo came to me from over Rydal Water as I passed along; I plucked my first foxglove by the road-side; paused and listened to the voice of the mountain torrent; heard

"The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep";

caught many a glimpse of green, unpeopled hills, urn-shaped dells, treeless heights, rocky promontories, secluded valleys, and clear, swift-running streams. The scenery was somber; there were but two colors, green and brown, verging on black; wherever the rock cropped out of the green turf on the mountain-sides, or in the vale, it showed a dark face. But the tenderness and freshness of the green tints were something to remember,—the hue of the first springing April grass, massed and wide-spread in midsummer.

Then there was a quiet splendor, almost grandeur, about Grasmere vale, such as I had not seen elsewhere,—a kind of monumental beauty and dignity that agreed well with one's conception of the loftier strains of its poet. It is not too much dominated by the mountains, though shut in on all sides by them; that stately level floor of the valley keeps them back and defines them, and they rise up from its outer margin like rugged, green-tufted and green-draped walls.

It is doubtless this feature, as De Quincey says, this plane-like character of the valley, that makes the scenery of the Grasmere more impressive than the scenery in North Wales, where the physiognomy of the mountains is essentially the same, but where the valleys are more bowl-shaped. Amid so much that is steep and rugged and broken, the eye delights in the repose and equilibrium of horizontal lines,—a bit of table-land, the surface of the lake, or the level of the valley bottom. The principal valleys of our own Catskill region all have this stately floor so characteristic of Wordsworth's country. It was a pleasure which I daily indulged in to stand on the bridge by Grasmere Church, with that full, limpid stream before me, pausing and deepening under the stone embankment near where the dust of the poet lies, and let the eye sweep across the plane to the foot of the near mountains, or dwell upon their encircling summits

above the tops of the trees and the roofs of the village. The water-ouzel loved to linger there too, and would sit in contemplative mood on the stones around which the water loitered and murmured, its clear white breast alone defining it from the object upon which it rested. Then it would trip along the margin of the pool, or flit a few feet over its surface, and suddenly, as if it had burst like a bubble, vanish before your eyes; there would be a little splash of the water beneath where you saw it, as if the drop of which it was composed had reunited with the surface there. Then, in a moment or two, it would emerge from the water beneath which it had disappeared so quickly, and take up its stand as dry and unruffled as ever. It was always amusing to see this plump little bird, so unlike a water-fowl in shape and manner, disappear in the stream. It did not seem to dive, but simply dropped into the water, as if its wings had suddenly failed it. Sometimes it fairly tumbled in from its perch. It was gone from sight in a twinkling, and while you were wondering how it could accomplish the feat of walking on the bottom of the stream under there, it re-appeared as unconcerned as possible. It is a song-bird, a thrush, and gives a feature to these mountain streams and water-falls, which ours, except on the Pacific coast, entirely lack. The stream that winds through Grasmere vale, and flows against the embankment of the church-yard, as the Avon at Stratford, is of great beauty—clean, bright, full, trouty, with just a tinge of gypsy blood in its veins, which it gets from the black tarns and the mountains, and which adds to its richness of color. I saw an angler take some trout from it, not so brilliantly colored or so finely made as American trout. After a heavy rain the stream was not roily, but slightly darker in hue; these fields and mountains are so turf-bound that no particle of soil is carried away by the water.

Falls and cascades are a great feature all through this country, as they are a marked feature in Wordsworth's poetry. One's ear is everywhere haunted by the sound of falling water; and when the ear cannot hear them, the eye can see the streaks or patches of white foam down the green declivities. There is no hum of woods, and no trees above the valley bottom to obstruct the view or muffle the sounds of distant streams. When I was at Grasmere there was much rain, and this stanza of the poet came to mind:

"Loud is the Vale! The voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone,
A mighty unison of streams!
Of all her voices, one!"

The words vale and dell come to have a new meaning after one has visited Words-

worth's country, just as the words cottage and shepherd also have so much more significance there and in Scotland than at home.

"Dear child of Nature, let them rail!
—There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbor and a hold,
Where thou, a wife and friend, shalt see
Thy own delightful days, and be
A light to young and old."

Every humble dwelling looks like a nest; that in which the poet himself lived had a cozy, nest-like look; and every vale is green—a cradle amid rocky heights, padded and carpeted with the thickest turf.

Wordsworth is described as the poet of nature. He is more the poet of man, deeply wrought upon by a certain phase of nature,—the nature of those somber, quiet, green, far-reaching mountain solitudes. There is a shepherd quality about him; he loves the flocks, the heights, the tarn, the tender herbage, the sheltered dell, the fold, with a kind of poetized shepherd instinct. Lambs and sheep and their haunts, and those who tend them, recur perpetually in his poems. How well his verse harmonizes with those high, green, and gray solitudes, where the silence is only broken by the bleat of lambs or sheep, or just stirred by the voice of distant water-falls! Simple, elemental, yet profoundly tender and human, he had

"the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be."

He brooded upon nature, but it was nature mirrored in his own heart. In his poem of "The Brothers," he says of his hero, who had gone to sea:

"He had been rear'd
Among the mountains, and he in his heart
Was half a shepherd on the stormy seas.
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard
The tones of water-falls, and inland sounds
Of caves and trees";

and leaning over the vessel's side and gazing into the "broad green wave and sparkling foam," he

"Saw mountains,—saw the forms of sheep that
grazed
On verdant hills."

This was what his own heart told him; every experience or sentiment called those beloved images to his own mind.

One afternoon, when the sun seemed likely to get the better of the soft rain-clouds, I set out to climb to the top of Helvellyn. I followed the highway a mile or more beyond the Swan Inn, and then I committed myself to a foot-path that turns up the mountain-side to the right, and crosses into Grisedale and so to Ulleswater. Two school-girls whom I overtook put me on the right track. The voice of a foaming mountain torrent was in

my ears a long distance, and now and then the path crossed it. Fairfield Mountain was on my right hand, Helm Crag and Dunmail Raise on my left. Grasmere plain soon lay far below. The hay-makers, encouraged by a gleam of sunshine, were hastily raking together the rain-blackened hay. From my outlook they appeared to be slowly and laboriously rolling up a great sheet of dark-brown paper, uncovering beneath it one of the most fresh and vivid green. The mown grass is so long in curing in this country (frequently two weeks) that the new blades spring beneath it and a second crop is well under way before the old is "carried." The long mountain slopes up which I was making my way were as verdant as the plain below me. Large coarse ferns or bracken, with an under lining of fine grass, covered the ground on the lower portions. On the higher, grass alone prevailed. On the top of the divide, looking down into the valley of Ulleswater, I came upon one of those black tarns or mountain lakelets which are such a feature in this strange scenery. The word tarn has no meaning with us, though our young poets sometimes use it as they do this Yorkshire word wold; one they get from Wordsworth, the other from Tennyson. But when you have seen one of those still, inky pools at the head of a silent, lonely Westmoreland dale, you will not be apt to misapply the word in future. Suddenly the serene shepherd mountain opens this black, gleaming eye at your feet, and it is all the more weird for having no eyebrow of rocks, or fringe of rush or bush. The steep, encircling slopes drop down and hem it about with the most green and uniform turf. If its rim had been modeled by human hands, it could not have been more regular or gentle in outline. Beneath its emerald coat the soil is black and peaty, which accounts for the hue of the water and the dark line that encircles it.

"All round this pool both flocks and herds might
drink

On its firm margin, even as from a well,
Or some stone basin, which the herdsman's hand
Had shaped for their refreshment."

The path led across the outlet of the tarn and then divided, one branch going down into the head of Grisedale, and the other mounting up the steep flank of Helvellyn. Far up the green acclivity I met a man and two young women making their way slowly down. They had come from Glenridding on Ulleswater, and were going to Grasmere. The women looked cold, and said I would find it wintry on the summit.

Helvellyn has a broad flank and a long back, and comes to a head very slowly and gently. You reach a wire fence well up

on the top that divides some sheep ranges, pass through a gate, and have a mile yet to the highest ground in front of you; but you could traverse it in a buggy, it is so smooth and grassy. The grass fails just before the summit is reached, and the ground is covered with small thin stone and pebbles. The view is impressive, and such as one likes to sit down to and drink in slowly—a

"grand terraqueous spectacle,
From center to circumference, unveil'd."

The wind was moderate and not cold. Toward Ulleswater the mountain drops down abruptly many hundred feet, but its vast western slope appeared one smooth, unbroken surface of grass. The following jottings in my note-book on the spot preserve some of the features of the scene. "All the northern landscape lies in sunlight as far as Carlisle

'a tumultuous waste of huge hill-tops;'

not quite so severe and rugged as the Scotch mountains, but the view more pleasing and more extensive than the one I got from Ben Venue. The black tarns at my feet,—Keppel Cove Tarn one of them, according to my map,—how curious they look! I can just discern the figure of a man moving by the margin of one of them. Away beyond Ulleswater is a vast sweep of country flecked here and there by slowly moving cloud shadows. To the north-east, in places, the backs and sides of the mountain have a green, pastoral voluptuousness, so smooth and full are they with thick turf. At other points the rock has fretted through the verdant carpet. St. Sunday's Crag, to the west across Grisedale, is a steep acclivity covered with small loose stone, as if they had been dumped over the top, and were slowly sliding down; but nowhere do I see great bowlders strewn about. Patches of black peat are here and there. The little rills, near and far, are white as milk, so swiftly do they run. On the more precipitous sides the grass and moss are lodged, and hold like snow, and are as tender in hue as the first April blades. A multitude of lakes are in view and Morecambe Bay to the south. There are sheep everywhere, loosely scattered with their lambs; occasionally I hear them bleat. No other sound is heard but the chirp of the mountain pipit (the wheat-ear flitting here and there). One mountain now lies in full sunshine, as fat as a seal, wrinkled and dimpled where it turns to the west, like a fat animal when it bends to lick itself. What a spectacle is now before me!—all the near mountains in shadow, and the distant in strong sunlight; I shall not see the like of that again. On some of the mountains the green vestments are in tatters and rags, so to speak, and

barely cling to them. No heather in view. Toward Windermere the high peaks and crests are much more jagged and rocky. The air is filled with the same white, motionless vapor as in Scotland. When the sun breaks through

'Slant watery lights, from parting clouds, apace
Travel along the precipice's base,
Cheering its naked waste of scatter'd stone.'

Amid these scenes one comes face to face with nature,

"With the pristine earth,
The planet in its nakedness,"

as he cannot in a wooded country. The primal, abysmal energies, grown tender and meditative as it were, thoughtful of the shepherd and his flocks, and voiceful only in the leaping torrents, look out upon one near at hand and pass a mute recognition. Wordsworth perpetually refers to these hills and dales as lonely or lonesome; but his heart was still more lonely. The outward solitude was congenial to the isolation and profound privacy of his own soul. "Lonesome," he says of one of these mountain dales, but

"Not melancholy,—no, for it is green
And bright and fertile, furnished in itself
With the few needful things that life requires.
In rugged arms how soft it seems to lie,
How tenderly protected,"

It is this tender and sheltering character of the mountains of the Lake district that is one main source of their charm. So rugged and lofty, and yet so mellow and delicate! No shaggy, weedy growths or tangles anywhere; nothing wilder than the bracken, which at a distance looks as solid as the grass. The turf is as fine and thick as that of a lawn. The dainty-nosed lambs could not crave a tenderer bite than it affords. The wool of the dams could hardly be softer to the foot. The last of July the grass was still short and thick, as if it never shot up a stalk and produced seed, but always remained a fine, close mat. Nothing was more unlike what I was used to at home than this universal tendency (the same is true in Scotland and in Wales) to grass, and on the lower slopes to bracken, as if these were the only two plants in nature. Many of these eminences in the north of England, too lofty for hills and too smooth for mountains, are called fells. The railway between Carlisle and Preston winds between them, as Houghill Fells, Tebay Fells, Shap Fells, etc. They are, even in midsummer, of such a vivid and uniform green that it seems as if they must have been painted. Nothing blurs or mars the hue: no stalk of weed or stem of dry grass. The scene, in singleness and purity of tint, rivals the blue of the sky. Nature does not seem to ripen and grow sere as autumn approaches, but wears the tints of May in October.

John Burroughs.

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

XV.

THE CRADLE FALLS.

IN the rear of the great commercial center of New Orleans, on that part of Common street where it suddenly widens out, broad, unpaved, and dusty, rises the huge dull-brown structure of brick, famed, well-nigh as far as the city is known, as the Charity Hospital.

Twenty-five years ago, when the emigrant ships used to unload their swarms of homeless and friendless strangers into the streets of New Orleans to fall a prey to yellow fever or cholera, that solemn pile sheltered thousands on thousands of desolate and plague-stricken Irish and Germans, receiving them unquestioned, until at times the very floors were covered with the sick and dying, and the sawing and hammering in the coffin-shop across the inner court ceased not day or night. Somber monument at once of charity and sin! For while its comfort and succor cost the houseless wanderer nothing, it lived and grew, and lives and grows still, upon the licensed vices of the people,—drinking, harlotry, and gambling.

The Charity Hospital of St. Charles—such is its true name—is, however, no mere plague-house. Whether it ought to be, let doctors decide. How good or necessary such modern innovations as "ridge ventilation," "movable bases," the "pavilion plan," "trained nurses," etc., may be, let the Auxiliary Sanitary Association say. There it stands as of old, innocent of all sins that may be involved in any of these changes, rising story over story, up and up; here a ward for poisonous fevers, and there a ward for acute surgical cases; here a story full of simple ailments, and there a ward specially set aside for women.

In 1857 this last was Dr. Sevier's ward. Here, at his stated hour one summer morning in that year, he tarried a moment, yonder by that window, just where you enter the ward and before you come to the beds. He had fallen into discourse with some of the more inquiring minds among the train of students that accompanied him, and waited there to finish

and cool down to a physician's proper temperature. The question was public sanitation.

He was telling a tall Arkansan, with high-combed hair, self-conscious gloves, and very broad, clean-shaven lower jaw, how the peculiar formation of delta lands, by which they drain away from the larger watercourses, instead of into them, had made the swamp there in the rear of the town, for more than a century, "the common dumping-ground and cess-pool of the city, sir!"

Some of the students nodded convincingly to the speaker; some looked askance at the Arkansan, who put one fore-arm meditatively under his coat-tail; some looked out through the window over the regions alluded to; and some only changed their pose and looked around for a mirror.

The Doctor spoke on. Several of his hearers were really interested in the then unusual subject, and listened intelligently as he pointed across the low plain at hundreds of acres of land that were nothing but a morass, partly filled in with the foulest refuse of a semi-tropical city, and beyond it where still lay the swamp, half cleared of its forest and festering in the sun—"every drop of its waters, and every inch of its mire," said the Doctor, "saturated with the poisonous drainage of the town!"

"I happen," interjected a young city student; but the others bent their ear to the Doctor, who continued:

"Why, sir, were these regions compactly built on, like similar areas in cities confined to narrow sites, the mortality, with the climate we have, would be frightful."

"I happen to know," essayed the city student; but the Arkansan had made an interrogatory answer to the Doctor, that led him to add:

"Why, yes; you see the houses here on these lands are little, flimsy, single ground-story affairs, loosely thrown together, and freely exposed to sun and air."

"I hap——," said the city student.

"And yet," exclaimed the Doctor, "malaria is king!"

He paused an instant for his hearers to take in the figure.

"Doctor, I happen to——"

Some one's fist from behind caused the speaker to turn angrily, and the Doctor resumed:

"Go into any of those streets off yonder, —Trémé, Prieur, Marais. Why, there are often ponds under the houses! The floors of bedrooms are within a foot or two of these ponds! The bricks of the surrounding pavements are often covered with a fine, dark moss! Water seeps up through the sidewalks! That's his realm, sir! Here and there among the residents—every here and there—you'll see his sallow, quaking subjects dragging about their work or into and out of their beds, until the fear of a fatal ending drives them in here. Congestion? Yes, sometimes congestion pulls them under suddenly, and they're gone before they know it. Sometimes their vitality wanes slowly, until malaria beckons in consumption."

"Why, Doctor," said the city student, ruffling with pride of his town, "there are plenty cities as bad as this. I happen to know, for instance —"

Dr. Sevier turned away in quiet contempt.

"It will not improve our town to dirty others, or to clean them, either."

He moved down the ward, while two or three members among the moving train, who never happened to know anything, nudged each other joyfully.

The group stretched out and came along, the Doctor first and the young men after, some of one sort, some of another,—the dull, the frivolous, the earnest, the kind, the cold,—following slowly, pausing, questioning, discouraging, advancing, moving from each clean, slender bed to the next, on this side and on that, down and up the long sanded aisles, among the poor, sick women.

Among these, too, there was variety. Some were stupid and ungracious, hardened and dulled with long penury as some in this world are hardened and dulled with long riches. Some were as fat as beggars; some were old and shriveled; some were shriveled and young; some were bold; some were frightened; and here and there was one almost fair.

Down at the far end of one aisle was a bed whose occupant lay watching the distant, slowly approaching group with eyes of unspeakable dread. There was not a word or motion—only the steadfast gaze. Gradually the throng drew near. The faces of the students could be distinguished. This one was coarse; that one was gentle; another was sleepy; another trivial and silly; another heavy and sour; another tender and gracious. Presently the tones of the Doctor's voice could be heard, soft, clear, and without that trum-

pet quality that it had beyond the sick-room. How slowly, yet how surely, they came! The patient's eyes turned away toward the ceiling; they could not bear the slowness of the encounter. They closed; the lips moved in prayer. The group came to the bed that was only the fourth away; then to the third; then to the second. There they paused some minutes. Now the Doctor approaches the very next bed. Suddenly he notices this patient. She is a small woman, young, fair to see, and, with closed eyes and motionless form, is suffering an agony of consternation. One startled look, a suppressed exclamation, two steps forward,—the patient's eyes slowly open. Ah, me! It is Mary Richling.

"Good-morning, madam," said the physician, with a cold and distant bow; and to the students, "We'll pass right along to the other side," and they moved into the next aisle.

"I am a little pressed for time this morning," he presently remarked, as the students showed some gentle unwillingness to be hurried. As soon as he could, he parted with them and returned to the ward alone.

As he moved again down among the sick, straight along this time, turning neither to right nor left, one of the Sisters of Charity—the hospital and its so-called nurses are under their oversight—touched his arm. He stopped impatiently.

"Well, Sister?" (bowing his ear).

"I—I,—the—the—" His frown had scared away her power of speech.

"Well, what is it, Sister?"

"The—the last patient down on this side —"

He was further displeased. "I'll attend to the patients, Sister," he said; and then, more kindly, "I'm going there now. No, you stay here—if you please." And he left her behind.

He came and stood by the bed. The patient gazed on him.

"Mrs. Richling," he softly began, and had to cease.

She did not speak or move; she tried to smile, but her eyes filled, her lips quivered.

"My dear madam," exclaimed the physician, in a low voice, "what brought you here?"

The answer was inarticulate, but he saw it on the moving lips.

"Want," said Mary.

"But your husband?" He stooped to catch the husky answer.

"Home."

"Home?" He could not understand.

"Not gone to—back—up the river?"

She slowly shook her head: "No, home. In Prieur street."

Still her words were riddles. He could not see how she had come to this. He stood silent, not knowing how to utter his thought. At length he opened his lips to speak, hesitated an instant, and then asked :

"Mrs. Richling, tell me plainly: has your husband gone wrong?"

Her eyes looked up a moment upon him, big and staring, and suddenly she spoke :

"Oh, Doctor! My husband go wrong? John go wrong?" The eyelids closed down, the head rocked slowly from side to side on the flat hospital pillow, and the first two tears he had ever seen her shed welled from the long lashes and slipped down her cheeks.

"My poor child!" said the Doctor, taking her hand in his, "No, no! God forgive me! He hasn't gone wrong; he's not going wrong. You'll tell me all about it when you're stronger."

The Doctor had her removed to one of the private rooms of the pay ward, and charged the Sisters to take special care of her. "Above all things," he murmured, with a beetling frown, "tell that thick-headed nurse not to let her know that this is at anybody's expense. Ah, yes; and when her husband comes, tell him to see me at my office as soon as he possibly can."

As he was leaving the hospital gate he had an after-thought: "I might have left a note." He paused, with his foot on the carriage-step. "I suppose they'll tell him,"—and so he got in and drove off, looking at his watch.

On his second visit, although he came in with a quietly inspiring manner, he had also, secretly, the feeling of a culprit. But midway of the room, when the young head on the pillow turned its face toward him, his heart rose. For the patient smiled. As he drew nearer she slid out her feeble hand. "I'm glad I came here," she murmured.

"Yes," he replied; "this room is much better than the open ward."

"I didn't mean this room," she said. "I meant the whole hospital."

"The whole hospital!" He raised his eyebrows, as to a child.

"Ah! Doctor," she responded, her eyes kindling, though moist —

"What, my child?"

She smiled upward to his bent face.

"The poor—mustn't be ashamed of the poor, must they?"

The Doctor only stroked her brow, and presently turned and addressed his professional inquiries to the nurse. He went away. Just outside the door he asked the nurse:

"Hasn't her husband been here?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but she was asleep, and he only stood there at the door and

looked in a bit. He trembled," the unintelligent woman added, for the Doctor seemed waiting to hear more—"he trembled all over; and that's all he did, excepting his saying her name over to himself like, over and over, and wiping of his eyes."

"And nobody told him anything?"

"Oh, not a word, sir!" came the eager answer.

"You didn't tell him to come and see me?"

The woman gave a start, looked dismayed, and began:

"N-no, sir; you didn't tell——"

"Um—hum," growled the Doctor. He took out a card and wrote on it. "Now see if you can remember to give him that."

XVI.

MANY WATERS.

AS THE day faded away it began to rain. The next morning the water was coming down in torrents. Richling, looking out from a door in Prieur street, found scant room for one foot on the inner edge of the sidewalk; all the rest was under water. By noon the sidewalks were completely covered in miles of streets. By two in the afternoon the flood was coming into many of the houses. By three it was up at the door-sill on which he stood. There it stopped.

He could do nothing but stand and look. Skiffs, canoes, hastily improvised rafts, were moving in every direction, carrying the unsightly chattels of the poor out of their overflowed cottages to higher ground. Barrels, boxes, planks, hen-coops, bridge lumber, piles of straw that waltzed solemnly as they went, cord-wood, old shingles, door-steps, floated here and there in melancholy confusion; and down upon all still drizzled the slackening rain. At length it ceased.

Richling still stood in the door-way, the picture of mute helplessness. Yes, there was one other thing he could do; he could laugh. It would have been hard to avoid it sometimes, there were such ludicrous sights—such slips and sprawls into the water; so there he stood in that peculiar isolation that deaf people content themselves with, now looking the picture of anxious waiting, now indulging a low deaf man's chuckle when something made the rowdies and slatterns of the street roar.

Presently he noticed at a distance up the way a young man in a canoe, passing, much to their good-natured chagrin, a party of three in a skiff, who had engaged him in a trial of speed. From both boats a shower of hilarious French was issuing. At the nearest corner

the skiff party turned into another street and disappeared, throwing their lingual fire-works to the last. The canoe came straight on with the speed of a fish. Its dexterous occupant was no other than Narcisse.

There was a grace in his movement that kept Richling's eyes on him, when he would rather have withdrawn into the house. Down went the paddle always on the same side, noiselessly, in front; on darted the canoe; backward stretched the submerged paddle and came out of the water edgewise at full reach behind, with an almost imperceptible swerving motion that kept the slender craft true to its course. No rocking; no rush of water before or behind; only the one constant glassy ripple gliding on either side as silently as a beam of light. Suddenly, without any apparent change of movement in the sinewy wrists, the narrow shell swept around in a quarter circle, and Narcisse sat face to face with Richling.

Each smiled brightly at the other. The handsome Creole's face was aglow with the pure delight of existence.

"Well, Mistoo 'Itchlin', 'ow you enjoyin' that watah? As fah as myseff am concerned, 'I am afloat, I am afloat on the fee-us 'olling tide.' I don't think you fine that stweet pwetty dusty to-day, Mistoo 'Itchlin'?"

Richling laughed.

"It don't inflame my eyes to-day," he said.

"You muz egscuse my i'ony, Mistoo 'Itchlin'; I can't 'ep that sometime'. It come natu'al to me, in fact. I was on'y speaking i'oniously juz now in calling allusion to that dust; because, of co'se, theh is no dust to-day, because the g'ound is all covvud with watah, in fact. Some people don't understand that figgah of i'ony."

"I don't understand as much about it myself as I'd like to," said Richling.

"Me, I'm ve'y fon' of it," responded the Creole. "I was making seve'al i'onies ad those fwen' of mine juz now. We was 'unning a 'ace. An' thass anothet thing I am fon' of. I would 'ather 'un a 'ace than to wuck faw a livin'. Ha, ha, ha! I should thing so! Anybody would, in fact. Bud thass the way with me—always making some i'onies." He stopped with a sudden change of countenance, and resumed gravely: "Mistoo 'Itchlin', looks to me like you' lookin' ve'y salad." He fanned himself with his hat. "I dunno 'ow 'tis with you, Mistoo 'Itchlin', but I fine myseff ve'y oppressive thiz evening."

"I don't find you so," said Richling, smiling broadly.

And he did not. The young Creole's burning face and resplendent wit were a sunset glow in the darkness of this day of overpowering

adversity. His presence even supplied, for a moment, what seemed a gleam of hope. Why wasn't there here an opportunity to visit the hospital? He need not tell Narcisse the object of his visit.

"Do you think," asked Richling, persuasively, crouching down upon one of his heels, "that I could sit in that thing without turning it over?"

"In that pee-ogue?" Narcisse smiled the smile of the proficient as he waved his paddle across the canoe. "Mistoo 'Itchlin',"—the smile passed off,—"*I dunno if you'll billiv me, but at the same time I muz tell you the tooth*——"

He paused inquiringly.

"Certainly," said Richling, with evident disappointment.

"Well, it's juz a poss'bil'ty that you'll we-fwain fum spillin' out fum yeh till the negs cawneh. Thass the manneh of those who ah not acquainted with the pee-ogue. 'Lost to sight, to memo'y deah'—if you'll egscuse the maxim. Thass Chawles Dickens mague use of that egspwession."

Richling answered, with a gay shake of the head, "I'll keep out of it." If Narcisse detected his mortified chagrin, he did not seem to. It was hard: the day's last hope was blown out like a candle in the wind. Richling dared not risk the wetting of his suit of clothes; they were his sole letter of recommendation and capital in trade.

"Well, au'evoi, Mistoo 'Itchlin'." He turned and moved off—dip, glide, and away.

DR. SEVIER stamped his wet feet on the pavement of the hospital porch. It was afternoon of the day following that of the rain. The water still covering the streets about the hospital had not prevented his carriage from splashing through it on his double daily round. A narrow and unsteady plank spanned the immersed sidewalk. Three times, going and coming, he had crossed it safely, and this fourth time he had made half the distance well enough; but, hearing distant cheers and laughter, he looked up street; when—splatter!—and the cheers were redoubled.

"Pretty thing to laugh at!" he muttered. Two or three by-standers, leaning on their umbrellas in the lodge at the gate and in the porch, where he stood stamping, turned their backs and smoothed their mouths.

"Hah!" said the tall Doctor, stamping harder. Stamp!—stamp! He shook his leg.—"Bah!" He stamped the other long, slender, wet foot and looked down at it, turning one side and then the other.—"F-fah!"—The first one again.—"Psha!"—The other.—Stamp!—stamp!—"Right—into it!"

—up to my *ankles!*” He looked around with a slight scowl at one man, who seemed taken with a sudden softening of the spine and knees, and who turned his back quickly and fell against another who, also with his back turned, was leaning tremulously against a pillar.

But the object of mirth did not tarry. He went as he was to Mary’s room, and found her much better—as, indeed, he had done at every visit. He sat by her bed and listened to her story.

“Why, Doctor, you see, we did nicely for awhile. John went on getting the same kind of work and pleasing everybody, of course, and all he lacked was finding something permanent. Still, we passed through one month after another, and we really began to think the sun was coming out, so to speak.”

“Well, I thought so, too,” put in the Doctor. “I thought if it didn’t, you’d let me know.”

“Why, no, Doctor, we couldn’t do that; you couldn’t be taking care of well people.”

“Well,” said the Doctor, dropping that point, “I suppose as the busy season began to wane that mode of livelihood, of course, disappeared.”

“Yes,”—a little one-sided smile,—“and so did our money. And then, of course,”—she slightly lifted and waved her hand.

“You had to live,” said Dr. Sevier, sincerely.

She smiled again, with abstracted eyes. “We thought we’d like to,” she said. “I didn’t mind the loss of the things so much—except the little table we ate from. You remember that little round table, don’t you?”

The visitor had not the heart to say no. He nodded.

“When that went, there was but one thing left that could go.”

“Not your bed?”

“The bedstead; yes.”

“You didn’t sell your bed, Mrs. Richling?”

The tears gushed from her eyes. She made a sign of assent.

“But then,” she resumed, “we made an excellent arrangement with a good woman who had just lost her husband and wanted to live cheaply, too.”

“What amuses you, madam?”

“Nothing great. But I wish you knew her. She’s funny. Well, so we moved downtown again. Didn’t cost much to move.”

She would smile a little in spite of him.

“And then?” said he, stirring impatiently and leaning forward. “What then?”

“Why, then I worked a little harder than I thought,—pulling trunks around and so on,—and I had this third attack.”

The Doctor straightened himself up, folded his arms, and muttered:

“Oh!—oh! *Why* wasn’t I instantly sent for?”

The tears were in her eyes again, but—

“Doctor,” she answered, with her odd little argumentative smile, “how could we? We had nothing to pay with. It wouldn’t have been just.”

“Just!” exclaimed the physician, angrily.

“Doctor,” said the invalid, and looked at him.

“Oh—all right.”

She made no answer but to look at him still more pleadingly.

“Wouldn’t it have been just as fair to let me be generous, madam?” His faint smile was bitter. “For once? Simply for once?”

“We couldn’t make that proposition, could we, Doctor?”

He was checkmated.

“Mrs. Richling,” he said suddenly, clapping the back of his chair as if about to rise, “tell me;—did you or your husband act this way for anything I’ve ever said or done?”

“No, Doctor! no, no; never. But—”

“But kindness should seek—not be sought,” said the physician, starting up.

“No, Doctor, we didn’t look on it so. Of course we didn’t. If there’s any fault, it’s all mine. For it was my own proposition to John, that as we *had* to seek charity, we should just be honest and open about it. I said, ‘John, as I need the best attention, and as that can be offered free only in the hospital, why, to the hospital I ought to go.’”

She lay still, and the Doctor pondered. Presently he said:

“And Mr. Richling—I suppose he looks for work all the time?”

“From daylight to dark!”

“Well, the water is passing off. He’ll be along by and by to see you, no doubt. Tell him to call, first thing to-morrow morning, at my office.” And with that the Doctor went off in his wet boots, committed a series of indiscretions, reached home, and fell ill.

In the wanderings of fever he talked of the Richlings, and in lucid moments inquired for them.

“Yes, yes,” answered the sick doctor’s physician, “they’re attended to. Yes, all their wants are supplied. Just dismiss them from your mind.” In the eyes of this physician, the Doctor’s life was invaluable, and these patients or pensioners an unknown and, most likely, an inconsiderable quantity; two sparrows, as it were, worth a farthing. But the sick man lay thinking. He frowned.

“I wish they would go home.”

“I have sent them.”

"You have? Home, to Milwaukee?"

"Yes."

"Thank God!"

He soon began to mend. Yet it was weeks before he could leave the house. When one day he reëntered the hospital, still pale and faint, he was prompt to express to the Mother-Superior the comfort he had felt in his sickness to know that his brother physician had sent those Richlings to their kindred.

The Sister shook her head. He saw the deception in an instant. As best his strength would allow, he hurried to the keeper of the rolls. There was the truth. Home? Yes,—to Prieur street,—discharged only one week before. He drove quickly to his office.

"Narcisse, you will find that young Mr. Richling living in Prieur street, somewhere between Conti and St. Louis. I don't know the house; you'll have to find it. Tell him I'm in my office again, and to come and see me."

Narcisse was no such fool as to say he knew the house. He would get the praise of finding it quickly.

"I'll do my mose awduous, seh," he said, took down his coat, hung up his jacket, put on his hat, and went straight to the house and knocked. Got no answer. Knocked again and a third time; but in vain. Went next door and inquired of a pretty girl, who fell in love with him at a glance.

"Yes, but they had moved. She wasn't *jess ezac'ly* sure where they *had* moved to, *unless-n* it was in that little house yondeh between St. Louis and Toulouse; and if they wasn't there, she didn't know *where* they was. People ought to leave words where they's movin' at, but they don't. You're very welcome," she added, as he expressed his thanks; and he would have been welcome had he questioned her for an hour. His parting bow and smile stuck in her heart a six months.

He went to the spot pointed out. As a Creole, he was used to seeing very respectable people living in very small and plain houses. This one was not too plain even for his ideas of Richling, though it was but a little one-street-door-and-window affair, with an alley on the left running back into the small yard behind. He knocked. Again no one answered. He looked down the alley and saw, moving about the yard, a large woman, who, he felt certain, could not be Mrs. Richling.

Two little short-skirted, bare-legged girls were playing near him. He spoke to them in French. Did they know where Monsieu' 'Itchlin' lived? The two children repeated the name, looking inquiringly at each other.

"*Non, miché*," "No, sir, they didn't know."

"*Qui reste ici?*" he asked. "Who lives here?"

"*Ici? Madame qui reste là c'est Mizziz Ri-i-i-ly!*" said one.

"Yass," said the other, breaking into English and rubbing a mosquito off of her well-tanned shank with the sole of her foot, "'tis Mizziz Ri-i-i-ly what live there. She jess move een. She's got a lill baby.—Oh! you means dat lady what was in de Chatty Hawspill!"

"No, no! A real, nice *lady*. She nevva saw that Cha'ity Hospi'l."

The little girls shook their heads. They couldn't imagine a person who had never seen the Charity Hospital.

"Was there nobody else who had moved into any of these houses about here lately?" He spoke again in French. They shook their heads. Two boys came forward and verified the testimony. Narcisse went back with his report: "Moved,—not found."

"I fine that ve'y d'oll, Doctah Seveeah," concluded the unamused, hanging up his hat; "some peop' always 'ard to fine. I h-even notiz that sem thing w'en I go to colic some bill. I dunno 'ow 'tis, Doctah, but I assu' you I kin tell that by a man's physio'nomy. Nobody teach me that. 'Tis my own *ingeen-w'ty* 'as made me to discovveh that, in fact."

The Doctor was silent. Presently he drew a piece of paper toward him and, dipping his pen into the ink, began to write:

"Information wanted—of the whereabouts of John Richling——"

"Narcisse," he called, still writing, "I want you to take an advertisement to the 'Picayune' office."

"With the gweatez of pleazheh, seh." The clerk began his usual shifting of costume. "Yessch! I assu' you, Doctah, that is a p'oposition moze entily to my satizfagtion; faw I am suffe'ing faw a smoke, and deztitute of a ciga'ette! I am aztonizh' 'ow I did that, to egs-hauz them unconsciously, in fact." He received the advertisement in an envelope, whipped his shoes a little with his handkerchief, and went out. One would think, to hear him thundering down the stairs, that it was twenty-five cents' worth of ice.

"Hold o——" The Doctor started from his seat, then turned and paced feebly up and down. Who, besides Richling, might see that notice? What might be its unexpected results? Who was John Richling? A man with a secret, at the best; and a secret, in Dr. Sevier's eyes, was detestable. Might not Richling be a man who had fled from something? "No! no!" The Doctor spoke aloud. He had promised to think nothing ill of him. Let the poor children have their silly secret. He spoke again. "They'll find out the folly of it by and by." He let the advertisement go; and it went.

XVII.

RAPHAEL RISTOFALO.

RICHLING had a dollar in his pocket. A man touched him on the shoulder.

But let us see. On the day that John and Mary had sold their only bedstead, Mrs. Riley, watching them, had proposed the joint home. The offer had been accepted with an eagerness that showed itself in nervous laughter. Mrs. Riley then took quarters in Prieur street, where John and Mary, for a due consideration, were given a single neatly furnished back room. The bedstead had brought seven dollars. Richling, on the day after the removal, was in the commercial quarter, looking, as usual, for employment.

The young man whom Dr. Sevier had first seen, in the previous October, moving with a springing step and alert, inquiring glances from number to number in Carondelet street was slightly changed. His step was firm, but something less elastic, and not quite so hurried. His face was more thoughtful, and his glance wanting in a certain dancing freshness that had been extremely pleasant. He was walking in Poydras street toward the river.

As he came near to a certain man who sat in the entrance of a store, with the freshly whittled corner of a chair between his knees, his look and bow were grave, but amiable, quietly hearty, deferential, and also self-respectful—and uncommercial: so palpably uncommercial that the sitter did not rise or even shut his knife.

He slightly stared. Richling, in a low, private tone, was asking him for employment.

"What?" turning his ear up and frowning downward.

The application was repeated, the first words with a slightly resentful ring, but the rest more quietly.

The store-keeper stared again and shook his head slowly.

"No, sir," he said, in a barely audible tone. Richling moved on, not stopping at the next place, or the next, or the next; for he felt the man's stare all over his back until he turned the corner and found himself in Tchoupitoulas street. Nor did he stop at the first place around the corner. It smelt of deteriorating potatoes and up-river cabbages, and there were open barrels of onions set ornamentally aslant at the entrance. He had a fatal conviction that his services would not be wanted in malodorous places.

"Now isn't that a shame?" asked the chair-whittler, as Richling passed out of sight. "Such a gentleman as that, to be beggin' for work from door to door!"

"He's not beggin' f'om do' to do'," said a second, with a Creole accent on his tongue and a match stuck behind his ear like a pen. "Beside, he's too *much* of a gennlemun."

"That's where you and him differs," said the first. Hefrowned upon the victim of his delicate repartee with make-believe defiance. Number Two drew from an outside coat-pocket a wad of common brown wrapping-paper, tore from it a small, neat parallelogram, dove into an opposite pocket for some loose smoking-tobacco, laid a pinch of it in the paper, and, with a single dexterous turn of the fingers, thumbs above, the rest beneath—it looks simple, but 'tis an amazing art—made a cigarette. Then he took down his match, struck it under his short coat-skirt, lighted his cigarette, drew an inhalation through it that consumed a third of its length, and sat there with his eyes half-closed and all that smoke somewhere inside of him.

"That young man," remarked a third, wiping a tooth-pick on his thigh and putting it in his vest-pocket as he stepped to the front, "don't know how to *look* fur work. There's one way fur a day-laborer to look fur work, and there's another way fur a gentleman to look fur work, and there's another way fur a—a—a man with money to look fur something to put his money into. *It's jest like fishing!*" He threw both hands outward and downward, and made way for a porter's truck with a load of green meat. The smoke began to fall from Number Two's nostrils in two slender blue streams. Number Three continued:

"You've got to know what kind o' hooks you want, and what kind o' bait you want, and then, after *that*, you've —"

Numbers One and Two did not let him finish.

"—Got to know how to fish," they said; "that's so!" The smoke continued to leak slowly from Number Two's nostrils and teeth, though he had not lifted his cigarette the second time.

"Yes, you've got to know how to fish," reaffirmed the third. "If you don't know how to fish, it's as like as not that nobody can tell you what's the matter; an' yet, all the same, you aint goin' to ketch no fish."

"Well, now," said the first man, with an unconvinced swing of his chin, "*spunk* 'll sometimes pull a man through; and you can't say he aint spunky." Number Three admitted the corollary. Number Two looked up: his chance had come.

"He'd a wipped you faw a dime," said he to Number One, took a comforting draw from his cigarette, and felt a great peace.

"I take notice he's a little deaf," said Number Three, still alluding to Richling.

"That'd spoil him for me," said Number One.

Number Three asked why.

"Oh, I just wouldn't have him about me. Didn't you ever notice that a deaf man always seems like a sort o' stranger? I can't bear 'em."

Richling meanwhile moved on. His criticisms were right. He was not wanting in courage; but no man from the moon could have been more an alien on those sidewalks. He was naturally diligent, active, quick-witted, and of good, though may be a little too scholarly address; quick of temper, it is true, and uniting his quickness of temper with a certain bashfulness—an unlucky combination, since, as a consequence, nobody had to get out of its way; but he was generous in fact and in speech, and never held malice a moment. But besides the heavy odds which his small secret seemed to be against him, estopping him from accepting such valuable friendships as might otherwise have come to him, and besides his slight deafness, he was by nature a recluse, or, at least, a dreamer. Every day that he set foot in Tchoupitoulas, or Carondelet, or Magazine, or Fulton, or Poydras street, he came from a realm of thought, seeking service in an empire of matter.

There is a street in New Orleans called *Triton Walk*. That is what all the ways of commerce and finance and daily bread-getting were to Richling. He was a merman—ashore. It was the feeling rather than the knowledge of this that prompted him to this daily, aimless trudging after mere employment. He had a proper pride, once in awhile a little too much; nor did he clearly see his deficiencies; and yet the unrecognized consciousness that he had not the commercial instinct made him willing—as Number Three would have said—to "cut bait" for any fisherman who would let him do it.

He turned without any distinct motive and, retracing his steps to the corner, passed up across Poydras street. A little way above it he paused to look at some machinery in motion. He liked machinery—for itself rather than for its results. He would have gone in and examined the workings of this apparatus had it not been for the sign above his head, "No Admittance." Those words always seemed painted for him. A slight modification in Richling's character might have made him an inventor. Some other faint difference, and he might have been a writer, a historian, an essayist, or even—there is no telling—a well-fed poet. With the question of food, raiment, and shelter permanently settled, he might have become one of those resplendent flash lights that at intervals dart their beams across the dark waters of the world's igno-

rance, hardly from new continents, but from the observatory, the study, the laboratory. But he was none of these. There had been a crime committed somewhere in his bringing up, and as a result he stood in the thick of life's battle, weaponless. He gazed upon machinery with child-like wonder; but when he looked around and saw on every hand men,—good fellows who ate in their shirt-sleeves at restaurants, told broad jokes, spread their mouths and smote their sides when they laughed, and whose best wit was to bombard one another with bread-crusts and hide behind the sugar-bowl,—men whom he could have taught in every kind of knowledge that they were capable of grasping, except the knowledge of how to get money,—when he saw these men, as it seemed to him, grow rich daily by simply flipping beans into each other's faces, or slapping each other on the back, the wonder of machinery was eclipsed. Do as they did? He? He could no more reach a conviction as to what the price of corn would be to-morrow than he could remember what the price of sugar was yesterday.

He called himself an accountant—gulping down his secret pride with an amiable glow that commanded, instantly, an amused esteem. And to judge by his evident familiarity with Tonti's beautiful scheme of mercantile records, he certainly—those guessed whose books he had extricated from confusion—had handled money and money values, in days before his unexplained coming to New Orleans. Yet a close observer would have noticed that he grasped these tasks only as problems, treated them in their mathematical and enigmatical aspect, and solved them without any appreciation of their concrete values. When they were done, he felt less personal interest in them than in the architectural beauty of the store-front, whose window-shutters he had never helped to close without a little heart-leap of pleasure.

But standing thus, and looking in at the machinery, a man touched him on the shoulder.

"Good-morning," said the man. He wore a pleasant air. It seemed to say, "I'm nothing much, but you'll recognize me in a moment; I'll wait." He was short, square, solid, beardless; in years, twenty-five or six. His skin was dark, his hair almost black, his eyebrows strong. In his mild black eyes you could see the whole Mediterranean. His dress was coarse, but clean; his linen soft and badly laundered. But under all the rough garb and careless, laughing manner was visibly written again and again the name of the race that once held the world under its feet.

"You don't remember me?" he added after a moment.

"No," said Richling, pleasantly, but with embarrassment. The man waited another moment, and suddenly Richling recalled their earlier meeting. The man, representing a wholesale confectioner in one of the smaller cities up the river, had bought some cordials and sirups of the house whose books Richling had last put in order.

"Why, yes I do, too!" said Richling. "You left your pocket-book in my care for two or three days; your own private money, you said."

"Yes." The man laughed softly. "Lost that money. Sent it to the boss. Boss died—store seized—everything gone." His English was well pronounced, but did not escape a pretty Italian accent, too delicate for the printer's art.

"Oh! that was too bad!" Richling laid his hand upon an awning-post and twined an arm and leg around it as though he were a vine. "I—I forget your name."

"Ristofalo. Raphael Ristofalo. Yours is Richling. Yes, knocked me flat. Not got cent in world." The Italian's low, mellow laugh claimed Richling's admiration.

"Why, when did that happen?" he asked.

"Yes'day," replied the other, still laughing.

"And how are you going to provide for the future?" Richling asked, smiling down into the face of the shorter man. The Italian tossed the future away with the back of his hand.

"I got nothin' do with that." His words were low, but very distinct.

Thereupon Richling laughed, leaning his cheek against the post.

"Must provide for the present," said Raphael Ristofalo. Richling dropped his eyes in thought. The Present! He had never been able to see that it was the present which must be provided against, until, while he was training his guns upon the future, the most primitive wants of the present burst upon him right and left like whooping savages.

"Can you lend me dollar?" asked the Italian. "Give you back dollar an' quarter to-morrow."

Richling gave a start and let go the post. "Why, Mr. Risto—falo, I—, I—, the fact is, I"—he shook his head—"I haven't much money."

"Dollar will start me," said the Italian, whose feet had not moved an inch since he touched Richling's shoulder. "Be aw right to-morrow."

"You can't invest one dollar by itself," said the incredulous Richling.

"Yes. Return her to-morrow."

Richling swung his head from side to side as an expression of disrelish. "I haven't been employed for some time."

"I goin' t'employ myself," said Ristofalo.

Richling laughed again. There was a faint betrayal of distress in his voice as it fell upon the cunning ear of the Italian; but he laughed too, very gently and innocently, and stood in his tracks.

"I wouldn't like to refuse a dollar to a man who needs it," said Richling. He took his hat off and ran his fingers through his hair. "I've seen the time when it was much easier to lend than it is just now." He thrust his hand down into his pocket and stood gazing at the sidewalk.

The Italian glanced at Richling askance, and with one sweep of the eye from the softened crown of his hat to the slender, white, bursted slit in the outer side of either well-polished shoe, took in the beauty of his face and a full understanding of his condition. His hair, somewhat dry, had fallen upon his forehead. His fine, smooth skin was darkened by the exposure of his daily wanderings. His cheek-bones, a trifle high, asserted their place above the softly concave cheeks. His mouth was closed and the lips were slightly compressed; the chin small, gracefully turned, not weak—not strong. His eyes were abstracted, deep, pensive. His dress told much. The fine plaits of his shirt had sprung apart and been neatly sewed together again. His coat was a little faulty in the set of the collar, as if the person who had taken the garment apart and turned the goods had not put it together again with practiced skill. It was without spot and the buttons were new. The edges of his shirt-cuffs had been trimmed with the scissors. Face and vesture alike revealed to the sharp eye of the Italian the woe underneath. "He has a wife," thought Ristofalo.

Richling looked up with a smile. "How can you be so sure you will make, and not lose?"

"I never fail." There was not the least shade of boasting in the man's manner. Richling handed out his dollar. It was given without patronage and taken with simple thanks.

"Where goin' to meet to-morrow morning?" asked Ristofalo. "Here?"

"Oh! I forgot," said Richling. "Yes, I suppose so; and then you'll tell me how you invested it, will you?"

"Yes; but you couldn't do it."

"Why not?"

Raphael Ristofalo laughed. "Oh! fifty reason'."



SEAL OF THE TWENTY-FOUR PROPRIETORS OF EAST JERSEY.

HUSBANDRY IN COLONY TIMES.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

I.

NEW WAYS IN A NEW WORLD.

WHEN Philip Carteret, the first governor of New Jersey, landed at Elizabethtown, he did not come ashore with the petty-royal pomp affected by many provincial governors, but marched from the landing-place to his capital town, which contained four families, with a hoe on his shoulder,—a bit of theatrical display by which he signified his intention of becoming a planter with the people. For by the time the English settlement of the Jerseys began, the old illusions were dead; and it had become a recognized principle that colonies could not live by mines, or by the fur trade, and that tillage was the only sure basis for a plantation. The device on the seal of East Jersey is wrought of "English corn" and "Indian corn,"—wheat and maize,—symbols of the soberer expectation at the period of the Scotch and Quaker migrations.

But in the earliest period, even the agricultural notions of the planters and projectors had the prevailing hue of romance; it was only from a few men of impertinent common sense, like Captain John Smith, that one heard of breadstuffs as profitable for colonial production. Having a new world to try in, the English emigrants were bent on trying for new, or at least for un-English, sources of wealth. It was, indeed, a sort of commercial treason to grow that which might disturb the market for the produce of English farms or looms; and hence the most child-like experiments were made upon the youthful hemisphere in husbandry, as well as in religion and government.

II.

VISIONARY PROJECTS AND FAILURES.

PERHAPS the most curious and instructive example on record of persistent effort to run counter to economic gravitation is to be found in the attempts at silk-raising in the colonies. For more than a hundred and sixty years, down to the very outbreak of the Revolution, persevering efforts were made by kings, privy councils, parliaments, governors, proprietaries, provincial councils, legislative assemblies, noblemen, philosophers, and ladies to secure the success of silk-growing in the thirteen British-American provinces. During most of this period England itself was seething with the spirit of commercial and agricultural innovation. About the time of the sailing of the Virginia argosy, an effort was making to introduce the silk-worm to the ungenial British climate, in order that the newly imported silk throwsters and weavers of Spitalfields and Moorfields might have fiber which had not paid a commercial tribute to France and Italy. Two years after the settling of Jamestown, the first mulberries were planted in England, and the king himself engaged in the silk business. The rudiments of colonization were not understood then; everything must be forced prematurely from a plantation that had no adequate roofs to shelter it, or corn enough to keep away starvation. Along with the making of potash, iron, and glass, and the growing of cotton and the vine, silk-culture was begun by men who required to be fed and clothed from England. Before the James River plantation was nine years old, Virginia sent to England silk that had, perhaps, cost more than the value of an equal bulk of gold. A little later it was ob-

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served that the wild caterpillars of America spun silk upon the native mulberries, and the flagging silk craze was revived, a French treatise on silk-growing was translated, and in 1620 a new attempt was made by skilled Frenchmen sent over for the purpose. The highest hopes were raised to be dashed by the Indian outbreak of 1622, which saved divers visionary projects from a more disgraceful failure. In 1623, before the smoke of the Indian massacre and the counter-massacres had cleared away, law was invoked to compel the planting of white mulberries and the raising of silk. This was desired not only for the sake of



SILK-WINDING. FAC-SIMILE OF A PICTURE IN EDWARD WILLIAMS'S "VIRGINIA TRULY VALUED": 1650.

the silk, but in order to supplant tobacco — tobacco being almost the only thing concerning which the Stuart kings had scruples of conscience. While yet the Indian war raged fitfully, cocoons seem to have been again produced; there is a story that Charles I., at his coronation in 1625, wore a robe of silk grown in Virginia. Having clothed a king, the silk-worms rested. Fourteen years later, new attempts were made and a considerable quantity of silk was sent to the king, but again failure was covered by an Indian massacre. Edward Digges, who was chosen governor of Virginia under the Commonwealth in 1655, produced four hundred pounds of Virginia silk in that year, and announced that he had overcome all the main difficulties; whereupon the silk fever broke out afresh and raged with unabated fury for ten years; the excitement spread also among sentimental economists in England, and silk-worms' eggs were gratuitously dispatched to the James River, along with no end of good advice. A young lady in England sent word to the colony that if the worms were only let loose upon the trees, they would feed themselves. Wild projects for raising silk from the native silk-worm were elaborated by writers who had never seen an American caterpillar or his coarse cocoon of silken homespun. Writers of more consequence announced that tobacco would soon be wholly laid aside for the light work of silk-culture, and that servants would thenceforth be little needed in the Arcadian land of Virginia. Digges went so far as to import "two Armenians out of Turkey," to show the way of feeding and winding, whereupon this poetic apostrophe to him was spun in England:

"Courage, brave Sir; since ayde from God is sent, Proceed, go on, drive forth thy great intent."

The House of Burgesses passed a law for the planting of one mulberry-tree to every ten acres of land. Rewards of many grades were offered for the production of silk. George the Armenian was paid four thousand pounds of tobacco in 1656 to induce him to stay in the country, and he received another thousand pounds of tobacco when, at length, he had actually produced ten pounds of silk. The premiums offered by the Assembly rose until, in 1658, ten thousand pounds of tobacco were promised for the raising of fifty pounds of silk. Sir William Berkeley, who in 1662 made many fair promises to the court that he would secure for England commercial independence in silk, flax, and potash, was promised a liberal reward for the first ship of three hundred tons that he should send home from Virginia laden with these commodities. The chief result from all this excitement was that, in 1668, Charles II. received a present of three hundred pounds of Virginia silk, which he ordered to be wrought up for "our owne use," and to the excellence of which he gave a certificate. But Virginia silk cost too much for other than royal wear, and by this time the fourth and greatest of Virginia silk manias was on the wane; the law requiring the planting of mulberries had already been withdrawn, in 1666, as useless.

And yet the colony was in the position of a delinquent that had failed to fulfill the promise of its youth. At the coming of Huguenot refugees to the upper James River, the project was once more revived, and the French Protestants long produced silk for domestic use. In 1730, about a hundred and twenty years after the first attempt to wind silk in Virginia, raw silk was again sent thence to England, this time to the amount of three hundred pounds.

In almost every colony the same experiments were tried, with the same apparent success and with the same ultimate failure, due not to physical, but to economic causes. Huguenot refugees were sent to South Carolina at the king's expense, in 1679, to introduce the culture of wine, oil, and silk; but the eggs of the silk-worms which they brought hatched out at sea and perished for want of mulberry leaves. Sir Nathaniel Johnson, afterward governor of South Carolina, called his plantation Silkhope, and sent silk to England in 1699. Under his fostering care, by 1707, the rearing of the worms "had come into great improvement," some families producing forty or fifty pounds a year apiece. A part of this they worked up in their domestic manufacture, mixed with wool, to make what was called "druggets." Silk was produced fitfully after this time, and very small quantities occasionally appear in the table of exports. In 1750 the export reached a climax of a hundred and eighteen pounds. Some public-spirited Charleston ladies of high standing substituted the winding of silk for the tamer recreations of needle-work and the playing of the harpsichord. One of them, the mother of General Pinckney, spun and wove three dress-patterns from silk of her own production; of these, one naturally went to adorn a royal person — this time the princess-dowager of Wales; another was sent to Lord Chesterfield; and the third remains in America to this day.

But Georgia, the devoted victim of many Utopian schemes, was the principal scene of the silk folly. Next to the founding of an earthly paradise, the most cherished purpose of the Georgia trustees was the supplanting of all other countries in the production of silk. In a beautiful garden of acclimation, at Savannah, the cross-walks were planted with orange-trees, and the squares filled with white mulberries. One mulberry-tree to every ten acres had been exacted in Virginia. Georgia ordained the planting of a hundred times as many, or ten trees to every acre. Italian workmen were employed, with English girl apprentices; English gardeners were taught to care for the trees, and English joiners learned to make the machines. In 1734 the first windings of Georgia silk were carried to England, and, as a matter of course, the queen wore a dress of the new silk at the next celebration of the king's birthday. A filature was built in Savannah, and bounties were paid, by which means the price of silk was doubled. The production under this artificial stimulation grew apace. In 1762 and in each of the two following years, over fifteen thousand pounds of cocoons were bought at

the filature, and in 1766 the production had mounted to twenty thousand pounds. But, with all this apparent prosperity, a first step had not been taken toward the permanent establishment of the industry. The bounty was taken off in this year, and silk left to sell at its normal price. In three or four years the production had almost entirely ceased.

At various times, the rage for mulberry planting extended to Massachusetts and a governor of Connecticut, among others, is said to have succeeded in raising silk enough to clothe himself and his family. Silk was believed at one time to be the long-sought staple that should take away the reproach of barrenness from New England. Jared Eliot, the most eminent of New England agriculturists, thought after trial that it was as easy to make silk as linen, and he advocated the planting of mulberries with arguments of the kind in vogue at the time: the tree was good for fire-wood, bore good fruit, was equal to cedar for timber, improved the land by shading it, and lastly afforded groves for retirement; the garden of Eden, remarks the farmer-clergyman in triumphant conclusion, was not furnished with palaces, but with a multitude of trees.

Nor did the middle provinces escape the contagion. The Swedes who first settled on the Delaware were to raise silk according to the programme prepared for them. Half a century later, Penn proposed mulberry-trees, and a specimen of silk from Pennsylvania was seen in England in 1726. Franklin was an active promoter of silk-culture; a filature was established in Philadelphia, and, by the old method of offering premiums, two thousand three hundred pounds were procured for winding in 1771, the most of it from the New Jersey side of the river. The Queen of George III. wore a full court-dress of this silk — the last of all the garbs produced by loyal American silk-growers for English royalty. The succeeding silk fever produced a suit for Washington, and it is at this writing given out that a society of enthusiasts have their silk-worms at work on one for Mrs. Garfield.

All the American colonial experiments proved that there is no physical obstacle to the production of silk in America; but they all showed also the insuperable economic objection to such an enterprise. The Swiss at Purrysburg, in South Carolina, and the Salzburger in Georgia, whose modes of life and labor were those of European peasants, produced cocoons with more success than any others. The pastor of the Salzburger touched the core of the difficulty when he showed that, after the premiums were taken off, his people

could earn two shillings a day at other labors and barely one at tending silk-worms. But hobby-riders are never unhorsed: the failure was attributed to the culpable negligence of the planters in not importing a larger proportion of women slaves who might have been put to raising silk.

Wine-culture was set agoing by the same considerations of national policy as silk-raising, was tried with the same persistent iteration in almost if not quite every one of the American colonies, and failed from the same economic difficulties. Before they had bread to satisfy hunger, the James River settlers had made sour wine of wild grapes. In 1632 the growing of five vines was made obligatory on every planter, and in 1658 ten thousand pounds of tobacco were promised to him who should first produce two tuns of Virginia wine. The tolerable fitness of the Virginia climate and soil for grape-growing was proved over and over again, by the vine-dressers brought over from France in the first years, by the Huguenots, who produced wine on a small scale for a long time, by the Palatines on the Rappahannock, and by many others. Beverley, the historian, won a wager of a thousand guineas by making four hundred gallons of wine from his vineyard of three acres. Yet, so late as 1762, subscriptions were solicited to set on foot a new beginning of grape-culture in Virginia.

Undaunted by climate, the Massachusetts immigrants asked for French vine-dressers in 1629, and later an island in Boston harbor was leased to Governor Winthrop by the sanguine General Court for a hogshead of the best wine that should be made there annually. In the patroonship of Rensselaer at Albany wine was proposed, as it was by the Swedish pioneers on the Delaware. It was attempted by French settlers in Rhode Island and Carolina; the latter province was expected to supply the whole demand of the West Indies. William Penn only hesitated whether to import foreign wines or to "fine" the American ones, and ended by trying both plans, establishing a vineyard with two thousand French vines near Philadelphia. It is unnecessary to trace further this chronicle of failure in wine-growing. To the end of the colonial epoch these efforts were renewed; vine-dressers were sent over and rewards were offered, but no considerable quantity was ever made. It was cheaper at that day to import from Madeira and Portugal than to divert labor from the profitable American staples to grow wine, and the law of relative cheapness is as hard to escape as that of gravitation.

Other favorite plants for experiment were

madder, which was tried from the extreme South to Albany, and olive trees, which were several times introduced; for there was good hope that the South would prove, in the phrase of a writer of the time, "a very good oyl country." Leave was given to make oil from nuts, in South Carolina, in 1714. Minuit and his Swedes sowed canary seed on the Delaware, but it was "afterward neglected"—probably from lack of canary birds to eat it. The Utopian plans of Oglethorpe for Georgia led to experiments in gross with coffee, cotton, palma christi, tea, and "several physical plants of the West Indies." The cinchona tree would have been tried also, but for the impossibility of procuring anything to plant except the bark. North Carolina is said to have attempted coffee.

The persistent effort to find some staple commodity for New England, other than that which grew in the sea, led to experiments in that inhospitable clime with almost every agricultural plant of the world. "Staple commodities are things they want there," says a writer named Wiggins, whose letter, bearing date 1632, is preserved in the English archives. He recommends a consultation with "one Lane, a merchant tailor," who had just come from the West Indies, and who desired to introduce into New England a staple, the name of which is to this day shrouded in the mystery thrown about it by Wiggins and the merchant tailor. But neither Lane nor Wiggins, nor any of the long line of projectors who came after, succeeded in finding an important agricultural commodity suited to the New England sandy coasts and rocky hill-sides; and this, notwithstanding the hops, licorice, madder, and woad roots sent out at the beginning, the mulberries so often planted, and the coffee-berries sown by Harvard students in 1723, and by other students in 1748, and in spite of the cotton attempted in Connecticut by Jared Eliot,—which last would perhaps have succeeded, had not the frost interfered with it before it was ripe,—and in spite of the licorice, hemp, and indigo tried by the same enterprising clergyman, and the English walnuts grafted by Judge Sewall. New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania had wheat, Maryland and Virginia tobacco, the Carolinas rice and indigo; but New England, like a disinherited youth, was forced to take to the sea; from which, by the hard toil of fisheries and foreign trade, was won a fortune as good, certainly, as that gotten by the richest staple commodities of the more genial countries to the southward.

The ardor for novel projects in the colonies was but a symptom of the fever in the metropolis. Manifestations of this spirit are

found in the repeated propositions from England and the actual attempts in America to domesticate the American bison as a substitute for the ox; and the yet more startling plan for the "unwinding" of the James River sturgeon, and for the extraction of perfume from the musk-rat. Any one of these seems feasible, however, when compared with the proposal, made in 1650, to tame the American Indian, and use him in winding silk, and in diving for pearls in the Virginia waters.

III.

THE TOBACCO STAPLE.

BUT in a new land trial of many ways is needful, and the bold man who makes experiments has always the chance of finding a new pathway; out of the thousand experiments emerges one discovery. Of all the colonial experimenters and projectors, one of the most fortunate was John Rolfe, the first Englishman to hazard marriage with an American savage, whereby he procured years of peace, in which the pioneer colony took firm root,—and the first Virginian to risk the planting of tobacco for the market. Two facts had put this last experiment well out of the reach of probable failure; tobacco was already growing in the Indian fields in Virginia, and it was already an article of sale in Europe, having been introduced into Portugal nearly a century before the settlement of Jamestown.

When the Virginians applied the spade to its culture it soon became much more productive than it had been in the rudely tilled Indian patches; in 1621, before the planting of tobacco was ten years old, fifty-five thousand pounds were sent from the James River to Holland, the land of smokers. In this same year began the efforts of the royal government in England to put restrictions on the production of the despised narcotic. The wide-spread opposition to tobacco at that time seems to have come partly from a dislike of novelties, partly from a belief that it tended to produce a degeneration of the English race, and partly from the multiform puritanism that was spreading among people of every rank, and which objected to self-indulgences except in the ancient and well-established English forms of heavy eating and stout drinking. James I., notwithstanding his own intemperate use of strong liquors and his hatred of puritanism, had already published a "Counterblast to Tobacco," and he now undertook to resist economic forces, with as much chance of success as his remote predecessor Knut had of arresting the incoming

tide. Tobacco was in demand; a few years later a hundred thousand Englishmen were in bondage to it, and the very plowmen had learned to take it in the field. Virginia was able to supply it in better quality than any other country. This conjunction of demand and supply settled the destiny of the much-battered pioneer colony. In five years after the destructive massacre, and still more destructive terror, of 1622, there were more than four thousand English on the Virginia river banks, well housed and prosperous. Two years later, in 1631, the Privy Council of Charles I. declared that this plant enervated "both body and courage," and the king announced that he had "long expected some better fruit than tobacco and smoke" from Virginia. The colony also desired, for other reasons than those assigned by the king, to prevent excessive production. Having tried in vain every conceivable form of minute regulation, the legislature ordered the destruction of all the bad and half the good in 1640; and when the price had further declined, divers attempts were made to wholly suppress tobacco-growing for one season in order that the market might rally.

All natural conditions were favorable to the culture of tobacco in the Chesapeake region. Virgin land was without any known limit, and the climate was congenial. The small farmer, and the English servant newly freed from a four or five years' bondage, could begin a tobacco-field without other capital than an axe, a mattock, and a hoe. Every comer was entitled to fifty acres of land, subject to an insignificant quit-rent. The easy application to tobacco of the labor of indentured servants, convicts, and negro slaves, made it a favorite crop with the large land-holder; the navigable rivers and broad estuaries of the Chesapeake and Albemarle regions enabled the planters to ship their bulky hogsheads direct from their own barns, or to boat them to the inspector's warehouse. These advantages, and the agreement of tobacco-raising with the country-gentleman notions and pride in land-ownership brought from England, made it inevitably the leading occupation of the country. The habits of the people in the two Chesapeake colonies were soon molded by their staple, so that tobacco held its own, almost to the exclusion of all other productions, except wheat and maize; and this in the teeth of the restrictions of royal monopolies at first and of burdensome navigation acts afterward, and notwithstanding a duty of six times the plantation value on what was consumed in England. Tobacco was subjected, besides, to plunder on ship-board, to exasperating frauds in the customs,

to unreasonable extortions from the merchants under pretense of samples, and to a tare of one twenty-sixth of what remained after all this robbery.

At first the planters simply threw their tobacco in heaps and allowed it to cure as heaven pleased by exposure to the sun and the air. As early as 1617 a Mr. Lambert invented the better way of hanging it on lines, and an order was sent to England for cordage; but it occurred to somebody at a later time that the plant would hang as well on Virginia sticks as on London strings. Pegs were driven into the stalks to hang it by, until some new inventor saved the trouble with pegs by partly splitting the stalks and so hanging them on the sticks. A more important change was wrought when, at some not remembered period, the primitive dependence on outdoor exposure for curing gave way to the method of drying by a slow fire in an airy barn. The Virginia and Maryland planters, though conservative and slow-going in all besides, carried their own particular art, step by step, to high perfection; and then, by excluding the poorer sorts from European shipment, through a rigorous system of inspection, they gained a world-wide reputation for producing the staple at its best.

By the beginning of the eighteenth century private "rolling houses," for the deposit and shipment of the staple, had become common, and early in the century both the Chesapeake colonies established public places for the deposit of tobacco. The quality was more perfectly guaranteed by the utterance of transferable warehouse certificates of deposit, which passed current for money.

In 1730 twenty-four thousand tons of shipping were required to carry a year's crop from Maryland and Virginia, and before the close of the provincial period there were two hundred large vessels in the trade, carrying a hundred thousand hogsheads annually. The navigation laws required that all of this should first be landed in England, where it paid a duty equal to a million and a half of dollars, an amount greater than that brought into the exchequer by any other commodity. No bounty was ever paid to promote the culture of the despised "weed," as King James had nicknamed it; the English government and the colonial legislatures alike sought to repress it; but the sure action of an economic gravitation begotten of climate, soil, social condition, and market demand, was strong enough to restrict even the profitable wheat culture, and to extinguish almost all other forms of industry in the two tobacco colonies. The staple entered into the whole life of the people, furnished currency, gave form to com-

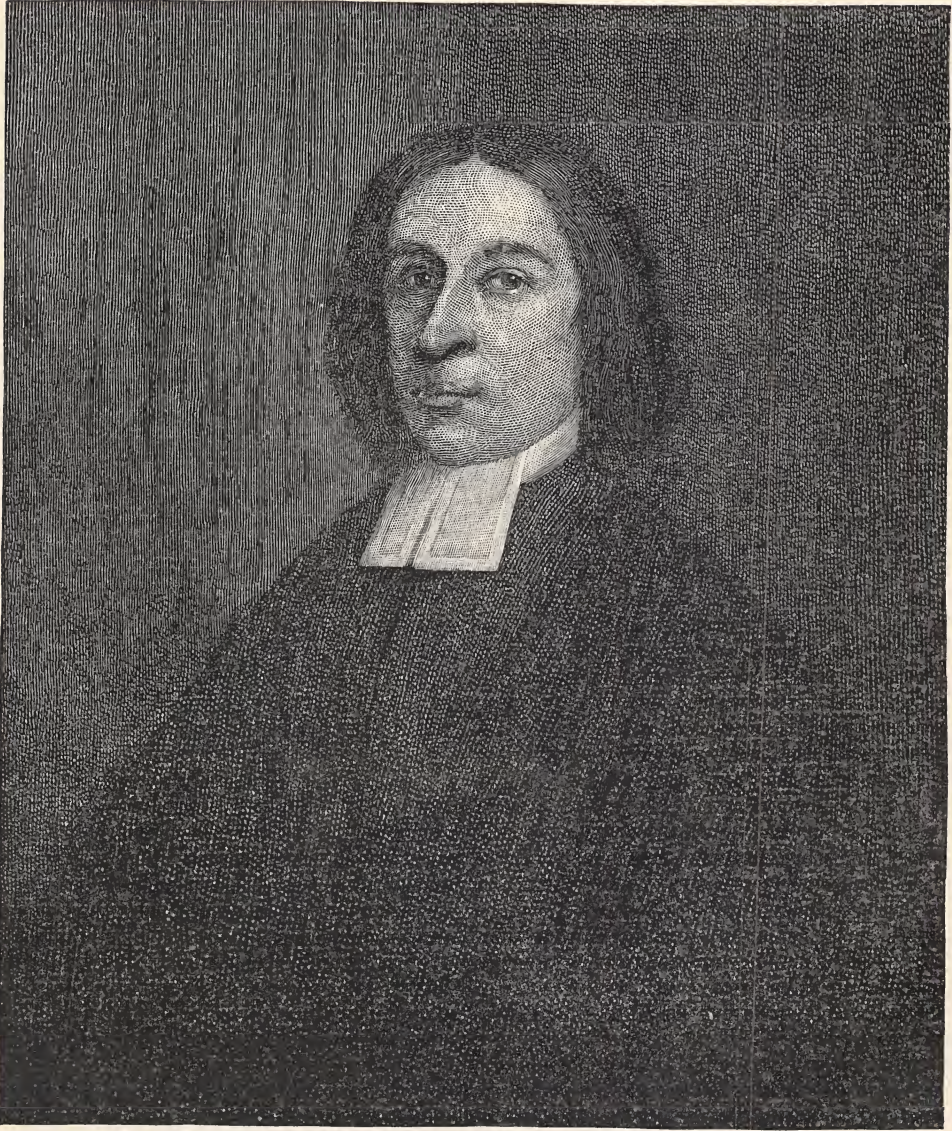
merce, affected manners, made slavery profitable and persistent, and pervaded all legislation.

There was, of course, no sharp line of demarkation for the growth of a staple. When the early overproduction of tobacco made a secondary crop desirable in Virginia and Maryland, wheat was profitably grown, and became a crop of such magnitude in the later years of the colonial period, that it was believed to threaten the ascendancy of tobacco. Tobacco, in turn, stretched the area of its growth far to the north. The Delaware country was famous for its fine tobacco in the days of the Swedish and Dutch dominions, and at one period, after the coming of the Quakers, Philadelphia loaded fourteen ships a year with this staple. New York from Dutch times grew tobacco for export; there were official inspectors of it as early as 1638. It was grown in New England, and as far toward the pole as Quebec. But in the English colonies north of Delaware Bay, climate and social conditions turned the balance slowly but surely in favor of wheat, and the middle colonies became like the ancient land of Egypt for corn. North Carolina grew tobacco; but in the southern and sea-coast counties of that colony, the rosin, pitch, and turpentine of the pine forests were more profitable, and their production was more suited to the habits of the people. Even in South Carolina tobacco was the great staple of the "upper counties."

IV.

RICE AND INDIGO.

THE destiny of South Carolina was changed by a single lucky experiment. In 1696, when the colony was more than thirty years old, the pioneers were still engaged in buying furs from the Indians, extracting rosin, tar, and turpentine from the pines, cutting timber for shipment, and growing slender harvests of grain on the light soil along the coast. Attempts had already been made to grow indigo, ginger, and cotton; but these had not answered expectation. A small and unprofitable kind of rice had also been tried in 1688. But one Thomas Smith thought that a patch of wet land at the back of his garden in Charleston resembled the soil he had seen bearing rice in Madagascar. It chanced in 1696, that a brigantine from that island anchored in distress near Sullivan's Island, and the captain, an old friend of this enterprising Thomas Smith, was able to furnish him a bag of Madagascar rice suitable for seed. It grew luxuriantly in the wet corner of the



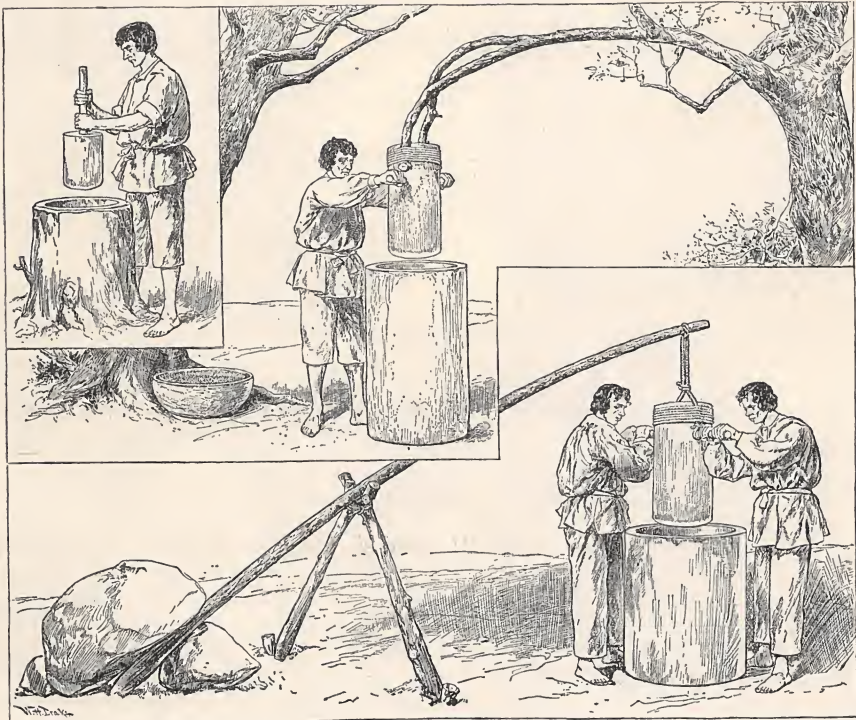
JARED ELIOT. (FROM AN OIL PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF CHARLES G. ELLIOT, ESQ., CLINTON, CONN.)

garden, and the seed from this little harvest was widely distributed. In three or four years the art of husking the rice was learned. African slaves were easily procured in the West Indies, and the face of society in the young State was presently changed: South Carolina became a land of great planters and of a multitude of toiling negroes. Smith was raised to the rank of landgrave, and made governor of the colony three years after the success of his rice-patch. The new grain was at first grown on uplands; but the planters afterward discovered that the neglected swamps were more congenial and

less exhaustible. The cruelly hard labor of separating the grains from the adhering husks crippled the strength and even checked the increase of the negroes; but in the years just preceding the Revolution this task came to be performed with mills driven by the force of the incoming and outgoing tides, or turned by horses or oxen. A hundred and forty thousand barrels of Carolina rice, of four or five hundred weight apiece, were annually exported before the war of independence. Through the example of a governor of Georgia, the culture of rice spread into that colony, and completed the ruin of the silk business.

Nearly half a century before the bag of seed-rice fell into Thomas Smith's hands, this grain had been tried in Virginia by Governor Sir William Berkeley, and had yielded thirty-fold. It seems to have had a humble place as one of the products of south-eastern Virginia many years afterward. Rice was also grown as far northward as New Jersey; there was a considerable exportation of it from

In South Carolina, where indigo became a leading staple, rivaling rice and only yielding to cotton after the Revolution, its introduction was due to the enterprise and intelligence of a young lady. Miss Eliza Lucas, who afterward, as Mrs. Pinckney, made gowns from home-grown silk, not daunted by the failure of early experiments with indigo, procured seed from Antigua about 1741 or 1742.



PRIMITIVE MODE OF GRINDING CORN.

Salem as early as 1698, while the culture of it was yet in its beginnings in Carolina.

We may reckon among Virginia commodities indigo, which awakened in 1649 almost as much interest as the experiments with silk and vines. "All men begin to get some of the seeds," says a writer of the time, "and know it will be of ten times the gain to them as tobacco." He adds that "gain now carries the Bell." During this indigo fever some of the more sanguine Virginians modestly hoped to wrest the indigo trade "from the Mogull's country, and to supply all Christendome. This will be many thousands of pounds in the year." More than a hundred years after the experiment of 1649, indigo is again mentioned along with bar iron and ginseng as one of the less important exports from the colony to Great Britain, but its culture was in a feeble and failing condition.

Her first planting, made in March, was destroyed by a frost; the second attempt in April was cut down by a worm; but the third succeeded. An expert, brought to show the manner of making the dye, proved treacherous; but the perseverance of the lady won the victory at length, and by 1745 the possibility of growing indigo in Carolina was proven. Two years later two hundred thousand pounds were sent to England, and the annual exportation reached more than a million pounds in the last years of the colonial period.

V.

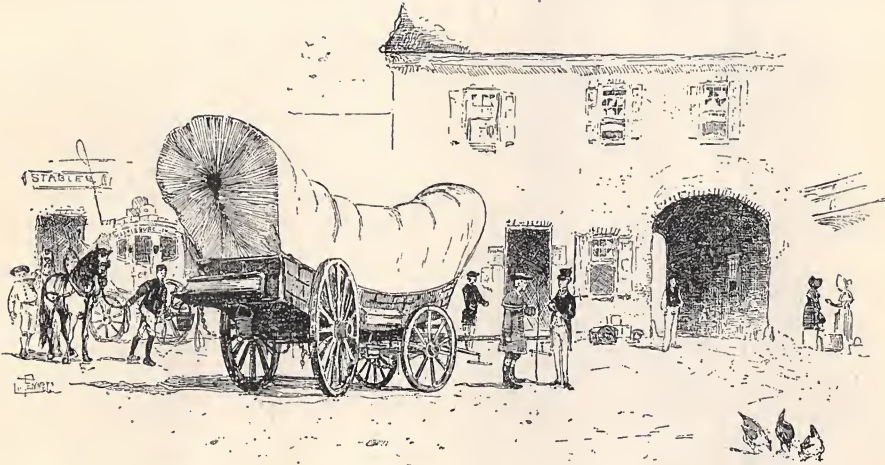
WHEAT, MAIZE, AND MINOR PRODUCTS.

IN 1634 Massachusetts, having more new emigrants on her untamed soil than she was

able to feed, sent a ship to Bermuda for bread. Finding none there, the captain secured five thousand bushels of wheat in Virginia, "for the relief of New England." But a few years later, when emigrants suddenly ceased to come to Massachusetts Bay, the supply of money which the new-comers brought, and the market for food products which they afforded, abruptly failed, and there was no means for paying the debts due in England,

which the planters had either captured in the chase or bought of the Indians.

For what legislation had failed to achieve, natural causes, when left to themselves, had wrought. The overproduction and consequent low price of tobacco in 1640, and at later periods, had promoted the culture of wheat and maize in both of the Chesapeake colonies; so that before the Revolutionary struggle set in, Maryland was accustomed to

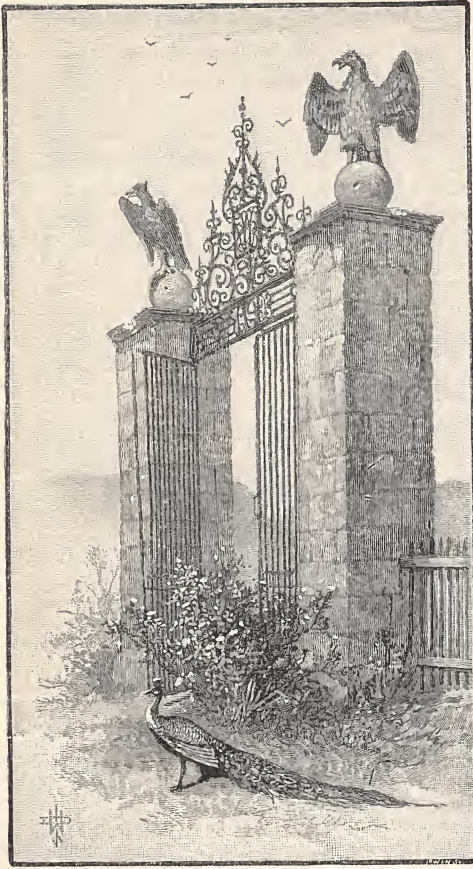


A CONESTOGA WAGON IN THE BULL'S HEAD YARD, PHILADELPHIA.

or for purchasing things needed thence. It was in this emergency that the first exportation of farm produce from Massachusetts took place. A ship-load of wheat was made up with much ado and sent abroad as the best purchasing agent within reach. The General Court expressed the opinion that wheat would be the staple of New England, and forbade its use for bread or malt. But in Massachusetts, as elsewhere, it was found that the production of staples depended on causes not within the control of law-making bodies. Indian corn at this early day had not become an article for shipment, and in this same year it was so abundant as to be unsalable. Later, when the prolific New England people had multiplied and given themselves to the fisheries, to whale-hunting, and to foreign commerce, and when the belts of alluvial land had been impoverished by bad husbandry, food was sought farther south. In all the rivers flowing into the Chesapeake and Albemarle Sound the New England peddling craft brought to the very door of the easy-going planters rum, sugar, molasses, and salt, with ready-made clothing, at exorbitant prices, besides smaller commodities. These were bartered for the superabundant bread and meat of the southerly colonies, and for the peltries

send six hundred thousand bushels of wheat annually to England, and Virginia nearly as much. The latter colony and North Carolina also exported maize to Portugal, to South America, and to feed the West Indian negroes. Oats were early and abundantly sown in Virginia. As the English beer passed out of use, Indian corn took the place of barley, and was even used to make a sort of beer by a process of "malting by drying in an oven." Rye was sown for bread in New England from the first. In Virginia its culture was promoted by the Scotch and Irish settlers of the valley, who used it as a basis for the whisky which they preferred to the tamer beer of the English. The white-blossoming and red-ripening buckwheat, which is so bright an object in our spring and summer landscapes, was used in Carolina to feed cattle in the first years of the eighteenth century, and was early brought into the valley of Virginia, perhaps by emigrants from the European continent. The raising of cereals for the market extended from New England to South Carolina. From the latter Indian corn was exported after 1739, while wheat was produced by the German palatines in the interior.

But the great bread-giving region lay in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania;



A PLANTATION GATE-WAY. ENTRANCE TO THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM BYRD AT WESTOVER, VA.

from the lands between the Connecticut and the Susquehanna, the British West Indies and the Mediterranean countries received large supplies of wheat and flour. By the middle of the eighteenth century, eight or nine thousand of the great white-topped Conestoga wagons, drawn each by four, six, or even eight horses, were required to bring to the busy little market city of Philadelphia the produce of the farms of the interior, besides all that was floated down the Delaware and the Schuylkill. New York at the same time sent out large shipments of grain, brought from the Hudson valley, Long Island, and the Jersey bays, in sloops. Of flour and bread, also, New York exported about six thousand tons annually. The "bread," which was a large element in the outward trade of the three chief wheat provinces, was hard-tack, sold to ships and sent to the West Indies and elsewhere. There was a bakery attached to almost every mill. In 1770 the exports of flour and bread from all the colonies were equal in value to three millions of our money,

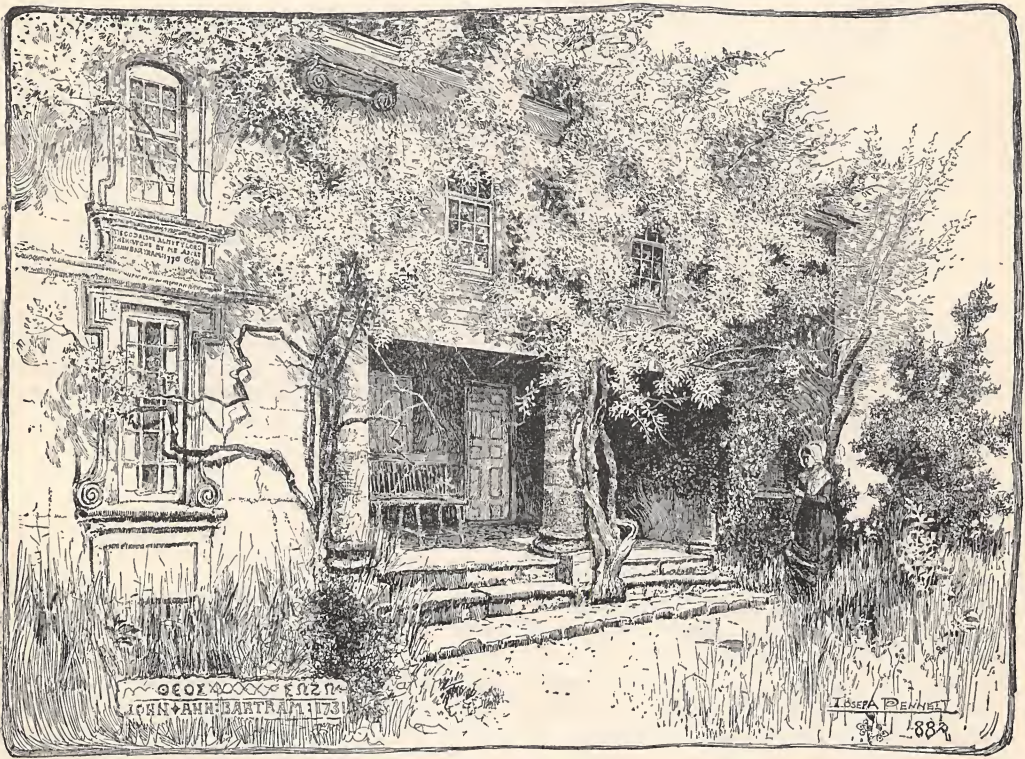
besides a million bushels of wheat and more than half as much of Indian corn. For domestic use Indian corn became very early the indispensable source of supply. At first it was pounded in wooden mortars, after the Indian way, or ground in hand-mills, after the old English fashion. In all the colonies, farmers lived chiefly upon bread of Indian meal.

The greatest difference between the agriculture of the later provincial period and that of our time, so far as the nature of the products is concerned, lies in the fact that the cotton staple held then a very insignificant place. It was introduced into Virginia before 1620, and many efforts were made to give it commercial importance. Governor Andros succeeded in awakening an enthusiasm for cotton culture in Virginia at the close of the seventeenth century; but enthusiasm is a poor substitute for profit, and cotton fell away again, though at the Revolutionary period Virginia grew more than any other State. Cotton for domestic use was grown successfully from southern New Jersey southward, and a small quantity was exported from South Carolina in 1748. But the economic barrier to its commercial importance seemed insurmountable; one man could grow more than all the spare hands on a plantation could clean from the seed. The irksomeness of this work of cleaning led to the invention of gins to rid the cotton of its seed; but they all, in some way, injured the fiber. It was not until after the separation of the colonies from England that the invention of Whitney's gin gave the cotton plant a swift ascendancy in the South, driving indigo from the field.

Hemp was much fostered by legislative bounties, and its culture was advocated by theorists and patriots who wished to see the king's navy supplied from the king's dominions, and not from the distant land of "the Czar of Muscovy." Liberal bounties were paid to promote its culture, and among other visionary schemes one was broached in the bubble period of 1720 to settle a whole county in Virginia with felons who should be forced to cultivate hemp, the county to be called Hampshire—name full of disagreeable suggestion to those who were to have inhabited it. Like other petted children of colonial agriculture, hemp came to no great things. The Massachusetts people in 1641 set "all hands" to work on hemp and flax, and burned down several houses while zealously drying their flax. In 1646 the Virginia Assembly required every county to send ten boys or girls to Jamestown for instruction in the flax houses. In spite of all this coddling, flax was more fortunate than hemp, for its culture was pro-

moted in all the colonies by Irish immigrants accustomed to fields of flax and linen-wheels at home. There was a thriving trade to Ireland in flaxseed, the Irish flax not being

was required to inclose a quarter of an acre for vines, roots, and so forth. Nine years later, the observant Dutch voyager De Vries saw a garden on the James, in which was a



HOME OF JOHN BARTRAM, THE COLONIAL BOTANIST AND AGRICULTURIST, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

allowed to ripen its seed; and there were a good many mills in New England for expressing linseed oil.

The potato, originally a South American plant, was introduced to Virginia by Sir John Harvey in 1629, though it was unknown in some counties of England a hundred and fifty years later. In Pennsylvania, potatoes are mentioned very soon after the advent of the Quakers; they were not among New York products in 1695, but in 1775 we are told of eleven thousand bushels grown on one sixteen-acre patch in this province. Potatoes were served, perhaps as an exotic rarity, at a Harvard installation dinner in 1707; but the plant was only brought into culture in New England at the arrival of the Presbyterian immigrants from Ireland in 1718. Five bushels were accounted a large crop of potatoes for a Connecticut farmer; for it was held that, if a man ate them every day, he could not live beyond seven years.

Gardens, with whatever else made for luxury in living prospered among the Virginia squires. As early as 1624, every freeman

profusion of Provence roses, apple, pear, and cherry trees, and all the fruits which he had been accustomed to see in the horticultural land of Holland. In 1649, "potatoes, sparagus, carrets, turnips, parsnips, onions, and hartichokes" are set down among Virginia "roots." "The gallant root of potatoes are common, and so are all kinds of garden stuff," says the ungrammatical Hammond, in 1656. On the other hand, Beverley, the historian of Virginia, from the point of view of an agricultural reformer, declares, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, that "they ha'nt many gardens in the country fit to bear the name." The Labadist travelers complained in 1680 that the garden vegetables in one part of Maryland were "few and coarse"; but in 1775 Arthur Young, the best known of English agriculturists, thought that no part of the world could boast more plentiful or more general production of garden vegetables than the two Chesapeake colonies.

The climate and other conditions were less favorable to gardens in New England, but vegetables, vines, and orchards were tried from

the outset in Massachusetts. Gardening in New England largely fell to women; even the sale of garden seeds was in their hands. Besides the medicinal and culinary herbs of the old English gardens, New England women were accustomed to give little plats to flowers. In 1698 Pennsylvania colonists boasted the possession of "most of the garden herbs and roots of England"; but the best gardening in Pennsylvania was due to the patient and thorough-going Germans. In the genial climate of the South, a great variety of garden plants were found to thrive; but the opening of new lands for the culture of rice and indigo in South Carolina brought about a general neglect of horticulture; cabbages, onions, and potatoes were imported at Charleston until after the Revolution. The sweet potato was adopted from the aborigines in all the Southern colonies, and it is yet known in the market as the "Carolina." The squash in many varieties was of aboriginal origin, and, everywhere planted; the water-melon was largely used in the Middle and South, and Jared Eliot brought a new variety from Russia suited to the New England climate.

Perhaps the best of colonial gardeners were the Dutch of the Hudson River region. With the love of horticulture characteristic of their nation, they wrought the rugged interior of Manhattan island into thrifty, and in some cases elegant gardens. The growth of New Amsterdam, in the period of Dutch rule, was held in check by the engrossing of large lots for village gardens. To the Hollanders is attributed the introduction of the red, white, and carnelian roses, gillyflowers, tulips, white lilies, marigolds, and garden violets. Orchards, chiefly, though not wholly, of seedling fruit, became common in every province at an early period; even the Iroquois adopted the apple from early comers, and in the course of time raised large orchards. The Lenni Lenape on the Delaware grew peaches before Penn came, and the Congarees in Carolina, about 1708, had the art of drying peaches. One large and hardy peach-tree was so early and so widely distributed, even among tribes remote from European settlers, that it was called the Indian peach, and was thought to be indigenous even by John Bartram, the botanist.

Cider was at first made by pounding the apples by hand, often in wooden mortars, such as were used for Indian corn. The pomace was sometimes pressed in baskets. Vast quantities of cider were made in New England in the eighteenth century; a village of but forty families made three thousand barrels in 1721; a larger town turned out ten thousand. The greater part of the cider was sent to "the

islands," whither also went large shipments of American apples, accounted already superior to those from England. From Pennsylvania to Virginia, fruit on trees was by custom free to all-comers; in Virginia, the surplus peaches from orchards of ten to thirty acres in extent were thrown to the hogs, after the annual supply of brandy had been distilled.

All the bees in the colonies were the offspring of a few swarms brought to Massachusetts Bay at or soon after the first settlement. The production of honey was not large in New England; in Pennsylvania almost every farmer kept seven or eight swarms; but in the southern colonies the quantity of honey about 1750 is described as "prodigious." This was used not only for the table, but for making the old English strong liquor, metheglin. The bees were for the most part rudely hived in cross sections of the gum-tree, hollowed by natural decay; whence, in the South and West, a beehive of any kind is often called a bee-gum.

VI.

CATTLE.

THE first cattle that were brought over sea to be the beginners of new herds were valuable beyond price, and in Virginia it was made a crime punishable with death to kill one of them. In the great migration to Massachusetts Bay, the death of a cow or a goat was signaled from ship to ship. Sometimes, in the chronicles of the time, the death of a brute and that of a person are set down in the same sentence in such a way as to excite a smile in the modern reader, who fails to remember that the animal was of greater consequence to the welfare of the colony than the person,—the brute was the harder to replace. But having the wide, unfenced earth for pasture ground, cows soon became cheap and abundant; in New England they shrank to less than one-third their former value about 1642, and the decline had the effect of a modern financial crash on the trade and credit of the little colony. In Virginia, notwithstanding the destruction of breeding cattle in the early famines and that wrought by the savages in 1622, they were counted by thousands in 1629. Forty years after the *Susan Constant* brought Englishmen to James River, there were twenty thousand horned cattle there, with three thousand sheep, two hundred horses, fifty asses, and five thousand goats.

In 1670 a planter in the new settlements of Carolina thought it a great matter to have three or four cows; thirty years later two

hundred were a common allowance, and some had a thousand head of cattle apiece. In all the colonies the wild grass and the browse of the woods was the main dependence; but the rich annual grasses were, after awhile,



CATTLE EAR-MARK, AS REGISTERED, FROM BAILEY'S "HISTORY OF ANDOVER."

From the Records of Andover: "December the 25th 1734 the ear-mark that James Frie Giveth his cattle and other Creatures is as followeth *viz*, a half cross cut out of the under side of the left ear split or cut out about the middell of the Top of the ear, called by som a figger of seven."

reduced or extirpated by the close cropping, which did not allow opportunity to mature seed, and long before the artificial culture of grasses had become common in England, the perennial English grasses were introduced into New England, Long Island, and Pennsylvania, by sowing the unwinnowed sweepings of English haymows. A few corn-husks and a little wheat-straw were sometimes fed to cows; but in the depth of winter the half wild and starving creatures often perished by venturing too far into the marshes in search of food. In Pennsylvania, so late as the middle of the eighteenth century, superstitious people were wont to tie a dogwood bough about a cow's neck when she staggered and fell down from inanition in the spring; the dogwood was probably regarded as a sort of tonic. In Virginia, at one period, it was expected that the hides of the cattle dying every winter would furnish shoes for all the negroes on the plantation. In the seventeenth century some of the Virginians held that to house or milk cows in the winter would be the death of them. A better system came in as the colonial period drew to its close; the German settler in Pennsylvania, indeed, adhered from the first to the usage of the fatherland, and sheltered his cows from the tempests of the winter under the same roof with his numerous children, and later in the great barns that marked the growing prosperity which follows hard work and frugal living in a fertile country.

On the other hand, the English colonists brought the bad custom of neglecting live stock from England. At the beginning of American settlements, cattle were almost as much exposed and starved in England as they were, for a century afterward, in the colonies. The culture of forage plants was a novelty in the mother country in the time of the Commonwealth; the growth of root crops,

for winter feeding, was introduced among English farmers about 1760. The branding-iron, which in the colonies was used to mark the ownership and the town to which the wandering beast belonged, was employed in England in the fourteenth century, and probably earlier, and no doubt lingered in the mother country until after the North American migrations.

Notwithstanding the multitude of herds that filled the woods from Maine to Georgia, one hears little of the exportation of any dairy products except from Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and New York. Farmers in the northern colonies often had no milk at all in the winter, and little children were obliged to soak their bread in cider for a substitute. On the eastern shore of Maryland, in 1680, it was matter of doubt whether one would find milk or butter in a planter's house even in summer.

In 1666 it was a boast that it cost no more to raise an ox in Carolina than it did to rear a hen in England. The ranch system had its beginning in Virginia and the Carolinas and among the Spaniards of Florida. "Cowpens," as they were then called, were established on lands not yet settled, and cattle were herded in droves of hundreds or thousands. Small prairies existed in many places, North and South, and these, with thinly wooded plains, were especially devoted to pasturage after beef came to have a commercial value. In some parts of Massachusetts a "hayward" was employed to attend the cattle of a whole township, which were kept together in one drove. Sometimes the townsmen took turns in herding the cows, after a very ancient European custom. Similar arrangements prevailed in the great herds on the plains of Long Island, where little artificial ponds, lined with clay, were made to hold rain-water for the stock—a device brought from England, and still used in Texas. In some places a peninsula was chosen for a "herd walk," and fenced at its junction with the mainland, to keep the cows in and the wolves out. The reach at Nahant, and Cow Neck on Long Island, for examples, were thus fenced to inclose, by aid of the sea, gigantic common pastures. Coney Island was filled with cattle, completely hedged by natural barriers and sheltered by the bushes, and Fisher's Island, at New Haven, was inhabited by goats.

At first, the settlers fired the woods in spring, to get rid of the undergrowth and make room for grass. The practice, like many others, was borrowed from the Indians, who burned out the bushes systematically that they might get about easily, and that the

deer might have better range. There are traditions yet preserved of the splendor of these fires when seen by night. At a later period, when fires had come to be dangerous to the denser settlements, the people in some places were required to cut underbrush for a certain number of days every spring. In the first years of the eighteenth century the wild meadows of the South and the marshes of New England began to be reclaimed by drainage; sometimes they were inclosed with fences or ditches, and used for fattening cattle. The value of marsh hay became known; timothy—first cultivated by Timothy Hansen in Maryland or Virginia—and clover were sown by thrifty farmers in the more settled regions; and the value of corn-fodder began to be understood.

If the cattle were countless, the hogs "swarmed like vermin upon the earth." On the New England coast, in the earliest time, the droves of pigs fed on the refuse of the fishing stages, and their meat acquired a flavor so rank and aquatic that the Indians preferred that of the white man's dogs. In Carolina, the swarming hogs came out of the woods at the sound of a horn to eat a little refuse of potatoes or turnips fed to keep them from becoming utterly wild. In Virginia, no account was made of swine in the inventory of the estate of a man of substance; uncaught pigs were not easily numbered. The countless hogs furnished the most of the meat, as Indian corn supplied the greater part of the bread, in all the colonies. In New England, each family had, after the old English custom, its "powdering tub,"—not yet everywhere disused,—in which the pork for the family table was salted, and from which it was taken to be smoked by hanging in the ample chimney.

Small attention could be paid to the breed of animals living at large; from this cause, and the annual course of semi-starvation, the stock of all kinds degenerated in size, but acquired, by merely natural selection, the tough vitality which has made our so-called "native" cattle valuable for cross-breeding. Only in the pineries of the North-east was attention given to the size of cattle; the lumberman of the Piscataqua prided himself, beyond all things, on the size and strength of his yellow oxen. Instead of improving the breed of the myriads of neat cattle in the colonies, the experimenters of that day made repeated attempts to domesticate buffalo calves. These became gentle enough, but persisted in going where they listed by butting down any fence that stood in the way; and it was discovered after awhile that a species tamed for thousands of years was better.

Six or seven dollars of our money was the price in Virginia of a cow and calf, "sight unseen," as the phrase went; whether big or little, young or old, was not considered. Horses, cattle, and sheep were not taxed: "they turn to so little account," says the chronicler. The Virginia beef was small, but sweet; that of Carolina poor and lean; but large droves of Carolina cattle were driven through Virginia to fatten on Pennsylvania blue grass, before going to the Philadelphia market. New England cattle in early times survived the long winters rather as outlines than oxen; but later they were better cared for, and Massachusetts people learned the art of giving to an ox exhausted in the yoke a year or two of rest and good feed; by which beef was produced "that would credit the stalls of Leadenhall market," as an English traveler attested. Connecticut, less given to the fisheries than the colonies to the east, exported more salt beef than all the other colonies together, while Rhode Island became known for its dairies.

The growing up of many horses, neat cattle, and hogs in the wilderness, without knowledge of men or marks of branding-irons upon them, gave rise to new and exciting forms of sport. Wild beeves and hogs were fair game for the rifle of the hunter. A wondering Scotch-Irishman writes, in 1737, from New York to the Presbyterian minister in the town of his nativity, relating, as one of the attractions of America, "horses that are wild in the wilderness, that are yer ain when ye can grip them." In some of the royal and proprietary colonies, these wild animals were at times claimed as part of the revenue, under the old English doctrine of the right of the king or the manor lord to estrays. But such a claim was hard of enforcement. In some parts of the Chesapeake region, and perhaps elsewhere, a customary "right in the woods" pertained to every planter, and was matter of sale and purchase. It consisted in a claim upon a definite proportion of the unmarked cattle in the forest. In Virginia and North Carolina, men mounted on steeds trained to thread the mazes of the forest without touching the rider's foot against a tree would give chase for hours to a wild horse until he stopped from exhaustion, whereupon one of the pursuers would clap bridle and saddle upon the captive and mount while yet he was too weary to rebel. The scrubby little "tackeyes" still taken in the marshes along the North Carolina coast are descendants of the wild horses of the colony.

A horse whose stature reached fourteen, and in some colonies thirteen hands, was accounted large enough to breed from, even

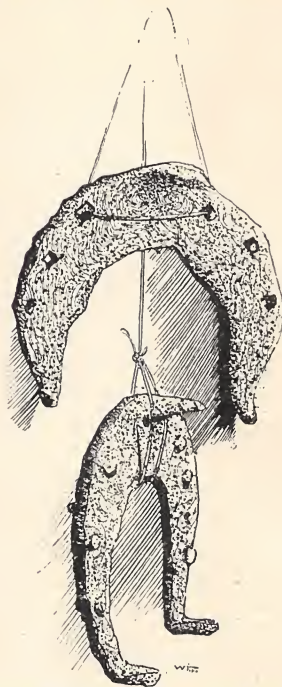
by those who were seeking to arrest by legislation the deterioration of the stock. But these undersized creatures were exceedingly hardy and suited to a new country, whether for riding or for work under the pack-saddle. Rarely shod, their hoofs became hard, and they were frequently ridden fifty miles in a day at "a good, sharp hand-gallop."

From the latter part of the seventeenth century, attention was given to the improvement of their horses by the Virginians, whose country-squire traditions and frantic love for racing made them always more careful of the strain of their steeds than the other colonists were. Many horses of pure Arabian blood were bred in Virginia and some in Maryland, and these "fleet and beautiful thoroughbreds" were the admiration of travelers. Virginia horses, in the Revolutionary time, fetched double the price of those bred without care in the northern colonies, which latter were much derided by foreigners.

Good horses were not entirely wanting in the other colonies; the rich rice-planters of Carolina, indeed, toward the close of the colonial period, rivaled the Virginians in their truly English passion for fine horses and for racing. Penn imported three blood mares at his first coming, and in 1699 he brought over "the magnificent colt Tamerlane," of the best strain in England. But to the German farmers of Pennsylvania is due the credit of producing the great Conestoga horses, the finest draught animals on the continent in the colonial age, and perhaps the most substantially valuable of all American horses so long as the horse had to do the work now done by the railway. Staten Island was also noted for horses larger than the degenerate breed of the mainland. As early as 1667, Hull, the maker of the Massachusetts pine-tree shillings, hit on Point Judith as a peninsula suited to the raising of "large and fair mares and horses"; and in later times Rhode Island, with parts of Connecticut, became famous for excellent horses, many valuable stallions having been brought from Virginia. That delightful American eccentricity, the natural pacer, was known in Virginia not later than the first quarter of the eighteenth century. The "Narragansett pacers" of Rhode Island came into request at about the same time, and in New England, where racing was unknown, the pace became the commonest gait of horses in the country towns. The awkward but "prodigiously" rapid natural amble of the American pacer was a sort of world's wonder, and was thought to have been learned from the cows with which the colts were herded.

The hardy Canadian horse, longest naturalized to American conditions, was much valued

and widely distributed through the colonies in later times. One other breed deserves mention: the Chickasaws—the first mounted Indians known to the English—carefully



ANCIENT HORSESHOES FLOWED UP IN SCHENECTADY CO., N. Y.
(IN THE NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM.)

guarded from mixture their fine race of horses derived from the Spaniards.

Notwithstanding the large numbers sent to the West India Islands from all the colonies, horses were more than abundant. Laws were made in several provinces to reduce "the extravagant multitude of useless horses and mares that are in the woods."

The only domestic animal that did not multiply to excess in the wild pastures of America was the sheep, which had for deadly foes the American wolf and the English woolen manufacturer. The wolves were reduced by a system that had been followed for centuries in England, of paying liberal bounties for the heads of destructive animals. The public officer who redeemed these heads cropped the ears, so that a head once paid for might be debarred from passing current for a second reward. In the province of New York the constable's house was rendered conspicuous by the decoration of its front with grinning wolf-heads, which the law required him to nail up in this fashion. But, however much the colonists might have desired it, they could not affix the head of an English cloth-worker to the front gable of the constable's house. There was nothing that English legislation

of the time sought more persistently than the development of the English woolen trade;—among the devices for promoting this end was a law commanding every Englishman to go to his grave in a woolen shroud for the good of his country. The growth of the woolen industry in Ireland or the colonies was repressed with severity; the importation of a sheep for the improvement of the colonial breed was punishable with the amputation of the right hand. In spite of wolves and acts of parliament, many thousand sheep were raised, but they had to be folded within hearing of the farmer and his dogs. The negligent methods prevalent in a new country bore more hardly on sheep than on other animals, and it was estimated that about one-third of all the sheep in the northern colonies perished in a single hard winter, a little before the middle of the eighteenth century.

The keeping of sheep in New England and on Long Island was much promoted by the holding of lands and tending of herds in common; and the one thousand New England sheep of 1642 had trebled their number by 1652. The town of Milford, in Connecticut, sequestered a large common and kept more than a thousand sheep as public property, the profits going to defray town expenses. When, in the eighteenth century, the common lands and such vast Long Island pastures as Hempstead plains were divided, sheep-raising became more expensive and difficult.

VII.

TOOLS AND TILLAGE.

THE cumbrous and complicated English plow of the period could not have been of much use to the colonists until it had undergone modification. As late as 1786 it required "four oxen, two men, and a boy" to run a plow in the west of England; the midland

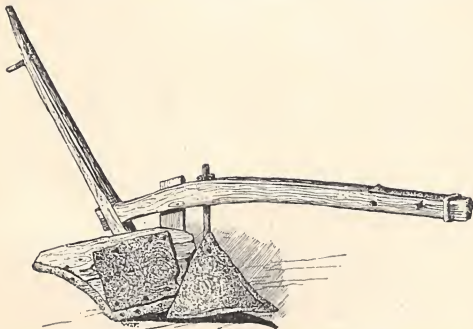
plow of the same period required five or six horses; the old Scotch plow two horses, aided by two or four oxen; and the primitive plow team of eight oxen, known from remotest antiquity, could still be found in use in Great



ANCIENT HAND-MADE SPADE. (STATE AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM, ALBANY, N. Y.)

Britain. One hears of a plow in the colony of Virginia drawn by four horses, driven by a postilion riding the near horse next the plow, and of a plow in Georgia, in 1735, drawn by six horses. The plow in the colonies, however, generally took on a simpler and ruder form; it was sometimes built by the farmer, and ironed at the nearest smithy. The one-handled plow was held by the left hand; the right bore a plow staff for cleaning the dirt from the wooden mold-board. Simplicity was carried to an extreme in Virginia, where there were few artisans; in some cases a grubbing hoe bound to a plow-beam was used with perfect seriousness to scratch the light soil of the peninsulas. In Massachusetts, the fortunate owner of a plow sometimes made a business of going about to plow for his neighbors; the town would now and then pay a bonus for keeping in repair the only plow within its bounds.

Carts also were often home-made—the body being fast to the axle-tree, so that dumping was impossible. The first Swedes on the Delaware, and perhaps others, had carts with truck wheels sawed from the liquid-amber or sweet-gum tree—probably mere cross-sections of a round log. Two skids fastened together made a "drag," or "sledge," to which was hitched a single ox or horse, for drawing burdens over the grass or ground in summer. This sledge was used on the northern frontier, in Pennsylvania, and in Carolina, and with it the Maryland and Virginia planter sometimes dragged his tobacco hogsheads to the place of shipment. But the commonest mode of moving tobacco was yet more naked: the cask was strongly hooped, and then rolled by human strength along the hot and sandy roads often fifteen or twenty miles



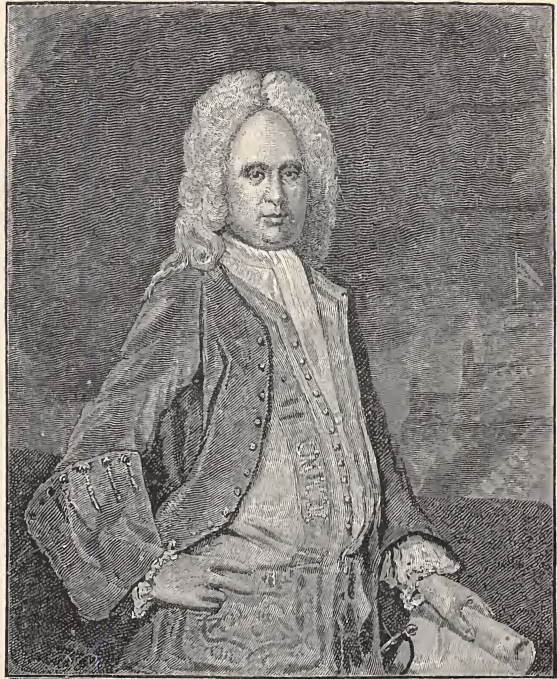
COLONIAL PLOW WITH WOODEN MOLD-BOARD. 1706. (STATE AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM, ALBANY, N. Y.)

to the inspector's warehouse, known for this reason as a "rolling-house." The road, which went round about to avoid hills, was called a "rolling-road." When oxen or horses were used in rolling, a tongue and axle were fitted into the ends of the hoghead.

The New England settlers were curiously slow to learn the great lesson of their climate. While the Dutch were traveling and hauling great loads upon the snow, their Connecticut and Massachusetts neighbors laid in wood in November in cumbrous carts, and this continued to the close of the seventeenth century; it was much later before long journeys were undertaken upon sleigh-runners. English farmers, more than five hundred years ago, made their own horse-collars of straw. The American colonists also made them of straw, and added the art of weaving them from the husks of the maize. But oxen chiefly were used for plowing and other farm work in the seventeenth, and even into the eighteenth century. When the "horse-hoe," a progenitor of our modern cultivator, came into vogue in England, and was brought to the colonies, Jared Eliot used oxen to draw it, yoking them far apart that they might pass on each side of the row of Indian corn. But the cheapness of the horse brought that animal into more general use in the years just preceding the Revolution.

Grain was reaped with sickles, though "scythe-cradles" were not unknown. Threshing was done in New England with a flail; in New York and to the southward wheat was often trodden out by horses or oxen on the hard and well-prepared threshing floor in the open field. Both methods are older than human records, and both continue in out-of-the-way places to-day. Winnowing was performed in the primitive way, by throwing the grain against the wind and then running it through sieves; in some places large willow winnowing fans were used. The winnowing machine in its simplest form is a Dutch device, and did not reach England until 1710; "Dutch fans" were little known in the colonies.

While virgin land was abundant, manure was but little sought for, though in New England the settlers learned from the Indians the art of burying a whole fish in each hill of corn. In some places, the horse-foot crab was cut in pieces and put into the hill for both corn and potatoes. A part of the stipend of a minister in Cape Cod was two hundred fish from each of his parishioners to fertilize his sandy corn-ground. The Connecticut agriculturist,



ALEXANDER SPOTSWOOD, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA FROM 1710 TO 1723. (FROM A PORTRAIT BELONGING TO BENJAMIN ROBINSON, ESQ., OF KING WILLIAM CO., VA., AND NOW IN THE VIRGINIA STATE LIBRARY.)

Eliot, used creek mud and sand, and sowed clover to recuperate worn-out fields, as did the Pennsylvania botanist and agriculturist, Bartram, following a fashion then just coming into English agriculture. But Eliot could not introduce another practice freshly brought to England from the Low Countries,—that of growing turnips on poor lands and putting sheep on them. "Our poor land is so poor," he writes, "that it will not bear turnips bigger than buttons." In Maryland and North Carolina, no method of fertilizing was known but one that has been followed in Europe since the middle ages,—that of using a pen of movable hurdles for confining cattle at night on an impoverished piece of ground; and sheep were thus confined for the same purpose in New England.

Travelers from Europe united with colonial writers in condemning the general badness of farming in the thirteen provinces. Clayton and Beverley in Virginia and Eliot in New England were unsparing in their denunciations of the slovenly husbandry of their neighbors. Clearings were frequently made by merely girdling the larger trees and burning up the undergrowth. On land treated in this way, the dead trees presented a ghostly appearance, and their falling boughs endangered the lives of travelers. Wheat was dragged in with a tree-top or with a wooden-tine harrow. Spades and hoes were made by

country smiths, and were unwieldy. Pennsylvanians sometimes sowed oats in the rows of Indian corn and followed with wheat, thus killing out the noxious blue grass and destroying the fertility of the soil at a blow. In this and the more southern provinces, land weary of hard usage was allowed to lie fallow, or was abandoned to old-field pines. The colonial farmer, North and South, had so long scratched the earth's cuticle that he came to believe that deep plowing ruined the land. Jared Eliot was one of the first to set the example of actually stirring the ground.

But in every new land a sort of bad husbandry is good husbandry. The very first comers suffered from their failure to perceive this. They felt obliged, in the antique phrase of Jared Eliot, "to stubb all staddles,"—that is, to grub up by the roots the smaller saplings,—and to cut down, or at least trim up, all the great trees. They even leveled and pulverized the ground with rollers, after the method of English farmers. It took years to show them that the conditions of success were different in a new world. In England, land was precious and labor cheap; the problem was to get as much as possible out of an acre. But in America, acres were unnumbered and human hands were few. To get as much as possible out of a man was the stint set before the colonists. The Virginian never calculated how much his field yielded to the acre: he counted his yield to the hand. It was inevitable that the planter of tobacco should girdle and burn the trees for new ground in preference to fertilizing an old field, and that the New England farmer should leave the roots in his field and impoverish the soil by the shallowest culture. The newly come English farmer who tried to improve colonial methods no doubt paid the penalty of failure; just as the emigrant from the older States who tries deep plowing and clean culture on cheap prairies remote from markets now grows poor, while his neighbors prosper by an energetic skimming of the

land. The difficulties of the very earliest colonial agriculture discouraged careful farming. The forest was a deadly foe; a great part of the settler's life was passed in killing trees. The New Englander had to watch his sandy field on the coast for two weeks after corn planting, to keep the wolves from digging it up in search of the fish that enriched the hill. In some colonies, the squirrels were so pernicious that two-pence apiece was paid for killing them; in Maryland and northern Virginia, every planter was obliged by law to bring to a public office the heads of four of these pests. Then, too, the woods tempted the settler from his toils with abundant and savory meat, and the virgin streams were alive with fish. Only the indefatigable, conservative, and frugal German peasant on the Pennsylvania limestone soil, aided as he was by the toil in the field of his wife and children, could farm with thoroughness in such an environment.

As population increased, as cities were built, as commerce opened markets, and land grew valuable in the parts of the country that had been earliest settled, superficial farming, grown by this time to a tradition, was no longer commendable, or even excusable. The influence of enlightened example became necessary to abolish it. Virginia was said to have been more improved in Governor Spotswood's time than in the century preceding. The governor himself, and some such lords of great estates as William Byrd of Westover, were influential in introducing improvements; and half a century later Josiah Quincy found Virginia agriculture very far advanced. Jared Eliot—an enlightened and wealthy clergyman-farmer in Connecticut—tried all the artificial grasses of England. He introduced the drill, and persuaded the ingenious President Clap, of Yale College, to simplify its construction from the cumbrous English model. In a hundred ways, this grandson of the apostle Eliot strove for the betterment of



MEDAL AWARDED TO REV. JARED ELIOT, NOW IN POSSESSION OF CHARLES G. ELLIOT, ESQ., GOSHEN, N. Y.

American husbandry; but his writings have the air of begging pardon that a clergyman should make himself useful beyond the range of his profession. He excuses himself by telling how Charles V., on a visit to the Netherlands, sought out the tomb of Buckhelsz, who enriched his country by finding out a method for curing and barreling herring. Bartram, the botanist, and other Pennsylvania Quakers used many improvements in farming, and the wet lands on the Schuylkill were drained. Irrigation was also used in some parts of Pennsylvania to promote the growth of grass, and the agriculturist Masters made composts of forest leaves in the modern fashion. It is interesting to know that there was occasional correspondence between the men, scattered through the colonies, who were striving to lift agriculture out of the rut of stupidity into which it is always apt to sink. One reads with pleasure that fifty copies of Eliot's first little "Essay on Field Husbandry" were bought by "Benjamin Franklin, Esq., of Philadelphia," and that the progressive Bordley, of Maryland, ordered "Dr. Eliot's Essays" by way of London.

Alongside the new-born enthusiasm for science and the desire for improvement in practical affairs, which makes the later colonists seem to belong to our age rather than to the preceding one, there lingered many incongruous superstitions, even in the minds of

intelligent men. The almanacs of the time were publications of considerable importance, and one finds in these little pamphlets exact directions for regulating farming operations by the position of the sun in the zodiac. Even Eliot cannot shake himself free from these notions; his essays tell us with unruffled gravity that trees must be girdled in the old of the moon, "that day the sun moves out of the foot into the head," but brush is to be cut when the sun is in the heart. This day for giving a fatal stab to obnoxious alders unhappily falls, now and then, on Sunday, as the good parson confesses. In one of his later papers he half apologizes for his astrological nonsense, as though he had a dawning perception of its absurdity. In the very year before the outbreak of the Revolution the "Massachusetts Calendar" tells its readers to cut timber, for lasting, in the last quarter of the moon, naturally; but wood for firing should come down in the first quarter — perhaps because the moon is then firing up; and there follows a list of the proper phases of the moon for killing bees, for sheep-shearing, apple-gathering, hedge-cutting, manuring land, grafting trees, cutting hair, and I know not how many operations besides. Similar notions can be found to-day among the illiterate; a hundred years ago and more, they were treated as scientific principles by men of liberal training.

SOME OLD CONSIDERATIONS.

THE Puritan lies in his tomb —

A grand fellow was he in his day;
But now he's so bothered for room
He'd have hardly the space to pray,
Should he rise on his knees.

Not a foot from him down below
Great Sachem Paupmunock lies,
With his kettle of corn and his bow;
And both he might use, could he rise,
And sit at his ease.

Right over the two is my bed,
Delightfully propped on the great;
And here at my ease overhead
I rest on two Pillars of State,
And I sleep very well.

If they muttered a word under ground,
I dare say 'twould come to my ears;
But I've heard not the slightest sound,
And they've slept there two hundred years,
So the records tell.

I muse as I think of them there,
And sometimes I laugh to myself,
As I say — What a fine old pair!
But how easily laid on the shelf,
When we youngsters came!

The Sachem sang in his throat,
The Puritan twanged through his nose;
We sing a more lively note
Of the ruby red and the rose:—
In the end 'tis the same.

We too shall hobble away
From the merry folk and the fire;
"Good-bye" to the singers shall say,
And pass from the lute and the lyre,
From the folk and the flame.

GENERAL SHERMAN.*

FOR a few days prior to the first of November last, a tall, spare man, with erect soldierly bearing, a face curiously furrowed up and down, crosswise and diagonally, with wrinkles, gray, stubbly beard, but with light brown hair showing scarcely a trace of time's first touches, and with a hazel eye of a keen and youthful expression, might have been seen directing the packing of books and papers in a large, handsome room of the new War Department building at Washington. He wore a simple business suit, and the two assistants who helped him in the task of arranging the volumes and documents were also clad in plain clothes. Occasionally the tall man sat down at a desk and wrote a page or two of foolscap, which he added to a pile of manuscript, or rapidly wrote a letter in a small, clear, peculiar hand. His movements were so alert and his physical expression was so vigorous that no one, seeing him for the first time, would have thought for a moment of calling him old. It was William Tecumseh Sherman, General of the Army of the United States; the manuscript was his last report as Commander-in-Chief; the assistants were his aides-de-camp, and the preparations going on were for the removal of his personal papers, and for turning over the office to his successor. A recent act of Congress provided for the retirement from active service of all officers on reaching the age of sixty-four. General Sherman will reach this limit of age on the 18th of February, but he anticipated the date for relinquishing his command to the Lieutenant-General, in order that the latter might make recommendations concerning the army, as its new chief, to Congress at the present session.

The signing of a few official papers, and a cordial shaking of hands with the new commander, was all there was of ceremony connected with the transfer of command. The control of the military forces of a powerful nation was passed over without the beat of a drum or the firing of a salute. Aside from the great martial renown of the two general officers who took part in this simple ceremony, the event was one of national interest. Our system of government provides very few positions of dignity in which the tenure is suffi-

ciently long for the occupants to get a firm hold upon the regard and memory of their fellow-citizens. Presidents come and go, and the fame of each largely effaces that of him who went before. As to cabinet ministers, who can remember those in office ten years ago? The office of commander-in-chief, on the other hand, is one of both dignity and permanence. Even if there had been no Shiloh, no Vicksburg, no Atlanta, and no March to the Sea, the retirement from this high post of one who, like General Sherman, has held it for nearly fifteen years, would be a memorable event. When such an event marks the withdrawal from public life of one of the most famous generals of modern times and one of the great popular heroes of our Civil War, it attracts universal attention.

The title of General does not pass from Sherman to Sheridan with the transfer of the command of the army. Sheridan remains Lieutenant-General. In 1869, soon after the promotion of Sherman to the rank of general, made vacant by Grant's accession to the Presidency and the consequent promotion of Sheridan to Sherman's former rank of lieutenant-general, Congress, in a spirit of small economy both of titles and of pay, enacted that the two highest grades in the military establishment should continue only during the life of the then incumbents. Thus there is no further promotion beyond the grade of major-general. Since the foundation of the government there have been but three commanders with the full title of general. The first was Washington, upon whom the rank was conferred by Congress a few weeks before his death, and a few months after he had been made lieutenant-general in anticipation of a war with France; the second was Grant, to honor whom Congress revived the grade in 1866; the third was Sherman, who was promoted to Grant's place in 1869.†

The Memoirs of General Sherman, written by himself, and published in 1875, begin at his twenty-sixth year and end with the close of the civil war. They form a remarkably vivid and graphic picture of nineteen years of his life. The personality of the writer is everywhere infused into the narrative. The book mirrors the man. It takes no account, however, of his boyhood or early manhood.

* The writer wishes to acknowledge indebtedness in particular to General Grant and to General Sherman, for information and for revision of the proofs.

† The following is a list of the officers who have acted as commanders-in-chief of the army, by seniority of rank or by special assignment from the President:

Its opening sentence is, "In the spring of 1846, I was a first-lieutenant of Company G, Third Artillery, stationed at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina." We like to read about the early careers of famous men. We want to know whether the boy showed the budding of the genius which made the man great, what conditions molded his character, what circumstances threw him into the channels of action where he won renown. General Sherman has left this curiosity to be satisfied by some future biographer. A few facts concerning his youth and early manhood have been gathered for this sketch.

General Sherman did not come of a military family. His ancestors were mainly lawyers and preachers. The Sherman genealogy, like that of most old New England families, goes back to the first of the name who emigrated from Europe, and no further. Edmund Sherman left Dedham, Essex County, England, in 1634, with his three sons, and landed in Massachusetts. The sons were Edmund, Samuel, and John, and all were at Boston in 1636. John was a preacher: There also came over a cousin, one Captain John Sherman, from whom descended Roger Sherman, of Revolutionary fame, and William M. Evarts and George F. Hoar, statesmen of the present day. From Samuel descended the family of General Sherman, through the following line: Rev. John Sherman, born 1650; another John, born 1687; Daniel, a judge, born 1721; and Taylor, also a judge, born 1758, grandfather of the General, who married Betsey Stoddard and had three children—Charles, Daniel, and Betsey. To Grandmother Betsey might be attributed the talent of the later members of the family. She was a woman of uncommon

strength of character, who was always called on to give advice in times of trouble to her whole circle of relatives and descendants—a strong-willed, intelligent, managing woman, of a type much rarer in the present generation than it was a century ago. Judge Taylor Sherman was a man of position in Norwalk, Connecticut, and was one of the commissioners appointed by the State to quiet the Indian title to the Fire Lands district in Ohio, a part of the tract ceded by Congress to compensate Connecticut people for their losses in Benedict Arnold's raid. The Fire Lands are embraced in the present counties of Huron and Erie. Judge Sherman established the county seat of Huron and named it Norwalk, from his home town. He received two sections of land for his services, and, returning to Connecticut, died in 1815.

His son, Charles R. Sherman, was admitted to the Norwalk bar at the age of twenty, and signalized the event by marrying his sweetheart, Mary Hoyt, in defiance of the dictates of prudence; and then, starting for Ohio to make a career for himself, leaving his bride behind, he settled at Lancaster, and next year returned to bring his wife and a baby, that had arrived in the meantime, out to his new home, by a horseback journey of over six hundred miles. The young lawyer volunteered in the war of 1812, but saw no fighting, his service being as a commissary; and after that brief episode he came back to his practice at Lancaster. His family increased and multiplied, as was the way of the sturdy New England stock of that day. Eleven children were born to him, six boys and five girls, and all grew up and married. Of these are now living Elizabeth, William Te-

1. George Washington, from June, 1775, to December, 1783.

2. Henry Knox, from December, 1783, to June, 1784.

3. Major Doughty, from June, 1784, to September, 1789. There was no United States army during this period, except two companies of artillery commanded by a major. The Continental line had been disbanded, and a new army had not been formed.

4. Josiah Harmar, from September, 1789, to March, 1791.

5. Arthur St. Clair, from March, 1791, to March, 1792.

6. Anthony Wayne, from March, 1792, to December, 1796.

7. James Wilkinson, from December, 1796, to July, 1798.

8. George Washington, who was created a lieutenant-general and resumed the command of the army, from July, 1798, to December, 1799.

9. Alexander Hamilton, from December, 1799, to June, 1800. It used to be a mooted question in the War Department whether Hamilton had ever commanded the army, but the recent discovery of an order bearing his signature as "major-general commanding" settled the dispute.

10. James Wilkinson, from June, 1800, to January, 1812.

11. Henry Dearborn, from January, 1812, to June, 1815, the period of the war of 1812.

12. Jacob Brown, from June, 1815, to February, 1828.

13. Alexander McComb, from May, 1828, to June, 1841.

14. Winfield Scott, from June, 1841, to November, 1861, the longest term of all. Scott was the first officer, after Washington, who held the rank of lieutenant-general. This was conferred upon him by Congress after the outbreak of the civil war, but did not pass to his successor in command.

15. George B. McClellan, from November, 1861, to March, 1862.

16. Henry W. Halleck, from July, 1862, to March, 1864.

17. Ulysses S. Grant, from March, 1864, to March, 1869.

18. William T. Sherman, from March, 1869, to November, 1883.

19. Philip H. Sheridan, from November, 1883. The portraits of all these commanders, except Major Doughty, can be seen on the walls of the Army Headquarters office at Washington.

cumseh, John Hoyt, and Fanny. The father took a fancy to the character of the Indian chief Tecumseh, who flourished in the Northwest in the early part of the present century and was killed at the battle of Tippecanoe, and wanted to bestow the name on his first-born son; but the mother objected, and the baby was called Charles, after one of her brothers. The father renewed his proposition when the second son was to be named, but was again overruled in favor of James; but after both brothers had been honored, a third son was born, and a compromise was effected by the parents, by virtue of which the father assented that his first name should be William, and the mother that the cognomen of the Indian chief should be his second, or "middle name." So he was called William Tecumseh Sherman, and as he grew up his companions, seizing upon the more uncommon word, usually nicknamed him "Cump," or "Tecumps." The father was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1824, soon after Tecumseh's birth, by Governor Ethan A. Brown. One of the General's earliest recollections is of the group of children waiting on the porch of the Lancaster house for the Judge to come riding home from his circuit, and of their competition for the honor of mounting his horse and taking it to the stable. On one occasion success in this rivalry came near being fatal to Tecumseh, for the animal threw him upon a pile of stone, where he was picked up for dead with wounds upon his head, the scars of which he still carries.

Judge Sherman died suddenly in Lebanon, in 1829, leaving his widow an income of only two hundred and fifty dollars a year with which to bring up eleven children. The second boy had obtained a place in a store in Cincinnati. The eldest was in college at Athens. The other children were at home attending the village schools. Fortunately, the Judge had left behind him many friends, who came forward with practical offers of assistance to the family. He was a kindly, social man, and was greatly beloved by his associates of the bench and bar. Good humor beamed from his face. He had a clear head, a generous heart, and a ready wit. The three older boys were adopted by friends and relatives. Charles Hammond, of Cincinnati, took Lampson. John, the future Senator and Secretary of the Treasury, was sent to an uncle in Mount Vernon. Tecumseh entered the household of Thomas Ewing, then a member of the United States Senate, and one of the most powerful of the Whig statesmen of that day. Ewing was warmly attached to the dead Judge, and treated his friend's son as though he had been his own. The lad was destined for the

West Point Military Academy by his guardian, and his studies in the village schools took the direction of preparing him for the examination required for admission to that institution. One summer he laid aside his books and worked as rod-man with the engineers who were constructing the Hocking Valley Canal. For every day's work he was paid a silver half dollar, and he was supremely happy in the possession of the first money gained by his own toil.

In looking back upon his youth in Lancaster, General Sherman does not remember that he had even the ordinary boy's fondness for reading about wars and battles. He cared most for history and books of travel, and was very fond of novels—a taste he has not outgrown. The grizzled veteran of sixty-four reads a good romance with as much interest as did the school-boy of eighteen. He is a remarkably fast reader, having a faculty of going through a volume rapidly and extracting what is new and interesting to him, while rejecting all the dullness, repetition, and mere padding. For poetry he never cared much, reading with most pleasure Shakspeare and narrative poems of dramatic character, such as Scott's "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake." He was a good student, getting along in his Latin as far as Horace, and in Greek to the *Græca Majora*, before going to West Point. In his physical habits he was active and vigorous, fond of outdoor sports and of long tramps with rod and gun. All the region around Lancaster was as well known to him as his own door-yard. Every wood, stream, and hill was familiar ground. He had a great memory for the topography of a country and an instinct for pushing his way through forests and thickets—faculties that in after years stood him in good stead.

He went to the Military Academy with no ambition to be a soldier, but with a great desire to secure the education offered. In that day, to get an education was the ambition of every bright boy in the West. Good schools were rare then, and the people were poor. Education was not the cheap and convenient thing it is to-day. To be fed, clothed, and housed at the expense of the Government, and taught mathematics, languages, and engineering, seemed an enormous prize to lads who worked hard on farms and in shops eight months in the year to get the means to go to school the other four. The fortunate possessors of cadetships at West Point were universally envied. Young Sherman did not, like Lincoln and Garfield, pass through a boyhood of toil and privation, for his guardian was in comfortable circumstances; but he fully appreciated the advantage of going to the Military Academy. His idea at the

time was that he would not stay long in the army when through with the Academy, but would go West and become a civil engineer.

He was sixteen when he received his appointment to West Point, procured by the influence of his guardian, and started on what then seemed a long and adventurous journey. Three days and nights of stage travel brought him to Frederickstown, Maryland, whence there was a railroad to Washington; but he was advised to avoid the novel and dangerous mode of travel and stick to the coach, which he did. General Jackson was President at the time, and was at the zenith of his fame. The young cadet stared for an hour through the wooden palings of the White House grounds, watching the great man pace up and down the gravel walk, muffled in an enormous overcoat and wearing upon his head an uncouth cloth cap. The journey to New York was made by railroad to Baltimore, boat to Havre de Grace, rail to Wilmington, boat to Philadelphia, boat to Bordentown, rail to Amboy, and boat to New York. Sherman stopped at the American Hotel in Broadway, just above the Astor House, kept by "Billy" Cozzens, and the next day went up the river to West Point, and reported at the Academy. He had no trouble in passing the examination.

The life of the Academy was irksome to him because of its restraints. In the Corps of Cadets he was not considered a good soldier. This is shown by the fact that he was never selected for any office in the corps, but remained a private for the entire four years. He was not particular in his dress, and his bearing was not sufficiently military to secure the commendation of the martinets of the school. He applied himself closely to his studies, however, stood high in drawing, chemistry, mathematics, and philosophy, and so succeeded in reaching the grade of sixth in a class of forty-three. It is perhaps worth remarking here that men who have successfully conducted great campaigns and fought great battles have not, as a rule, taken much interest in the polishing of buttons, or the exact alignment of a company of troops.

Sherman's distaste for military matters went further than the details of dress and drill. He felt no special liking or aptitude for the profession of a soldier. That he succeeded in it so remarkably he now attributes to mental grasp and intensity of purpose rather than to any inborn talent. In his own opinion he was not a natural soldier; but he could make all his thoughts and feelings converge to one point, which he acknowledges to be a military quality. He had no love for pomp and parade, for uniforms, gold lace, and feathers;

the paraphernalia of war excited no enthusiasm in his nature, and he instinctively abhorred violence. We must admit that there was nothing manifested in the character of the West Point cadet that marked him as one destined to play a great part in the greatest war of modern times. Yet he displayed excellent qualifications for either soldier or citizen—self-poise, a quick intelligence, close application to the task at hand, keen observation both of persons and things, and conscientiousness.

After his graduation, in 1840, Sherman was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Third regiment of artillery, and sent to Florida with a company of recruits. General Zachary Taylor was in command there. The worst of the Seminole war was over; but there were still many savages lurking in the Everglades, and the business of the troops was to hunt them out, capture them, and remove them to the Indian Territory. It was rough work for the young lieutenant; but he enjoyed the wild life of the forest, the bayous, and the swamps. The habit of independent judgment which characterized his opinions and operations during the civil war, showed itself thus early. He thought the policy of the Government toward the Seminoles a mistake. The Indian Territory he believed to be much better fitted for the abode of white people than Florida. The latter was an Indian paradise, abounding in game and fish, but of small account for white settlement. The Seminoles, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees, and Creeks should have been concentrated in Florida, where they would have been surrounded by the sea on all sides but one, and could easily have been protected against encroachment, and the vast agricultural plains west of Arkansas should have been left open to civilization. This was his idea then, and he has never changed it.

From Florida, after two winter campaigns, Lieutenant Sherman was transferred to Fort Moultrie, near Charleston, South Carolina. There he remained four years, fretting, no doubt, at the uneventful life of the garrison, but finding diversion in hunting all through the lowland counties of the State, and in the aristocratic society of the then rich and proud little city close at hand across the bay from the fort, to which his uniform was a passport. Charleston then exercised an intellectual and political leadership throughout the South out of all proportion to her population, and Sherman was able to gain an insight into the Southern character which was of great service to him when he came to march armies through the Southern States. What was of even greater importance, he learned, and never afterward forgot, the topography of the

region. After the March to the Sea in 1864, when his victorious army turned northward through South Carolina, he knew the roads and the fords, and remembered that when the "up country" was impassable by reason of the spring mud, the low country, nearer the sea, was sandy, and the river bottoms were hard.

It is remarkable to what an extent Sherman's early career gave him special fitness for the great part he played during the rebellion. In 1843 he was ordered to Marietta, Georgia, on some duty connected with losses of property during the Seminole war. He spent three weeks there, and, with his habit of riding and hunting, became well acquainted with the region north of Atlanta, where he was to fight battles and conduct grand strategic movements twenty-one years later. A ride across western Georgia to Belfonte, Alabama, and a stay of four weeks at the Augusta Arsenal, gave him a further acquaintance with the region. "That the knowledge I then gained was of infinite use to me, and consequently to the Government, I have always felt and stated," wrote General Sherman in a recent letter referring to his early career. When he fought his way down to Atlanta in 1864, pushing back mile by mile a daring and active enemy, he remembered all the features of the country—the course of the streams, the gaps in the mountain ranges, the roads, and the strong defensible positions. His knowledge even went so far as the location of farms and houses. On ordering General McPherson to charge with his corps the Confederate intrenchments on Kenesaw Mountain, he said: "About half-way up the mountain you will find a plateau where there is a peach orchard; it will be a good place to stop and let your men get breath for the assault." He recalled, just at the time when the recollection was most valuable, his visit to the peach orchard in 1843, and how the owner had told him he had planted it on the north side of the mountain so that the buds would not develop too soon and be nipped by the spring frosts.

The Mexican war gave Sherman no experience in fighting. His company was sent out to California to help hold the territory on the Pacific coast just wrested from Mexico. He got a valuable experience, however, as adjutant to Colonel Mason, who exercised both civil and military power prior to the organization of the State. In this position he mingled in the political and business life of the strangely varied and energetic community which the gold discoveries had attracted to California. It was an excellent place to study human nature, and to weigh the characters and powers of individuals. There was little military routine in the life of the lieutenant

of artillery, but a great deal of active intercourse with men and affairs. In 1850 he returned to the East, and on May day married in Washington Ellen Boyle Ewing, a daughter of his former guardian, Senator Thomas Ewing. The house in which the wedding took place is still standing on Pennsylvania avenue—a very plain building now, but a fine mansion in those days. There were famous guests at the wedding—Clay, Webster, and Benton, and President Zachary Taylor with all his cabinet—and it was a brilliant affair, with music, dancing, and feasting, and was followed by a bridal tour to Niagara Falls.

The lieutenant was appointed Captain and Acting Commissary of Subsistence and stationed at St. Louis, whence in 1852 he was transferred to New Orleans. In 1853 he accepted a proposition to go back to California with money furnished by a St. Louis capitalist, and in company with a friend to start a bank in San Francisco. He was tired of the army, where there seemed to be nothing ahead for him but the rank of major, which was the highest he supposed he could reach by a lifetime of service; so he embraced this very flattering opportunity to get into civil life, and threw up his commission. The St. Louis capitalist must have reposed extraordinary confidence in the two young ex-officers to whom he gave his money to use on the other side of the continent; but they justified his faith in their honesty and capacity. The bank was established and did a good business. Sherman took it safely through a panic, mingled in the turbulent, eager life of those days of wild speculation, sudden fortunes, and as sudden ruin, vigilance committees, and political upheavals; a major-general of State militia at one time, and at all times a conservative citizen, upon whom men could rely to pay debts when due, give sound advice, keep a cool head under all circumstances, and act energetically when occasion required.

The San Francisco bank flourished for five years; but in 1858, after the flush times were over, the St. Louis capitalist wished to withdraw his funds. So the business was closed up and all the creditors were paid in full, and Sherman soon found himself back in his boyhood's home at Lancaster without occupation. In 1859 he went to Leavenworth, Kansas, as a lawyer and real estate agent. He knew nothing of law except what he had learned from reading Blackstone and Kent while in the army; but Judge Lecompte said he would admit him to the bar, without examination, "on the ground of general intelligence." He was now thirty-nine years old, with a wife and children, and had still his place to make in life. From his thirteen years' army service he

had gained the reputation of being a quick, intelligent, willing officer, and that was all. From his venture in business life he had gained plenty of experience, but no fortune. The expenses of his family and of travel had consumed his savings.

In this situation, and with no very flattering outlook for legal business in a rude frontier town, he was glad to receive an offer from the Governor of Louisiana, through the influence of a friend, of the superintendency of a new educational institution endowed with a grant of land from Congress and of money from the State, called the "Louisiana Seminary of Learning and Military Academy," to be established at Alexandria. The State conferred upon him the title of Colonel, and he set to work with his characteristic zeal and concentration of purpose to organize the school. In a few months it was in good shape, with a fair attendance of cadets. The superintendent was well liked and respected; but the high excitement of the Presidential campaign of 1860 soon made his position uncomfortable. The mania of secession was spreading rapidly through the South. A growing prejudice against Northern men pervaded all classes. Colonel Sherman's brother John was a United States Senator from Ohio, and one of the most conspicuous of the Republican leaders. Naturally the Superintendent of the Louisiana Military Academy fell under suspicion as being unsound on the slavery question and the so-called rights of the South. Some of the leading politicians undertook to corner him at a dinner party, and asked him point-blank to give his views on the institution of slavery. He did not hesitate to say that he thought the field hands should receive better treatment, and that the practice of separating families, and selling wives away from their husbands and children from their mothers should be reformed altogether. The slave-holders respected him for his frankness, and did not trouble him further; but when Louisiana prepared to join in the mad whirl of disunion, Sherman wrote to the Governor asking to be relieved from his position at the Academy the moment the State determined to secede. "On no earthly account," he wrote, "will I do any act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the old Government of the United States." He left Louisiana soon after, with an official acceptance of his resignation and a letter from the Governor abounding in handsome and hearty compliments. His family were sent to the Ewing homestead in Lancaster, a refuge always in times of trouble and uncertainty, while he went to St. Louis to look for something to do. When the rebellion began with the firing on Fort Sumter, in April,

1861, he was president of a street railroad company in that city.

Soon after the first outbreak of hostilities, Sherman proffered his services to the War Department in a frank letter, in which he said that his army record would indicate the position in which he could be of most service. He was offered the chief clerkship of the War Department, coupled with the promise of early advancement to the post of Assistant Secretary. This clerkly office in a Washington bureau was not at all to his liking. He did not volunteer under the three months' call for troops, because he had a family to support and could not give up his new business relations for a ninety-days' commission. Besides, he had no faith in Secretary Seward's ninety-day theory of the war. His residence in Louisiana had impressed him with a just conception of the determination, enthusiasm, and courage of the Southern people. He knew they were in earnest in their States' rights doctrine, and believed they would fight long and bravely in defense of their idea. With that idea he had no sympathy, and he was eager to combat it in behalf of the unity and supremacy of the nation. When the three years' call for volunteers was made by Lincoln in May, 1861, he was eager to go to the field, and gladly accepted the colonelcy of one of the new regiments of regulars, the Thirteenth. It was a long step forward from his last army rank of captain to the colonelcy of a regiment; but those were days when colonels and even generals were made out of shop-keepers and lawyers, and trained soldiers were in great request. It might be said that Sherman had powerful friends close to the Administration at Washington, who no doubt had a hand in influencing his appointment; but, on the other hand, there was his West Point education, his thirteen years of army service, and the impression he had everywhere made upon his seniors as a man competent for command and for the management of large affairs. If he had had no brother in the Senate and no friends in the Cabinet, he would in the end have made his way to the front of events just as Grant did, and Sheridan and Thomas and McPherson, and all the other really great commanders of the civil war.

Soon the War Department sent for the new colonel to come to Washington and to leave the recruiting of his regiment to his subordinates. Into the next four years were closely crowded the great events, experiences, and successes of Sherman's life. He now entered upon the field of action for which his whole previous career was a fortunate schooling and training. His military studies; his campaigns in the Florida Everglades; his hunting excursions

sions and travels in South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama; his intimate acquaintance with the Southern people; his participation in the military government of California; his business career in that State in times when the strongest qualities of human nature were developed by the eager rush and competition of a wild multitude from all over the world seeking sudden wealth; his residence in Louisiana and association with its public men when the ferment of secession was in progress—all this varied experience was a remarkably effective preparation for a quick-brained, positive, patriotic man to play a great rôle in the war. There was nothing fortuitous in Sherman's success. He had no "lucky star." His great military achievements were the result of training and experience acting upon a nature at once susceptible and resolute, thoughtful and energetic, prudent and courageous. Let us add that he had the emphatic advantage for a military commander of perfect physical health and a robust, wiry constitution, capable of enduring great fatigue, and that he was forty-one years old, and therefore in the full enjoyment of his bodily and mental powers.

It is not within the scope of this article to describe in detail the events connected with Sherman's war record. They are a part of recent history, known to every school-boy. Besides, he has himself described them in the very frank, clear, straightforward narrative of his "Memoirs," wherein the story of his campaigns, his relations with his superior and subordinate officers, and his personal opinions and feelings, from Bull Run to Bentonville, is fully told. Within the limits of the present sketch, we can only glance at the most salient points of his war record—turning-points where the pathway to success was not plain, or steps of progress to greater eminence as a commander.

At Blackburn's Ford, just before the Bull Run battle, he "saw for the first time cannon-balls strike men and crash through the trees." He commanded a brigade in the battle, and threw his three regiments in succession, in good military shape, across an open field upon a portion of the enemy's line sheltered in a wood, but each came back repulsed. He held them together, however, and did not take them off the field until the rout became general all around them. Then he brought them back to the forts near Washington in rather better shape than most of the other brigades. He was profoundly mortified at the result of the affair; and when a report came to camp that he with certain other colonels were to be made brigadier-generals, he was incredulous, and remarked that it was more probable they would all be court-martialed and cashiered, as

they deserved, for the loss of the battle and the shamefully disorderly retreat.

The promotions were made, however, and Sherman was sent off to Kentucky as a brigadier-general. He had gained a valuable experience at Bull Run, though he did not realize it at the time. He had discovered that he could handle a brigade under fire with coolness and presence of mind, and that he did not "get stampeded," as the expression was at the time, by disaster.

The beginning of Sherman's career as a general officer was clouded by a cruel slander, which gained wide currency in the press of the country and came near blasting all his hopes of usefulness in the struggle against the rebellion. From Washington he was sent to Louisville, and was, temporarily and much against his wishes, placed in command of the forces gathered to resist the movement of the enemy into Kentucky. While busy organizing his raw levies, he was visited by the Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, who asked him how many troops he wanted in his department. At that time, new regiments, as fast as raised, were being sent either to the army of the Potomac at the East or to Fremont in Missouri. McClellan had one hundred thousand men to operate on a line sixty miles long; Fremont as many to move from a base one hundred miles long; while Sherman had only eighteen thousand men to hold a line three hundred miles long, which was the center and key to the whole position. With these facts in mind, he answered Cameron's question by saying, "Sixty thousand men now, and two hundred thousand before we are done." Soon after, some one in the war office, in a conversation with Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas, at which a newspaper correspondent was present, said, "Sherman must be crazy; he wants two hundred thousand men sent to Kentucky." Next day it was telegraphed to a New York daily that the Secretary of War thought Sherman crazy, and in a few days' time the story had spread throughout the press of the country that he was actually insane, or, at least, rather off his mental balance. Perhaps his quick, nervous, earnest manner gave some color to the wretched story; at all events, there were returning officers who pretended to know him and who professed to have doubts as to his soundness, when questioned by newspaper reporters. His "insanity" proved to be prophecy, for before six months had elapsed there were more than sixty thousand Union soldiers in Kentucky, and before the war ended the Federal armies south of the Ohio were fully two hundred thousand strong. Sherman was relieved and sent to St. Louis,

where Halleck had succeeded Frémont. Halleck put him in command of a camp of instruction; but when General Grant began his brilliant campaign against Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, he was posted at Paducah to gather troops from Indiana and Ohio and send them up to reinforce Grant. Both Grant and Sherman were brigadier-generals; but Sherman then outranked Grant by virtue of his regular army colonelcy, and Congress had not passed the law which authorized the assignment of general officers to command seniors of the same grade. Nevertheless, Sherman made no assertion of his right to command. Every boat loaded with troops which went up the Cumberland or the Tennessee brought to Grant a cordial note from him, asking what more he could do to aid him, and offering to come and serve under him in any capacity. Here was the beginning of the historic military and personal friendship which lasted throughout the war and since, and was never marred by clashing ambition or jealousy.

Grant was made a major-general for the capture of Fort Donelson, so there was no question of relative rank after that. Sherman joined him soon after with fresh troops, and was assigned to the command of a division. From that time on, whenever Grant was promoted, he recommended Sherman for the position he had vacated. As the one advanced, the other followed, step by step—to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, to the command of the four armies operating in the military division of the Mississippi, to the lieutenant-generalship of the army after the war, and then to the post of general when Grant became President.

General Sherman's hardest battle was Shiloh. He commanded the key of the position and held it. He regards it as the most severe struggle of the war. There was no chance for military genius to show itself by strategy and maneuvers. It was a soldiers' fight—a test of manhood where courage and steadiness won the day. The question was whether Grant's forces could stand their ground against the tremendous assaults of the enemy until dark, when Buell could come up with reinforcements. General Grant has often said, in describing the battle, that, as he rode from end to end of the line again and again, he always felt renewed confidence when he passed Sherman's position and exchanged a few words with him. Whatever happened, he felt sure Sherman would hold his ground.

Shiloh gave Sherman new life. He had been cast down by the newspaper stories about his sanity. "Now I was in high feather," he writes in his *Memoirs*. He had led a division in a pitched battle, and felt confidence in

himself. The insanity story was revived again after his repulse at Chickasaw Bayou; but he had gained the friendship and good opinion of his commanding general and the love of his soldiers, and could afford to laugh at it. The Chickasaw Bayou affair was a part of the failure of General Grant's first demonstration against Vicksburg. Grant moved down from Holly Springs; Sherman with his division went down the Mississippi and up the Yazoo on steam-boats; they were to meet in the rear of Vicksburg. The Confederate generals Van Dorn and Forrest raided and destroyed Grant's communications. Sherman, who was cut off from telegraphic news of his chief, failed to get a lodgment in the rear of Vicksburg, and the whole plan miscarried, to be succeeded, however, by the more brilliant and entirely successful movement of the following spring.

Certain incidents connected with the Vicksburg campaign of 1863 are well worth narrating here, as showing Sherman's lack of the jealousy and egotism which marred the characters of many of the generals of the late war. All that rainy winter, when the country along the Mississippi was flooded and the army was inactive, General Grant held to a purpose, never once divulged to any person, of sending the fleet past the Vicksburg batteries when the spring opened, and throwing his army below the town to invest it from the south. When fair weather came, he secured the coöperation of Admiral Porter, and then issued his orders to his division commanders. Sherman's part in the plan was to go up the Yazoo and make a feint against Haines's Bluff. When he received his orders, he hastened to Grant's head-quarters and argued against what seemed to him a very hazardous move. He thought Grant was placing himself in a position where an enemy would have maneuvered a year to get him—a hostile force on both sides of him, and one of them between him and his base of supplies. Sherman failed to convince Grant, who had been cut off from his base at Oxford some months before and had learned that he could subsist an army upon the country. Besides, he believed that in the critical condition of opinion in the North, a great risk ought to be taken for the prospect of a great success. In a letter to Rawlins, Grant's chief of staff, written next day, Sherman reiterated his objections to the plan of campaign. The letter was shown to Grant and remained unanswered. With perfect loyalty to his chief, and without the least feeling of resentment for the rejection of his plan of falling back on Memphis and operating on the line of the railroad, Sherman carried out his part of the campaign as zealously and

energetically as though the whole scheme had been his own. During eighteen days of forced marches and fighting and forty-nine days of siege, he did not once take off his clothes to sleep. After Grant's forces had crossed the Big Black, Sherman was given the lead in the advance upon Vicksburg. The two generals rode out one morning ahead of the marching columns, careless of the occasional bullets that came whistling by from squads of retreating rebel pickets. They reached the top of Walnut Hills, which Pemberton, the Confederate general, had occupied the year before, and which Sherman had in vain assaulted from the low land in front. There Sherman exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Grant, this is the biggest campaign in history. You ought to write a report on it at once. Napoleon never made a campaign like this." A few days later, when Sherman was holding the lines facing east from the Big Black to Haines's Bluff, Governor Yates came down from Illinois to visit the camps, accompanied by all the State officers. As Grant was passing along the lines one day, he came upon Sherman, whose back was toward him, and who was saying to a knot of the Illinois visitors: "This is the greatest campaign in history, and Grant deserves all the credit for it. I wrote him a letter before we started, in opposition to the whole plan." Now the letter was never sent to the War Department, nor made public in any way, and Sherman need not have mentioned it; but he was not willing to have any credit given to him which belonged to Grant.

After the fall of Vicksburg, the battle of Chattanooga, and the relief of Knoxville, Sherman marched across the State of Mississippi from west to east, making what is known in the history of the war as the Meridian raid. He had two divisions of troops, and found no great difficulty in penetrating the enemy's country, and foraging for supplies for his men and animals. The success of the raid set him to thinking about the feasibility of a much longer one, which should cut the Confederacy in two. Indeed, the expedition was the forerunner of Sherman's March to the Sea. It emancipated him from the "base-of-supplies" theory of campaigning, to which all the Union generals in the first two years of the war had been closely wedded, and from which the rough experience of having his communications cut and his stores burned had freed Grant the previous fall after his advance south from Holly Springs. The autumn of 1863 brought the half-defeat, half-victory of Chickamauga, the retirement of Rosecrans from the command of the Army of the Cumberland, the concentration of forces under Grant at Chattanooga, the skillfully planned

and brilliantly fought battle of Missionary Ridge, in which Sherman bore a conspicuous part, the promotion of Grant to the general command of all the Union forces and the immediate command of the Army of the Potomac, and Sherman's succession to the leadership of the four armies of the Tennessee, the Cumberland, the Ohio, and the Trans-Mississippi. Sherman now felt that the time was close at hand to strike a death-blow at the vitals of the Confederacy. He had in round numbers one hundred thousand men, after providing for the garrisons in his rear and for the protection of the railroad to Nashville which brought him supplies. The conditions of the war had changed. For the first two years of the struggle, no general was wholly responsible for the result of a movement, because no one could be sure that his plans would be carried out by his subordinate commanders. Well-meaning incompetency, bungling zeal, if not positive disobedience of orders, were constantly spoiling the best-laid schemes. When a commanding general sent a brigade or a division out on one or the other flank to march to a given place, or make a particular demonstration, the chances were hardly even that the orders would be strictly carried out. But by 1864 the political generals, and what the soldiers called the "corn-stalk brigadiers," had been weeded out or seasoned into good officers, and the rank and file had been inured to hard marching and steadiness under fire. "We could now play the game of war," says Sherman, speaking of the plans for his Atlanta campaign. How well he played the game need not be rehearsed here. By vigorous attacks in front, followed by skillful flank movements, he crowded his enemy southward through the broken and difficult country of upper Georgia, driving him from one strongly fortified position after another. The campaign might truthfully be called a hundred-days' battle, for there was hard fighting almost every day, from the time the advance began until the evacuation of Atlanta. Up to that time Atlanta, the focus of the Georgia system of railways, had been the objective point; but when Atlanta fell, and the Confederate General Hood extricated his army from the steadily encircling grasp of his antagonist, and made off into Alabama, with evident designs on Middle Tennessee and Kentucky, Sherman chose a new objective point—the army of General Lee, nearly a thousand miles distant at Richmond, Virginia. Here was the crisis of his career. Here his military genius shone with the brightest luster. Both Lincoln and Grant urged him by telegraph to follow Hood in his retreat—urged, but did not com-

mand, and wisely, at last, left all to his own judgment. Sherman penetrated Hood's plans, divining that, after gathering up reënforcements in Alabama, he would strike at Nashville. He sent back the prudent, courageous Thomas with two corps to encounter Hood and hold Nashville, and destroying his own communications set out with sixty thousand men to march through the enemy's country to the sea, three hundred miles distant, with the ultimate purpose of getting in the rear of Lee's army in Virginia.

The plan of this boldest and most successful strategic movement of the war was entirely Sherman's. There was no council of war. The first information the corps commanders had of the movement was in the orders for the march. Each received a map showing the sea-board, from Hilton Head to Ossabaw Sound, and the country back as far as Atlanta. Sherman had no doubt about his ability to subsist his army on the country as he advanced, and if provisions should wholly fail he reflected that he had twelve thousand horses and mules. He remembered that, while he was in California, an army officer had traversed two thousand miles of desolate country with a small party, living upon mule meat the whole way. Besides, he had carefully studied the latest census returns from the counties he expected to march through, and knew about how many thousands of people were living in each. These people must be producing corn and meat, and their food supplies would subsist his soldiers.

General Joseph E. Johnston, who commanded the Confederate forces engaged in resisting the advance upon Atlanta, once narrated the following incident, which well illustrated the impression Sherman had made upon the minds of the Southern soldiery at that time as a commander of resources and ready expedients. Johnston stood on Kennesaw Mountain watching with his glass the movements of his enemy's wagon-trains on the great plain to the northward. A staff officer came riding up with the news that the rebel cavalry had got in the rear of Sherman's army and had burned a number of railroad bridges. The officer had been forced to make a detour of two days to get around the Union Army. Scarcely had he finished speaking when a whistle was heard, and a moving train appeared in the distance, showing that Sherman had already rebuilt the bridges and re-opened his communications. Walking past a group of soldiers lounging in the shade a few minutes later, the General overheard them discussing Sherman's chances of success. Said one of them: "We'll make it a Moscow campaign and destroy his whole army." "How can you make it a Moscow campaign without

any snow?" asked his less enthusiastic comrade. "I mean that we'll cut his communications, destroy everything, and starve him out. We'll burn all the bridges." "Don't you know he carries duplicate bridges along with him?" "Well, we'll blow up the big tunnel." "Oh, hell!" exclaimed the other man, with a look of disgust; "you don't know old Tecumseh Sherman. He's got a duplicate tunnel too!"

The Atlanta campaign, followed by the March to the Sea and the subsequent rapid movement through the Carolinas, may be said to have disemboweled the Confederacy. The rebellion collapsed when Lee surrendered his army in Virginia to Grant, because there was no line of retreat, no practicable point for resistance. Hood's army had been crushed by Thomas at Nashville in exact accordance with Sherman's foresight. After the surrender of Johnston in North Carolina, there was no organized rebel force nearer than Texas powerful enough to be called an army. Public opinion North and South was right in instantly according to Grant and Sherman the supreme honors for bringing the war to an end.

For Sherman, however, the war closed, as it had begun, with much bitterness and injustice. His laurels were made very thorny for a time by a fierce political animosity which cruelly misconstrued his acts and motives. The terms of surrender for Johnston's army, which he forwarded to Washington for approval, raised a tempest of passionate denunciation. He was accused of surrendering to Johnston. Even the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, usually cool-headed and just, sent a dispatch to the newspapers intimating that Sherman was facilitating the escape of Jefferson Davis with wagon-loads of specie. At this distance of time it is difficult to comprehend this sudden outburst of distrust and hostility, and impossible to find excuse for the calumnies heaped upon a gallant soldier who had rendered such conspicuous service to his country. His terms for Johnston's surrender provided that the rebel soldiers should return home with a pledge that they would not be molested so long as they obeyed the laws, and that the State governments existing in the South should go on with their civil functions. A short time before he had met Lincoln, and believed that these conditions were approved by the President. But since then Lincoln had been assassinated, and the new President, Andrew Johnson, was at that time full of gall and bitterness toward the conquered South. The Republican leaders had conceived projects of holding the conquered States by military force, obliterating their local governments, and giving the elective franchise to the blacks. Sherman's simple and

generous terms clashed with these plans. Grant was sent post-haste by Stanton to take charge of matters in North Carolina; but on arriving there he wisely left Sherman to negotiate the new terms with Johnston, and to march his victorious army up to Washington to be mustered out. The whole question of the political future of the revolted States was left for Congress to determine. Sherman soon realized the truth of the prediction made by old General Scott in 1861, that after the war should end no power on earth would be able to restrain the fury of the non-combatants.

That the question was determined unfortunately and wrongly, General Sherman still believes. Though a Republican in his party attachment, he had no sympathy with the reconstruction measures. He still thinks the long epoch of misgovernment, turbulence, discontent, and bloodshed through which the South passed, after the war ended, to reach its present condition of quiet and prosperity, might have been avoided; that a dozen years were worse than lost, and the general progress of the whole country checked; that negro suffrage was prematurely enforced; that it would have come in good time through the operation of political forces in the States themselves. In his opinion the long, costly, and angry experiment of reconstruction only brought the South, in the end, to the point where he proposed it should start when arms were laid down—that is to say, to the enforcement of order and individual rights by local public opinion and State law, without the interference of the national government.

SHERMAN'S habits during his campaigns were of the simplest. He rose early in the morning, and was up late at night. In the face of the enemy, five hours' sleep sufficed him. Before the reveille sounded, he was often in the saddle and out on the most exposed parts of his line. The orders were always to arouse him at any hour of the night, if reports came in. During the Atlanta campaign he set the example to his troops of discarding tents and reducing baggage to a minimum. There was but one tent attached to his head-quarters, and that was used by his adjutant-general and his clerks. With his staff he slept on the ground under a tent fly, which was stretched at night over a pole resting in the crotches of some convenient saplings. It used to be said that his head-quarters were in a candle-box, because one or two small boxes, emptied of the candles they originally had contained, served to transport his papers. The soldiers called him "Old Tecums" and "Uncle Billy," the latter nickname coming into general use in the army during the March to the

Sea. At his head-quarters a single sentry stood guard; but nobody, whether officer or private soldier, who wanted to speak to the General, was stopped. He always had a cordial and encouraging word for the soldiers when he rode along the lines in front of the enemy or passed a marching column. For the details of military etiquette and ceremony he cared nothing; but for steadiness in action and endurance in hard marching, he had a quick eye and a ready word of praise. He was usually communicative and outspoken, unless his plans demanded secrecy. Sometimes his frankness deceived the enemy more than concealment would have done. After he captured Savannah, he sent a flag-of-truce boat to Charleston and gave permission to go upon it to the families of Confederate officers who wished to get inside the Confederate lines. Among the applicants for passes was the wife of a Confederate surgeon, who told the General she wanted to go to Columbia, South Carolina, to join her husband. "Don't go to Columbia, madam," exclaimed Sherman. "I shall be there myself in a few days with my whole army. You are at liberty to tell that to your rebel friends in Charleston." The lady made haste to communicate this information to the Confederate commanders in Charleston as soon as she arrived; but all agreed that, if Sherman actually meant to march to Columbia, he would never have said so. His advance reached Columbia a day after the surgeon's wife arrived.

Many good anecdotes of Sherman were current during the war. Some of them, he once said, when they were brought to his notice, had been told of every general since Hannibal. Here is one of unquestionable authenticity, which shows his sagacity in dealing with the population of conquered towns. After he occupied Memphis, the people kept the churches, schools, and places of business closed, so that, save for the movements of the soldiers, the place looked like a city of the dead. He issued an order directing that the stores and shops should be opened during business hours, the schools resume their courses, and the churches hold their customary services. Among the people who called at his head-quarters to protest against this order, or to ask for explanations, was the clergyman of an Episcopal church, who said that the ritual of his denomination contained a prayer for the President which, under the circumstances, embarrassed him. "Whom do you regard as your President?" asked Sherman, bluntly. "We look upon Mr. Davis as our President," replied the minister. "Very well; pray for Jeff Davis if you wish. He needs your prayers badly. It will take a great

deal of praying to save him." "Then I will not be compelled to pray for Mr. Lincoln?" "Oh, no. He's a good man, and don't need your prayers. You may pray for him if you feel like it, but there's no compulsion," answered Sherman, instantly divining that the worthy clergyman wanted to pose as a martyr before his parishioners, and had hoped that he would be ordered to use the prayer for the President of the United States. The next Sunday the prescribed prayer was so modified by the preacher as to leave out all mention of the President, and to refer only to "all in authority."

After the great review of homeward-bound troops in Washington, in the spring of 1865, General Sherman was sent to St. Louis, to command in the Indian country. He was not intrusted with any of the business of reconstruction, and wanted nothing to do with it. In the West he found a field of effort entirely congenial, the protection of the great Pacific Railroad then being built westward from the Missouri River. He took the warmest interest in this enterprise, regarding it as destined to complete the work of consolidating and unifying the American people—a work in the progress of which the great civil war would be regarded from the historical point of view as only a tragic incident. Much of the time he spent out on the line in Nebraska and Wyoming. He held councils with the Indian tribes, and told the chiefs that if they interfered with the construction of the railroad the Government would send out all the soldiers it lately had in the South and exterminate them. In later years, the Northern and Southern roads to the Pacific had the benefit of his active interest and protection. His troops guarded the surveyors and track-builders, and cleared hostile Indians from the path of the advancing rails. Strongly inspired, as always, with the national idea, he saw in the long lines reaching across the continent the bands of perpetual union for the Republic as well as the arteries for the circulation of the forces of civilization.

Since his promotion to the rank of general, Sherman has been the commander of the army in fact as well as in name. He has traversed every State and Territory, and visited every military post in the country except two. He used to direct the movement of troops in Idaho and Arizona by telegraph from his head-quarters in the War Department as effectually as he had those of the companies at the Washington Arsenal, almost within sight of his windows. It may well be doubted whether there is any man living as familiar with the geography, resources, and means of communication of the whole United States, from

Florida to Alaska and from Maine to Mexico. He has been a great traveler, making long journeys every summer, traversing thousands of miles of bridle-trails and rough roads over deserts and mountains, in the far West, to inspect the garrisons, visit the Indian reservations, and facilitate the construction of the Pacific railroads,—always observant, energetic, hardy and cheerful, defying fatigue, and picking up bits of information from every one he met,—a delightful companion for a tough march or for an evening at a frontier post or by a hunter's camp-fire.

In 1871 and 1872 General Sherman spent a year in the Old World, visiting the Mediterranean countries, Turkey, the Caucasus, Russia, Austria, Germany, and the nations of Western Europe. He kept a journal of the tour—a big, solidly bound volume, written in a clear, graceful hand, intended only for a personal record, but abounding in vigorous descriptions of people and places. Friends who are privileged to read it do not find much about the armies of Europe. He attended reviews when invited, but he cared more for the affairs of peace—the people, their ways of living, and their comparative standing in the scale of civilization; the cities and their characteristics; the railways, ports, agriculture, and manufactures of the regions he visited. In time of peace he is evidently more a citizen than a soldier. He went to the battle-fields of the then recent Franco-Prussian war, however, and, remembering with what vigor his antagonist at Atlanta, General Hood, had resisted the movements to coop him up, what tremendous blows he had struck in quick succession at different points on the steadily enveloping line, and how he had finally escaped with his whole army, he came to the conclusion that, with courage and good generalship, Napoleon could have cut his way out of Sedan, or Bazaine out of Metz.

It may be permitted to glance at the home and social life of one who has been so long in a conspicuous public position. Eight children have been born to General Sherman, of whom six are living. One died an infant, and was never seen by the father. Willie, the eldest boy, who was with the General in his campaign on the Mississippi, and was greatly beloved by the soldiers, died in 1863. The eldest of those living is Minnie, now Mrs. Fitch, whose husband resigned a lieutenantcy in the navy that he might enjoy a home life, and is now a manufacturer. The second daughter, Lizzie, is unmarried. Thomas, the eldest son remaining, was educated first in the Georgetown Seminary, then at Yale College, and then in the St. Louis Law School.

He gave up a law partnership to become a Catholic priest, greatly against his father's wishes. The third daughter, Ella, Mrs. Thakara, is, like her eldest sister, the wife of an ex-naval officer, who is now engaged in manufacturing. Rachel and Philemon Tecumseh are the two younger children.

General Sherman enjoys a harmonious and affectionate family life. He is social in his nature, and during his long residence in Washington he mingled freely in the society of the capital, liking best, however, not the grand parties and receptions, but small gatherings having an intellectual bent — a paper to be read, perhaps, on some scientific discovery or some recent explorations, and afterward a little unpretentious music and much good conversation. Such gatherings are frequent in Washington during the winter season, and the tall, erect form of the General of the Army was often conspicuous at them. It made no difference whether the house was that of a millionaire or a foreign Minister, or of some poor artist or department clerk; for Sherman was always very democratic in his social habits, caring little for wealth or high position. He is exceedingly fond of the drama in all its higher forms, and is a frequent visitor of theaters. Writing of this taste in a private letter, published in the newspapers not long ago, he said:

"To me the stage is not only a powerful instructor, but the very best kind of a rest in the midst of the cares of life. Seated in an audience, with some well-arranged play, one experiences not only a needed rest, but more, a cheerful mental support, relieving the mind far more than reading or even social converse. I have always been, am now, and purpose to be, a great friend of the drama, a friend of those who play upon the stage, and a friend of the managers who bear the burden of preparation and arrangement."

He is active and temperate in his habits, eating but twice a day and taking much ex-

ercise on horseback and on foot, frank and cordial in his manner, accessible to all, still fond of the woods and the fields, of good novels, and of young company, and not appearing as old within eight or ten years as the *Army Register* makes him out to be. It seems a pity that he should be shelved upon the retired list when he is as well fitted as ever for command.

If we were to shut our eyes to the verdict of history and to the glamour of romance which surrounds successful commanders, and should take an original and coldly critical view of General Sherman's career during the civil war, we should still have to dissent wholly from his modest estimate of himself, that he had no natural military genius. For the minor business of soldiering as a profession we may grant that he had no taste or special talent; but for leading great armies he certainly displayed the highest qualities. His is the genius, not of drills and reviews, but of grand maneuvers and of decisive action in the crisis of a campaign,—the genius that directs large bodies of troops over a wide expanse of country to produce a prearranged result; that divines where an enemy is going to strike and prepares for the event; that sees the weak spot in an adversary's strategic plan or line of battle and delivers an effective blow at the right time; the genius, too, that inspires a whole army with lofty, patriotic fervor and perfect *esprit de corps*, that commands the confidence of officers and men, and that makes of regiments, brigades, divisions, and corps a single vast organism moved by one will. In these highest attributes of successful generalship, Sherman must fairly be ranked with the great military chiefs, not of our own country and our late war alone, but of the whole world and of all history.

E. V. Smalley.

HER CHOICE.

"BEHOLD! it is a draught from Lethe's wave.
Thy voice of weeping reacheth even that strand
Washed by strange waters in Elysian land;
I bring the peace thy weary soul doth crave.
Drink, and from vain regret thy future save."
She lifted deep, dark eyes wherein there lay
The sacred sorrow of love's ended day,
Then took the chalice from the angel's hand.
Life with new love, or life with memory
Of the old love? Her heart made instant choice;
Like tender music rang the faithful voice:
"O sweet my love, an offering to thee!"
And with brave smile, albeit the tears flowed fast,
Upon the earth the priceless draught she cast.

Eliza Calvert Hall.

“HIS WIFE’S DECEASED SISTER.”

It is now five years since an event occurred which so colored my life, or, rather, so changed some of its original colors, that I have thought it well to write an account of it, deeming that its lessons may be of advantage to persons whose situation in life is similar to my own.

When I was quite a young man I adopted literature as a profession, and, having passed through the necessary preparatory grades, I found myself, after a good many years of hard and often unremunerated work, in possession of what might be called a fair literary practice. My articles, grave, gay, practical, or fanciful, had come to be considered with a favor by the editors of the various periodicals for which I wrote, on which I found in time I could rely with a very comfortable certainty. My productions created no enthusiasm in the reading public; they gave me no great reputation or very valuable pecuniary return; but they were always accepted, and my receipts from them, at the time to which I have referred, were as regular and reliable as a salary, and quite sufficient to give me more than a comfortable support.

It was at this time I married. I had been engaged for more than a year, but had not been willing to assume the support of a wife until I felt that my pecuniary position was so assured that I could do so with full satisfaction to my own conscience. There was now no doubt in regard to this position, either in my mind or in that of my wife. I worked with great steadiness and regularity; I knew exactly where to place the productions of my pen, and could calculate with a fair degree of accuracy the sums I should receive for them. We were by no means rich; but we had enough, and were thoroughly satisfied and content.

Those of my readers who are married will have no difficulty in remembering the peculiar ecstasy of the first weeks of their wedded life. It is then that the flowers of this world bloom brightest; that its sun is the most genial; that its clouds are the scarcest; that its fruit is the most delicious; that the air is the most balmy; that its cigars are of the highest flavor; that the warmth and radiance of early matrimonial felicity so rarely the intellectual atmosphere that the soul mounts higher and enjoys a wider prospect than ever before.

These experiences were mine. The plain claret of my mind was changed to sparkling champagne; and at the very height of its effervescence I wrote a story. The happy thought

that then struck me for a tale was of a very peculiar character, and interested me so much that I went to work at it with great delight and enthusiasm, and finished it in a comparatively short time. The title of the story was “His Wife’s Deceased Sister”; and when I read it to Hypatia she was delighted with it, and at times was so affected by its pathos that her uncontrollable emotion caused a sympathetic dimness in my eyes which prevented my seeing the words I had written. When the reading was ended, and my wife had dried her eyes, she turned to me and said: “This story will make your fortune. There has been nothing so pathetic since Lamartine’s ‘History of a Servant Girl.’”

As soon as possible the next day I sent my story to the editor of the periodical for which I wrote most frequently, and in which my best productions generally appeared. In a few days I had a letter from the editor, in which he praised my story as he had never before praised anything from my pen. It had interested and charmed, he said, not only himself, but all his associates in the office. Even old Gibson, who never cared to read anything until it was in proof, and who never praised anything which had not a joke in it, was induced by the example of the others to read this manuscript, and shed, as he asserted, the first tears that had come from his eyes since his final paternal castigation, some forty years before. The story would appear, the editor assured me, as soon as he could possibly find room for it.

If anything could make our skies more genial, our flowers brighter, and the flavor of our fruit and cigars more delicious, it was a letter like this. And when, in a very short time, the story was published, we found that the reading public was inclined to receive it with as much sympathetic interest and favor as had been shown to it by the editors. My personal friends soon began to express enthusiastic opinions upon it. It was highly praised in many of the leading newspapers; and, altogether, it was a great literary success. I am not inclined to be vain of my writings, and, in general, my wife tells me, think too little of them; but I did feel a good deal of pride and satisfaction in the success of “His Wife’s Deceased Sister.” If it did not make my fortune, as my wife asserted that it would, it certainly would help me very much in my literary career.

In less than a month from the writing of this story, something very unusual and unexpected happened to me. A manuscript was returned by the editor of the periodical in which "His Wife's Deceased Sister" had appeared. "It is a good story," he wrote, "but not equal to what you have just done. You have made a great hit, and it would not do to interfere with the reputation you have gained, by publishing anything inferior to 'His Wife's Deceased Sister,' which has had such a deserved success."

I was so unaccustomed to having my work thrown back on my hands that I think I must have turned a little pale when I read the letter. I said nothing of the matter to my wife, for it would be foolish to drop such grains of sand as this into the smoothly oiled machinery of our domestic felicity. But I immediately sent the story to another editor. I am not able to express the astonishment I felt when, in the course of a week, it was sent back to me. The tone of the note accompanying it indicated a somewhat injured feeling on the part of the editor. "I am reluctant," he said, "to decline a manuscript from you, for you know very well that if you sent me anything like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister' it would be most promptly accepted."

I now felt obliged to speak of the affair to my wife, who was quite as much surprised, though perhaps not quite as much shocked, as I had been.

"Let us read the story again," she said, "and see what is the matter with it."

When we had finished its perusal, Hypatia remarked: "It is quite as good as many of the stories you have had printed, and I think it very interesting, although, of course, it is not equal to 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'"

"Of course not," said I; "that was an inspiration that I cannot expect every day. But there must be something wrong about this last story which we do not perceive. Perhaps my recent success may have made me a little careless in writing it."

"I don't believe that," said Hypatia.

"At any rate," I continued, "I will lay it aside, and will go to work on a new one."

In due course of time I had another manuscript finished, and I sent it to my favorite periodical. It was retained some weeks, and then came back to me. "It will never do," the editor wrote quite warmly, "for you to go backward. The demand for the number containing 'His Wife's Deceased Sister' still continues, and we do not intend to let you disappoint that great body of readers who would be so eager to see another number containing one of your stories."

I sent this manuscript to four other period-

icals, and from each of them it was returned with remarks to the effect that, although it was not a bad story in itself, it was not what they would expect from the author of "His Wife's Deceased Sister."

The editor of a western magazine wrote to me for a story, to be published in a special number which he would issue for the holidays. I wrote him one of the character and length he asked for, and sent it to him. By return mail it came back to me. "I had hoped," the editor wrote, "when I asked for a story from your pen, to receive something like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister,' and I must own that I am very much disappointed."

I was so filled with anger when I read this note that I openly objurgated "His Wife's Deceased Sister."

"You must excuse me," I said to my astonished wife, "for expressing myself thus in your presence, but that confounded story will be the ruin of me yet. Until it is forgotten, nobody will ever take anything I write."

"And you cannot expect it ever to be forgotten," said Hypatia, with tears in her eyes.

It is needless for me to detail my literary efforts in the course of the next few months. The ideas of the editors with whom my principal business had been done, in regard to my literary ability, had been so raised by my unfortunate story of "His Wife's Deceased Sister" that I found it was of no use to send them anything of lesser merit; and as to the other journals which I tried, they evidently considered it an insult for me to send them matter inferior to that by which my reputation had lately risen. The fact was that my successful story had ruined me. My income was at an end, and want actually stared me in the face; and I must admit that I did not like the expression of its countenance. It was of no use for me to try to write another story like "His Wife's Deceased Sister." I could not get married every time I began a new manuscript, and it was the exaltation of mind caused by my wedded felicity which had produced that story.

"It's perfectly dreadful," said my wife. "If I had had a sister, and she had died, I would have thought it was my fault."

"It could not be your fault," I answered, "and I do not think it was mine. I had no intention of deceiving anybody into the belief that I could do that sort of thing every time, and it ought not to be expected of me. Suppose Raphael's patrons had tried to keep him screwed up to the pitch of the Sistine Madonna, and had refused to buy anything which was not as good as that. In that case I think he would have occupied a much earlier

and narrower grave than that on which Mr. Morris Moore hangs his funeral decorations."

"But, my dear," said Hypatia, who was posted on such subjects, "the Sistine Madonna was one of his latest paintings."

"Very true," said I; "but if he had married as I did, he would have painted it earlier."

I was walking homeward one afternoon about this time, when I met Barbel, a man I had known well in my early literary career. He was now about fifty years of age, but looked older. His hair and beard were quite gray, and his clothes, which were of the same general hue, gave me the idea that they, like his hair, had originally been black. Age is very hard on a man's external appointments. Barbel had an air of having been to let for a long time, and quite out of repair. But there was a kindly gleam in his eye, and he welcomed me cordially, and on his invitation I went with him to his room. It was at the top of a very dirty and well-worn house, which stood in a narrow and lumpy street, into which few vehicles ever penetrated except the ash and garbage carts, and the rickety wagons of the venders of stale vegetables.

"This is not exactly a fashionable promenade," said Barbel, as we approached the house, "but in some respects it reminds me of the streets in Italian towns, where the palaces lean over toward each other in such a friendly way."

Barbel's room was, to my mind, rather more doleful than the street. It was dark, it was dusty, and cobwebs hung from every corner. The few chairs upon the floor, and the books upon a greasy table, seemed to be afflicted with some dorsal epidemic, for their backs were either gone or broken. A little bedstead in the corner was covered with a spread made of New York "Heralds," with their edges pasted together.

"There is nothing better," said Barbel, noticing my glance toward this novel counterpane, "for a bed-covering than newspapers. They keep you as warm as a blanket, and are much lighter."

The only part of the room which was well lighted was at one end near the solitary window. Here, upon a table with a spliced leg, stood a little grindstone.

"At the other end of the room," said Barbel, "is my cook-stove, which you can't see unless I light the candle in the bottle which stands by it; but if you don't care particularly to examine it I won't go to the expense of lighting up. You might pick up a good many odd pieces of bric-à-brac around here, if you chose to strike a match and investigate, but I would not advise you to do so. It would pay better to throw the things out of the win-

dow than to carry them down stairs. The particular piece of in-door decoration to which I wish to call your attention is this." And he led me to a little wooden frame which hung against the wall near the window. Behind a dusty piece of glass it held what appeared to be a leaf from a small magazine or journal. "There," said he, "you see a page from 'The Grasshopper,' a humorous paper which flourished in this city some half dozen years ago. I used to write regularly for that paper, as you may remember."

"Oh yes, indeed," I exclaimed. "And I shall never forget your 'Conundrum of the Anvil,' which appeared in it. How often have I laughed at that most wonderful conceit, and how often have I put it to my friends."

Barbel gazed at me silently for a moment, and then he pointed to the frame.

"That printed page," he said solemnly, "contains the 'Conundrum of the Anvil.' I hung it there so that I can see it while I work. That conundrum ruined me. It was the last thing I wrote for 'The Grasshopper.' How I ever came to imagine it, I cannot tell. It is one of those things which occur to a man but once in a life-time. After the wild shout of delight with which the public greeted that conundrum, my subsequent efforts met with hoots of derision. 'The Grasshopper' turned its hind legs upon me. I sank from bad to worse,—much worse,—until at last I found myself reduced to my present occupation, which is that of grinding points to pins. By this I procure my bread, coffee, and tobacco, and sometimes potatoes and meat. One day, while I was hard at work, an organ-grinder came into the street below. He played the serenade from *Trovatore*, and the familiar notes brought back visions of old days and old delights, when the successful writer wore good clothes, and sat at operas; when he looked into sweet eyes, and talked of Italian airs; when his future appeared all a succession of bright scenery and joyous acts, without any provision for a drop-curtain. And as my ear listened, and my mind wandered in this happy retrospect, my every faculty seemed exalted, and, without any thought upon the matter, I ground points upon my pins so fine, so regular, and smooth, that they would have pierced with ease the leather of a boot, or slipped, without abrasion, among the finest threads of rare old lace. When the organ stopped, and I fell back into my real world of cobwebs and mustiness, I gazed upon the pins I had just ground, and without a moment's hesitation threw them into the street, and reported the lot as spoiled. This cost me a little money, but it saved me my livelihood."

After a few moments of silence Barbel re-

sumed: "I have no more to say to you, my young friend. All I want you to do is to look upon that framed conundrum, then upon this grindstone, and then to go home and reflect. As for me, I have a gross of pins to grind before the sun goes down."

I cannot say that my depression of mind was at all relieved by what I had seen and heard. I had lost sight of Barbel for some years, and I had supposed him still floating on the sun-sparkling stream of prosperity, where I had last seen him. It was a great shock to me to find him in such a condition of poverty and squalor, and to see a man who had originated the "Conundrum of the Anvil" reduced to the soul-depressing occupation of grinding pin-points. As I walked and thought, the dreadful picture of a totally eclipsed future arose before my mind. The moral of Barbel sank deep into my heart.

When I reached home I told my wife the story of my friend Barbel. She listened with a sad and eager interest.

"I am afraid," she said, "if our fortunes do not quickly mend, that we shall have to buy two little grindstones. You know I could help you at that sort of thing."

For a long time we sat together and talked, and devised many plans for the future. I did not think it necessary yet for me to look out for a pin contract, but I must find some way of making money or we should starve to death. Of course the first thing that suggested itself was the possibility of finding some other business; but, apart from the difficulty of immediately obtaining remunerative work in occupations to which I had not been trained, I felt a great and natural reluctance to give up a profession for which I had carefully prepared myself, and which I had adopted as my life-work. It would be very hard for me to lay down my pen forever, and to close the top of my inkstand upon all the bright and happy fancies which I had seen mirrored in its tranquil pool. We talked and pondered the rest of that day and a good deal of the night, but we came to no conclusion as to what it would be best for us to do.

The next day I determined to go and call upon the editor of the journal for which, in happier days, before the blight of "His Wife's Deceased Sister" rested upon me, I used most frequently to write; and, having frankly explained my condition to him, to ask his advice. The editor was a good man, and had always been my friend. He listened with great attention to what I told him, and evidently sympathized with me in my trouble.

"As we have written to you," he said, "the only reason why we did not accept the manuscripts you sent us was, that they would

have disappointed the high hopes that the public had formed in regard to you. We have had letter after letter asking when we were going to publish another story like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.' We felt, and we still feel, that it would be wrong to allow you to destroy the fair fabric which yourself has raised. But," he added, with a kind smile, "I see very plainly that your well-deserved reputation will be of little advantage to you if you are to starve at the moment that its genial beams are, so to speak, lighting you up."

"Its beams are not genial," I answered. "They have scorched and withered me."

"How would you like," said the editor, after a short reflection, "to allow us to publish the stories you have recently written under some other name than your own? That would satisfy us and the public; would put money in your pocket, and would not interfere with your reputation."

Joyfully I seized that noble fellow by the hand and instantly accepted his proposition. "Of course," said I, "a reputation is a very good thing; but no reputation can take the place of food, clothes, and a house to live in; and I gladly agree to sink my over-illuminated name into oblivion, and to appear before the public as a new and unknown writer."

"I hope that need not be for long," he said, "for I feel sure that you will yet write stories as good as 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'"

All the manuscripts I had on hand I now sent to my good friend the editor, and in due and proper order they appeared in his journal under the name of John Darmstadt, which I had selected as a substitute for my own, permanently disabled. I made a similar arrangement with other editors, and John Darmstadt received the credit of everything that proceeded from my pen. Our circumstances now became very comfortable, and occasionally we even allowed ourselves to indulge in little dreams of prosperity.

Time passed on very pleasantly one year; another, and then a little son was born to us. It is often difficult, I believe, for thoughtful persons to decide whether the beginning of their conjugal career or the earliest weeks in the life of their first-born be the happiest and proudest period of their existence. For myself, I can only say that the same exaltation of mind, the same rarefaction of idea and invention, which succeeded upon my wedding day, came upon me now. As then, my ecstatic emotions crystallized themselves into a motive for a story, and, without delay, I set myself to work upon it. My boy was about six weeks old when the manuscript was finished; and one evening, as we sat before a

comfortable fire in our sitting-room, with the curtains drawn and the soft lamp lighted, and the baby sleeping soundly in the adjoining chamber, I read the story to my wife.

When I had finished, my wife arose, and threw herself into my arms. "I was never so proud of you," she said, her glad eyes sparkling, "as I am at this moment. That is a wonderful story! It is, indeed! I am sure it is just as good as 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'"

As she spoke these words, a sudden and chilling sensation crept over us both. All her warmth and fervor, and the proud and happy glow engendered within me by this praise and appreciation from one I loved, vanished in an instant. We stepped apart, and gazed upon each other with pallid faces. In the same moment the terrible truth had flashed upon us both:

This story *was* as good as "His Wife's Deceased Sister"!

We stood silent. The exceptional lot of Barbel's super-pointed pins seemed to pierce our very souls. A dreadful vision rose before me of an impending fall and crash, in which our domestic happiness should vanish, and our prospects for our boy be wrecked just as we had begun to build them up.

My wife approached me, and took my hand in hers, which was as cold as ice. "Be strong and firm!" she said. "A great danger threatens us, but you must brace yourself against it. Be strong and firm!"

I pressed her hand, and we said no more that night.

The next day I took the manuscript I had just written, and carefully folded it in stout

wrapping paper. Then I went to a neighboring grocery store, and bought a small strong tin box, originally intended for biscuit, with a cover that fitted tightly. In this I placed my manuscript; and then I took the box to a tinsmith, and had the top fastened on with hard solder. When I went home I ascended into the garret, and brought down to my study a ship's cash-box, which had once belonged to one of my family who was a sea-captain. This box was very heavy, and firmly bound with iron, and was secured by two massive locks. Calling my wife, I told her of the contents of the tin case, which I then placed in the box; and having shut down the heavy lid, I doubly locked it.

"This key," said I, putting it in my pocket, "I shall throw into the river when I go out this afternoon."

My wife watched me eagerly, with a pallid and firm-set countenance, but upon which I could see the faint glimmer of returning happiness.

"Wouldn't it be well," she said, "to secure it still further by sealing-wax and pieces of tape?"

"No," said I; "I do not believe that any one will attempt to tamper with our prosperity. And now, my dear," I continued in an impressive voice, "no one but you and, in the course of time, our son shall know that this manuscript exists. When I am dead, those who survive me may, if they see fit, cause this box to be split open, and the story published. The reputation it may give my name cannot harm me then."

Frank R. Stockton.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Difficulty of Political Reform.

THE difficulty of effecting political reforms is illustrated in every age, and is a frequent source of discouragement to those actually engaged in such work. Even simple reforms often require years for their accomplishment, while greater ones are sometimes delayed for generations. Nothing could be much simpler or more obviously advantageous, for instance, than the administrative reforms that have so long been desired in this country; yet, after more than twenty years of discussion and agitation, these reforms are only just begun. Among the greater political movements we may mention that for the abolition of slavery, which had continued for nearly a generation before public sentiment was thoroughly aroused. In this case, indeed, there was a powerful interest arrayed against the reformers; but the

strangest circumstance in the case was the prolonged opposition or apathy of the people of the free States themselves. Another remarkable example of the difficulty of reform was seen in the case of the anti-corn-law movement in England. The abolition of the corn-laws was obviously for the benefit of the mass of the English people; yet it is matter of history that at first the people could not be brought to take an interest in the reform, and that the difficulty of effecting it was so great that at one time Cobden himself, the great leader of the movement, was on the point of abandoning the task in despair. We think that few instances can be found in history of important improvements in political affairs without a prolonged and persistent agitation in advance.

The reasons for this fact are various. The sluggishness of public opinion, the opposition of sinister interests, the absorption of men's minds in their personal

affairs, and that pride of opinion which makes men unwilling to acknowledge that anything they have approved or sanctioned can be wrong, all have an influence in keeping things as they are, even when a change is imperatively required. The fact, too, that most men are impervious to new ideas after they have reached middle life is an essential factor in the case; and it not infrequently happens that a new generation has to be trained up in the reform principles before any outward improvement can be effected.

Our purpose at this time, however, is not to inquire into the causes which render political changes difficult, but to point out certain circumstances which, in a free country, go far to compensate the evil, and which deserve to be accounted among the benefits of free government. Some men, seeing the difficulty of moving public opinion in a democratic community, and eager to effect improvements in political affairs, are led to doubt the wisdom of popular government, and to say that a benevolent despot and an enlightened aristocracy is a better depository of political power than the people themselves. But, besides the difficulty of securing benevolence in a despot or enlightenment in an aristocracy, history shows that even if they possess these qualities, they are less easily moved to effect reforms than the people themselves.

There have been benevolent despots who effected nothing for the political improvement of the nations they governed. The Antonines, for instance, were among the best personal rulers the world ever saw; yet they did nothing of importance in the way of political reforms, but left the Roman empire as they found it. As for aristocracies, though they often administer the government with much intelligence so far as their own interests are concerned, they are, nevertheless, the most conservative, the most bigotedly opposed to progress of all the species of government that ever existed, as the history of Sparta, Carthage, and Venice abundantly proves. The states that have been most largely and most uniformly progressive have been without exception those of a popular character, or those in which popular influence has been powerfully felt; and therefore the impatience that earnest reformers sometimes feel at the sluggishness and perversity of the popular mind ought never to make them lose faith in the benefits of free government.

But even if monarchs and aristocracies were as active friends of progress and as ready to effect improvements as popular governments are, yet improvements made through the agency of the people are far more beneficial than those effected without them. For, in the first place, reforms effected by the people themselves, or in accordance with their deliberate desire, are likely to be permanent; while if not thus effected, their permanence is uncertain. A benevolent monarch may make great improvements in laws and institutions, and thereby largely promote the well-being of the people; but if his successor happens to be a man of a different stamp, as is quite likely to be the case, all the improvements thus made may be set aside, and the condition of the people may become worse than before. Besides, the government of a nation, even under an absolute monarch, is largely influenced by public opinion; and if public opinion has not been educated to approve and support a reform, it may be set aside or rendered nugatory by the opposition of the people

themselves. There are even instances in history where a nation has surrendered liberty itself, simply because the mass of the people had not learned to appreciate its value. But, under a popular government, where no considerable change can be made without the concurrence of the people, a reform once effected is very rarely reversed. So well is this understood in England, that when an important measure has been carried there with the express approval of the people, no statesman ever thinks of repealing it, but the popular decision is everywhere accepted as final. This, then, is one of the benefits of free government—that political improvements once effected are certain to endure; and in this fact reformers may find encouragement when their temper is tried and their patience exhausted by the sluggishness of public opinion and the seeming dullness of the popular conscience.

But there is another consideration of still greater importance. The general and prolonged discussion which necessarily precedes reform in a popular government has an educating effect of the highest value. This has long been recognized by political philosophers as one of the principal benefits that popular government confers, and the history of such government in all ages bears out this view. Even the routine work of government, such as the conduct of municipal affairs, has an educating influence of no little value; but it is far surpassed in this respect by those discussions of principle which necessarily precede the enactment of great reforms. Questions involving the principles of morals and the happiness perhaps of millions cannot be pondered by any man without improving to some extent both his intellect and his character; and this educating influence is especially valuable in the case of the masses of men, because of the narrowness of their mental horizon. Men of leisure and men of intellectual tastes can find means of culture and mental stimulus in various ways; but the minds of the uneducated and toiling masses are seldom roused to thought except by some matter of great practical importance. Now, political affairs are of the highest importance to every one; and hence, in a country where the control of affairs is lodged in the hands of the people, the educating influence of political discussion and action is felt in a high degree, and is one of the most potent means of popular culture. This influence cannot be made available except under popular government; for the people will seldom take a very lively interest in governmental affairs if they are not to be called upon to help in deciding them. But if their voice is potent in deciding what shall be done, no question of importance can arise in which they will not take an interest; and then the discussion of such questions by the more instructed minds will quicken the popular intelligence and educate the popular conscience as few other agencies will.

When, therefore, the advocates of political reform in a free country grow discouraged, as they sometimes will, and wish, perhaps, that they themselves had independent power to carry out their measures, they may find comfort in the thought that while the reforms they desire, if really beneficial, can hardly fail to be realized at last, the mere discussion of them before the people has an effect on the popular mind that may be little less important than the reforms themselves.

Religious Snobbery.

THERE is a tone in the manner in which some men preach religion that may be called demagogical. It is, as it were, an ignoble bidding for votes, an appeal to something not the best in the man who is listening in order to win his sympathy and suffrage. It is a spirit that ignores the decent instincts of human nature; that does not hesitate to offend the refined listener, while catering to the prejudices and vulgarities of the more ignorant and brutal. It is a kind of preaching that has not even the excuse of being based on the dangerous principle of doing evil that good may come. It is the preaching of vulgarians, who naturally express themselves in terms that are coarse, and who are, moreover, bent upon making effects by fair means or foul. They are themselves vulgar by nature, and their determination to be effective carries them into oratorical excesses, unmitigated either by taste or conscience. We could give numerous and recent examples of demagogical preaching of the Gospel, but we should then be compelled to disfigure our page with vulgarities, and even with shameless blasphemies.

On the other hand, there is a certain kind of religious snobbery which is not altogether unknown in America, but which has hitherto taken no very deep root here. That it is not a wide-spread or serious social disease in this country may be inferred from the fact that our fiction does not often deal with examples of this sort of snobbery, though the thing is, of course, by no means unknown, and is perhaps yet to receive the treatment it deserves at the hands of our story-writers.

Native religious snobbery does not flourish among us very vigorously, nor does the plant give signs of powerful growth in its exotic varieties. We are led to this statement by the comparative non-success, on this side of the water, of one who has been called in England "the apostle to the genteel." This apostle (famous not only socially, but by means also of the glamour wrought by the pen of an eminent romancer) came among us not long ago and began at once a public career of interviewing and lecturing. In the natural course of events, a number of "wealthy" and "fashionable" (in lieu of "noble") converts should have adorned the mission of the distinguished apostle. So far, however, we have heard of few or no "conversions," and we have been led to consider the cause. As nearly as we can determine, this cause lies in the fact that Americans recognized immediately the uncongenial tone and bearing of the religious snob. The interviewers early discovered in the apostle a willingness to talk, with seemingly deprecation, of the fact that he had been the means of converting the rich and the noble; and when the apostle called their attention to the fact that he had also converted at least one poor man, this poor man, it was noticed, was that interesting social phenomenon, a noble bankrupt. Finally the

reporters were called upon to chronicle the public statement, by the modern apostle, that his great predecessor as a converter, St. Paul, was the one man among the Apostles who might be called a "gentleman!"

It was, therefore, soon understood that the genius of the romancer had created a fascinating image which had no counterpart in reality; and as snobbery in religion is not considered beautiful or desirable in this country, the "apostle to the genteel" evidently made the same mistake, in coming to America, that was made by a fellow-countryman and fellow-apostle of his who, instead of the robes of a priest, wore the knee-breeches of an æsthete.

"Minister and Citizen."

THE recent consecration of Dr. Henry C. Potter as Assistant Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, while an event of unusual interest and importance inside the denomination to which Bishop Potter belongs, is also an event of public and general interest, not only on account of the prominence of the office, but more especially owing to the antecedents and character of the man. For Dr. Potter, as rector of Grace Church, has not only proved himself on occasion a sympathizer and co-worker with other communions, but he has shown himself to be one of those clergymen who were described not long ago in these columns (on the occasion of the death of Dr. Bellows) as equally zealous and useful in the capacity of minister and in that of citizen.

While rector of a parish which has been unfortunately known as "fashionable," Dr. Potter has distinguished himself and his church as leaders in charitable work; he has been a helper of the poor,—not of the miserably poor only, but also of the respectably (and therefore sometimes neglected) poor. He has not troubled himself with partisan politics in either church or state, but his labors have been directed to advance the causes of religion and civilization in this great and teeming city among the poor and among the rich as well; and he has been an earnest worker in every movement in which a good and public-spirited citizen should make himself felt. It is not every faithful preacher of the Gospel who has the qualities which fit him in addition for this work of citizenship; it is not necessary that every minister should be so gifted; nevertheless, such men are greatly needed in New York. They form, and always have formed, an important and most valuable part of our life as a community; and it is a satisfaction that Dr. Potter's church, in bidding him go higher, has not bidden him go away from a city where his usefulness has been so pronounced, but has merely placed him in an office of wider and more visible influence.

OPEN LETTERS.

"New York as a Field for Fiction."

COMMENT.

DEAR MR. BUNNER: The chief fault I should find with your literary family, as presented in your "Open Letter" on "New York as a Field for Fiction," in *THE CENTURY* for September, is that the best part of it is under ground. The next faults I should find are its over deference to the "foreign" sentiment and the episodical character of the material suggested as new. I dare say that you did not intend to convince me, but I do not see how you can expect to convince others, in these active times, that your Dutch colonists of the earliest period, or those coming next after them, with a "forced infusion of English blood,"—your Huguenots, your Knickerbockers of the middle period, your Battery beaux and Bowling Green belles,—are more suitable material than their descendants now actually alive and well. We want vital questions, even in our fiction. I will back Gertrude's descendant, "leading the dance of youth and love in some grander new house far up-town," for interest against Gertrude herself in old Bleecker street or Greenwood Cemetery, every time. So, too, the briefless young lawyer, whom we fully understand, struggling for his living up in the rarefied air of sky-offices near Trinity chimes and through Marine Court, Part II., seems a much more worthy object of sympathy than your English Cambridge graduate, whose customs we know nothing about except by hearsay, and whom we only half believe in. Such a one, if stranded here,—as he might be stranded anywhere,—would be but a mere episode in the life of the great city, and not an essential part of it. If it were intended to display New York, he would have to be connected with its typical and essential features, which would still remain to be discovered.

Nor do I see why even the Columbia boys should be ruled out of New York fiction. For my part, I no longer seem to yield the same prompt allegiance as once to the warm and mellow Good Old Times, to the Quaint, the Genial, nor even the Foreign; and I believe that many story-reading persons are of the same way of thinking. The old times have been pretty thoroughly utilized, in one way and another. To have recourse to them now seems a manner of dodging the present. Here we are, with all our passions, humors, fancies, stirrings of romance as genuine as ever were. Who will picture us? who go a little deeper than ever before? who add a trifle to the knowledge of human nature? That is the original field. The original man will have a keen eye for such study of character as can be actually put to the test. Something in the nature of social science is what is wanted, rather than archæology; the method of examination of the subject on his feet and going about his affairs, instead of that by exhumation and autopsy, after long burial.

I think, perhaps, I have been a rather extreme example of the opposite view. I fear that I was a bad case of it. I remember when I thought Egypt,

classic antiquity, knights, minnesingers, chatelaines, moss-troopers, burghers, pilgrim-fathers, and buccaneers,—you know the whole menagerie,—down to about the year 1800, the only part of created existence worth the slightest attention. The greatest recommendation to favor was that one should be dead and should have worn a party-colored costume. Next to this, if he *would* live, it was to be European. At present, I flatly do not believe in them. They were no better, no whit more worthy of interest, than ourselves. Come! They were not so good. We are the fish still remaining in the sea better than any yet caught.

It was Europe itself that finally dispelled that impression. I found that an individual was not necessarily the more great, glorious, wise, nor entertaining for being a European, and it occurred to me that he might not be for being dead, even for several hundred years. Foreignness is a kind of antiquity; distance in time and in space is practically the same thing, and the sentiment about them hangs together.

You allow a small modern and home department, however, to those who will not be satisfied, for a novel of New York, with colonial ancestors merely. A part of the new material is "the New England invasion." But you will surely remember that this is just what Rodman Harvey was,—a New England invasion. He had succeeded with his store in a smaller place, had come here and had married, for a second wife, a representative of the Knickerbocker blood, and had become a magnate. He must have resembled, in several ways, the late ex-Governor Morgan, William E. Dodge, and their class, and no men were more essentially of New York than these.

You omit from the list, entirely, low life, which we must agree to be full of interest, and characteristic, here as elsewhere. You omit, too, the life around the great newspaper offices, the seat of government and local politics, and the great financial institutions. And then you choose a class in one of the lower wards, who ran with the machine to fires in their youth, and now go to church on Sundays, and call them the bourgeois of New York. If there be a proper bourgeois of New York, since when has this thick-witted class anywhere—the Philistines of the violent modern protest—become the most entertaining material for the use of the literary artist? Upon what theory, too, can it be maintained that East Broadway, with half a dozen immigrant Mulligans and Lochmüllers domiciled in it to each ex-running-to-fires-with-the-machine bourgeois, is more essentially New York than the vast area of brown-stone houses above Twenty-third street?

Of all the material which you sketch in, after having somewhat too hastily cleared the decks, I venture to find most serviceable the contingent of Parisianized Americans fleeing from the wreck of the last French Empire. A similar contingent is at this moment intimately allied with the British Empire. Both of these would do excellently in New York as a field

for fiction, not simply for themselves, but because they are part and parcel of the society which gives New York its peculiar aspect at home and reputation abroad.

We must agree that everything cannot be put into a single book. What, then, is the thing to do, having set out with the purpose of giving some faint idea of the life of the metropolis in a story? Is it to take isolated and eccentric figures and episodes, however interesting, which might have passed anywhere? It is rather to take those leading personages, traits, and localities with which its identity is bound up. You appear to complain of the typicalness of the characters with which I have very inadequately attempted to do this, as if typicalness were a vice. I have taken, you say, "the typical merchant," "the typical belle," "the typical snob," and so forth; and you would seem to imply that this should not have been done, but that the future aspirant should depend for his effects upon personages of a very different sort, it is not at all clear what. An interesting supplement to your article would be a brief review of fiction in New York, to show whether the field is really so preëempted as to leave no room on that score for the figures most prominent in actual life. I think it would be found much less full than indicated. It is doubtful if it can ever be so full as to exclude that central figure of our money-making day, the merchant prince, at all.

However poorly I have treated them, the typicalness of my characters cannot justly be blamed. There is considerable misconception on this point. It is fancied that a character which is a type must become a mere abstraction. But a type should be a very clearly cut individual, who has the added value of representing not only himself, but a whole interesting class. It is of such characters that we can say "How natural!" "I, too, have seen that." To seek for mere individuals who are not types, if such a thing were possible, would be to make a literature of bearded ladies and living skeletons, to pretend that "cranks" and monstrosities were the best material. I do not think we are really at issue on this point, but rather in some difference of statement. I have happened, just at the moment of writing this, upon Païlleron's amusing play of "le Monde où l'on s'ennuie." There is a short preface to it, in which it appears that he has been attacked for alleged portraiture in some of his characters. He replies, defending himself in a few words which express so well what types really are and ought to be as to seem worth quoting as a final definition. He says: "I have taken the traits of which I have made my types from drawing-rooms and from individuals in the privacy of home. And they are so thoroughly types and so little portraits that as many as five different names have been given to each of them.*"

Yours very truly,

W. H. Bishop.

MY DEAR MR. BISHOP: The chief fault I should find with your pleasant note, just received, is that it seemingly is addressed to some person of views very

different from those of the writer of the "Open Letter" in the September CENTURY.

I have looked carefully over that document, and I cannot find that anything I have said there makes me responsible for the somewhat startling theory which you attribute to me,—that an individual is the less an individual because he is also a type. What I did try to point out is that one cannot draw an individual by describing merely the traits he has in common with all others of his class,—which is, you will agree with me, simply substituting an abstraction for a character.

And I must have made myself sadly misunderstood if you have taken the few incidental suggestions I sketched out as prescriptive or directive, or designed to cover the whole field of fiction. I chose them, in fact, purely as illustrations of my idea,—that the roots of our metropolitan life are deeper and older, and the fruit that springs therefrom richer and mellow, than most people believe.

It makes little matter, I think, when or where a man finds the time and scene of his story. But it is all-essential that he should give his work sympathetic, conscientious, and unprejudiced study, and should not trust too readily to accepted traditions or unconventional valuations.

Allow me to thank you for the pleasant way in which you have met me, and to add a sincere wish that whatever field you choose for yourself may prove prolific in laurels.

Yours sincerely,

H. C. Bunner.

Our Jury System.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

SIR,—In reading in the June CENTURY the replies to "Is the Jury System a Failure?" it struck me that the defenders of the present system had confined themselves too strictly to a statement of the direct and immediate results that would be likely to ensue from the abolition of the jury system and the substitution therefor of a tribunal of judges. Not infrequently the indirect, uncalculated results of a sweeping change in civil government are of vastly greater moment to society than the direct results.

The consideration of such a change in our judicial system suggests three important queries as to its results. These are:

First. Its direct effect upon the administration of justice.

Second. Its ultimate effect upon the constitution and character of the new tribunal.

Third. Its effect upon public opinion regarding the administration of justice.

There is, I presume, no advocate of the jury system who will deny that it might be improved by wiser legislation, especially as regards the manner of selecting juries. And no one who has seen its workings will deny that it has some advantages over any system that has ever been tried. It is an advantage that no litigant can know, until his case is on trial, the precise personnel of the tribunal which is to decide his case. He may know a few days beforehand, it is true, who will probably compose the panel from which his jury will be drawn, but no man can tell him who will be drawn.

* "J'ai pris dans les salons et chez les individus les traits dont j'ai fait mes types. Et ce sont si bien des types et si peu des portraits qu'on a mis sur chacun d'eux jusqu'à cinq noms différents."

If he knows or believes that any member of the panel is hostile or prejudiced against him, or will be influenced by sinister motives in deciding the cause, he has only to challenge him peremptorily, without giving any reason, and his opponent has a like opportunity. And any party to a cause who desires to use improper means to influence the tribunal in his favor, is likely to be baffled in any attempt he may make by this uncertainty as to who will constitute this tribunal. In fact, the obstacles to any attempt to tamper with the jury are, in most cases, practically insurmountable, since the majority of cases which are tried by juries occupy less than two days after the jury is drawn, and this affords too little time to make the acquaintance of the individual jurors sufficiently to enable a man to approach them safely with corrupt propositions. It is the opinion of many of our ablest lawyers that on questions of fact, where the jury are carefully instructed as to the law, the average judgment of twelve good jurymen is quite as likely to be correct as that of a bench of judges.

Upon the second question, the ultimate effect of the proposed change upon the constitution and character of the new tribunal, we must first remember that we cannot presume that the new tribunals would be composed of the same quality of men as those who now constitute the judges of our courts; for I will premise, for the sake of the argument, that the judges of our courts throughout the United States are, as a class, upright, incorruptible, impartial, and able men. When it is charged in the public prints that the appointment of a judge of the most august tribunal of the nation (I might say in the whole world, since no other tribunal has such extensive powers conferred upon it) has at least in a single instance been the work of an unscrupulous speculator, would it not be well, whether we believe this terrible accusation or not, to pause before making such changes in our judicial system, to consider whether we should not be making it easy for soulless corporations and millionaires whose god is mammon, in many localities, and especially in our great commercial centers, to pack our judicial tribunals and to give us courts in comparison with which the New York city courts during the Tweed régime were Aristidean?—courts that would not only nullify as unconstitutional all legislation that sought to release the people from the toils of the masters whose behests these courts would be chosen to carry out, but courts that would, upon occasion, twist the facts in a case into conformity with the desires of their masters. It is said that some men of shining legal abilities, but of sullied personal character, have made very acceptable judges. It is not difficult for a lawyer to see how this might be. Since men are always controlled by the strongest motive, and with some men ambition may be a stronger motive than avarice, a desire to rank high as a jurist might prevail over any other incentive with a man not over-scrupulous. When a judge decides questions of law, he does it under the eyes and in the face of a jury he dare not defy, *i. e.*, a vigilant and critical bar. He has before him two interested contending parties, each ever ready and watchful to take exceptions to his errors of judgment even. He must state clearly his positions in regard to the law, and they are subject to revision by a higher tribunal. They then go into the reports,

and are read and reread by lawyers who have made a thorough and exhaustive study of their subject matter, and who are competent to pass upon his rulings. In matters of law, all his faults "observed, Set in a note-book, learned and coned by rote." And a man of good legal abilities who, while occupying the position of a *nisi prius* judge even, should attempt to go very far in modifying or wresting the existing law, contrary to precedent and authority, would soon find that he had entered upon a thorny road, whatever might be his motive for wandering.

Any one who has prepared a case for an appellate court, when it is essential to review the evidence, knows how extremely difficult it is, in many cases, to present any adequate picture of the testimony to the higher court, even with the aid of a stenographer's report of the testimony. The appearance and manner of the different witnesses, which oftentimes, and justly too, has so much weight with the jury, is entirely wanting. A skillful and unscrupulous court, organized in the interests of a wealthy corporation, seconded by able attorneys, as such corporations usually employ, might make short shrift for a poor man with a doubtful or even a just cause, aided, as too often he would be, only by inexperienced counsel, such as his lack of means would frequently compel him to employ. The testimony in such cases would often not be reported, and very frequently the only spectators of the conduct of the court would be the litigants and their witnesses. Moreover, every party having a cause for trial could know with tolerable certainty, for days and usually for weeks and months before the trial, what persons would constitute the tribunal which would try the case, and, if he had corrupt intentions, would have ample time to discover the weakest points in the character of each individual composing the tribunal. The old saying, that "every man has his price," is undoubtedly true in the sense that every man is approachable in some way, and is susceptible to certain influences,—in some cases consciously, and in others unconsciously.

Proceeding to the third point,—the effect of the proposed system upon public opinion,—there are men, and their number is not small, whose own self-knowledge justifies them in the belief that all courts are corrupt and that a poor man has no chance in our courts, or who have so often asserted such an opinion that they have come to believe it. Under our present system, most reproaches of this kind are thrown upon the jury; but the jury is an impersonal, ever-changing body. The odium of an unjust verdict, or one that is condemned by public sentiment, whether such condemnation is merited or not, is divided among twelve men, who separate to their several homes and never meet again to act together under any circumstances whatsoever. If, through mistake, or for any other reason, they have given an unrighteous verdict, the harm is largely confined to the particular case decided; there is no danger that the same body will repeat the offense and thus acquire a cumulation of odium. Would not a succession of unpopular verdicts, occurring in tolerably close succession, even if right, tend to bring a continuing tribunal into contempt, and would not the tendency be toward causing the populace to suspect bribery and corruption on the part of the court? Would not every decision in which there was any general interest, if made contrary to an uninformed

public opinion, whether right or wrong, by a court already unpopular, add to its unpopularity? I need not occupy space to show that anything that tends to bring our courts into contempt, or to throw suspicion upon them, is subversive of our institutions.

When we see what an outcry is raised in one of the larger States of this Union against its supreme court, for deciding a question of abstract law, *i. e.*, whether a certain proposed amendment to the State constitution was legally adopted so as to become a part of that constitution, and such decision was against the wishes of what claimed to be a majority of the people of the State, and the renomination of the Chief Justice of that court was successfully opposed by some of the leading journals of his own political party for the reason, openly avowed, that his decision on this question was not satisfactory, we may well hesitate before we subject our courts to the odium to which they would certainly be subjected in doing their duty to men accused of heinous crimes and generally suspected by the community to be guilty, where there is yet no sufficient evidence of guilt. And a fair-minded man with an average amount of common sense has often but to carefully sit through and watch an important trial of this kind to know how unjustly juries are sometimes abused by the newspapers and the general public, for performing their plain duty under the law and the evidence submitted to them.

Eugene Lewis.

MOLINE, ILL.

Some New Inventions.

A DESCRIPTION was given in this magazine some months since of a new design in steam-ship construction, with a promise of further information when the design was realized in actual practice. A small steamer, built to test this design, has been launched, and from an examination of the vessel in dock at East Boston a note may be made of the present position of the experiment. The objects sought appear to be speed and safety. To insure these, the hull is extremely sharp and built upon very fine lines, the boat being very long and narrow, and with the greatest width somewhat in advance of the center. The upper part of the vessel is rounded, beginning just above the water-line, the sides bending inward and meeting in the center in the form of a low arch slightly flattened in the middle. To give the ship this peculiar form, the ribs are continuous from the keel upward and over the deck, the outer skin being carried directly over the top of the vessel. On the deck is a small wheel-house, with a dome-shaped roof of heavy glass, one or two hatchways, and the two smoke-stacks. A light railing serves as a guard round the narrow deck, and, beyond the ventilators and sky-lights, there is nothing more visible on the outside. This peculiar form is intended to give great strength to resist the shock and weight of water falling on the deck as the vessel is forced through the waves. It is thought the hull will plunge through the waves instead of riding over them, and that in rough water the deck will be often swept by heavy seas that, finding no hold, will simply roll off without inflicting damage or materially checking the headway. How far this interesting theory may prove correct, experiment can alone decide. At the present writing nothing has been done. This

is explained by an apparent failure of the motive-power put into the vessel. Suitable boilers and engines are to be provided, and the tests will be made upon a complete and thorough scale. The vessel as it now stands certainly presents an admirable opportunity to conduct what might be called physical research in the field of navigation, and it is to be hoped that when the new engines are complete something of value may be added to the science of ship-building.

Objections are sometimes raised against the study of mechanics by girls as being, in a general way, useless, seeing that the feminine mind is not inventive. To the mechanical mind this objection has a certain flavor of decayed absurdity, a mingled air of ignorance and prejudice. How shall the bird fly if it is born and reared in a cage? The most valuable mental faculty in invention is imagination. Women certainly have that. The trouble is not that they cannot invent, but that they have not imagined the necessity of an invention. One of the greatest of American inventors could construct complete in his mind a working carpet-loom, and then make the drawings and build the loom, and it would at once make such carpets as he saw in his mind. Given imagination, there need be only a knowledge of the laws of mechanics, patience, and work. These are the essentials of invention, and they are as much feminine as masculine. The seeing a want prompts to a lively imagination of a way of supplying the want, and this is invention. When women are educated to see the relations of things and understand something of mechanics, feminine inventions will follow quickly enough. In fact, the Patent Office reports already contain a very considerable number of patents issued to women, some of which have proved of great commercial value.

One of the two exhibitions recently opened in Boston devoted liberal space for the display of work by women and girls. From an examination of this display, something may be learned of the more recent inventions brought to a practical commercial position by women. The list is small, but suggestive, as it includes such diverse subjects as iron castings, bronze bearings for journals, and improved furniture. The only criticism that can be made against the display assumes the form of a regret that what seems to be a really good alloy, that has stood the severe test of regular work in heavy machinery, should not be boldly put with the machine tools in another part of the exhibition, where it would be seen of men. In the "woman's department" it is half smothered by the Kensington stitch. Among the inventions patented and exhibited by women, may be mentioned a few that seem to indicate a clear knowledge of what is wanted and the wit and skill to supply the want. A trunk with a tray has the objection that, if a dress is laid in the tray and it does not fill it to the top of the cover, the garment will not stow well, and if the trunk is turned over it will be injured. To obviate this, an improved tray is shown, having a canvas bottom with straps and pockets, and arranged in such a way that it can be placed in any position in the trunk and securely fastened there. The garment is placed in the tray and pinned to the canvas or fastened by the straps, and then, if the trunk is turned over, it cannot get out of place nor be thrown about, even if the trunk is half empty. In furniture three exhibits are made by women. One of these is a

bedstead with the space under the mattress utilized as a bureau, a number of drawers being provided on each side, the exhibit showing considerable skill in designing cabinet work. Allied to this is a large arm-chair for school-teachers, with smaller chairs arranged under the seat in the manner of drawers, and designed to be drawn out to give seats for children who, in the discipline of school life, must "sit with teacher." A bureau is shown, having apparently two sets of drawers. One of these is false and opens as a cupboard door. Within is a shelf that may be drawn out, and is intended to support a washing-bowl, while the space below is for the water-jar. These three exhibits clearly indicate the pressing necessity for economy of space in domestic life in city tenements and apartments, and will, no doubt, fill a want and find a market. The most profitable patents are often those that seem the most simple and commonplace. Perhaps the most promising design by a woman is an adjustable book-cover. Every one is familiar with the art of covering books with paper, but no one before seems to have hit upon the happy thought of a locking device that will keep the paper shield always firmly in position without the aid of paste. The idea was plainly suggested by the many forms of locking paper boxes, and it will, no doubt, prove quite as valuable in a commercial sense. An improved stove-grate, unfortunately not shown in position, a new oil-stove showing a clear understanding of the theory of this class of stoves, a new glaze for pottery, a new life-preserver, and a new plastic material that may be used as a substitute for clay are also exhibited by women. In practical scientific work there is also a creditable display of chemicals and dye-stuffs, all by women. These are only a few of the exhibits made by women that depart in any degree from the conventional needle-work, and they are worthy of notice for two reasons: they indicate an effort to grasp the wants of the world and a right understanding of means to ends; and they also show that there is a steady widening of the field in which women may find profitable employment.

The increasing attention given to outdoor life and sports has naturally led to the introduction of improved appliances for comfort or convenience in fields and woods. In boats, tents, and camping facilities this is specially noticeable. American canoes and traveling boats have exhibited several new types, some of which have been described in this magazine. Of late, attention seems to be given more to camping facilities. Among these is a tent of the common A shape, having rounded ends completely closed, and movable sides, which may be raised so as to make it by day in good weather into a large dining or shelter tent, fully open to the air; while at night or in rough weather one or both of the sides may be let down, closing the tent either partially or completely, one loose corner making a door when required. Another device consists of a lawn seat with a canopy or sun-shade, that may be turned into a single bed with a small, low tent over it for camp use. In camp furniture a new outfit, consisting of six chairs, two beds, and one table, may deserve attention, as all these pieces are designed to be packed into one trunk of medium size. The outfit examined seemed to be strong and well made, and very neatly and compactly fitted to the trunk.

An invention has just been brought out in this country as a substitute for stained glass. In stained glass, each piece of glass, in the mosaic that forms the design or picture, must be inclosed in the lead sash or "leads." These lines of leads cross the window in every direction, and often greatly mar the effect of the design. In the new method of treating window glass there are the same leads, but they are used in a manner that is not possible in stained glass, and for a wholly different reason. The method of preparing the glass is quite simple. A suitable design is prepared in colors, and in its treatment there may be the greatest freedom, as the leads that follow the main lines of the design or picture are merely the divisions between the colors. Over the pattern is laid a sheet of clear glass. A composition that melts only at a high temperature is then placed in a tube having a cone at the lower end and a small opening at the point. The heated composition flows through this, like paint from a color tube, and is allowed to fall on the glass over the pattern, where it leaves a raised line that instantly hardens and clings firmly to the glass. With this fluid pencil the main lines of the pattern are drawn on the glass, making the leads of the future work, and marking the divisions of the colors. It is plain that, in the hands of the designer, a picture, pattern, or geometrical design can thus be drawn directly in free-hand on the glass, which is a wholly novel method of treatment. The lines of the pattern having been drawn in the hot composition, the next step follows at once. Each of the spaces between the leads is then filled in with a colored composition that sets quickly and forms a transparent or translucent adherent film on the glass. In about forty-eight hours this coloring material is dry and hard, and when varnished will stand washing and all ordinary temperatures. The finished work examined appeared to give a closer imitation of stained glass than anything yet produced. The colors are pure and strong, and the designs showed a degree of freedom not before obtained in any decorative treatment of glass. The invention is worthy of examination chiefly on account of this very freedom, as any design or picture can be drawn on the glass and reproduced in transparent colors. The cost is said to be about one half that of the cheaper forms of stained glass.

Charles Barnard.

Free Trade with Canada.

IN the July number of *THE CENTURY* appeared an interesting article from the pen of Mr. Watson Griffin on the above subject. For us Canadians it possessed a peculiar value, indicating as it did the opinion of a well-informed and thoughtful American on the trade relations between the two countries. In a certain degree it was also flattering to Canada, Mr. Griffin freely recognizing the boundless resources of the Dominion and the rapid strides toward prosperity made in the past few years. Dealing with the question of reciprocity, Mr. Griffin has presented us with an American view—how widely entertained I know not—of the trade relationship between Canada and the United States. He urges on his fellow-countrymen to turn their attention to the land so rapidly

gaining in wealth and strength immediately on their borders, and before it is too late to secure better terms with a market which would repay them a hundred-fold. He readily sees the immense advantages which would accrue to the United States were the "tariff wall" removed, and the corresponding injury done to Canadian trade, and he candidly acknowledges that Canada would suffer as the United States would gain by a reciprocity treaty. Winnipeg would be forced into competition with Chicago, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, and, in Mr. Griffin's own words, a certain blow would be struck at its future greatness. Continuing, he confesses that the growth of eastern Canada would be greatly retarded, and that were free trade established between the two countries the United States would reap the lion's share of the advantages. But Mr. Griffin has a most peculiar view of "the eternal fitness of things," to use an Americanism. He coolly discusses the probabilities of the Canadian people agreeing to reciprocity, and, without showing any adequate results to be gained by them, concludes that they would accept it! No new markets opened up to us, no impetus to our manufactures, no demand for our products, our rising industries crushed in the bud, and our country sacrificed on the altar of a pure and disinterested affection. But we are an eminently practical people, and without some corresponding gain would hardly be inclined thus to lay bare our markets and expose our industries. Once on a time, not so very long ago either, we would gladly have accepted reciprocity, but the Federal Government at Washington saw fit to reject our advances. It was the best thing the United States ever did for us—the most fortunate event which has happened to Canada since confederation. In self-defense we were forced to retaliate; but what was once a mere means of protection has now become to us a tower of strength. Under the National Policy, the "tariff wall" of which Mr. Griffin writes, Canada has suddenly sprung from youth to young and sturdy manhood. Self-dependence has been taught her; she gives employment to her own youth—no longer annually sending them away; industries that were never dreamt of have come into existence, and she is on the opening of a career bright with every promise. We are not a particularly visionary people, but we have faith in our country. Perhaps it lies not on the surface and is not readily seen, but it is implanted deep and strong in the hearts of the people. Despite Mr. Griffin's opinion to the contrary, the Canadians have every trust in their National Policy. Since its introduction in 1879, Canada has made unexampled progress. A land rich and fertile to the verge of unbelief, of which Canadians themselves knew but little, has been opened up, trade with foreign countries has increased to an enormous extent, the people of the different provinces have been drawn into closer connection, and a new impetus has been given the varied interests of the country.

Canada, on the whole, gladly accepted the Reciprocity Treaty in 1854, throwing open her priceless fisheries in return for the manufactured products of her neighbor. But even then there was disappointment and grumbling in the provinces by the sea. And when the treaty expired, and the United States refused all offers of renewal, among those who looked into the future and saw the destiny awaiting the young

nation there was a feeling of relief. And how that foresight has been verified needs but a glance at the Canada of to-day. In 1881 her trade in proportion to her population exceeded that of the United States, and her shipping likewise in proportion was more than four times as great, while the volume of trade had increased from \$130,000,000 in 1868 to \$210,000,000 in 1882. The abrogation of the treaty forced her to find new markets, and to-day she enjoys the best of trade relations with the commercial countries of the globe. Her trade demanded new outlets; direct steam communication has been opened with France and Brazil; her products find a ready sale in South America, and the business done with the West Indies has more than quadrupled. The increase of immigration in 1882 was one hundred and ninety per cent. over that of 1880, and sixty-five per cent. over that of 1881, while the increase in the United States in 1882 was only three and a half per cent. more than the previous year. And while these statistics give us every encouragement as a growing people, still they show us our youth as a nation, being barely sixteen years of age, alongside the one hundred and six which have elapsed since the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The growth of Canada has been rapid since confederation, the intellect of the Dominion keeping pace with its progress as a State. In a speech recently made by Lord Dufferin at the Empire Club, London, he stated that, in his opinion, the population of Canada at the close of the next century would be forty millions. That, however, is but a moderate estimate.

Mr. Griffin writes that in the recent elections, in which the National Policy was the question at issue, many of those who voted for it did so merely with a view of forcing the United States, by retaliation, to entertain the idea of reciprocity; that in negotiations for free trade, Americans could rely upon the full support of the Reformers with a liberal sprinkling of Conservatives; and that as many of the Conservative members were elected by small majorities, a slight change in public sentiment might make a great change in parliamentary representation. This is certainly a surprising statement from one apparently so well informed as Mr. Griffin. Does he imagine that the Reformers would readily play into the hands of the Americans—cheerfully throw open the markets of their country for the surplus products of the United States? He should know that our political institutions are sufficiently democratic to allow the people to have something to say in such matters. It is they who say whether we shall have free trade or protection. And Mr. Griffin's notions of our political men must indeed be crude. Were the Conservative party defeated tomorrow, there would be but few changes made in their policy by the Liberals. For the policy is not a cast-iron one; it is regulated and moderated as the trade of the country demands, building up our industries, and discouraging all species of monopoly. Many of the Reform party support it as a general measure. But Mr. Griffin makes the greatest mistake when he thinks that a slight change in public sentiment would make a great change in parliamentary representation, and that free trade with the United States would be the result. Fully as many, if not more, Reformers hold their seats by narrow majorities as Conservatives. The

great mass of the people in the Dominion support the Liberal Conservative party. They have a majority not only in parliamentary representation, but also of the entire vote cast in every province but one, and it would take a very powerful and complicated combination of circumstances to oust them from their position. Time alone will solve the question which Mr. Griffin imagines is in the power of the Reform party, and which he considers they are only too eager to effect. The day of reciprocity has gone by; we were taught a severe lesson once, and we have profited by it, and though at some future time the "tariff wall" may be lessened, for the present Canada is content with matters as they are.

J. Fred. Harley.

Joseph Jefferson as "Caleb Plummer."

THE actor who permits himself to become identified with one impersonation imperils his artistic fame, however excellent as a work of art that impersonation may be. The reason of this is obvious. The public, which never looks below the surface, first learns to imagine that the man who plays only one part can play no other, and then, having studied and enjoyed each look, gesture, and vocal modulation which made the original characterization famous, is prompt, when the actor appears in a new guise, to recognize everything, however insignificant, which is familiar, and consider it evidence of his lack of versatility, without giving him credit for the many instances wherein that very gift of versatility is shown most clearly. Shallowness of this kind is to be expected on the part of the general mass of theatergoers, who never think of the means so long as the result is pleasing, and care more for the personality of the player than for his art; but is surprising when exhibited in the judgment of persons professing themselves to be thoughtful observers. And yet there is nothing more common in the current dramatic criticism of the day than the tendency to pronounce general condemnations of the work of even the most competent actors on the score of their "mannerisms," without vouchsafing any consideration to artistic merits which atone handsomely for many minor defects.

It is plain that in many cases the word "mannerism" is used without the least comprehension of the only meaning which it can have legitimately in dramatic criticism. An actor, being after all only a man, cannot be blamed because he does not possess supernatural attributes. It is manifestly impossible for him to change at will the physical characteristics which nature gave him to distinguish him from his fellow mortals. His figure, his carriage, his speech, his features, although they may be greatly disguised by theatrical device, impose certain arbitrary limitations in the way of impersonation; and to hold him artistically responsible for these would be just as reasonable as to denounce him for not having been born somebody else. The reproach of "mannerism" is not, therefore, necessarily applicable to the actor who fails to conceal his own identity (for that identity may be, and often is, exquisitely appropriate to the stage character; but to the actor who, through ignorance, incapacity, or conceit, is the slave of violent, absurd, and inartistic habits, which are foreign to his natural behavior, and

are displayed in every character he undertakes, from *Romeo* to *Caliban*.

There have been few more delightful examples of the art of the skilled comedian in this generation than that furnished in the *Caleb Plummer* of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, witnessed in the Union Square Theater. Nevertheless, many of the critics of the daily press, while admitting its charm and its effect upon the spectators, found fault with it because it reminded them at times of *Rip Van Winkle*, and reproduced certain little tricks of Mr. Jefferson's own manner. It would have been almost miraculous if it had not; and yet, as a matter of fact, this performance is no less remarkable for the versatility which it displays than for its extraordinary mastery of theatrical resource. That in it Mr. Jefferson occasionally awakens reminiscences both of *Rip* and of himself is indisputable; but what then? No actor ever did or ever will attain artistic eminence, without embodying in his best impersonations some of his own personal characteristics, for the simple reason that only men of strong individuality (in one direction or another) and with marked personal or mental traits can ever hope to comprehend or express the emotions, whether of joy or sorrow, which impart life and reality to the dramatic fiction. It does not follow at all that the great actor, either in tragedy or comedy, should be dominated by the emotions which he simulates,—this, indeed, is not commonly the case,—but simply that there must be in his own nature a chord which is capable of stirring in response to the feigned joys or woes to be portrayed. If any one, after witnessing Mr. Jefferson's *Caleb*, will take the trouble to read carefully Dickens's beautiful little story of "The Cricket on the Hearth," he will find a striking illustration of the truth of this theory in the radical difference between the author's conception of the old toy-maker and the actor's exposition of it. There is not a trace in Mr. Jefferson's *Caleb* of the dull, vacant, hopeless depression which the novelist paints with so pathetic a touch. He has not the dull eye and vacuous manner which tell of a spirit crushed by perpetual and remediless misery, because there is not in the comedian himself any sympathy with this particular phase of human nature. His own temperament is buoyant, hopeful, placid, and sunny, and he naturally—it might be said, necessarily—invests *Caleb* with some of his own brightness and humor. He effects this, too, without robbing the part of any of its exquisite pathos. He even heightens the color of the picture by the artistic employment of contrast. The scene with the blind *Bertha* and *Tackleton* would not be half so touching and suggestive as it is, if the pitiful anxiety and wistful tenderness of *Caleb* at this juncture were not emphasized by the memory of the childlike mirth and simple gayety of his meeting with *Peerybingle*, in the preceding scene. This old man, so ragged, cold, and timid, with his grateful appreciation of a kind word,—his bustling, nervous efforts to be of some assistance,—his beaming smile, playing around the pinched and drawn old lips,—his bright eye, now beaming with merriment, now eloquent with love or commiseration,—is a creation so absolutely human and real that, for the moment, all sense of the wonderful skill which creates the illusion is lost.

The full extent of that skill may be appreciated best by comparing this study of *Caleb* with that of

Rip, and noting, not the occasional intonation, the curious little gasp, and other trifling points common to both impersonations, but the radical differences which exist between them. These are to be found, not in the variety of costume only,—the only pretense of versatility afforded by the ordinary hack-actor of the day,—but in the man himself, in his walk, in his gestures, in his carriage, in his address, in his voice, and in his laugh. The only constant point of resemblance between the two men is in the matter of age. In all other respects they are as opposite as the poles. There is nothing in common between the reckless and shameless, if fascinating, jollity of *Rip* and the sweet, unselfish, indomitable cheerfulness of *Caleb*, or between the methods which throw a glamour of poetry and romance about the forlorn and forgotten reveler and those which are so infinitely pathetic in the case of the old toy-maker. On the one hand, a detestable character is endowed with irresistible charm by the sheer force of poetic imagination; and on the other, a nature of a type at once the simplest and the highest is portrayed with a truth which is as masterly as it is affecting. There is nothing in “*Rip Van Winkle*” more touching than those scenes where *Caleb* listens while *Dot* reveals to *Bertha* the story of his noble deceit, and where he recognizes the son whom he deemed lost in “the golden South Americas.” The play of emotion on Mr. Jefferson’s face at the moment of recognition, as wonderment, doubt, and hope are succeeded by certainty and rapturous joy,—his deprecatory, spasmodic action as he turns away from what he evidently fears is a delusion of the senses,—and his final rush into the arms of his son,—are triumphs of the highest kind. Here the actor is lost in the fictitious character, and the simulation becomes an actual impersonation, which is the highest possible dramatic achievement.

It would be easy to dilate, if space permitted, on the beauty of the merely mechanical as opposed to the spiritual part of this performance. The fineness of the finish, noticeable in all Mr. Jefferson’s creations, is equally remarkable in this. The minutest “business” is transacted with a neatness and precision which could not easily be surpassed. Nowhere is there a sign of premeditation or design; all is done simply, naturally, and without strain. The methods employed are those of comedy, and he never once permits himself to fall into extravagance except in his manner of kissing *Tilly* at the fall of the curtain. The indiscretion here is small perhaps, but it is a blot on a most delightful picture, which ought not to remain. It is only in works of the rarest excellence that the smallest blemishes are serious.

This impersonation would place Mr. Jefferson at the head of contemporary comedians if he had never been seen in other parts, and is an unanswerable proof, if any were needed, of the great range of his powers. It would be pleasant to say something of other recent achievements of the player who is now renewing the victories of a quarter of a century ago—of his *Bob Acres* and his *Golightly*; but the time does not serve, and nothing remains but to express the hope that it will not be long before he introduces some more portraits from his unrivaled gallery.

J. Ranken Towse.

Jefferson Davis and General Holt.

IN THE CENTURY for November is an article, “The Capture of Jefferson Davis,” by Mr. Burton N. Harrison. The following phrases and sentences are to be found in this article: In a note by the author, on page 136 of the magazine: “* * * The scheme of Stanton and Holt to fasten upon Mr. Davis charges of a guilty foreknowledge of, if not participation in, the murder of Mr. Lincoln.” And in the text, on page 145: “Stanton and Holt, lawyers both, very well knew that Mr. Davis could never be convicted on an indictment for treason, but were determined to hang him anyhow, and were in search of a pretext for doing so. * * * To have been a prisoner in the hands of the Government of the United States, and not to have been brought to trial upon any of the charges against him, is sufficient refutation of them all. It indicates that the people in Washington knew the accusations could not be sustained.”

Now, I can safely leave the defense of Secretary Stanton to abler pens than mine. But I hold—contrary, I know, to the usual opinion—that the dead, whose time of action is past, stand less in need of vindication than the living. Therefore, I wish to speak as to the charges made by Mr. Harrison against General Holt; yet not with my own mouth; for it strikes me that the fitting answer to them is found in General Holt’s own statement concerning another matter, published within the month, but before Mr. Harrison’s paper was given to the public.

General Holt, in this statement (a reply, in the form of a letter published in the “Philadelphia Press,” under the date of October 8th, to an attack upon him by the ex-conspirator, Mr. Jacob Thompson), speaks as follows concerning the actions of a certain Sanford Conover, first known to the General and the public as a witness in the trial of the assassins of President Lincoln (though Conover’s testimony concerned not those conspirators executed for that crime, but others who were never brought to trial):

“In July, after the trial, Conover addressed a written communication to me from New York, of which the following is the opening paragraph:

“‘NEW-YORK, July 26, 1865.

“‘BRIG.-GEN. HOLT:

“‘*Dear Sir*: Believing that I can procure witnesses and documentary evidence sufficient to convict Jeff. Davis and C. C. Clay of complicity in the assassination of the President, and that I can also find and secure John H. Surratt, I beg leave to tender the Government, through you, my services for these purposes. * * *

“On the second of August following,” General Holt continues, “another letter to the same effect, but more urgent, was received from him [Conover], and, after a conference with the Secretary of War, with his full approval the proposal was accepted, and Conover entered on the fulfillment of his engagement. Some six or seven months were occupied in this, and after all the witnesses produced by him—none of whom were known to me—had been examined, and their depositions filed in the Bureau of Military Justice, Conover, under the supervision of the Secretary of War, was allowed a compensation, which, with what he had previously received, was deemed just, and no more, for his services,—such sums as were required for the attendance of the witnesses themselves having been before paid out from

time to time. Conover himself gave no deposition. In this there was no departure from the course habitually pursued by all the departments of the Government. * * * At this time, nothing had occurred to excite the slightest suspicion of Conover's integrity in all that he had done, or in the credibility of his witnesses. Some time afterward, two of these witnesses, conscience-stricken, came and confessed that they had sworn falsely, having been suborned to do so by Conover. Investigation satisfied me that they were sincere in their avowals, and without delay appropriate action was taken. A prosecution was set on foot against Conover, and he was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for perjury and subornation of perjury, and on the margin of all the reports made by me on the depositions of the witnesses he had produced, an indorsement was made, stating that the depositions were withdrawn and had been discredited. * * * Fortunately, this most guilty deception was discovered so soon that neither the reputation nor the sensibilities of anybody had suffered by the temporary credit given to it."

Had General Holt been maliciously determined to have the life of any one, would he have acted thus? Of course not. He showed himself in this affair, as always, a most honorable, high-minded, and just man.

The Secessionists will never forgive him, because, being a "Border man,"—a Kentuckian by birth,—he chose rather to remain true to the Union than to join them. But no loyal person will make this a ground of complaint against him.

Loyalist.

The Influence of Christ.*

WHO, after the Evangelists, will venture to write the Life of Jesus? This deprecatory question of Lessing has not prevented, during the last three or four decades, the composition of numerous biographies of him whose career is depicted inimitably by the Four Evangelists. Germany has been most prolific of these works. France has produced one excellent book of this class, "The Life of Jesus," by Pressensé, and another famous writing, of a critical and distinctive cast, the "Vie de Jésus" of M. Renan. Even Scotland, where the abstract discussions of theology have still the strongest fascination, has made its contributions to this species of biographic writing. It is easy to see how the minds of men are drawn away from the problems of dogmatic theology, such as predestination and free will, and fastened on the wonderful personality of the Founder. The attention is drawn away from the circumference to the center. It is remarkable that this vivid interest in the question, "What think ye of Christ?"—this concentration of thought on the Person who gives to Christianity its being,—is simultaneous with a widespread tendency, rife in all the empirical schools, to make little of personality and personal force, and to make everything of general causes and impersonal forces as determining the current of history. The one-sided character of this

last tendency, in its undervaluing of the significance of persons, and of the mysterious personal agency which is not to be resolved into anything merely physical or distinct from itself, is specially manifest when the attempt is made to explain the origin of the Christian religion. Here the great originating cause is a Person. Nothing in his environment suffices to explain him. Nothing in his antecedents or circumstances accounts for the appearance, then and there, of an individual so transcendently gifted, and predestined to exert so transforming an influence on human society.

Akin to the tendency which leads men to dwell on the history of Jesus, and to gather up all that can be ascertained respecting him, is the disposition to trace the stream of consequences which have flowed from his life, teaching, and death. In the mist of critical conjecture which is thrown over certain portions of the Evangelical narratives, and the doubts which afflict many minds, it is a relief to contemplate the verifiable results of the work of Jesus among men. Not a few derive their profoundest impressions of his ineffable power and excellence from a close survey of the history of Christendom. The growth of the grain of mustard-seed, the spread of the leaven, have a reality and impressiveness which the most skeptical minds are capable of recognizing. It is one of the best services which a work like the "Gesta Christi" of Mr. Brace renders that it gives the reader a fresh idea of the energy, the beneficent energy, that resides in the religion of Christ, and emanates from him, account for it as one may. Mr. Brace's work confines itself to the various forms of philanthropy in which the influence of Christ is directly traceable. He dwells on the mitigation of the excessive paternal authority which prevailed in the ancient world; the elevation of woman under the benign and pure teaching of the Gospel; the sanctity thrown around marriage and the domestic hearthstone; the melting of the chains of the bondman; the abolition of cruel and brutal sports, like the contests of the arena; the increased tenderness for children, compared with the practice and spirit of antiquity; the abandonment of the private wars which prevailed in the feudal ages; the discarding of torture and the reform of criminal jurisprudence; the substitution of arbitration for war, and the astonishing mitigation of the horrors of war which the spirit of humanity in modern times has introduced, etc. The effect of such a discussion depends, of course, on the interest that belongs to the illustrative facts. One sees from such a broad survey that there has been steadily operating a subtle and powerful influence which, when followed back, leads to the Cross of Christ. The truth of the sacredness of humanity, of the dignity and worth of every human soul, be its outward condition never so humble, obtained then a permanent lodgment in the human heart. There it has been living and acting with an increasing efficiency. Thus human society becomes more and more Christian. Christ is seen, not in visible form, but in his spirit, incorporated into men's thoughts and lives.

* *Gesta Christi*; or, A History of Human Progress under Christianity. By Charles Loring Brace. New York: A. C. Armstrong.

George P. Fisher.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

An Evening with Burns.

Suggested by a lecture on Burns by the Rev. Principal Grant,
of Queen's University, Kingston, Jan. 23, 1880.

WITHOUT, the "blast of Janwar wind"
About the building seemed to linger,
That, on a wintry night "lang syne,"
"Blew hansel in" on Scotland's singer.

Within, we listened, soul attent,
To tones attuned by tenderest feeling;
The music of the poet's soul
Seemed o'er our pulses softly stealing.

We saw again the plowman lad,
As by the banks of Ayr he wandered,
With burning eyes and eager heart,
And first on Song and Scotland pondered;

We saw him, as from Nature's soul
His own drew draughts of joy o'erflowing:
The plower's voice, the brier-rose,
The tiny harebell lightly growing,

The wounded hare that passed him by,
The timorous mouse's ruined dwelling,
The cattle cowering from the blast,
The dying sheep her sorrows telling,—

All touched the heart that kept so strong
Its sympathy with humbler being,
And saw in simplest things of life
The poetry that waits the seeing!

We saw him, 'mid the golden grain,
Learning the oldest of romances,
As first his boyish pulses stirred
"A bonnie lassie's" gentle glances.

We saw the birk and hawthorn shade
Droop o'er the tiny, running river,
Where he and his dear Highland maid
Spoke their farewell—alas, forever!

There be the poet's wish fulfilled,
That summer ever "langest tarry,"—
For all who love the singer's song
Must love his gentle Highland Mary!

Alas! that other things than these
Were written on the later pages
That made that tortured soul of his
A by-word to the after ages.

For many see the damning sins
They lightly blame on slight acquaintance,
But *not* the agony of grief
That proved his passionate repentance.

'Twas his to feel the anguish keen
Of noblest powers to mortals given,
While tyrant passions chained to earth
The soul that might have soared to heaven.

'Twas his to feel in one poor heart
Such war of fierce conflicting feeling
As makes this life of ours too sad
A mystery for our unsealing;—

The longing for the nobler course,
The doing of the thing abhorrent,—
Because the lower impulse rose
Resistless as a mountain torrent,—

Resistless to a human will,
But not to strength that had been given,
Had he but grasped the anchor true
Of "correspondence fixed wi' heaven."

Ah well! he failed. Yet let us look
Through tears upon our sinning brother,
As thankful that we are not called
To hold the balance for each other!

And never lips than his have pled
More tenderly and pitifully
To leave the erring heart with Him
Who made it, and will judge it truly.

Nay, more, it is no idle dream
That we have heard a voice from heaven:
"*Behold, this heart hath loved much,
And much to it shall be forgiven!*"

Agnes Maule Machar.

The Summer Girl.

No more she'll stroll by moonlight this year upon
your arm;
She's gone to study Latin in a spot well fenced
from harm.

How cool her muslins somehow seemed,—she always
brought a breeze;
And how short she made the evenings in those
walks beneath the trees!

I must say it to her credit that she never lost her heart,
Nor in any piece of acting ever failed to know her part.

For she laughed at jokes, no matter how old and
stale and bad,
And she thought the present company the best she'd
ever had.

Then she gave us all her photograph, each the first
she ever gave:
"Would the recipient please be silent on the sub-
ject as the grave?"

But her art was quite transparent, and as harmless
as the sun,
And the misanthrope who shunned her did but lose
a heap of fun.

So, old fellow, ere we separate to join the winter
whirl,
Let's drink a parting bumper to that jolly summer
girl.

W. H. A.

The Way of It.

THE wind is awake, little leaves, little leaves,
Heed not what he says—he deceives, he deceives :
Over and over
To the lowly clover
He has lisped the same love and pledged himself
true,
As he'll soon be lisping and pledging to you.

The boy is abroad, dainty maid, dainty maid,
Beware his soft words—I'm afraid, I'm afraid :
He's said them before
Times many a score,
Ay, he died for a dozen ere his beard pricked
through
As he'll soon be dying, my pretty, for you.

The way of the boy is the way of the wind,
As light as the leaves is dainty maid-kind :
One to deceive
And one to believe—
That is the way of it, year to year,
But I know you will learn it too late, my dear.

John Vance Cheney.

I Wonder what Maud will Say !

DEAR Harry, I will not dissemble,
A candid confession is best ;
My fate—but alas, how I tremble !—
My fate I must put to the test :
This morning I gathered in sadness
A strand from my locks slightly gray ;
To delay any longer were madness—
I wonder what Maud will say !

The deed it were well to do quickly,—
Macbeth makes a kindred remark :
I wonder if Mac felt as sickly
When he carved the old king in the dark !
The fellows who marry all do it,
But what is the usual way ?
Heigho ! don't I wish I were through it !
I wonder what Maud will say !

Pray advise. Would you fix up a letter
With rhymes about roses and trees ?
To tell it perchance would be better :
Alas, must I get on my knees ?
No ; kneeling is now out of fashion
Except in a novel or play.
Ah, love is a Protean passion !
I wonder what Maud will say !

Would you give her a pug or a pony,
A picture or only a book ;
A novel—say Bulwer's "Zanoni,"
Or a poem—"Lucile," "Lalla Rookh" ;
Bonbons from Maillard's, or a necklace
Of pearls, or a mammoth bouquet ?
By Jove ! I am perfectly reckless—
I wonder what Maud will say !

Shall I speak of the palace at Como
Which captured the heart of Pauline ?
There's a likeness of Claude in a chromo ;
Would you buy it and practice the scene ?
But no ! I'm no Booth, nor an Irving ;
My fancy has led me astray.
To a lover so true and deserving
I wonder what Maud will say !

Could I warble like Signor Galassi,
In passionate song I would soar,—
I recall she applauded him as he
Serenaded the fair Leonore ;
My strain should resound love-compelling,
Far sweeter than Orpheus' lay ;
Already my bosom is swelling—
I wonder what Maud will say !

Shall I tell her my love very gravely,
Or propose in a moment of mirth,
Or lead to the subject suavely,
And mention how much I am worth ?
Old fellow, I know I shall blunder ;
When she blossoms as bright as the day,
My wits will be dazzled. Oh, thunder !
I wonder what Maud will say !

Samuel Minturn Peck.

Good-bye.

WE say it for an hour or for years ;
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears ;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss ;
And yet we have no other word than this,—
Good-bye.

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end,
And scars our soul with going ; thus we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way,—
Good-bye.

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more in parting. At life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond Earth's sight,
We cry as to the wanderer for a night,—
Good-bye.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

Apophisms from the Quarters.

DE price ob your hat aint de medjer ob your brains.
Ef your coat-tail cotch a-fire, don't wait tell you kin
see de blaze 'fo' you put it out.

De grave-yard is de cheapes' boardin'-house.
Makin' new law-books don't swell de natchul hon-
esty in folks.

Dar's a fam'ly coolness 'twix' de mule an' de s'in-
gle-tree.

It pesters a man dreadful when he git mad an' don't
know who to cuss.

Buyin' on credit is robbin' nex' 'ear's crop.
Chris'mas widout holiday is like a candle widout a
wick.

A fat tramp better change his bizniss.
A bull-dog is a po' jedge o' coat-tails.
De craw-fish in a hurry look like he tryin' to git dar
yistiddy.

'Tis hard for de bes' an' smartes' folks in de wul' to
git 'long widout a little tech o' good luck.

Lean houn' lead de pack when de rabbit in sight.

J. A. Macon.

Strephon and Sardon.

"YOUNG Strephon wears his heart upon his sleeve,"
Thus wizened Sardon spake with scoffing air :
Perhaps 'twas envy made the gray-beard grieve,
For Sardon never had a heart to wear.

R. W. G.



HEAD OF A MAN, BY REMBRANDT.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH, BY AD. BRAUN & CO., PARIS, OF PART OF A PAINTING IN THE MUSEUM OF THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG.

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GUSTAVE COURBET, ARTIST AND COMMUNIST.

It is a lovely, unvisited region,—unvisited by Americans and English at least,—the ancient province of Franche-Comté. Lying upon the eastern limits of France, its hills divide the streams of the through-routes, the travel toward the Rhine going to the north, the travel to Switzerland passing by on either hand; so that the greater part of the region still remains unknown to the tourist,—a sort of water-shed of travel. But the new railway from Besançon to Locle will soon change that. Already, from the sweet valley of the Doubs, the parting genii have been sent, and construction trains are rolling to and fro upon the very face of those romantic precipices. As yet, however, the only tourist who has made a book about this region is Miss Betham Edwards, with her pleasant "Holidays in Eastern France." Two summers ago I found a new route into this land of hills. From New York I took the new and in every way excellent line of steamers direct to Bordeaux; and thence, a cross-lot route through central France, stopping overnight, or longer, at Périgueux, Tulle, Clermont-Ferrand, Paray-le-Monial, and Bourg, and so to Besançon, the ancient capital of the ancient province.

Province, of course, it has not been for many a year, at least administratively and cartographically. The old division is still convenient for several purposes; but the modern maps of France do not often mark other political divisions of the country than those of 1792 into departments. The ancient Franche-Comté is distributed into three—the Haute-Saône and the Doubs, named from their rivers, and the Jura, named from its mountains. The two last-named departments border upon Switzerland; from the nearest point of the French boundary, in the Jura, Geneva is distant scarcely twice the range of modern

cannon-shot. These four thousand square miles of mountain, valley, meadow, and forest form one of the most beautiful regions in France or in Europe. The Jura and the Doubs are Courbet's country.

Ornans, in the Doubs, was the painter's birthplace. The little stone-built village stands in the valley of the Loue, a stream that slips down between grassy banks to the Doubs, and so to the Saône, and so to the Rhone, and so to the Mediterranean. What an inland place is Ornans! what woodland glades are there, what still haunts and romantic *combes*,—small deep valleys, walled in by green turf on three sides, and without water-courses. It is a region of magical beauty. Ornans is a place for Keats to have been born in, or Claude. Victor Hugo was born a few miles away, under the citadel of Vauban, in Besançon. But it was quite out of keeping for the rude-striding figure of Gustave Courbet, the iconoclast artist, to appear in that vale of Rasselas, Ornans in the Doubs.

There, however, with nature's too frequent disregard of the proprieties, Courbet was born (June 10th, 1819), and there still reside the survivors of his father's family and his oldest friends. Among the latter his name is not yet "rehabilitated." For them, and indeed for most Frenchmen, Courbet is less an artist than a vandal. After the events of the Commune, his friends turned upon him. A painter notorious rather than distinguished in France, and little known outside of France, an agitator and a Communist, he achieved infamy by destroying works of art when he found that he could not win fame by creating them,—this, or something like it, is the substance of the judgments you will hear from his countrymen to-day. Ornans is visited by many artists, who seek to fix the visionary

beauty which generally eluded the sturdy, realistic art of Courbet; but his birthplace is not a shrine for his countrymen, who more than most other people seek to do honor to the memory of those whom they consider worthy.

Let us ask how much of his countrymen's censure is deserved by the painter of Ornans; and for the better answering, let us not take sides in the quarrel which still goes on respecting his merits as a painter and as a man. It is the vice of criticism to reduce itself to terms of praise and blame. Is it not better to study Courbet neither as a praiseworthy nor a blamable, but simply as an interesting person?

Courbet's father was an independent farmer, and an uneducated man except in his own business. He had a relative in the University of Paris, a law professor; but Courbet *père* was chiefly acquainted with the soil, the changes of crops, the spots where the wine and the fruit would ripen best; he had personal acquaintance, after the pottering way of French farmers, with every quince and peach in his orchard. He was well to do; and, like most French farmers, he was contented; he was satisfied with his life and his position. If, now, he could only have been induced to take interest in the affairs of the rest of the world,—say in European politics or in American progress! But the French farmer is painfully narrow; he persists in understanding his own things, in caring for his own things, and in caring but little for the things of other people. He is content to be prosperous and happy at home; and he shows a sad apathy to the claims of politics and literature. That eminent critic of Bœotia, Dr. Samuel Johnson, used to say that the Athenians were "brutes" because they had no newspapers. The French farmer has his newspaper, but he cares less for the news than for the regular installments of the *feuilleton*. Love of the soil and of the home is his deepest feeling,—a narrowness for which he is commiserated by most of my countrymen. Yes, it is a sad thing to be contented and happy! Yet we may remark that the French farmer has at least this much of good fortune: he does not spend his life in merely hoping to be, at some future time in this world or the next, contented and happy.

From such stock came Gustave Courbet,—himself a man of quite different qualities. He inherited one trait, of which I have not spoken,—a certain willfulness that had stood more than once in the way of his parents' own interests, and came in part from their possession of independent means. On the Courbet farm one may see, or might have seen last September a year, an unusual thing in

thrifty France; to wit, a large pile of fire-wood decaying in the open air. The nearest neighbor of the Courbets, Dr. C——, told me that years ago the old farmer had cut the wood to sell, offering it at a certain figure. No one would give his price; and when some of the neighbors offered less, Courbet *père* was nettled. "My price or none," said he. But, the neighbors having their own mind about it too, the wood has lain there rotting ever since,—a Declaration of Independence that is years older than the French Republic.

The young artist thus came of a self-willed stock; and his own self-will was shown in a very early and a very resolute bent toward painting. He began with caricature while at school in Ornans (his first teacher was the Abbé Gousset, since a well-known cardinal). In school and out of it, he caricatured everybody—teachers, comrades, family and friends. The wife of my informant just mentioned, Dr. C——, was one of his involuntary sitters. At church he caricatured the priests and the choir-singers; he was getting his hand in for the coarse but telling assaults upon the priesthood which are among the best known of his later pictures.

As the boy grew up, his parents sent him to the college at Besançon. Here there were brief studies and long rambles among those beautiful hills and along the Doubs. When his course was finished they found him a teacher in mathematics, a Mr. Delby; but the amiable Delby secretly favored his inclination for painting. While ostensibly struggling with co-sines and other disagreeable things of that sort, he was doing the first art-work of which I have been able to find any trace; and it is curious enough. M. Auguste Castan, the accomplished librarian of the great library in Besançon, showed me, a year ago, a little book of poems, excessively rare, by Max Buchon, the first publication by that author, who became famous in his country before his death: and Buchon's venture was illustrated by his friend Courbet's first engraved work, four small vignettes. The title-page reads: "Essais poétiques, par Max B. Vignettes par Gust. C. Besançon, 1839." The vignettes are quite boyish and commonplace. "Both the pictures and the verses are bad enough to break your heart," says Max Claudet, the gifted sculptor of Salins, and an old intimate of both Buchon and Courbet. But they show the strong story-telling bent of the artist—the dominating impulse, as we shall see, in all of Courbet's work outside of pure landscape; and they show, too, his dominating trait as a man, his egotism. These distracting little vignettes (I wish they were



THE FAIR DUTCHWOMAN.

worth reproducing here) are signed in full. Other bad vignettes have been made before and since, but I doubt whether an equally intelligent artist has often set his name to work as poor as this. M. Paul Mantz, in the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts," compares Courbet to Vacca, an artist of the sixteenth century, whose epitaph, composed by himself, may still be read in the Pantheon at Rome: "Here lies Flaminus Vacca, a Roman sculptor, who satisfied himself in none of his works." The inscription supplies a contrast rather than a comparison. The fitting epitaph of the painter of Ornans would read as follows: "Here lies Courbet, a painter who more than satisfied himself in all his works."

School and college ended, what was to be done with the energetic youth? His father, as we have seen, had a learned cousin in Paris; and thither young Courbet was sent, in the year 1839, to study the learned cousin's profession of law. But law was not for Courbet, neither in books nor in art nor in life. He abandoned himself to painting and to the pleasures for which in our country Paris is chiefly reputed. He tried his hand at figure-drawing and at landscape: his first efforts in landscape date from 1841,—views in the forest of Fontainebleau. In 1842 he painted his own

portrait, and for several successive years he sent it to the Salon. Each time it was refused. But portraits of himself, more or less flattered, appear more than a few times in the course of his work; as in "The Lovers in the Country," and, notably, in "The Man with the Leather Girdle" (*L'Homme à la Ceinture de Cuir*), now No. 424 in the Luxembourg gallery. In this powerful portrait the head is too ideal for Courbet's at any time, unless, possibly, for the year or two during his college life when he studied Goethe, and even painted a scene from the "Walpurgis Night." But Courbet had as little of poetry or of the dramatic gift in his nature as any painter who ever painted; and in later years, looking on this scene as treason to his rigid doctrine of realism, he obliterated it by painting another picture over it.

Courbet's first exhibited pictures, portraits of himself and of his dogs (1844), attracted little attention. But before long his work began to tell upon the public and the critics. The "After Dinner at Ornans," in 1849, was especially noticed. In 1850 Courbet awoke and found himself famous. Two of his most important works were upon the Salon walls that year: "A Burial Scene at Ornans" (*Un Enterrement à Ornans*), and *Les Casseurs*

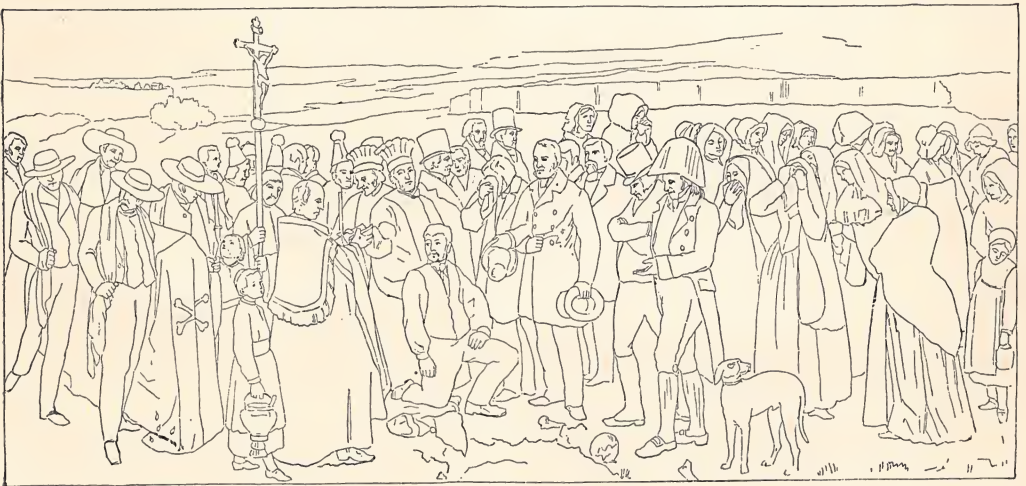
de Pierres ("The Stone-Breakers"). These works placed him at once among the men who cannot be put aside; right or wrong, here was a new force in European art. De Maistre says: "He who has not conquered at thirty years will never conquer." Is not the aphorism a little too stringent, a little too brilliant? Doubtless; yet Courbet's first pictures illustrated the aphorism. When he conquered he was not yet thirty-one.

These are strong pictures; they have great faults, too, if one judge them by any canons of perfection. Certainly I do not; I am content to take them, as other works of art, for their own merits and defects, for what they are in themselves and in their expression of their time. It is better to judge a picture by what is in it than by what is out of it. And these pictures are at least full of truth after their own kind.

The "Burial Scene at Ornans" (now in the Salle des Colonnades at the Louvre) is a "stunning stroke" of realism. Into a canvas ten feet by twenty-two are hustled nearly fifty heads and figures of life-size: you can count forty-nine and a dog. They are hustled upon the canvas, as I say. There is no composition there, no beauty of expression in the faces; but there is severe truth in the greater part of the picture, even in the details of the background landscape. The overhanging cliffs of the valley of the Loue, for instance, will recall the country to any one who knows it well. The picture is truthful, yet not wholly true:

are still living; and the portraits are quite the reverse of flattered. And one might say that even in the technique of the handling there was a pugilistic spirit. The delicate French criticism complained of a "brutality in some of the dark tones and in some of the reds"; but, on the other hand, a certain tenderness of sentiment cannot be denied to the group of women mourners who stand toward the right. This unwonted note of gentleness was welcomed by Courbet's critics; it led some of them to hope that Courbet might come to value and to reproduce in his art more delicate things than the "paint-slinger," as in their equivalent phrases they called him, had theretofore chosen to render,—some such tender beauty as that which his birth-mate in years, Édouard Frère, was already producing. But nature loves to make opposites of her twins. Frère she consecrated to tenderness and poetry, Courbet to "brutality"—so far, at least, as relates to his dealing with human sentiment. Courbet was a realist, but a narrow realist in spite of his power; for to him emotion was merely a sentimentalism, instead of a prime truth with which art is concerned. He excluded the fruitful emotions from his pictures; and this deficiency is their main demerit.

But, as if in compensation for this, Courbet had great sympathy with animals. This you feel, for instance, in that spirited "At Bay" (*L'Hallali du Cerf*). How ardently the dogs bound upon the scene, breaking out from



A BURIAL SCENE AT ORNANS.

there is a strong note of caricature in the portraits of the priests and beadles, whom Courbet hated; he has made their faces radiant with vulgarity. They, and the rest of the group, are portraits of actual persons, many of whom

every copse and cover; in what a rapture of excitement they tremble between fear of the master huntsman, who towers over them with his long whip, and dread of the wounded stag, who has already sent one of the pack to

bite the snow. Never was such a tempest of the chase, such a stirring tumult of hounds. The life and action of the work are extraordinary; the picture, in spite of more than a little bad drawing, is a fascinating one, because it is full of vitality; it thrills; its errors of execution are overlooked because it tells a story with extraordinary vividness and power.*

In the "Hallali" our sympathies go with the chase, with that excited and intelligent democracy of hunting-dogs. There is a companion picture, the antithesis of this, "The Doe Run Down in the Snow" (*La Chevrete forcée à la Neige*). It is the end of the chase; the poor creature can run or stand no longer; she has fallen breathless on her track. The hunter blows a strong blast, the horn rings out the fatal *hallali*; all four feet in the air at once, the dogs are bounding down the hill-side like demons; in a minute they will be upon her. For those last few seconds she takes her tranquil rest there in the snow.

A companion piece, "The Quarry" (*La Curée du Chevreuil*), an interesting work, in spite of faulty drawing and an inexplicable perspective, was exhibited in the same Salon (1857), and was bought by the Allston Club of Boston.

But I am a little in advance of the record. At the Salon of 1850-51, beside the "Burial Scene," another of Courbet's chief works appeared, "The Stone-Breakers" (*Les Casseurs de Pierres*). This, too, is transcribed from the life; and the figures are portraits and life-size, as if Courbet feared to lose any detail of the scene. A hard, laborious scene it is,—the true presentation of men outworn, *swinked*, in Chaucer's phrase, with labor and travail. The painting was held by the susceptible critics of the Salon to have a message, an extra-æsthetic significance. Proudhon declared that "The Stone-Breakers" signified *morality in action*; he said that certain good peasants had wished to see the painting used for an altar-piece,—in the church of the agnostics, I presume. The active intelligence of the French is continually detecting and, it must be in fairness added, continually expressing meanings in art that lie quite outside of the pictorial or technical values of the work. But through his art Courbet did not discourse as a preacher; he raised the laugh as a satirist.

During the few years immediately after 1851 Courbet painted much that seemed done less in neglect than in actual defiance of natural beauty; he created what one of his biographers calls, and not unjustly, "types of reasoned ugliness." The only exception that

I know is a portrait, "The Fair Dutchwoman" (*La Belle Hollandaise*). In this picture is presented the most refined type of beauty that Courbet ever painted. "The Spanish Lady" (*La Dame Espagnole*) has a certain degree of distinction, though the subject is not attractive. But most of his studies were made from peasant girls and women, as the *Demoiselles de Village* (1852), the *Baigneuses* (1853), and many others.

Portraits and landscapes were not wanting during this period; nor were critics wanting to labor with him in behalf of the ideal. They sought to reclaim him to a more poetical treatment of life and nature; they expounded to him the idea of archetypal beauty, etc., etc. To all of which Courbet made answer, as also to his friends who urged him to marry and to become a pillar of society, by exclaiming "*Quelle balançoire!*"*

About the year 1854 Courbet gave exhibitions of his works in Besançon, Dijon, Munich, and Frankfort,—everywhere dismaying the critics, and awaking a moderate degree of popular interest. In Munich he made the acquaintance of an artist named Leibl. Courbet could not speak a word of German, Leibl could not speak a word of French; but the two men were united by a deep love of painting and of beer. They admired each other and each other's works; and they made the round of the Munich galleries together. Neither of the comrades tried to learn the first phrase of the other's language; but they gazed admiringly together upon the great pictures, and slapped each other's backs by way of genial criticism, these interpretations being helped out by the circumstance that Leibl was a skillful mimic and pantomimist. But it was over the beer of Munich that the boon companions came to their first understanding of Munich's art. Both the Frenchman and the German were mighty drinkers; and each was no less astonished than delighted at the prowess of the other. Neither of the men had dreamed that such great qualities could exist outside of his own country. Here was true communion. Not a word was exchanged during Courbet's visit; but the two artists parted eternal friends.

In Omans I went to Courbet's favorite *café*. "Many an afternoon has he passed in that corner," said the tidy woman who kept the place; many a *bock* of beer had she brought him there; and as she mentioned Courbet's name, a sitter at another table, apparently an *habitué*, said to his companion,

* It is not my fault that this slang is not elegantly translatable. "Don't tear your shirt" is, I fear, what a New York or Chicago Bohemian would say under corresponding provocation.

* This picture, too, is in the Louvre; it is eleven by sixteen feet, and cost the government 33,900 francs.

"Courbet used to drink forty glasses at a sitting." Here, too, he would put in from time to time, like a ship in distress, to mend his tackle—a bit of twine serving to repair some accident to the contrivances of his "original" apparel. There was a boyishness in his character to the last, as in that of many another old bachelor.

At the Universal Exposition of 1855, in Paris, Courbet hung eleven pictures, and made a private exhibition of thirty-eight more. A noticeable profession of Courbet's art-creed appears in the preface to his catalogue of this private exhibition; the document, however (so his reviewers say), was touched by a friendly critic's hand before the printers saw it. He says: "I have studied ancient art and modern art, and without committing myself to any system or party. Nor have I imitated the old or copied the new. I have simply sought to nurture, through a complete knowledge of the record of art, my own intelligent and independent individuality. To know in order to achieve,—such has been my aim."

An admirable purpose; the words, too, are admirable. "Through a complete knowledge of the record of art." Alas! of that particular thing, the record of art, our egotist had least of all a sufficient knowledge; and if his knowledge had been sufficient, his temperament would scarcely the less have held him to his limited range of work.

Meanwhile, Courbet was getting well talked about,—not always quite as he would like, but still talked about; a good thing for one's immediate necessities of vanity, and a form of ambition which is common and perennial among both painters and writers. My courteous informant, Dr. C——, once asked him if he liked being abused as he was. "All those people advertise me well," was Courbet's answer. The desire to be talked about, or, as he would have put it, to be "original," was a leading trait of Courbet's character. He would not even dress well, lest he should be taken for a commonplace citizen. More than one of his old acquaintance have described to me his "original" wardrobe: two shirts, one on his back, and two pairs of socks; as for outer clothes, he seldom had any others than those he wore. "In 1864," says Max Buchon, "when cold weather came, he bought a bed-quilt from a Jew; he made a hole in the middle of it for his head; that was his winter overcoat." This was all for oddity's sake, for Courbet had abundant means to dress decently. These manners naturally gave him an odd reputation among the critics. Champfleury writes: "It is believed by some that Courbet is a wild creature, who has studied painting in the interests of his toil as a swine-herd." It

is true that Courbet had about him a good deal of the bucolic rudeness of the mountaineer and the peasant. Courbet did not *Osricize*. Even his affectations were forcible. But on the other hand, he purposely accented his own tricks and affectations, as this of rude simplicity, of playing the *montagnard*. He made himself more of a peasant than he really was. Most men have their affectations. It was Courbet's affectation to be natural. That charming man and artist, my friend M. Paul Franceschi, of Besançon, another of Courbet's old acquaintances, thus expressed the thought to me: "*C'était sa coquetterie de n'être pas coquet.*"

I have noticed Courbet's chief work of 1857. In 1858 he visited the south of France and the Mediterranean, and in the following year went to Belgium. It was a time of reserve with the artist; he put forth no work which distracted the critics. In 1861 he had them all by the ears again. The cause was his important picture, the "Stags Fighting" (*Rut du Printemps* or *Combat de Cerfs*)—a title which I would paraphrase "The Struggle for Existence." A stirring scene, an *arcnum* of nature, is revealed upon this spacious canvas; but much of its merit is necessarily lost in the engraving. All painting does not lose in engraving, but most paintings do; the paintings of Courbet lose more than most others. His strongest point, technically, was color; his weakest points were drawing and composition; it must be added, however, that he professed at least to despise composition. Engraving, then, necessarily reproduces not the essential merit, but the essential faults of his work. As an apostle of realism, Courbet did not hesitate to make the leading lines in the "Fighting Stags" fall into an arrangement of rhomboidal figures; one cannot avoid remarking the parallel lines, the equal acute angles that are formed by the legs of the animals. But in the painting you scarcely notice this; you are deep within the ancient wood, the dark green forests of the Jura deepen beyond, the cool stream flows down from the heart of the glade; and, in contrast, the fury of the conflicting stags is given, and the flight of the mortally wounded creature that tosses up its head in agony. We are present at a woodland mystery, and far more really present than when we read the poets and essayists who falsely tell us that the "spirit of nature" is a spirit of rest and peace.

There are great faults of handling in the work; there is also great power. The mere critic sees nothing but its handling. But what, for instance, would Blake's art be if we looked to the handling only? In every feature of his technique Blake was cruder than Courbet, and Martin was more accom-



THE MUSICIAN.

(ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE PAINTING BY COURBET IN THE POSSESSION OF ERWIN DAVIS.)

plished than either; but Martin's "Belshazzar" and all other extant Martins are forgotten, because Martin did not build on truth. Blake and Courbet must be remembered for their truth—for the spiritual realism of the one, for the material realism of the other.

I may add that Courbet has not neglected to paint repose. "The Hay-makers' Noonning" (*La Sieste*) is one of his best examples of a pastoral scene.

In 1862 Courbet was urged to admit students to his studio. He declined to do this; it would have been too conventional a thing, at least to open his studio formally. For a short time, however, he gave "advice" to students, and a cow was quartered in his studio for a model. Except for the advantage of this cow, it is hard to make out the difference between Courbet's advising and the routine privileges of any other master's studio. During the following year Courbet exhibited at his studio, because it was refused at the Salon as a libel upon religion, the work by which I dare say he is better known than by any other—the "Priests Returning from the Conference" (*Retour d'une Conférence*). The satire of it is extremely coarse and telling, and all the more so in Courbet's country because the story is substantially a true one; the figures depicted are portraits of which I could name the originals. Several of them, indeed, are still living. It is the custom of the clergy to meet at stated times at one another's houses, both for social and professional purposes; and in this case there was a good cellar, and the genial *cures* drank too much. One does not often see tipsy folk in France, least of all among the clergy. Thirty years ago, both in Europe and in America, it was the fashion to drink more than is drunk now; but even then the occurrence was rare enough to cause scandal, which Courbet remembered as such and caricatured in his painting. One of the *convives* was too "mellow" to walk, and the rest of the company actually propped him upon a donkey, as set forth in the picture. It is full of telling points. One remarks especially the peasants at the left of the consecrated oak-tree; the husband is convulsed with laughter, but his wife, though in dismay at the scene, has fallen on her knees from the old habit of reverence to the priest. Courbet painted three companion scenes to this picture, still more vulgar caricatures of the priests and their failings. Their injustice is the common injustice of caricature of manners—the effort to make an unusual incident or accident appear as the usual course of things.

I have mentioned the best known of Courbet's paintings; but we need not try to follow in detail the long catalogue of this prolific

artist's work. We have now reached the most fortunate period of his life, his culminating time,—from 1860 to the year of the Commune. Let us follow him back from his Paris studio into his beloved Franche-Comté on his summer tours. He made frequent visits to Ornans. The son of one of my informants lived directly opposite to his studio; the two houses are the first that you come to on entering Ornans by the road from Besançon. The young man was very fond of music; the father, Dr. C——, intended him to study medicine; Courbet urged him to give up all for music: "You have a talent for music, as I have for painting; give up all for music." "But my father?" said the young man. "Your father is a *vieille ganache*" (an old imbecile), said Courbet. Dr. C——'s eyes twinkled as he told me this. I asked him, "What did your son do?" "He studied medicine," said Dr. C——. But art was not forgotten in the doctor's house. The open piano is still in the parlor; and every summer painters come for his permission to paint the hills of Ornans from his balcony.

The gifted sculptor of Salins shall describe one of these summer episodes of artist life. Max Claudet was the youngest of the joyous trio who wandered in the deep valley of the Lison. I translate from his brochure, "Souvenirs de Courbet" (Besançon, 1880):

"One day in 1864 Buchon said to me, 'They tell me that Courbet is at Nans. You ought to go and find him, and bring him down to spend a few days with us.'

"It was the end of September; and September is the finest month in our mountains of the Jura. The country was alive with a swarm of vintagers.

"I set out at ten A. M. with one companion. We went afoot; it would be sacrilege to ride through a country so unspeakably lovely that you have to pause at every other step to admire great nature.

"Nans is a wonderful place; it is a corner of Switzerland strayed into the French Jura. The road finds its way thither through a wood; first the village appears, with its beautiful houses; then the Saracen's Grotto, a niche among the rocks, worthy of the Lago di Maggiore; then the source of the Lison, and the Creux-Billard, the wildest of cascades. It is the region that now is full of artists during the season of good weather; Courbet, indeed, in good part set them the fashion.

"We found him at the inn, just finishing his dinner.

"'You have come for me, then?' said he. 'The diable! but I have a picture to paint this afternoon,—the source of the Lison. You want us to leave at five o'clock? Well, there is time enough, but I can't fool around any. You sit down and eat; I will go on ahead with Jerome, and you shall come on after me!' Jerome was a handsome donkey that Courbet had provided, with a little wagon, to carry all his artist 'traps' when he went on his painting excursions near Ornans.

"I confess that I was somewhat incredulous as to the birth of a landscape which should be begun at two o'clock and finished by four. However, we lost no time in following Courbet. It is two kilometers from the inn to the outpouring fountain of the river. There we found the painter installed upon a level spot,

facing the torrent-spring; the canvas was upon the easel; Jerome was grazing philosophically by his side.

"A high wind was blowing. Just as we arrived upon the scene the easel blew over; and, to make matters worse, one of the forks of the easel was forced through the canvas.

"That's nothing!" said Courbet. He set up his apparatus again; he smeared some pigment upon the torn place; he stuck on a piece of paper, and said: 'You won't see anything.'

"We were standing before a great cliff of many-colored rock; a forest crowned its summit. A vast cavity, like the nave of a church, opens in this cliff; its roof is sustained by rock pillars. From the depths of the chasm pours a stream of blue water, as cold as that which flows from glaciers. It falls in a cascade to the base of the cliff, and thence takes its way down the valley, bathing the foundations of the houses in Nans, the scene of the first love of Mirabeau and Sophie.

"Courbet stood before this beautiful scene, a black canvas at his side; it was still untouched, except for the torn place. We secured his easel as well as we could, with a wagon-frame and with heavy stones, so that the master could begin without fear of further mishap.

"It surprises you that my ground is black?" said he. 'Nature is dark without the sun. I do as the sun does. Bring out the lights, and the picture is done.'

"He had a box containing tumblers filled with colors,—white, yellow, red, blue. With his knife he mixed them upon his palette; then, still with his knife, he began to cover the canvas; his strokes were firm and sure.

"Let me see you paint rocks like those with a brush," said he,—'rocks rusted in long veins from top to bottom by time and flowing water!'

"He painted in the water in the same way; the *ensemble* of the picture began to appear. 'A few trees here, some green grass in the foreground, and we shall soon be done,' said he; and his knife was running constantly over the canvas.

"At four o'clock the picture was actually complete: the hand of the master was in it, and his strong inspiration. We were stupefied by this swiftness of execution. Hardly two hours to cover a canvas more than a yard square!

"Now," said Courbet, 'en route for Salins!'

"All the traps were put into the little wagon; the picture was firmly secured behind; Jerome, who appeared vexed at this interruption of his dinner, was harnessed up, and we started. At the village we brought another donkey to the aid of Jerome, because the road is up-hill for nearly four miles. We followed on foot, watching the donkeys, who did not behave very well.

"When we got to the top of the hill we sent back the duplicate donkey. We had now an equal distance down-hill before us, and Courbet said, 'Now let us ride.'

"You should have seen us three in that wagon. We were crowded like herrings, for Courbet filled a good large place. Our donkey trotted along slowly; night fell; we were nearly in sight of Salins. The road is constructed upon giddy ground; the mountain rose up straight on our left hand; on our right was the profound gulf of a ravine.

"In this situation we met an ox-cart, weighted with an immense tun of the new vintage. We kept to the right, the outside, in order to get by. To our horror, Jerome took fright, and set off at full gallop.

"Courbet pulled the reins violently. The left rein broke. The right rein pulled the donkey's head over the precipice. Donkey, painter, passengers, wagon, and all, began to go over; it was an awful moment. Happily, the two hind wheels of the machine caught upon the stone parapet of the road, and held us hang-

ing. We scrambled out; we hauled back the donkey, the wagon, and the picture. Long after night-fall we got safely back to Salins. But none of us got into that wagon again!

"That picture remained with Buchon until his death. Then Courbet took it. Where is it now? I do not know. If its owner chances to read these lines, he will know the history of it."

It is a charming episode; and M. Claudet adds that Courbet, who came to Salins to remain a week, was still there after three months had passed away.

Here is another picture from those fortunate years before the trouble came,—a scene near Paris this time. Max Claudet will let me borrow once more, I am sure, from his charming "Souvenirs":

"I shall never forget a dinner that we had together one beautiful spring day, in the country near Paris.

"Our party met at the railway station at half-past one. Max Buchon and I were among the first on the ground; then came Champfleury with Castagnary and Courbet. The latter brought a spectacled young man with him, armed with a large umbrella, whom he introduced as M. Vermorel.

"We got off at Chatou, and walked to Bougival; there Courbet decided that we should get a better dinner at a hostelry on the Seine, opposite to the charming islet of Croissy; so we walked thither by the river-side, following a path that was traced lightly on the green grass. Courbet talked about painting.

"Arrived at our inn, he ordered dinner. We sat down. In the midst of our *festa* Gambetta came in. The future minister chatted a moment with us, then returned into the neighboring room.

"It was a merry dinner. Courbet told the funniest stories of Franche-Comté. The afternoon sped quickly in such company; in the evening we returned to Paris.

"To wind up the day properly, we went to a *braserie*. There we met Chaudey, the advocate, who argued, with his usual fire, that the artists were all fools,—men who hadn't enough wit to associate themselves for their mutual benefit, as even the shoe-makers do. Vermorel, as great a ranter as he, opposed him; Courbet fretted at being prevented from talking about his beloved painting; and Buchon stroked his mustache,—his habit whenever he was wearied of a discussion.

"Alas! what somber days were to come between these companions, then so droll and so merry!

"If a voice had spoken to us then and there, designating each one of the company: 'You, Chaudey, you will be shot by your own partisans! You, Vermorel, you will die upon a barricade in the midst of Paris, the city blazing and running with blood, and a hundred thousand Germans applauding! You, Courbet, will bid farewell to the arts, and go to die in exile! You, advocate of Cahors, you are to be Minister of War; you are to struggle in vain against the enemy, and to escape from Paris in a balloon [and, we may now add, to die prematurely, a full generation before your time]! And you, Buchon, who are so strong, so robust, always ready to sing the old songs of the Franche-Comté, you will not see all that—you will be dead the first!'—Ah, well; if a prophet had said that to us on that day, we should have dined less gayly, and even Courbet would have had an indigestion."

Then came the war, the invasion of Courbet's country; the German troops made of Courbet's studio a stable for mules, and kicked

their boots through his pictures on the walls. Let us glance at the later scenes of this active life. Courbet was no less a radical in politics than in religion, and from a similar love of oddity; but radicals of this cast are never devoted reformers. Reform implies reconstruction; but destruction is an easier work, and Courbet's most famous act was the destruction of the Vendôme Column.

In France and out of it the act provoked a storm of criticism. Why did he pull down



GUSTAVE COURBET. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CARJAT & CO.

the Column? "In the interest of European peace," was Courbet's own professed defense. "In the interest of high art, to which the Column was a flagrant offense," said Courbet's friends. But I fear that Courbet did not have either the interest of the arts or of humanity very deeply at heart. There were other motives; the desire of notoriety, even the desire of money, was not absent. I am able to contribute something to the story of the destruction of this Column,—a story that has been discussed at great length, and with great heat, never fully told.*

* M. Castagnary has recently sought to rehabilitate his old friend in the esteem of the French. He argues that Courbet was not responsible for the destruction of the Column, by pointing out that he was not a member of the Communist committee who

It was no new idea of Courbet's. During the Commune he posted placards invoking destruction upon the Column, because it perpetuated the memory of so many French victories. Why record in eternal brass the humiliation of Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Swiss, and other good people? The Column, in short, he said, was a standing offense to the good-fellowship of European nations. This appeal was surprisingly humanitarian, considering the moment—that of the profound humiliation of his own country, his *patrie*; and it was, in any case, a little out of keeping, one would think, as addressed to the men of the Commune—a class of persons not eminent for humanitarian sentiment.

After the Column was pulled down, his friends took the other line of defense, as already noted. They said that the Column was a bad work of art; never was more atrocious taste; the sight of it galled the delicate sensibility of Courbet, and of other similarly organized persons. It was, in short, in a righteous rapture of iconoclasm that he threw it down; it was the logical consummation of his love of high art, and is not the love of high art an excellent thing?

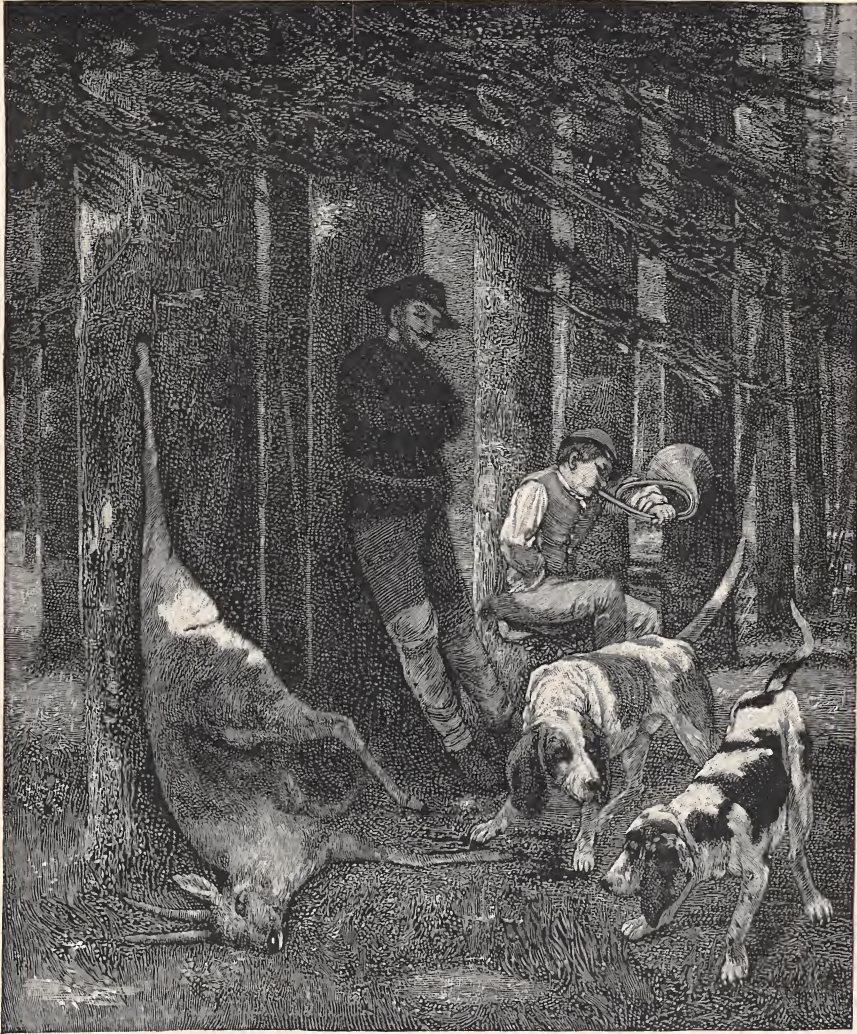
Doubtless; yet this claim, again, seems a little inconsonant with what we have seen of the man who scorned the ideal, and whom his best friends described as a *montagnard*, a "mountaineer."

A more genuine clew to Courbet's motives in destroying the Column was given me by Max Claudet. Though a younger man by some fifteen years than Courbet, he was one of his intimate associates during many years, and they were much in each other's studios; and years before the Franco-German war Courbet used to talk about the Vendôme Column. "You can quote me for the fact," said Claudet to me in his mountain studio in September, "that Courbet repeatedly told me, as much as ten years before the war, that he would like to destroy the Colonne Vendôme."

"And why?" I demanded. "Was it because of his devotion to high art, as his friends said? or because he regarded the Column as an offense against the friendship of nations, as he said himself?"

"For neither reason," answered the sculptor. "What Courbet more than once said to me was this: 'It took a vast quantity of bronze to build the Colonne Vendôme; it is very valuable. How I should like to pull it

ordered it to be thrown down until some days after the thing was actually done. He was none the less the inspiring spirit of the affair. It will be hard to prove that Courbet was not Courbet.



THE QUARRY.

ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD, FROM THE PAINTING OWNED BY HENRY SAYLES, ESQ., NOW IN THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

down for the sake of the bronze that it contains!' Would you believe," said Claudet, "that Courbet actually supposed that the Column was made of massive bronze?"

On the 16th of May, 1871, at a quarter after four in the afternoon, the Vendôme Column, previously undermined by the masons, yielded, but only after many efforts and slowly, to the strain of powerful windlasses. It came down with a great crash, filling the adjacent streets and squares with dust. An immense crowd was in attendance; they saw Napoleon's statue roll headless in the débris. The Commune was suppressed; all of its leaders who had saved their lives were brought to trial. On the 3d of the following September, Courbet was duly sentenced to six months' imprison-

ment for destroying the Column, and to restore it at his own expense. The heavy cost of this was paid in part, and on Courbet's death his devoted sister, who had the Gallic dread of pecuniary dishonor to her family, assumed the remaining debt; which, however, was canceled by the Government. They restored the Column: they could not restore to the French mind the idea which fell with it,—that military glory is the first glory of a nation. Courbet unbuilded better than he knew when he threw the Column down. But his good time was over. Then followed sickness, neglect, the horror and aversion of his friends and countrymen, and voluntary exile to Switzerland. Courbet went to a little place near Vevay, Tour-de-Peil by name; it is not far from the bound-



PULLING DOWN THE VENDÔME COLUMN.

ary of the Jura; he painted a little there, but not much. November 18, 1877, his pictures were sold in Paris, or "slaughtered" rather, toward the payment of his fine; they brought only twelve thousand one hundred and ten francs. On the 31st of December following Courbet's troubled life had ended.

An exhibition of nearly two hundred of Courbet's works was held in the summer of 1882 in the *École des Beaux-Arts*, in Paris. There it was to be seen that in one important sense Courbet was a born painter. He had the unappeasable instinct of creation; he would paint anything, down to a broomstick, and call it good. Let us be thankful for the

"natural truthfulness" of his landscapes and his animals.

But in another sense he was not a painter at all, at least outside of his landscapes. In all his other work he was a story-teller. He did not paint for the sake of painting; neither for beauty's sake, nor even for the sake of the unbeautiful, like so many of our young realists, American and English, who are sated with beauty, and so devote themselves to Our Lady of Ugliness. Courbet cared for neither; he was a born story-teller and satirist, and he painted to tell stories and to satirize. As he once said, he was the "preappointed historian of the priests." He told stories of all kinds with the

brush. As pure art, his works have little value outside of their color. But they have a sturdy material verity. They are free from self-consciousness, and they tell us much about the French country and country life of our time. It is unfortunate that he took up, as over-willful men are apt to do, with a coarse theory, in his case the theory of a narrow realism in painting.

He had one of the characteristics of dilettante art: he never learned to draw thoroughly well. But, in its spirit, in its results, his work was virile, not dilettante. Dilettante and amateur work in general tells us more about the artist than about the object represented; it even describes the whims of his inner consciousness, which are dearer to many contemporary painters and poets than anything in the outer world, the world in which the true artist mainly lives. But it was egotism, and not dilettantism, which appeared in Courbet's work throughout. His faults as a painter were those of his temperament—coarseness of nerve-fiber, and consequent egotism. Courbet was in love with himself to a degree seldom exemplified. "As a matter almost of consequence, he had little sentiment or poetry in him, and that little he sought to exclude from his work. M. Silvestre says well of his landscapes: "They are true, but they express only the material truth of nature. They do not express her vast and mysterious aspects." Even of his own works his criticism was coarse; he could not tell his better from his poorer work. "*Il n'avait pas conscience* [critical insight] *sur ce qu'il avait fait*," said one of his old friends to me, speaking with the frankness which the truest friends permit themselves to use in France.

Courbet's art, of course, was the outcome of his character; not indeed of the visible traits only—but the art and the character hung together. A rude, masculine energy, a

ruling egotism, were at the foundation of his nature; but his abounding animal spirits made these traits more tolerable than they are in less abundant natures. He had an overflowing physical life, warmth and vivacity of feeling, energy of mind and body, and a sort of boyish freshness about him. Was he a good companion? Not always; that excessive self-love stood in the way. He was anything but catholic as regarded his intellectual companionships. He avoided his superiors; he did not get along very well with his equals; his inferiors were more to his taste,—a sure mark of deficient intellectual nobility. Courbet lived in a time of superior men, but he numbered few of them among his friends. Ste. Beuve was one of the few; it was the friendship of the sturdiest and one of the subtlest minds in France. They were drawn together by the frequent attraction of entirely opposite temperaments; they enjoyed each other's natures, and profited by each other. But in general Courbet did not show in his friendships any faculty of ascending fellowship; he preferred the descending fellowship with his flatterers. Of these, in Paris, a body-guard of some twenty or thirty was commonly in his train. He was like the chess-player who refuses to learn from an opponent stronger than himself. This egotism led him to the exhausting life of the *cafés*; too much beer and his heavy troubles broke that doughty form and rude mind at last. We may look upon him more gently than his countrymen can do. "*Comme homme, il n'a pas laissé un souvenir très regretté*" ("As a man, he is not very kindly remembered"), said one of his old fellows to me in the Jura. But with all his errors, he was an original and interesting figure in a passionately interesting time and society. With all his faults, and with all the faults of his work, it was still worth while for Courbet to have lived and painted.

Titus Munson Coan.





P. H. Miercand

LIEUT.-GENERAL SHERIDAN.

HANNIBAL, having been sent into Spain, from his very first arrival drew the eyes of the whole army upon him. And there never was a genius more fitted for the two most opposite duties of obeying and commanding, so that you could not easily decide whether he were dearer to the general or the army; and neither did Hasdrubal prefer giving the command to any other when anything was to be done with courage and activity, nor did the soldiers feel more confidence and boldness under any other leader. LIVY, B. xxi.

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN was born March 6, 1831, in the village of Somerset, Perry county, Ohio. He lived there continuously until he was seventeen years of age. His father was a contractor for the construction of various important roads at the West, and spent most of his time away from home. Young Sheridan lived with his mother and went to the village school, where he learned reading, writing, spelling, English grammar, arithmetic, and geography. This was all the education he received until he entered the Military Academy at West Point. He was, however, an attentive student of history, and especially of military history and biography; military matters indeed filled his mind, and his dream was always to become a soldier. There seemed, however, little prospect of this, and as soon as he was able to do anything for himself he entered the country "store" of Mr. John Talbot, in Somerset, at a salary of twenty-four dollars a year, his home being still with his mother. In due course he was promoted to a situation in another "store," where his pay was sixty dollars, and finally arrived at the point where his services were worth one hundred and twenty dollars a year. For this sum he acted as book-keeper, and managed what, for the time and region, constituted an extensive trade. He had never been ten miles from the place of his birth until he was sixteen years of age; then he was sent occasionally, for his employers, distances of sixteen and eighteen miles, but this was the extent of his travel.

During all this while the future general-in-chief had not neglected his books, and he was well up in all the English studies already mentioned; but he still kept his mind bent on a military career. A vacancy occurring at West Point when he was seventeen, Sheridan applied to the member of Congress from his district for the appointment. The answer inclosed his warrant as cadet, and directed him to report at West Point, June 1, 1848. He brushed up his spelling and grammar, and passed his preliminary examinations without trouble. When he entered the Academy he knew nothing of algebra, geometry or any of the higher branches of study. But cadet

Henry W. Slocum, since major-general of volunteers and member of Congress from New York, was his room-mate. Slocum was an industrious, hard-working student, and from him Sheridan derived much assistance, especially in the solution of knotty points of algebra. The two boys were very much in earnest, and after taps, when the lights were put out and every cadet was expected to remain in bed, Slocum and Sheridan were in the habit of hanging a blanket over the window, and then lighting their lamp and pursuing their studies. At the first examination Slocum went up toward the head of the class, and Sheridan stood several files higher than he had expected with his disadvantages.

In 1852, in his graduating year, he had some trouble of a belligerent sort with another cadet, which resulted in his suspension. He thought at the time the punishment was unjust, but riper experience convinced him that the authorities were right and he was wrong. He was suspended for a year, after which he joined the class of 1853, and in this he was graduated. He was at first assigned to the First Infantry, but soon afterward was transferred to the Fourth.

He was not long in developing the traits which have since made him famous. In 1856 he was stationed in Washington Territory, and while there was engaged in defending the Cascades of the Columbia River against Indians. At one point the enemy were posted on an island, and the troops were obliged to land under heavy fire; but Sheridan took a little force down the stream unperceived by the Indians, crossed the river, and got around in their rear, and by this maneuver rendered the success of his command practicable. He was especially commended in orders by General Scott for this achievement, which not only foiled the savages in their own strategy, but was the exact device he afterward employed in several of his most important battles on a very much larger scale.

When the war of the Rebellion broke out, Sheridan was on the Pacific coast, but found his way eastward as soon as possible; for he snuffed the battle from afar, and was from the

first heart and soul for the Union. In May, 1861, he became a captain, and in December was appointed Chief Quartermaster and Commissary in Southwest Missouri, on the staff of Major-General Curtis. The service at that time and in that region was, in some respects, in a deplorable condition. Many officers of high rank were concerned in dealings not at all creditable. Valuable property of the region was regarded as a private prize, and much that was ostensibly taken for the use of the quartermaster's department was really secured in the private interest of high officers. Sheridan, as chief quartermaster, determined to put a stop to these proceedings. He prohibited the use of government wagons for private purposes whatsoever, and required that all horses and mules taken from the country should be immediately branded U. S. This brought him into collision with many officers, and he was directed to rescind the instructions he had given his subordinates. He protested, but in vain; and feeling that his usefulness would be impaired by a course which tended to demoralize the officers of his department, he applied to be relieved from duty with General Curtis's army. This request was shortly afterward complied with, and, reporting at St. Louis, he was assigned by General Halleck to another field.

In April, 1862, Halleck assumed command in person of the army in Tennessee, taking Sheridan with him on his staff. Shortly afterward the colonelcy of one of the Michigan regiments fell vacant, and the Governor of the State wrote to Halleck to name a good man for the post; it was immaterial whether he was from Michigan or not, so that he was an educated soldier. Halleck at once nominated Sheridan, who thus received his first command, as colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. He participated in several engagements during the advance on Corinth, and on the 2d of June was given command of the Second Cavalry Brigade of the Army of the Mississippi.

On the 1st of July he was attacked at Booneville by a force at least forty-five hundred strong, and at once displayed the qualities of steady determination and fertility of resource in emergencies for which he was afterward so preëminent. After a stiff resistance he fell back to an advantageous position on the edge of a swamp, where he could hold the assailants at bay. Finding, however, that the enemy was passing around his left and threatening his camp, he determined to make a bold dash on the right and convert the defense into an offensive movement. Selecting four of his best saber companies, he sent them several miles around the enemy's left to attack

in rear and flank, while he was to make a simultaneous charge in front.

The plan worked admirably. The four companies appeared suddenly in the enemy's rear, not having been seen till near enough to fire their carbines, and, having emptied these, they charged with drawn sabers on the astonished enemy, who doubtless took them for the advanced guard of a very much larger force; for it was not to be supposed that so small a body would have the audacity to throw themselves against a force of forty-five hundred men without the promise of speedy support.

Before the enemy could recover from the confusion of this attack they were fiercely charged by Sheridan with his remaining handful of men, and, utterly routed, fled from the field. This engagement, in which two small regiments of cavalry defeated nine, won for Colonel Sheridan his first star,—his commission as brigadier-general dating from the battle of Booneville. Those who study his after career will find numerous examples of the same peculiarities so strikingly illustrated in this his earliest independent fight.

The reputation he acquired by this affair made Sheridan known to all his superiors at the West. Halleck, Rosecrans, H. G. Wright, and Gordon Granger all recommended his promotion. Several expeditions in which he was engaged still further developed his powers; and when Halleck was transferred to Washington, leaving Grant at the head of the Western army, the new commander fully appreciated his subordinate. In September, 1862, the situation of Buell in Kentucky was such that Grant was ordered to reënforce him. Grant selected some of his best troops for the purpose. He was superintending the movement himself when he perceived Sheridan at the head of his command, about to march. "What!" exclaimed Grant, "are you here, Sheridan? I did not intend that you should leave this army." He had not remembered that the colonel commanding a brigade in reality belonged to the Second Michigan Cavalry, and had purposed to keep a man whose ability he so highly esteemed in his own command. But Sheridan had no desire to remain. He had been ordered to the field where fighting was most imminent, and he said nothing to Grant to induce him to change his destination. Grant was a little touched at this indifference, and Sheridan went on to join Buell. Neither suspected then how close and intimate their relations would become in the wider spheres that awaited them.

Arriving at Louisville, Sheridan was assigned to the command of a division, and with this force constructed in a single night the whole series of rifle-pits from the railroad

station in Louisville to the vicinity of Portland, a distance of five or six miles. In October he accompanied Buell in his advance against Bragg, and on the 8th of that month he bore a conspicuous part in the battle of Perryville, holding the key-point of the position, and successfully defending it against several attacks of the enemy. Hardee repeatedly charged him with fixed bayonets, but was invariably driven back in disorder from the open ground in front of the heights where Sheridan was posted.

He remained in command of a division in the Army of the Cumberland until the battle of Murfreesboro, in which he sustained four separate attacks, and four times repulsed the enemy, when his ammunition became exhausted, and he was compelled to fall back from his original position. Even after this he engaged the advancing enemy, recapturing two pieces of artillery, and absolutely routing the force that had driven him. For his conduct in this battle he was made major-general of volunteers, on the recommendation of Rosecrans.

He participated in the march on Chickamauga, and on the 2d of July arrived at the Elk River, but found the stream so swollen by recent and heavy rains as to be impassable. He thereupon turned the head of his column and marched it parallel with the river till he discovered what seemed to be a practicable ford. But the enemy was guarding it with a cavalry regiment; the stream was waist deep, and the current was quite too impetuous for infantry to pass unaided; it would have separated and swept away his column. In this emergency Sheridan's invention came to his aid, and a device worthy of Hannibal indicated the genius of the Union commander. He first drove the enemy from the opposite shore, and after a sharp skirmish crossed his cavalry. A cable was next stretched across the river, by the aid of which the weak men of the division were passed. The remainder of the command was then formed in solid phalanx to resist the stream. With muskets and cartridge-boxes on their shoulders, and their hands resting on the knapsacks of the rank in front, they went in with a cheer, supporting each other, and the entire division crossed the deep and rapid stream without the loss of a man.*

In the battle of Chickamauga, Sheridan shared the terrible fighting and the disasters of the army. He was on the extreme right on the second day, and entirely disconnected

from the remainder of the command. At eleven o'clock he was directed to move to the left to the support of Thomas; and, while marching at the double quick to carry out the order, he received an overwhelming assault, and was driven back three hundred yards. In the meantime he was receiving the most urgent orders to throw in his entire command; and, rallying his men, he drove the enemy in his turn, inflicting immense slaughter, and regaining the line he had originally held; but the enemy had strong supports and Sheridan none, and he was driven back again. But the assailants showed no disposition to follow up their advantage, and Sheridan had learned positively that the divisions on his left had also been driven, so that he was completely cut off. He therefore determined to connect himself with Thomas by moving back on the arc of a circle until he was able to form a junction. But the enemy moved parallel with him, and arrived first at the point at which he was aiming. Sheridan then moved quite around in the rear of Thomas, and at last came in on his left flank. Shortly after, the whole command was retired.

Sheridan's part of this disastrous battle was fought under the most disadvantageous circumstances. No time was given to form line of battle, he had no supports, and one division contended against four or five. His command numbered four thousand bayonets, and he lost ninety-six officers and one thousand four hundred and twenty-one private soldiers. He did his best to beat back the furious storm which so nearly destroyed the army, and never displayed more stubborn courage or military skill in a subordinate sphere than on this terrible day.

Hitherto his fighting had all been on the defensive. He had served under unsuccessful soldiers, and his ability was directed rather to efforts to repel and resist than to those more congenial to his nature—to assault and advance. These were to find their scope and opportunity under Grant.

The battle of Chattanooga, two months later, redeemed that of Chickamauga, and in this it fell to Sheridan to lead a division in the famous charge on Missionary Ridge. The situation at Chattanooga was simple, and can be understood by the most unmilitary reader. The town lies on the south bank of the Tennessee, with a vast plain extending toward the hills in front and on either side. On the right is Lookout Mountain, rising abruptly two thousand feet, while the southern limit of the plain is Missionary Ridge, so called by the Indians, who allowed the missionaries to pass no farther. Grant was in possession of Chattanooga, and the enemy held Missionary Ridge

* The Spaniards, without making any difficulty, having put their clothes in bags of leather, and themselves leaning on their bucklers placed beneath, swam across the river.

and Lookout Mountain. On the 24th of November Sherman carried the hills at the end of the ridge on the left, and Hooker stormed the works on Lookout Mountain. Thomas had already moved out from Chattanooga to a point in front of the center of the ridge. Sheridan held the extreme right of Thomas's command. Grant's plan was to move Sherman and Hooker simultaneously against the enemy's flanks, and, when Bragg was weakened or distracted by these attacks on right and left, to assault his center on the ridge. The movements on either flank occurred. Sherman's attack was very vigorous, but the enemy were obliged to maintain the point in his front, for it commanded their trains and their only possible line of retreat. Bragg, therefore, reinforced heavily from the center, and when Grant perceived this movement he ordered Thomas to assault.

Thomas's command consisted of four divisions, with Sheridan, as already stated, on the extreme right. The center of his division was opposite Bragg's head-quarters on Missionary Ridge. The ground in his front was, first, open timber; then, a smooth and open plain, the distance across which, to the first line of the enemy's rifle-pits, varied from five hundred to nine hundred yards; next, a steep ascent of about five hundred yards to the top of the ridge, the face of which was rugged and covered with fallen timber. About half-way up the ridge was a partial line of pits, and, last of all, the works on the crest of the mountain.

While Sheridan was making his dispositions to attack, the enemy's regiments could be plainly seen moving to the still unoccupied rifle-pits on the summit, their blue battle-flags waving as they marched. As he rode in front of his line to examine the works, which looked as if they would prove untenable if carried, a doubt arose in his mind as to whether he had understood his order, and he sent an officer to ascertain if it was the first line only that was to be carried, or the ridge itself. Grant had intended to carry the works at the foot of the ridge, and, when this was done, to reform the lines in the rifle-pits, with a view to carrying the top. But Sheridan's aide-de-camp had scarcely left his side when the signal was given, and the division rushed to the front under a terrific burst of shot and shell. Nevertheless, it moved steadily on, Sheridan in front of the line, and, emerging from the timber, took up the double-quick step and dashed over the open plain and at the enemy's first line with a mass of glittering bayonets that was irresistible. Many of the enemy fled; the remainder threw themselves prostrate before the assaulting line and were either killed or captured, and the national

troops rushed over. The three brigades had reached the first line of pits simultaneously. The enemy's fire from the top now changed from shot and shell to canister and musketry.

At this moment Sheridan's officer returned and brought word that it was the first line only that was to be carried. He first reached the left of Sheridan's command; and one brigade on the left was accordingly withdrawn to the rifle-pits which they had already crossed. The officer then rode up to Sheridan himself with the order, but the attack had by this time assumed a new and unexpected phase. Sheridan saw that he could carry the ridge, and he could not order officers and men who were already gallantly ascending the hill, step by step, to return. He rode from the center to the left, and saw disappointment on the faces of the men who had been withdrawn; he told them to rest for a few moments, and they should "go at it" again.

Meanwhile the right and right center were nearly half-way up the hill, and approaching the second line of pits, led by twelve sets of regimental colors. First, one flag would be advanced a few feet, then another would come up to it, each vying with the other to be foremost, until the entire twelve were planted on the crest of the second line of works. Now came another aide-de-camp to say that the original order had been to carry the first line; but that if, in Sheridan's judgment, the ridge could be carried, he was to take it. Sheridan's judgment was that Missionary Ridge could be carried, and he gave the order. "When I saw those flags going up," he said to me, in describing the fight, "I knew we should carry the ridge, and I took the responsibility." The men obeyed with a cheer.

Thirty pieces of artillery now opened on the assailants with direct, plunging, cross, and enfilading fire, and a tempest of musketry from the still well-filled rifle-pits on the summit; but the men put their faces to the breast of the mountain to avoid the storm, and thus worked their way up its front, till at last the highest crest was reached. Sheridan's right and right center were the first, being nearest. They crossed at once to Bragg's head-quarters, but the rebel chief had fled. The contest, however, was maintained for several minutes, when the enemy was driven from his artillery, and guns and supports were captured together. Whole regiments threw down their arms, others fled headlong down the further slope, the national soldiers not waiting to reload their pieces, but driving the enemy with stones. Before the entire division had reached the crest, the disorganized troops of Bragg could be plainly seen, with a large wagon-train and several pieces

of artillery, flying through the valley below, within a distance of half a mile.

Sheridan, however, had no idea of resting upon his laurels. The victory was gained, but the results must be secured. He at once directed two of his brigades to press the flying rear-guard and capture their wagon trains and artillery. Nine guns were speedily taken; but, about a mile beyond the ridge, the road ran over a high and formidable crest on which the enemy had posted eight guns, supported by a large infantry force. Sheridan at once rode to the front with a couple of regiments, and found the advance contending against greatly superior numbers, the men clinging to the face of the hill, as they had done a few hours before on Missionary Ridge. It was dusk, but he determined to flank the enemy with the fresh regiments he had brought. In order to accomplish the flanking movement, a high bluff, where the ridge on the left terminated, had to be carried. When the head of the column reached the summit of this hill, the moon was rising from behind, and a medallion view of the column was disclosed as it crossed the moon's disk and attacked the enemy, who, outflanked on right and left, fled hurriedly, leaving two pieces of artillery and many wagons behind. "This," says Sheridan in his report, "was a gallant little fight."

One hundred and twenty-three officers and eleven hundred and seventy-nine men of the division bathed Missionary Ridge with their blood. For one and one-eighth miles, emerging from the timber, and crossing the open plain, the troops were subjected to as terrible a cross fire of artillery and musketry as any in the war.

It was Sheridan's conduct during this battle and the pursuit, which inspired Grant with the supreme confidence he always afterward felt in his great subordinate. This was the first time that Sheridan had fought immediately under the eyes of Grant, who has often told me of the impression made on him by Sheridan's determination to advance up the mountain, his gallantry in leading the charge, and, quite as much as either, the remorseless energy with which he pursued the routed enemy. This last trait is most uncommon even with brilliant soldiers; for many are apt to sit contented with an incomplete victory. In this very battle more than one of Sheridan's superiors displeased or dissatisfied the chief by a willingness to rest before the fruits of success were all secured; but Sheridan never displayed this fault; and on this occasion he earned the advancement which he afterward received, and which gave him the opportunity to achieve what has made him world-re-

nowned. At Chattanooga he really did as much as in any other battle to earn the generalship of the army.

Only two or three months later, Grant was made general-in-chief of the armies, and determined to take command in person at the East. He was dissatisfied with the results accomplished by the cavalry in Virginia, and was talking with the President and the Secretary of War of his designs. "I want," he said, "an active, energetic man, full of life, and spirit, and power." Halleck, who was present, inquired: "How would Sheridan do?" "The very man I want," said Grant, and telegraphed for him that hour.

But, with the ignorance of the future that besets us all, Sheridan was unwilling to leave. He had won his laurels at the West; he had fought only with Western troops; success at last seemed opening there, and he was loth to change his sphere and come to untried men and unknown theaters. Of course, he was too good a soldier to express unwillingness, but the honors pressed on him by Grant were all unwelcome; and he left the West with regret to enter upon those fields where he was destined to gather so splendid a harvest of renown.

When Sheridan took command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, it numbered from ten to twelve thousand effective men, and was employed to encircle the infantry and artillery with a picket line which, if continuous, would have stretched out nearly sixteen miles. This was a use of the force which Sheridan disapproved. It was shortly after dispensed with, and the horses instead were nursed for the coming campaign. It was Sheridan's idea that cavalry should fight the enemy's cavalry, and infantry the enemy's infantry. He thought, too, that he perceived a lack of appreciation of the power of a large and well-managed body of horse. This power he was destined himself to display in a striking manner in the events of the following year.

He participated in the battle of the Wilderness, opening a way for the movement of the various columns, crossing the Rapidan in advance, and guarding the trains and the left of the army. This battle was fought on the 5th and 6th of May, 1864; on the 7th Sheridan again led the way to Spottsylvania, fighting the battle of Todd's Tavern to clear the road for the infantry. On the 8th he was sent for by Grant, and received orders to go out and engage the rebel cavalry; and when out of forage, of which *he had half rations for one day*, he was to proceed to the James River, sixty miles away, and replenish from Butler's stores at Bermuda Hundred. This was carry-

ing out Sheridan's own idea that cavalry should fight cavalry. The details of the movement were left to himself, and he at once determined to march around the right of Lee's army, and put his command, before fighting, in a region where he could find grain. There he believed that the enemy's infantry would not molest him, and he felt fully able to contend with Lee's cavalry.

This plan was executed. He moved his three divisions on a single road, making a column thirteen miles long; "for," he said, "I preferred this to the combinations arising from separate roads—combinations rarely working as expected, and generally failing, unless subordinate officers are prompt and fully understand the situation": a maxim which, coming from a master of the art, is worthy commemoration. He soon came into a green country where, as he expected, he found supplies, and also destroyed immense quantities of grain and ammunition intended for Lee.

The enemy's cavalry, under Stuart, at once started in pursuit, and threw themselves between the national forces and Richmond; but their leader unwisely divided his command, sending a large party to attack Sheridan in rear. He, on the contrary, threw his principal strength against the force which attacked him in front, and fought the remainder with a small rear-guard. He was completely successful; the enemy were beaten front and rear. Stuart was killed, and Richmond itself exposed to the victorious troops. A reconnoitering party indeed dashed over the outer works of the town.

It was no part, however, of Grant's design that Sheridan should enter Richmond at this time. He could not possibly have held the place, and though Jefferson Davis and his Congress were greatly alarmed, the cavalry leader obeyed his orders and turned his column eastward. He was now between the Chickahominy and the James, and as soon as the enemy ascertained that Sheridan had no intention of attacking Richmond, they came out in force to assail him. The bridges on the Chickahominy were destroyed and had to be rebuilt under fire, while the enemy were advancing on the other side from Richmond. But the opposition in front was repelled while the work on the bridges continued, and a severe encounter in the rear also resulted favorably for Sheridan, who then proceeded to the James River and went into camp. After resting three days he set out to return to Grant. The enemy molested him again, and at a point on the York River he once more found the bridges burned. But he sent out mounted parties, each man to

bring back a board, and made the river passable in a day. In sixteen days from leaving the army he rejoined it at Chesterfield.

The skill and pluck he had displayed in this expedition, eluding the enemy when it was necessary, attacking and beating him at the right moment, destroying stores, burning and building bridges with almost equal facility, greatly delighted Grant, and amply justified that general in the choice he had made of a cavalry commander.

During the remainder of the Wilderness campaign, the cavalry was engaged in the battles of Hawe's shop, Totopotomoy, and Cold Harbor, and always satisfied the expectations of the general-in-chief, whether in active battle, or on the march, or in the strategic maneuvers of the campaign.

On the 6th of June Sheridan was ordered to proceed with two divisions to cut the Virginia Central Railroad near Charlottesville, and, if possible, unite with General Hunter, at that time moving up the Valley of Virginia. Another object of the maneuver was to entice the enemy's cavalry from the Chickahominy during Grant's contemplated passage of the James. The latter part of the scheme was entirely successful, for the greater portion of Lee's cavalry set out to follow Sheridan, and the Army of the Potomac achieved its difficult passage of the James without molestation or hinderance. Eight or ten miles of the railroad were also destroyed by Sheridan, after a smart battle at Trevillian's station, in which the enemy was driven off in a panic; but at this time Sheridan learned that Hunter had moved in a different direction from that proposed, and the junction between the two commands became impracticable. He accordingly returned to Grant. When near the James River, a cavalry force attempted to obstruct him, but he placed his trains at the rear, and threw out his troops toward the enemy, fighting heavily in front, while the trains under cover of the battle marched safely by.

In July Sheridan took part in the movements around Deep Bottom, preliminary to the explosion of Burnside's famous mine. He was sent to the north bank of the James with Hancock, to distract the attention of the enemy while the real movement against Petersburg took place on the opposite side of the river. His force was attacked by a large body of infantry, and at first he was driven back over a ridge; but he made his men lie quickly down in line of battle about fifteen yards behind the crest, and, when the enemy reached this crest, he opened fire with his repeating carbines, and the assailants gave way in disorder. The cavalry followed them over the plain, capturing two hundred and fifty men,

besides those that they killed and wounded. In this affair, which is known as the battle of Darbytown, the cavalry repulsed a superior force of infantry, a circumstance most unusual in recent war.

The enemy, as Grant had hoped, was completely deceived by the long front presented by Hancock and the cavalry, and supposed that nearly the entire army had been moved to the north side of the James. Lee therefore transferred a large body of his own troops to oppose them, thus leaving a way open for the national advance on the southern side.

The object of the movement being accomplished, Hancock was moved back to the river, near the bridge-head; but, to continue the deception of the enemy, Sheridan during the night sent one of his divisions to the opposite bank of the James, first covering the bridge with moss and grass to prevent the tramp of horses being heard, and at daylight marched it back again on foot in full view of the enemy, to create the impression that a large and continuous movement to the north side was still going on. On the second night Hancock was withdrawn to take part in the engagement expected to follow the mine explosion. Sheridan was directed to follow and withdraw by brigades from the right, successively passing them over the bridge. This movement was one of extreme delicacy, as, after Hancock had crossed, the space at the mouth of the bridge, occupied by Sheridan, was so circumscribed that an attack by the enemy in force might have resulted in the annihilation of his entire command. The whole operation, however, was successfully executed, and every point made; but it was attended with such anxiety and sleeplessness as to prostrate nearly every officer and man in the command.

From May to August Sheridan had lost between five thousand and six thousand men, killed, wounded, and missing; but he captured more than two thousand prisoners. In his marches he had been obliged to live, to a great extent, off the country; his hardships were great, but the men endured willingly under a leader who shared alike their dangers and their toils. He had already made them know that he led them to victory, and had aroused that feeling which enables a commander to take his troops whithersoever he accompanies them. His cavalry had indeed fought the enemy's cavalry. He had always been the attacking party, and had achieved almost constant success. The enemy's force he believed superior to his own; but their spirit diminished daily, while that of his command increased. All this was apparent to Grant, who was now in want of a commander

for one of his independent and most important armies.

After the advance of Early upon Washington in 1864, the greatest alarm and confusion prevailed at the national capital. The Government was disturbed, the people of the North mortified, and apprehensions for the safety not only of Washington and Baltimore, but even of Philadelphia, were rife. Grant was in front of Richmond, and Halleck, the ranking officer at Washington, declined positively to take any responsibility. At no time during the war did the prospect of disaster seem closer or more imminent. Grant had been for weeks urging that a single and competent commander should be opposed to Early; but his suggestions were unnoticed, and he finally started himself for the north, having previously ordered Sheridan with two divisions of cavalry to the same field. He went directly to the front, not stopping at Washington on the way, and then, without consulting the Government, put Sheridan in command.

His orders were to protect the capital, to drive Early back, and to hold and strip the Valley of Virginia, which had afforded supplies so long to the enemy, so that it never again should be a base or a granary for Lee's soldiers. "Put yourself south of the enemy," said Grant, "and follow him to the death." After laying down these general aims, he added: "I feel every confidence that you will do the best, and will leave you as far as possible to act on your own judgment, and not embarrass you with orders and instructions."

For nearly six weeks the new commander moved cautiously about at the entrance to the Valley. He was unwilling to fight until he could get Early at a disadvantage, and till he should receive whatever reinforcements Grant could allow him. His operations, besides, were a part of the great strategy in which all the armies were involved, and he was sometimes obliged to move in accordance with necessities hundreds of miles away. Still, the general control of his army was his own. He corresponded daily with the general-in-chief, and the two were in perfect accord. The country meanwhile was impatient, and the enemies of the Government at the North made the most of the delay. Sheridan was pronounced another failure, and the capital was said to be still in danger. But Sheridan was not to be forced inopportunely or while unready into battle.

Finally, Grant paid him another visit, near Winchester, to decide, after conference with his lieutenant, what order should be made. As before, he went direct from his own army to Sheridan, without consulting the Government. Sheridan he found ready for battle. The

enemy were weakening their force, and he felt able to contend with the remainder. He had, however, never commanded so large a body before, and in fact had never been at the head of an independent army, and he says in his report: "I was a little timid about this movement until the arrival of General Grant, who indorsed it." Grant, on the other hand, informed the writer of this article that he had a plan of battle for Sheridan in his pocket; but he found him so ready to advance, so confident of success, and his plans so matured, that he gave him no orders except the authority to move, and hurried away lest the credit should be given to him for the success he foresaw, and not to Sheridan. On Friday he asked Sheridan if he could be ready by Tuesday, and Sheridan replied he would be ready by daylight on Monday.

On the 17th of September Early unwisely divided his command, sending two divisions to Martinsburg, twenty-two miles away. Sheridan at once detected this blunder, and determined to attack the enemy in detail. Early, however, learned that Grant had been with Sheridan, and therefore concluded that he would be speedily attacked, and ordered back his detachment. Sheridan nevertheless proceeded with his plan. This was to assault with the greater part of his force, holding one division in reserve to be used as a turning column when the crisis of the battle occurred. The cavalry were on the right and left of the infantry. The attack was made as proposed; but Early's detachments had now returned, and after a serious fight the national center was first forced back and then regained its ground. Sheridan now brought forward the reserve under Crook, and directed it to find the rebel left and strike it in flank and rear, while he himself made a left half wheel of his main line in support. The maneuver was executed with complete success; the reserve advanced with spirit, forcing the enemy from their position, and the cavalry on the right at the same moment came sweeping up, overlapping the enemy's left and driving their cavalry in confusion through the infantry. Sheridan now advanced himself, and the rout of the enemy was complete. Crowded in on both flanks, their lines were broken in every direction, and, as Sheridan said in his famous dispatch, he "sent them whirling through Winchester." Early lost four thousand five hundred men, of whom two thousand two hundred were prisoners. "The result," said Grant, "was such that I have never since deemed it necessary to visit General Sheridan before giving him orders." This battle was fought September 19th.

Sheridan, however, was not content with

victory. He pushed rapidly after Early, twenty or thirty miles, and came up with him on the night of the 20th at Fisher's Hill, where the Valley is only three miles wide; and here, behind a stream called Tumbling River, the enemy had erected a line. Early, indeed, felt so secure that he unloaded his ammunition boxes and placed them behind his breastworks. But he did not know his antagonist.

On the 21st the eager Sheridan determined to use Crook's command as a turning column again, and strike the enemy in left and rear, while the remainder of the army made a left half wheel in his support. This maneuver, however, demanded secrecy, and Crook was concealed in the forest till the main line had moved up in front of the enemy's position. Before daylight on the 22d, Crook was massed in the heavy woods on the face of the mountain on the west of the Valley, and the main line moved ostentatiously forward toward Early's right and center. When the enemy's attention was thus attracted on the east, Crook suddenly burst from the hill-side on the west, striking them in flank and rear, doubling up their line, and sweeping down behind the breastworks. The main line at once took up the movement in front; the works were everywhere carried, and the enemy again completely routed. Many threw down their arms, abandoning their artillery, and sixteen guns with eleven hundred prisoners fell into the national hands, though Early reported a loss of only two hundred and forty killed and wounded. It was dark before the battle was ended, but the flight was continued during the night and on the following day. Sheridan pursued, and drove his antagonist completely out of the main valley into the gaps of the Blue Ridge, while his own infantry took possession of the country as far as Staunton and Waynesboro, and advanced a hundred miles from Harper's Ferry. "Keep on," said Grant, "and your good work will cause the fall of Richmond."

The effect of these double victories was startling upon the army and the people of the North, and even greater on the Southern soldiery and the population behind them. The troops of Early were disheartened; he himself reported a panic, and was directly censured by Lee; while the Richmond mob painted on the fresh artillery ordered to his support: "General Sheridan, care of General Early."

Till October 1st Sheridan was occupied in carrying out Grant's directions for the destruction of crops and mills; and having accomplished this most thoroughly, he himself recommended that his command should be

duced and his troops distributed elsewhere. "The Valley of Virginia," he said, "can now be held with a small force." But Lee was not yet ready to abandon the important region beyond the Blue Ridge, and determined to make one more effort to recover what had been lost. He sent reinforcements to Early of ten thousand men, and a new commander for his cavalry, and when Sheridan fell back Early advanced. At Tom's Brook, however, Sheridan deemed it best to delay one day, "to settle," he said, "this new cavalry general." Torbert, with all the national horse, was ordered to engage the enemy's cavalry, and Sheridan reported the result as follows: "The enemy, after being charged by our gallant cavalry, were broken and ran; they were followed by our men on the jump twenty-six miles, through Mount Jackson and across the north fork of the Shenandoah." Early lost eleven guns, with caissons, battery forges, head-quarters' wagons, and everything else that was carried on wheels.

Sheridan, however, had so devastated the valley that it could furnish him no supplies, and he was fifty miles from a base. He therefore continued his retrograde movement as far as Cedar Creek. From this point, on the 15th of October, he was summoned by the Government to Washington for consultation, and during his absence Early determined once more to attack the national army. The plan was well conceived. The enemy advanced in the night, and before dawn surprised and attacked the national forces still in camp. The army was driven back, portions of it in great disorder, six or seven miles. Eighteen guns were captured, and nearly a thousand prisoners, a large part of the infantry not preserving even a company organization.

Sheridan had left Washington on the 18th, and slept at Winchester, twenty miles from his command. Artillery firing was reported early on the 19th, but it was supposed to proceed from a reconnaissance, and at nine o'clock Sheridan rode out of Winchester, all unconscious of the danger to his army. Soon, however, the sound of heavy battle was unmistakable, and half a mile from the town the fugitives came in sight with appalling rapidity. He at once ordered the trains halted and parked, and stretched a brigade of his troops at Winchester across the country to stop the stragglers. Then, with an escort of twenty men, he pushed to the front. The effect of his presence was electrical. He rode hot haste, swinging his hat, and shouting as he passed, "Face the other way, boys! face the other way!" And hundreds of the men turned at once and followed him with cheers.

After reaching the army he gave some hurried

directions, and returned to collect the fugitives. He was in major-general's uniform, mounted on a magnificent horse, man and beast covered with dust and foam; and as he rose in his stirrups, waving his hat and his sword by turns, he cried again and again: "If I had been here, this never would have happened. We are going back. Face the other way, boys! face the other way!" The scattered soldiers recognized their general, and took up the cry: "Face the other way!" It passed along from one to another, rising and falling like a wave of the sea, and the men returned in crowds, falling into ranks as they came. They followed him to the front, and many who had fled, panting and panic-stricken, in the morning, under Sheridan's lead had covered themselves with the glory of heroes long before night. Such a reinforcement may one man be to an army.

A few dispositions, and the battle began afresh. But now all was changed. The enemy advanced, it is true, but were at once repelled, and the national line, in its turn, became the assailant. Sheridan led a brigade in person, and the enemy everywhere gave way. Their officers found it impossible to rally them; a terror of the national cavalry had seized them. The captured guns were all retaken, and twenty-four pieces of artillery besides. Sixteen hundred prisoners were brought in, and Early reported eighteen hundred killed and wounded. Two thousand made their way to the mountains, and for miles the line of retreat was strewn with the debris of a beaten army. Early himself escaped under cover of darkness to Newmarket, twenty miles away.

This battle ended the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. The enemy made no subsequent attempt to invade the North; Lee withdrew the greater part of Early's troops, and Sheridan's detachments marched when and whither they wished. The whole country south of the Potomac was in his hands. In a short time more than half of his army was restored to Meade's command, for its presence in the Valley was no longer necessary.

Sheridan was made a major-general in the regular army, as he was informed, in Lincoln's own words, "for the personal gallantry, military skill, and just confidence in the courage and gallantry of your troops, displayed by you on the 19th day of October, at Cedar Run, whereby, under the blessing of Providence, your routed army was reorganized, a great national disaster averted, and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time in pitched battle within thirty days."

It was just eleven weeks since Sheridan had assumed command in the Valley. In that

time he had taken thirteen thousand prisoners, forty-nine battle flags, and sixty guns, besides recapturing eighteen cannon at Cedar Creek. He must besides have killed and wounded at least nine thousand men, so that he destroyed for the enemy twenty-two thousand soldiers. "Turning what bid fair to be disaster into glorious victory stamps Sheridan," said Grant, "what I have always thought him, one of the ablest of generals."

During the winter he remained near Winchester, but as soon as the roads and the rains allowed, Grant directed him to push once more up the Valley—this time not to return. He was to advance in the direction of Richmond, destroying the railroads in every direction, as well as all stores that could possibly be of use to the enemy. In order to conceal his purpose, Sheridan resorted to one of those ingenious devices in which he was unrivaled since the days of Hannibal. He learned that the people of the neighborhood were fond of hunting, and encouraged his staff to make their acquaintance and talk of foxes and hounds. A pack of hounds was found, and a day set for the chase. The hounds were brought into Winchester, the horses were shod, and all the talk of the country around was of Sheridan's hunt. On the appointed day the whole neighborhood came to the meet, the general and his staff conspicuous. The start was made and the run was good, but the general and staff went further than the Virginians, and the army followed. They rode after the enemy, and never returned. The stratagem had kept all news of Sheridan's intentions secret, as all preparations were attributed to the hunt, and he was far on his way before the wile was discovered. He took rations for only four days in haversacks, and coffee, sugar, and salt for fifteen days in wagons; and with this provision, and thirty pounds of forage for each horse, ten thousand men moved into an enemy's country, already stripped bare, for a campaign whose objective point was two hundred miles away, and expecting to march at least two hundred more.

The weather was bad, the rains and thaws of spring had begun, the streams were too high to ford, and most of the bridges were burned. But they marched sixty miles in two days, swimming the streams and molested by partisan troops. Horses and men could hardly be recognized for the mud that covered them. Early was found at Waynesboro, with his back to the Shenandoah, and here the last battle between the two commanders was fought. The attack was impetuous and irresistible. The troopers charged through the town and over the breastworks, sabering the enemy as

they passed, and forced their way to the rear of Early's command, where they turned with drawn sabers and held the approach to the Shenandoah. Early's entire force threw down their arms and surrendered with a cheer. The leader himself and a handful of officers escaped, hiding in the houses of the town or in the neighboring woods until dark. Sixteen hundred prisoners and eleven guns fell into Sheridan's hands. After his defeat, Early was relieved by Lee of all command. His army and his reputation had both been destroyed by Sheridan.

The victorious general pursued his now unmolested march, and fulfilled his orders literally, destroying railroads and canals, mills, factories, and bridges, and finally determined to join Grant at Richmond, fortunately for himself as well as his commander. The rain and mud again impeded him; but Sheridan replaced his worn-out mules with those he had captured from Early, and set two thousand negroes who had joined him to work destroying the roads. As he approached the Pamunkey River, he was notified that Longstreet intended to dispute the passage. He was still west of Richmond, and at once determined to push toward the city and attack the enemy in that direction, and, when they came out to meet him, to move rapidly round by a circuitous route to a point where the river could be crossed. The feint completely succeeded. A brigade was left to amuse the enemy, and the remainder of the command made haste to White House, whither Grant had sent a force to repair the bridges and await them with supplies.

He had annihilated whatever was useful to the enemy between Richmond and Lynchburg; besides capturing prisoners and munitions of war, he had destroyed forty-six canal locks, five aqueducts, forty canal and road bridges, twenty-three railroad bridges, twenty-seven warehouses, forty-one miles of railroad, and fourteen mills. These are some of the results of war. He had been nineteen days on the march, and had lost only one hundred soldiers; many of these were men unable to bear the fatigues of the road.

His command arrived at the James on the 25th of March, and after halting a few days to shoe his horses and rest both them and the men, he was ordered to take the left of the army with which Grant meant to make his final movement against Lee. That army lay in front of Petersburg, and Grant's plan was to stretch westward until he should turn the enemy's right, while Sheridan was to destroy entirely the two railroads by which alone Lee was now supplied. Lee could not possibly allow these roads to be interrupted, and must either

fight to save them, or fly. Grant read his instructions to Sheridan in person. Toward the close there was a passage directing him in certain contingencies to proceed to North Carolina and join Sherman. Grant perceived that this passage was distasteful to Sheridan, and quickly added: "Although I have provided for your joining Sherman, I have no idea that it will be necessary. I mean to end this business here." Sheridan's face brightened at once, and he replied: "That's what I like to hear you say. Let us end this business here." The instincts of the two were in complete accord, and their natures struck fire from each other in the contact.

The army moved on the 29th of March, and that night Grant sent word to Sheridan, "I feel now like ending the matter, if it is possible, before going back." He therefore modified his order, directing Sheridan to remain with the main army, but to "push around the enemy and get on his right rear."

The rain that night fell heavily, and before morning it became impossible to move anything on wheels. The soil was like quicksand, the frosts were disappearing, and the roads became a soft and shifting mass. The advance of the troops seemed nearly impracticable, and some of those nearest to Grant strove hard to induce him to return. The gloom of the morning penetrated the minds of all, until, like a gleam of light, Sheridan came riding up to confer with Grant about "ending the matter." He was full of spirit, anxious for orders, certain of success if only an attack were made. The officers felt the influence of his magnetic temper, and knew how Grant appreciated the soldierly instinct and judgment of his great subordinate. They urged Sheridan to say the same to the chief that he had said to them. But he, for all his victories and his fame, was modest and subordinate. He thought it his duty to take orders from Grant, not to offer advice. But those who had the right took the great trooper in to Grant, who saw at once that, with such a lieutenant, advance was the wisest course. He sympathized with his ardor for battle, and Sheridan went back with orders to attack the enemy.

He pushed out at once from Dinwiddie Court-House to a point called Five Forks, because of the meeting of so many roads. Grant was to support him by an attack on his right with two infantry corps. Sheridan, however, was separated by eight or ten miles from the left of the army, and Lee, perceiving this isolation, at once sent a large force under Pickett to crush him before he could be reënforced. Sheridan reported this to Grant, who made further dispositions to support the cavalry. These movements occupied the 30th of March.

On the morning of the 31st the enemy had eighteen thousand men in front of Sheridan's ten thousand. The national general, however, moved simultaneously with his opponent, but, being heavily outnumbered, was forced to retire. His line was penetrated, and two entire brigades on the right were isolated from the command. But Sheridan at once ordered this detached force to move still further to the right, and march around to join the reserve in rear. The enemy, deceived by this retrograde maneuver, which they mistook for a rout, followed it up rapidly, making a left wheel, and presenting their own rear to Sheridan. He of course perceived his opportunity, and ordered the remainder of the command to advance; and then, as the enemy went crashing through the woods in pursuit of the detached portion of the cavalry, Sheridan struck them in flank and rear. This movement compelled them to abandon the pursuit and face by the rear rank.

But now the entire force of Pickett, foot and horse, had turned on the national cavalry; and "here," said Grant, "Sheridan displayed great generalship." Instead of retreating with his whole command to tell the story of superior forces, he deployed the cavalry on foot, leaving only mounted men enough to take care of the horses. This compelled the enemy also to deploy over a vast extent of woods and broken country. Thus, holding off the enemy and concentrating his own men, Sheridan fell back to an advantageous position at Dinwiddie, where he repelled every assault until dark. His detached command came up all safe, but the enemy lay on their arms, not a hundred yards from his line.

He had extricated his force for the time from formidable dangers and difficulties, and had displayed extraordinary genius and audacity in all the movements of the day; but he had been driven back five miles, and was confronted by a vastly outnumbering force of infantry as well as cavalry. His danger was still imminent, and he sent word to Grant: "The enemy have gained some ground, but we still hold in front of Dinwiddie. This force is too strong for us. I will hold Dinwiddie until I am compelled to leave." He asked for no help, and made no suggestions, but simply reported the situation, leaving Grant to determine how to aid him. He and Grant were not obliged to explain to each other in detail their necessities or their dangers.

Later, however, an aide-de-camp brought further word to the general-in-chief from his beleaguered subordinate. Sheridan, being driven back and hard beset, naturally, for him, considered the time had come when the enemy should be forced to fight outside of cover,

where the national troops could make their blows decisive. Grant fully sympathized with the feeling, and sent an entire corps of infantry that night to Sheridan, determining to convert his defense into an offensive movement. Still later he dispatched a cavalry force to support the movement.

On the 1st of April the reinforcements had not arrived, but Sheridan nevertheless moved out against the enemy. The rebels, however, had learned of the approach of national infantry, and gave way rapidly, reaching the position of Five Forks before Sheridan was able to intercept them. Warren, who commanded the infantry reinforcements, and Mackenzie, with the cavalry supports, came up; and when his force was all in hand, Sheridan devised a brilliant scheme. It was his old maneuver, a feint upon the enemy's front and right, and suddenly a turning movement to overwhelm the left. But in this instance its application was more felicitous than ever before; for the success of the movement would isolate those of the enemy who might escape, and separate them entirely from Lee. It would thus not only secure victory in the immediate field where Sheridan fought, but break the entire right wing of Lee, and open the way for Grant to destroy the army of Northern Virginia.

These tactics were executed as brilliantly as they had been conceived. It was late before the troops were in position, but at five o'clock the cavalry moved briskly forward on the left and attracted the enemy, while the infantry, marching at right angles, took the rebel line in flank. There was hard fighting in front and flank, and the infantry at first wavered; but Sheridan himself seized a battle flag and plunged into the charge. The man who had borne the flag was killed, and one of Sheridan's staff was wounded; but the fiery enthusiasm of the leader was contagious. The bands were ordered to play, and the division burst on the enemy's left like a tornado, sweeping everything before them, overrunning the works at the bayonet point, breaking the enemy's flank past mending, and capturing one thousand five hundred prisoners.

The cavalry in front advanced simultaneously, and the battle was won. The troopers had been dismounted, but many were now mounted and rode into the broken ranks of the enemy. Pickett himself was nearly captured, and galloped off with a mere remnant of his force; six thousand prisoners were taken, and six pieces of artillery, and the fugitives were driven north and west, miles away from Lee, Sheridan pursuing until long after dark. This was the last battle of the war

in which the enemy fought for victory; after this their struggle was to escape.

As soon as the news reached Grant, he ordered an immediate assault all along the lines. To Sheridan he said: "From your isolated position I can give you no positive directions, but leave you to act according to circumstances." Sheridan accordingly moved up against the right flank of Lee. But the crash had come before he arrived. On the morning of April 2d the works in front of Petersburg were carried. During the day Grant telegraphed to the President: "I have not yet heard from Sheridan, but I have an abiding faith that he is in the right place and at the right time." He had found out his man.

That night the army of Lee fled westward from the defenses of its capital. Lee's object was to reach Burksville Junction, where two railroads meet, and thence either to join Johnston's army in front of Sherman, or, if this proved impracticable, to escape to the mountains of West Virginia. Grant followed with his whole command to intercept the fugitive army. Sheridan, being on the extreme left, and at the head of the cavalry, was ordered to take the advance, and the Fifth Corps of infantry was added to his command. But he replied to Grant: "Before receiving your dispatch, I had anticipated the evacuation of Petersburg, and commenced moving west." Thus it was till the end. Sheridan anticipated Grant, and Grant confirmed Sheridan. The same idea, the same instinct, animated both. They moved with one impulse, like the brain and arm of one strong man.

That day and the next Sheridan moved with superhuman energy, but the enemy fled with the eagerness of despair. At times the cavalry came up with the fugitives in the chase, driving them from fords, picking up thirteen hundred prisoners, and not stopping to count the abandoned cannon. On the 4th Grant got word of a railroad train loaded with supplies on the way from the south for Lee, and at once sent the information to Sheridan. But before receiving the dispatch Sheridan had come up with Lee. At a place called Jetersville, about forty miles from Petersburg, he captured a telegraphic message not yet sent over the lines, ordering three hundred thousand rations immediately to feed Lee's army. He forwarded the message in the hope that the rations would be sent and received by the national army. At this point Sheridan was planted directly across Lee's path, on the only road by which the enemy could obtain supplies; and the unhappy leader halted and sent out his men in every direction to gather what they could for food. The fortunate ones had two ears of Indian corn apiece uncooked,

and others plucked the buds and twigs just swelling in the early spring, and strove with these to assuage their hunger. Half of the artillery was dismissed to relieve the famished horses.

Sheridan had only the Fifth Corps and the cavalry, and was still far inferior to Lee in numbers; but he intrenched across the railroad, and sent word to Grant that he had intercepted the enemy. He had accomplished exactly what Grant intended. The chief, of course, hurried up with his whole command; but, before the army could all arrive and take position, Lee became aware of his danger and marched with the keenness and eagerness of those who fly for life, moving by a circuitous route that brought him a few miles west of Sheridan. Grant at once detected the maneuver, and faced his army about to the left, dispatching Sheridan again in the advance. The fiery trooper struck the flying column of Lee in flank near Sailor's Creek, and then disposed his troops with marvelous skill and celerity. His cavalry was sent around in front of the enemy, and the remainder pushed against the flank. Grant had by this time dispatched the Sixth Corps to reënforce Sheridan, and it was important to detain the enemy until the cavalry could make its detour and appear in front and the Sixth Corps arrive. Sheridan therefore sent a single brigade to make a mounted charge against Lee's line. The daring demonstration accomplished its object and delayed the movement of any large force against the cavalry.

As soon as the Sixth Corps came up, Sheridan advanced in force. The enemy pushed on to the creek, and, facing about, made a stand on the further side. There was a severe fight of some minutes. The stream was muddy and difficult, and the position strong; but the cavalry had now attained the point where they were in rear of the enemy, and a simultaneous attack was made on every side. The national troops closed in, like gates, upon the entire force of the enemy. There was one bewildering moment of fighting on every hand, and then seven thousand men, seven generals, and fourteen guns were surrendered in the open field. The general officers were taken to Sheridan's head-quarters, and shared the supper and blankets of their conquerors, but Sheridan started before daybreak in pursuit of what was left of Lee's army. He sent word to Grant: "If the thing is pressed, I think that Lee will surrender." Grant forwarded the dispatch and an account of the victory to Lincoln, at City Point, and the President replied: "Let the thing be pressed."

There were other battles and other movements after this and simultaneous with it, but

Sheridan always had the advance. He was always on the left to head the fugitives, and the remainder of the army followed on the right and rear. Lee was literally between them. Grant was plotting to drive the enemy into Sheridan's grasp, and Sheridan was striving to outmarch Lee and receive him in his flight.

Sheridan soon learned that supplies were awaiting Lee at Appomattox Junction, the same that had been ordered and driven so often and so far; it was certain, therefore, that Lee would make for that point to obtain the stores. He notified Grant of the news, and the chief ordered up all his columns. The Fifth Corps and the army of the James, under Ord, were now following Sheridan on the south side of the Appomattox, while the remainder of the army of the Potomac came up on the 8th of April within a few miles of Lee, north of the river. That night Custer, with the advance of the cavalry, rode into Appomattox and captured four heavily loaded trains,—cars, engines, and supplies. They were hardly in his hands when a force of the enemy, infantry and artillery, appeared. Twenty-five guns were captured and a large number of prisoners, the advance of a heavy column. Sheridan had headed Lee's army.

At this great news, though he had only cavalry to oppose to all that was left of the army of Northern Virginia, Sheridan held fast to what he had gained, and, at 9.20 P. M., sent word to Grant: "If Gibbon and the Fifth Corps can get up to-night, we will perhaps finish the job in the morning." Gibbon and the Fifth Corps got the message, and moved with terrible speed, marching from daylight on the 8th to daylight again on the 9th, halting only three hours on the road. They reached Sheridan's position just as Lee was approaching in heavy force to batter his way through the cavalry. Ord and Sheridan held a short consultation, and the cavalry leader proceeded to the front, while the infantry was deployed across the valley through which Lee must pass. The cavalry advanced to engage the enemy, and then fell back gradually, so as to give time for Ord to dispose his men in the woods out of sight of Lee. This last ruse of Sheridan succeeded. The enemy, with the energy of desperate men, rushed on, thinking they had only cavalry in front. Sheridan fell back, to deceive them further, and the soldiers of the rebellion gave one more battle yell—when suddenly the infantry emerged from the woods, their line wavered, and Lee sent forward a white flag with a request for a cessation of hostilities.

I have thought the best way to indicate and illustrate Sheridan's traits as a man and a soldier was to tell his story. No reader can

have failed to perceive wherein his greatness consists. From first to last, the same peculiarities are apparent. In his earliest fight, as a second lieutenant, with the Indians, he showed the same determination and the same ingenious readiness of device as in the pursuit of Lee and the final stratagem of Appomattox. He was, indeed, the Hannibal of the American war. Full of the magnificent passion of battle, as every one knows, riding around with his sword drawn, rising in his stirrups, grasping a battle flag, turning disaster into victory, or pursuing the enemy with the terror and speed of a Nemesis, he was also abundant in caution, wily as an Indian, original and astounding in his strategy—always deceiving as well as overwhelming the enemy. It was not only his personal courage and magnetic bearing, his chivalric presence and intense enthusiasm, which produced his great results. He was more than one of Froissart's paladins, although in many traits he recalled the heroes of the ancient chronicler. He was a great commander of modern times; learned in the maneuvers and practice which require intellectual keenness and comprehensive calculation. The combinations which he employed in all his greatest battles are strokes of military genius almost matchless in our time. The daring with which at Dinwiddie he seized the critical moment, and, when the enemy had driven a part of his force, and thus presented their own rear, advanced and compelled the pursuing column, all superior in numbers, to desist and defend itself, was hardly paralleled during the war. The repeated maneuver to which he resorted of attacking with a smaller portion of his force, and, when the enemy's attention was attracted by the feint, hurling an irresistible column upon an unexpected point elsewhere, and that point always a flank which could be turned, is in accordance with the best canons of military science, and the practice of the greatest masters of the art.

His strategy was fully equal to his tactics in battle. The prudent skill with which he delayed in the Valley, not allowing himself to be enticed into attacking Early until he was ready, and the series of evolutions by which he held off the enemy, advancing and withdrawing, and only fighting when it was necessary, till at last the great moment came, are as worthy of study as the brilliant achievements at Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill; while the keenness with which he detected every movement of Lee in that remorseless chase after Appomattox,—than which the world has never seen an instance of more terrible and consummate energy and power,—and the skill with which he followed and

finally headed Lee, are instances of strategic ability in action unsurpassed since the time of Napoleon.

In that power of skillful and audacious combination in the immediate presence of the enemy, which above and beyond every other trait is highest and most essential in a general, he approached the greatest. His mind was always clearest in emergencies. He never forgot in the turmoil of the fight to consider every possibility; to watch and guard and work and plan, while in the thickest *mêlée*. He was once describing to me the battle of Cedar Creek, and told how at a certain juncture, when the tide had set in favor of victory, Custer came riding up and kissed him on the field. "And so," said Sheridan, "he lost time; he lost time." There could hardly be a better illustration of his self-control, of the steadiness of his intention, of his appreciation of every necessity of the moment. He loved Custer, and understood the enthusiasm which prompted the boyish general to embrace his chief on the instant of victory; but "he lost time."

Among other smaller, though far from unimportant, traits may be mentioned his wonderful knowledge of what the enemy was doing. Livy says of Hannibal: "Nothing which was going on among the enemy escaped him, the deserters revealing many things, and he himself examining by his scouts." The words apply exactly to Sheridan. His scouts were famous throughout the army, and his information was exact. It was always relied upon by Grant as absolute, and it never misled him.

Grant and Sheridan indeed always concurred. It is true that Sheridan was disinclined to stay with Grant at the West or to come with him to the East; but that was before he personally knew his chief,—before he thought that Grant had that intimate acquaintance with his qualities which Sheridan doubtless felt that they deserved,—before their natures were brought into absolute contact. Their friendship was first military, and afterward personal. It continued after the war. Grant sent Sheridan at once to the Rio Grande when the rebellion was over, because he considered the Mexican enterprise of the second Napoleon only a part of the struggle, and in this conviction Sheridan fully shared. So, also, although Sheridan was no politician, he was in complete sympathy with the policy of reconstruction adopted by Congress, and his course at New Orleans was entirely in harmony with the views of Grant. When Andrew Johnson removed him, Grant protested, and the career of Sheridan in Louisiana was one circumstance in the chain which led to the impeachment of Johnson and the first

election of Grant. At the last Republican convention at Chicago Sheridan was present as a spectator; and when he received a single vote for President, he stepped to the front and begged to transfer it to his "best friend, General Grant."

His influence over his men was supreme. He knew just what his troops could do and would do, and when. He led them frequently in person, and they never failed to follow. Every one remembers the famous instance at Cedar Creek, where he changed the whole course of battle by his single presence. But he possessed the same power with individuals as with masses. At the battle of Five Forks a soldier, wounded under his eyes, stumbled and was falling to the rear, but Sheridan

cried: "Never mind, my man, there's no harm done"; and the soldier went on with a bullet in his brain, till he dropped dead on the field.

His career since the war has always been conspicuous for courage, sagacity, and ability. His management of the Indians was singularly successful, and his course after the Chicago fire gained the applause of the country.

His accession to the position of general-in-chief is perhaps the last great military event proceeding from or connected with the war; for Sheridan is, in the direct line of succession, the youngest of the three great generals who came out foremost, not only in rank, but, beyond all question, in the estimation of their countrymen, their enemies, and the world.

Adam Badeau.

A SHADOW.

My Lady paces up the broad oak stair;
Men smile to see her face so soft and fair.
"Look up! She's worth a glance!" does one declare;
"My Lady there."

Tender and fine, from 'neath the cloud of lace
Crowning her hair, gleams forth her clear-cut face,
Its eyes alight, upon its lips the grace
Of smiles so rare

And gay, that those who pass her feel their light
Warm their own smiles until they grow more bright.
"She looks her best," they say — "her best — to-night,
My Lady there."

The music pulses in the rooms below;
Outside, the moon falls on the soft, deep snow;
Inside, the dancers' rhythm seems to flow
Through all the air.

My Lady paces up the broad oak stair,
The smile still on her lips so red, so rare.
"Look up!" she hears, "and smile then an you dare,
My Lady there!"

The music pulses in the room below,
The dancers to its pulsing come and go;
Out from her face is blanch'd all light and glow —
It fronts her there!

"I am thy Grief! I am thy Grief!" it cries,
"The Grief that darkens for thee all thy skies,
That blights thy bright life for thee as it flies!
And dost thou dare

"To smile and wear thy mask and play thy part
As though thy white breast held no broken heart,—
As though it bled not 'neath my stab's fierce smart?
When did I spare?

"I am thy passionate grief, thy bitter pain.
Turn on the world thy light, sweet, cold disdain,
But not on me! Here stand I — here again!
Thy fierce Despair!"

She smiles — her smile more sad, but not less sweet
(She hears the music swell and throb and beat).

"I know thee!" she says gently. "Strong and fleet,
Thou dost not spare!

"Lead me, and I will follow to the last;
Or follow *me* — until the light be past.
May I not pray this from a friend so fast?
'Tis all my prayer.

"Once in the darkness, lying at thy feet,
With lips to bitter dust, as it is meet,
Before thine eyes my breast shall bleed and beat,
Throbbing and bare.

"But here, leave me my mask, my smile, my play;
Thou art my friend by night, my shame by day;
With fiercer pang for all thou grant'st I pay,—
I speak thee fair!"

"Pass on!" the Shadow answers. "Wear thy mask;
Thus do I grant the boon that thou dost ask.
To wear it be thy weary, bitter task,
Thy ceaseless care."

Onward my Lady passes — all the light
Aglow and trembling in her jewels bright.
"She looks her best," 'tis said, "her best to-night,
My Lady there."

The music throbs and surges soft and low;
Amid the dancers threads she to and fro,
And, following close and dark and sure and slow,
Her Grief is there!

* * * * *

My Lady lies upon her dying bed,—
"So bright and fair!" her friends have, weeping, said
"With all youth's flowers upon her golden head
Crowning her hair!"

My Lady meets dark Death with patient grace;
There is a little smile upon her face,—
Within her eyes of fear or pain no trace,
No touch of care.

Before her gaze pass shadows moving slow.
"And you are Youth," she says, "but you may go!
And you are Life—and Hope. Pass by also,
Though you were fair!

"But you, dark Shadow, standing at my feet,
Leave me not lonely now; it is not meet;
Though you were bitter, you were true and sweet.
Nearer — not there!

"Clasp close my hand — lay head upon my breast;
My Grief and I — we bore the bitter test!
Let thy sad lips upon my sad ones rest,
And this too share!

"I loved you better than my joys," she said,
"Better than all my summer skies!" she said;
And, with her sad smile on her lips, lay dead —
My Lady there.



MERINOS IN AMERICA.

THE writer of a recently printed book concerning Americans of royal descent, and all such Americans as come near to being so graciously favored, has neglected to mention certain Americans who are descended from the pets of the proudest kings and nobles of the Old World. For there is such a family here,—one so large that it greatly outnumbers all American descendants of European royal lines, excepting perhaps those of the green isle, almost as prolific of kings as of democrats. They carry their finely clothed blue-blooded bodies on four legs, for they are the famous American Merino sheep.

The Merino sheep originated in Spain, probably two thousand years ago, from a cross of African rams with the native ewes, and in course of time became established as a distinct breed, with such marked character-

istics as to differentiate them from all other breeds in the world.

Different provinces had their different strains of Merinos, which were like strawberries in that, though all were good, some were better than others. There were also two great divisions—the Transhumantes or traveling flocks, and the Estantes or stationary flocks. The Transhumantes were considered the best, as they had a right to be; for their owners were kings, nobles, and rich priests, and they had the pick of the fatness of the whole land, being pastured on the southern plains in winter, and in the spring and summer on the then fresher herbage of the mountains to the northward, from which they returned in the fall. For the accommodation of these four or five millions during their migrations, cultivators of the intervening land were obliged to leave a road,



IN AN OLD PASTURE.

not less than ninety yards wide, as well as commons for the feeding of these flocks—a grievous burden to the husbandman, and for which there was little or no redress. A French writer says: “It was seldom that proprietors of land made demands when they sustained damage, thinking it better to suffer than to con-

the life of their guardians are referred to the interesting essay on Sheep, by Robert R. Livingston, printed by order of the Legislature of New York in 1810.

Of the traveling sheep were the strains known as Escurials, Guadalupe, Paulars, Infantados, Negrettis, and others, all esteemed



A DROVE OF RAMS.

test, when they were assured that the expense would greatly exceed any compensation they might recover.” A Spanish writer complains in a memoir addressed to his king, that “the corps of junadines (the proprietors of flocks) enjoy an enormous power, and have not only engrossed all the pastures of the kingdom, but have made cultivators abandon their most fertile lands; thus they have banished the estantes, ruined agriculture, and depopulated the country.” The transhumantes were in flocks of ten thousand, cared for by fifty shepherds, each with a dog, and under the direction of a chief. Those who wish to learn more of the management of these flocks and

for various qualities, and some of whose names have become familiar to American ears. The stationary flocks appear to have passed away, or at least to have gained no renown.

The Spanish sheep reached their highest excellence about the beginning of this century; but during the Peninsular war the best flocks were destroyed or neglected, and the race so deteriorated that in 1851 a Vermont breeder of Merinos, who went to Spain on purpose to see the sheep of that country, wrote that he did not see a sheep there for which he would pay freight to America, and did not believe they had any of pure blood! But Merinos of pure blood had been brought into France in



PASSING FLOCKS ON A DUSTY ROAD.

the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and there carefully and judiciously bred, and as carefully but injudiciously bred in Saxony, where everything was sacrificed to fineness of fleece.

Less than one hundred years ago the sheep of the United States were the descendants of the English breeds, mixed and intermixed till they had lost the distinctive characteristics of their long-wooled, well-fleshed ancestors, and were known as "natives" (a name they were as much entitled to as their owners), being born here of parents who had not slept or grazed under other skies. For many generations having little care, their best shelter in winter being the stacks their poor fodder was tossed from, and their fare in summer the scant grass among the stumps of the clearings and the shaded herbage of the woods, by the survival of the fittest they came to be a hardy race, almost as wild as deer, and almost as well fitted to withstand the rigors of our climate and to elude capture by wild beasts or their rightful owners. Indeed, so much had they recovered the habits of their remotest ancestors, that to get up the settler's flock for washing or shearing, or the draft of a number for slaughter or sale, was at least a half-day's task, if not one uncertain of fulfillment. All the farm hands, and often the women and children of the household, were mustered for these herdings, and likely enough

the neighbors had to be called in to help. The flocks were generally small, and the coarse, thin, short wool was mostly worked upon the now bygone hand-cards, spinning-wheels, and hand-looms for home use. As the clearings widened, the flocks of sheep grew larger, and wool-growing for market became an industry of some importance. The character of the animals and the quality of their fleeces remained almost unchanged until this century was a half score years old, when the Merinos had become established here, and the effect of their cross with the natives began to be manifest.

Perhaps mention should be made here of the Smith's Island sheep, of unknown origin, but peculiar to the island from which they took their name, which lies off the coast of Virginia, and belonged, about 1810, to Mr. Custis, Washington's stepson, who wrote a pamphlet concerning them, in which he says: "Their wool is a great deal longer than the Spanish, in quality vastly superior; the size and figure of the animal admit of no comparison, being highly in favor of the Smith's Island."

Livingston does not indorse these claims, but says of the wool: "It is soft, white, and silky, but neither so fine nor so soft as the Merino wool." If this breed is not extinct, it never gained much renown, nor noticeably spread

beyond its island borders. I think Randall does not mention it in his "Practical Shepherd." There were also the Otter sheep, said

eight and a half pounds of brook-washed wool, the heaviest fleece borne by any of the early imported Merinos of which I have seen any account."

What was then considered fine form would hardly take that place with our modern



MERINO LAMBS.

to have originated on some island and on our eastern coast, and whose distinguishing peculiarity was such extreme shortness of legs that Livingston says they could not run or jump, and they even walked with some difficulty. And there

were the Arlington sheep, derived from stock imported by Washington, the male a Persian ram, the mothers Bakewell ewes. They seem to have been a valuable breed of long-wooled sheep, but are now unknown.

The first importation of Merino sheep on record is that of William Foster, of Boston, who in 1793 brought over three from Spain and gave them to a friend, who had them killed for mutton, and, if the sheep were fat, I doubt not found it good, and wished there was more of it. In 1801 four ram lambs were sent to the United States by two French gentlemen. The only one that survived the passage was owned for several years in New York, and afterward founded some excellent grade flocks in Delaware. Randall says of him: "He was of fine form, weighed one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, and yielded

breeders, and the then remarkable weight of wool was not more than a quarter that of the fleece of many of the present Americans of the race; these last, however, not brook-washed nor even rain-washed. The next year Mr. Livingston, our minister to France, sent home two pairs of Merinos from the Government flock of Châlons, and afterward a ram from the Rambouillet flocks.

A table given by Livingston in 1810 is interesting in showing the effect of the first cross on the common or native sheep. The average weight of the fleeces of a flock of these was three pounds ten ounces; that of the half-bred Merino offspring, five pounds one ounce. Similar results came of the larger importation, in the same year, by Colonel Humphreys, our minister to Spain, of twenty-one rams and seventy ewes, selected from the Infantado family. In 1809 and 1810 Mr. Jarvis, American Consul at Lisbon, bought nearly four thousand sheep of the confiscated flocks of Spanish nobles, all of which were shipped to different ports in the United States, and in those years, and the one following, from three thousand to five thousand Spanish Merinos were imported by other persons. In 1809 and 1810 half-blood merino wool was sold for seventy-five cents and full blood for two dollars a pound, and during the war of 1812 the latter sold for two dollars and fifty cents a

pound. Naturally, a Merino fever was engendered, and imported and American-born rams of the breed were sold for enormous prices, some of Livingston's ram lambs for one thousand dollars each. But such a sudden downfall followed the Peace of Ghent that, before the end of the year 1815, full-blooded sheep were sold for one dollar each.

Till 1824 the price of wool continued so low that, during the intervening years, nearly all the full-blood Merino flocks were broken up or carelessly bred. Then the enactment of

almost all owners of Spanish sheep crossed them with the Saxon, to the serious injury of their flocks. They held the foremost place in America among fine-wooled sheep for fifteen or twenty years, and then went out of favor, and have now quite disappeared, I believe.

The Spanish Merino now came to the front again, and of them the descendants of the Jarvis and Humphreys importation were most highly esteemed. As has been mentioned, the flocks of Spain had sadly deteriorated, and the American sheep derived from them



HEAD OF MERINO RAM BEFORE AND AFTER SHEARING.

a tariff favoring the production of fine wool revived the prostrate industry, and unfortunately brought about the introduction of the miserable Saxon Merinos, large numbers of which were now imported. In the breeding of these, everything having been sacrificed to fineness of wool, the result was a small, puny animal, bearing two, possibly three, pounds of very fine, short wool. Such was the craze for these unworthy favorites of the hour that

in their best days far surpassed them, if not their own progenitors.

Wool-growing became the leading industry of the Green Mountain State. Almost every Vermont farmer was a shepherd, and had his half hundred or hundreds or thousands of grade sheep or full bloods dotting the ferny pastures of the hill country or the broad levels of the Champlain valley, rank with English grasses. From old Fort Dum-

mer to the Canada line one could hardly get beyond the sound of the sheep's bleat unless he took to the great woods, and even there he was likely enough to hear the intermittent jingle of a sheep-bell chiming with the songs of the hermit and wood thrushes, or to meet

great preparation was made within house and barn. The best the farm afforded must be provided for the furnishing of the table; for the shearers were not ordinary farm laborers, but mostly farmers and farmers' sons, and as well to do as their employer,



SHEEP-SHEARING.

a flock driven clattering over the pebbles of a mountain road; for a mid-wood settler had his little herd of sheep, to which he gave in summer the freedom of the woods, and which took—alas for the owner's crops—the freedom of the meadow and grain patches, and were sheltered from the chill of winter nights in a frame barn bigger than their master's log-house.

In June, when the May-yeaned lambs were skipping in the sunshine that had warmed the pools and streams till the bullfrogs had their voices in tune, the sheep were gathered from the pastures and driven over the dusty roads to the pens beside the pools on the tapped mill-flumes and washed amid a pother of rushing waters, shouts of laughter of men and boys, and discordant, plaintive bleats of parted ewes and lambs.

A fortnight or so later came the great event of the shepherd's year, the shearing, for which

who was likely enough to shear, in his turn, for them. Whoever possessed the skill of shearing a sheep thought it not beneath him to ply his well-paid handicraft in all the country round. For these the fatted calf was killed and the green peas and strawberries were picked. The barn floor and its overhanging scaffolds were carefully swept, the stables were littered with clean straw, the wool-bench was set up, and the reel full of twine was made ready in its place. Those were merry days in the old gray barns that were not too fine to have swallows' holes in their gables, moss on their shingles, and a fringe of hemp, mayweed, and smartweed about their jagged underpinning. There was jesting and the telling of merry tales from morning till night, and bursts of laughter that scared the swallows out of the cobwebbed roof-peak and the sitting hen from her nest in the left-over hay-mow. Neighbors called to get a taste of the fun and the cider, to see how



SHOWING RAMS.

the flock "evridged," and to engage hands for their own shearing. At nooning, after the grand dinner, while the older men napped on the floor, wool-bench, or scaffold, with their heads pillowed on soft places, the young fellows had trials of strength at "pulling stick" or lifting "stiff legs." The skillful wool-tyer was rarer than the skillful shearer, and in much demand in his own and neighboring townships. He tied the fleeces quickly and compactly, showing the best on the outside, but with no clod of dirty locks in the middle; for in those days wool had its place and dirt its place, but the fleece was not their common place. The catcher was a humble but not unimportant member of the force. He must be alert and with a sheep ready for each shearer as wanted, and was never to take up a sheep by the wool, but with his left arm underneath, just behind the fore legs, and his right hand grasping a hind leg. And there was the boy to pick up locks, discarding the dirty ones, which were swept outdoors. One's back aches as he remembers this unpleasant duty of his boyhood, when he was scoffed by shearers and scolded by the wool-tyer, and often had the added labor of carrying the wool to its storage. Fourteen fleeces tied up in a blanket was the load, which, if they had been of nowadays weight, would have bur-

dened a strong man; but a five-pound fleece was a heavy one then. I have never been present at one of the modern public shearings, which come before the swallows do, while winter is still skirmishing with spring, and are celebrated in the local papers; but I doubt if they are such hearty and enjoyable seasons as the old-fashioned shearings were.

The wool-buyers scoured the country at or after shearing time, and drove their bargains with the farmers. The small lots of wool were hauled in bulk to some central point of shipment, while the larger clips were sacked on the grower's premises. The sack was suspended through a hole of its own diameter in an upper floor and a few fleeces were thrown in, when the packer lowered himself into it and placed and trod the wool as it was passed to him till he had trod his way to the top. Then the sacks were lowered, sewed, weighed, marked, and went their way to market.

The "tag-locks" and pulled wool were mostly worked up in the neighboring small factories into stocking-yarn, flannel, and blankets for the farmer's use, and into the then somewhat famous "Vermont gray," which was the common cold-weather outer clothing of New England male farm folk. Readers of Thoreau will remember that he mentions it more than once, and thought it good enough

horn-coroneted dons of the fold change masters at prices rivaling those of blood horses.

The care given these high-bred, fine-wooled sheep is a wonderful contrast to the little received by flocks in the times when wool-growing was the chief object of our sheep farmers; when, though sheep had good and abundant food, and fairly comfortable shelter from cold and storm, they had nothing more. The lambs were dropped in May after the ewes were turned out to grass, and

sheltered from even soft summer rains, that their raiment may suffer no loss of color. The lambs are brought forth when spring has nothing in Vermont of that season but the name, and are fed with cow's milk, or put to nurse with coarse-wooled foster-mothers, more bountiful milkers than Merinos, and have a man to care for them night and day. The old-time rams tilted it out on the field of honor, to the sore bruising of heads and battering of helmets, and sometimes loss of life.



FRIGHTENED SHEEP.

were not looked after oftener than once a day in fine weather, and got only their mother's milk, if the ewe was a good milker and was fond enough of her ungainly yearling to own it and give it such care as sheep give their young. Now the dons and doñas of blue blood have better quarters in winter than many a poor mortal, in barns so warm that water will not freeze in them, and are fed grain and roots as well as hay, and are

But now rams of a warlike turn are hooded like falcons, that they may do no harm to each other and their peaceable comrades. A blow might cost their owner a thousand dollars.

The successful sheep-breeder is up to his knees in clover, but the eastern wool-grower is on barren ground. A friend who lives in the heart of the Vermont sheep-breeding region writes me: "Ordinary rams sell for from \$10 to \$25 a head; ordinary ewes for

\$20. The highest real price any one has known a ram to sell for within two years, \$1100; the same for ewes, \$300. The wool of these sheep sells for twenty cents a pound. The wool itself does not pay for growing in the way in which these sheep are reared and cared for. The *wool* is a secondary object; the *bodies* are what they are bred for. * * * In the way sheep are kept on the large ranches south-west and west, the sheep so soon deteriorate that they are obliged to have thorough-bred rams to keep up their flocks. This is particularly the case in warm climates. Nature gets rid of the superfluous clothing as soon as possible."

It is interesting to compare the portraits of the best Merinos of eighty years ago with the improved American Merinos of the present day, and see what a change has been wrought in the race without change of blood. It is not unlikely that to the uneducated eye the more natural and picturesque sheep of the old time would seem more comely than the bewrinkled, enfolded and aproned product of the many years of careful breeding. As a thing of beauty the modern Merino ram can hardly be called a success, but there are millions in this knight of the Golden Fleece.

Rowland E. Robinson.

HOW EDWIN DROOD WAS ILLUSTRATED.

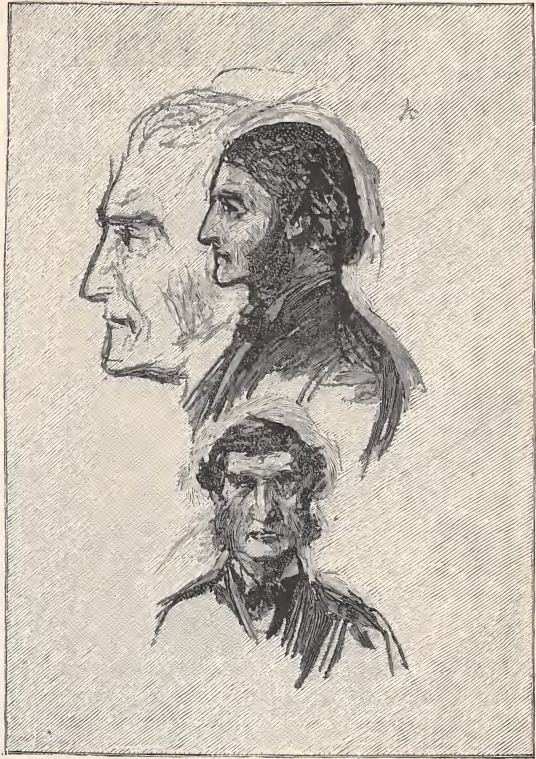
CHARLES DICKENS's first intention when he projected "Edwin Drood" was to intrust the illustrations to his son-in-law, who had worked for many years in such desultory manner as his delicate health permitted, with both pen and pencil. It was with the pen-



AN OPIUM DEN.

cil that Dickens considered Charles Collins's best success might be made. His literary work, mostly confined to fugitive pieces, but not yet altogether forgotten, was generally distinguished by humor of a charming quality, but rather obviously caught from the quieter manner of his father-in-law. "A Cruise on Wheels," which was the story of a *tête-à-tête* drive through France, took its little place as a prominent example of that chatty literature, with its mitigated good spirits and its gentle ironies, which was less rife in that day than it has since become. For "The Eye Witness" we must generally seek in the old volumes of "All the Year Round," where its discursive banter suggests a shrug of the shoulders peculiar to light essayists, and that ambling mental gait and pace which tire neither writer nor reader. Though Dickens had no lively faith in Charles Collins's ultimate distinction in letters, he had great faith, as has been said, in his artistic future; and it was, no doubt, with the aim of encouraging that art of designing, which seemed in some danger of being set aside or neglected, that Dickens chose to give his last book to the illustrative interpretation of his son-in-law. Charles Collins, however, got no further than the cover—copies of which are now probably rare, as most readers had the separate parts of the novel bound up after its progress was cut short. The artist's health failed so decidedly that the enterprise which was intended as the beginning of a revival of his work in design was, perforce, suddenly abandoned. Before the appearance of the first number, Dickens found himself without an illustrator. It must be taken as a sign of the mobility of his mind that he went in search of a young artist to interpret the work of his own elder years. And his old book was in a sense his youngest; he had changed with the times, and had, moreover, bridged across in his life and career a period of great alteration in English men and manners. Being essentially modern, Dickens was bound to be developed and modified by his times—to be as modern in 1870 as he had been in 1840, for his vitality never failed; and he could not be fitly illustrated by work which reverted to former ways of thought and observation. In his search for an artist he was aided by Mr. Millais and Mr. Frith, and these painters united in emphatic approval of the final choice.

Mr. Luke Fildes was at that time a man of twenty-five, who had struggled, through sheer force of vocation, out of the narrow limitations of provincial conditions in the par-



STUDIES FOR JASPER'S HEAD.

ticularly provincial province of Lancashire. He had no artistic ancestry, and it is not easy to understand how his art found him out; but, as a young boy, he attended a local school with the hope of achieving a moderate distinction, in time, as a designer of carpets and tea-cups. The love of nature drew him to other aspirations, and at the age of nineteen he entered on his course of study at South Kensington, passing afterward into the Royal Academy schools. Then began his career as an artist in black and white, for as yet he had not touched oil-color; but, though he found plenty of employment, he was by no means famous when Charles Dickens engaged him to draw for "Edwin Drood."

Mr. Fildes's first fame synchronized with the original appearance of the "Graphic," on the front page of which appeared the "Casuals." The idea had not been inspired by any word of Dickens's; it was not until five years later, when the author had passed away, and when his illustrator had become an oil-painter, that Mr. John Forster gave to Mr. Fildes that sentence which accompanied the great picture of the "Casuals," in 1874: "Dumb, wet, silent horrors. Sphinxes set up against that dead wall, and none likely to be at the pains of solving them until the general overthrow." The words had been written by Dickens in a

letter descriptive of his night rambles in London, and the dreary scene of outcasts and wanderers waiting outside the work-house for their one night's lodging had impressed the minds of both author and artist, without communication between them; and no wonder that the subject suggested obstinate questionings to the one and a thoughtful and memorable picture to the other. During the years which elapsed between the appearance of the

commonly to be found in a painter of sentiment. His manner was, of course, very unlike that which interpenetrated Charles Dickens's earlier books; the insistent caricature—the art of high spirits—had passed out of date; it belongs to its time, and cannot alter in intrinsic value as a part of that time; but repetition is impossible in any art which is still—like the art of line—in a state of vitality. While derivation is, of course, essential to the



JASPER'S SWOON.

"Casuals" in black and white and that of the "Casuals" in oils, Mr. Fildes had won his entrance to the Academy Exhibition by a figure subject called "Fair, Quiet, and Sweet Rest," showing a group of lotus-eating *jeunesse* of the last century in their boat among the water-lilies and the swans of the Thames. Of his subsequent pictures, "The Widower" and "The Penitent" have shown his powers of observation and of pathos at their best.

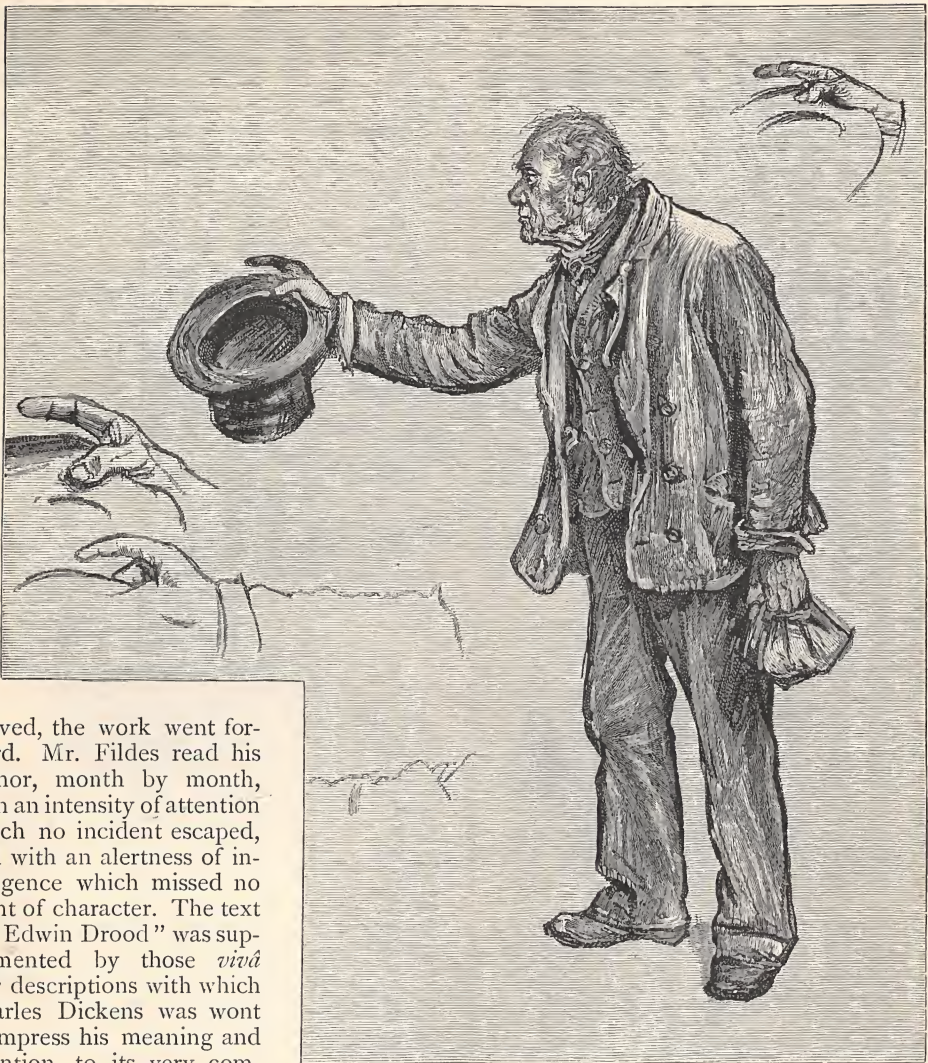
But to return to "Edwin Drood." At twenty-five few men have begun to develop their capacity for humor; and though Mr. Fildes was ready to be impressed by his author's tragedy, he doubted greatly whether he could interpret such comedy as might appear in the book. He did himself the injustice—peculiar to his time of life—of thinking that he had no humor in him. But the designer of Sapsea and of Durdles must assuredly be credited with a quality of fun, and with a capacity for the finer burlesque, not

very life of all arts, reversion may be held to be distinctive of those which have passed out of the state of production into that of criticism; and, therefore, reversion belongs properly, in our time, to architecture and to a certain kind of poetry. These do not derive, but revert.

Charles Dickens wrote to Mr. Fildes, in the January of 1870:

"I beg to thank you for the highly meritorious and interesting specimens of your art that you have had the kindness to send me. I return them herewith, after having examined them with the greatest pleasure. I am naturally curious to see your drawing from 'David Copperfield,' in order that I may compare it with my own idea. In the mean while, I can honestly assure you that I entertain the greatest admiration for your remarkable powers."

But the drawing in question contained no female figure, and Charles Dickens told his artist that the forthcoming story was adorned by two pretty heroines. A specimen of Mr. Fildes's power of rendering beauty was therefore required; and this being most satisfactorily



proved, the work went forward. Mr. Fildes read his author, month by month, with an intensity of attention which no incident escaped, and with an alertness of intelligence which missed no point of character. The text of "Edwin Drood" was supplemented by those *vivâ voce* descriptions with which Charles Dickens was wont to impress his meaning and intention, to its very completeness, upon his hearer.

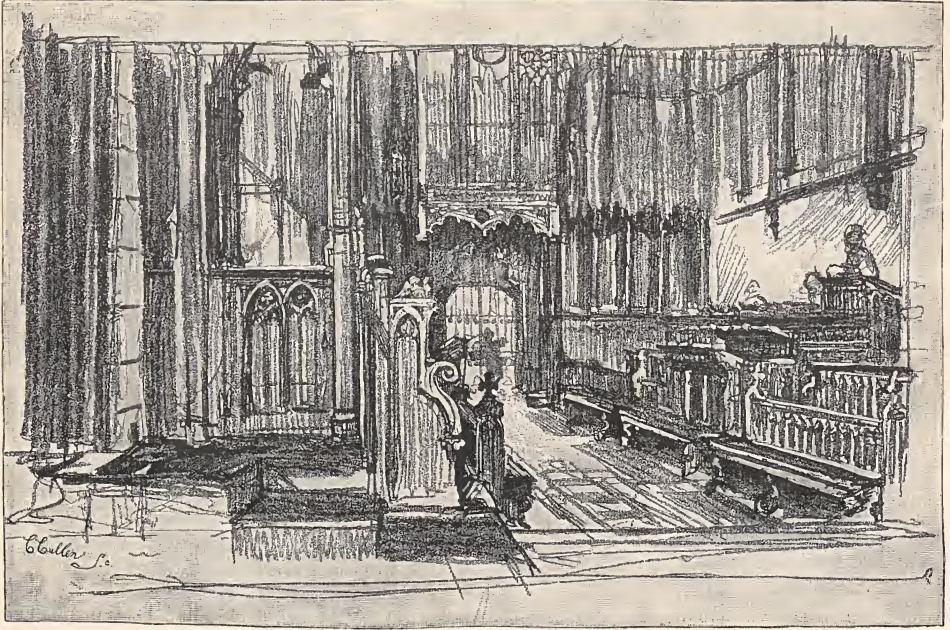
He himself was surprised at the way in which his mind found itself mirrored in that of his artist, both as regards the pictorial exactness of inanimate things and the appreciation of individual human character. The two kinds of exactitude are distinct enough, but Mr. Fildes compassed them both. With regard to the first, he has assured me that he drew the opium-room from description, but that the author recognized it as the very portrait of the place. In the more valuable exactitude to character, his success was such that Charles Dickens exclaimed delightedly that the figures drawn for "Edwin Drood" were like photographs of the characters. Mr. Fildes was evidently as receptive as Dickens was impressive; and who was ever so impressive as he? His power

DURDLES. (A STUDY FROM LIFE.)

of carrying artistic conviction was so great that we wonder, as we read him and read of him, at his ever having consented to abdicate such a force for the sake of triviality or violence. He was able to convince a thousand people by his gesture, a world by his pen; and he convinced his artist so strenuously that author and draughtsman conceived the self-same thing. Vividly as Dickens saw the creatures of his brain, he saw them no otherwise than as they lived by this quick and sympathetic pencil. Over the type of Jasper there was some consultation. Mr. Fildes made three shots, and one of them proved to be a palpable hit. But as to the story itself and the mystery, no confidences were made by Dickens. The often repeated assertion that he told to no one his intentions

as to the intrigue is true in so far as he volunteered no such telling. But a part of the mystery was, as a matter of fact, surprised out of him by Mr. Fildes's keenness and care in taking up a suggestion. It happened in the following way: The artist had taken special note of a change in the description of Jasper's dress. Not only did the fact that Jasper wore in the last scenes a large black silk scarf,

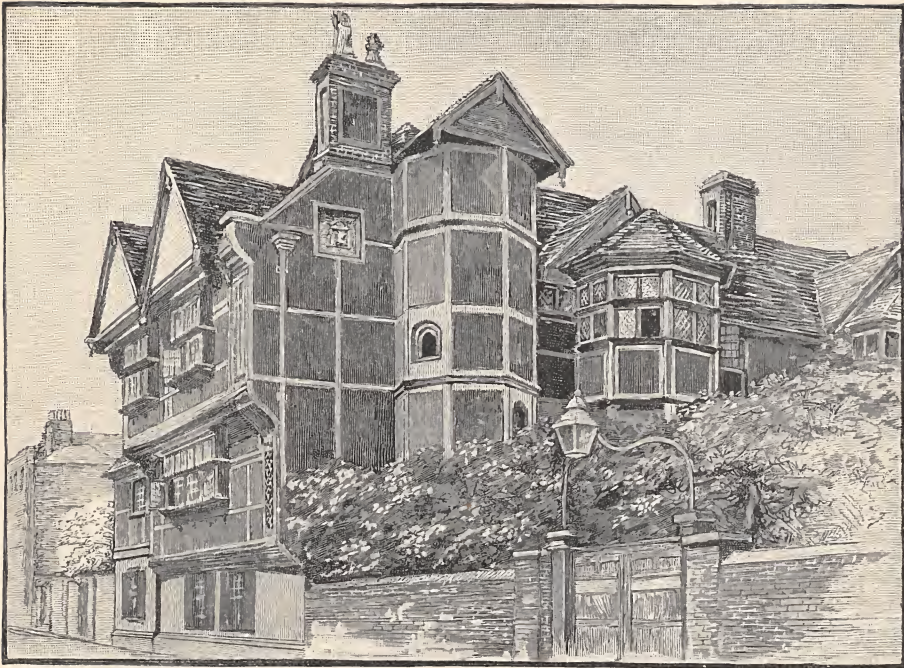
dered body in the cathedral tower, must have been obvious enough to every careful reader. The central crime of the book (and no fictitious wickedness was ever more fraught with powerful and penetrating horror than is this one) can never have been intended by the author to be a mystery; the secret that Charles Dickens intended to keep, and kept in effect, was the manner of the discovery. He



IN ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

muffling therewith his throat and keeping his beautiful voice from cold, appear duly in the drawing, but Dickens saw that the thing had been drawn with a kind of emphasis. Mr. Fildes confessed that he had divined its significance, whereupon Dickens was somewhat troubled with the misgiving that he was telling his story too fast. The scarf was, in fact, the instrument of murder. After fostering the notes of the even-song anthem, and hanging lightly about the throat of the murderer as he talked with his victim, it strangled the young breath of Edwin Drood on the night of the great gale. Charles Dickens was probably wrong, however, in supposing that too marked a point would be made of this by the reader; the dreadful use to which the thing was to be put has probably been guessed by few. It was, of course, otherwise with the clew of the ring given by Grewgious to Edwin. That this one indestructible piece of gold was upon the young man's person, unknown to the murderer, who had withdrawn the watch and the pin, and that it was to remain and bear witness after quicklime had destroyed the mur-

derer is a keen reader who has ever found out who and what was Mr. Datchery, and of this Mr. Fildes knows no more than does the public. Some commentators, more enterprising than attentive, hazarded the conjecture that this strange figure was a disguise of Edwin Drood himself, who had escaped death and was on the track of his would-be destroyer. This idea was childish, and might have been corrected by an ordinarily careful reading of the book. But finding that Mr. Fildes knew a great deal, Charles Dickens went on to make the principal revelation which concerned the central figure; he told his illustrator that Jasper was to be brought to justice in the end of the story. A drawing of this originally and most strongly conceived criminal locked up in the condemned cell (which was to have been studied at Rochester) was then planned between the two as one of the final subjects. By means of this design, the "condemned cells" of two generations of artists — Fagin's, as conceived by George Cruikshank, and Jasper's, as conceived by Luke Fildes — would have been



THE NUNS' HOUSE.

brought into interesting comparison. As to the pretty love-stories of the book, their inventor had implied their issues in their beginnings, the only fate left doubtful being that of the brave and unfortunate Neville Landless, whose Little Rosebud is clearly for the sailor. A painful book in its completeness "Edwin Drood" would certainly have been; the poor young hero is real enough—albeit by no means one of the most vital characters—and likable enough for his horrible taking-off to affect the reader with something more than a common fictional sensation. The most solid in construction of all Charles Dickens's stories it would undoubtedly have proved; and, as a character-study, at once intense and restrained, and rich in humor, although it is in a humorous character, that of the Billikin, that the only signs given in "Edwin Drood" of failure and effort are apparent; while the book promised to be free from that determined but doubtful pathos which, to the modern feeling, invests the Little Nell and the Paul Dombey of the old days with something of artistic insincerity. False in intention we would not pronounce these and their like to be, but there must be a growing conviction that they are false in art.

Of Mr. Fildes's work for Charles Dickens's book, our own opinion is that it is the best illustrative interpretation which has ever been made of the author, albeit old and fine reputations belong to the former associations of artists' names with the great series of the

Dickens novels. In addition to all those qualities of appreciation, apprehension, and intelligence, which must distinguish all really worthy work done—as is the work of an illustrator—in admiration of another mind, and which Mr. Fildes's designs possess so fully, these illustrations have a merit which present judgment is less prepared to dispense with than was the opinion of our fathers' time—that of serious and sound draughtsmanship.

In the several accounts which have been written of Charles Dickens's last days, it is noted that at the time of his death he was expecting the visit of his new illustrator, with whom he intended to ramble about the town of Rochester, so that the eyes in which he trusted so much might see what his own had in view as the setting of the scenes of "Edwin Drood." But Mr. Fildes had already made drawings in Rochester. The street and the cathedral were, of course, studied on the spot. The "Nuns' House" was a real house, and was carefully sketched from reality; but that drawing was not preserved, and the accompanying wood-cut is from a photograph. The study of Durdles is the original and happy idea for the best and most characteristic figure among the illustrations. The manner in which the man stands, the construction and expression of his limbs, and the action of his hand, are all passages of truth as subtle and restrained as they are vivid. When Charles Dickens went to see the Marionetti in Rome, he seized with delight the fine and intelligent

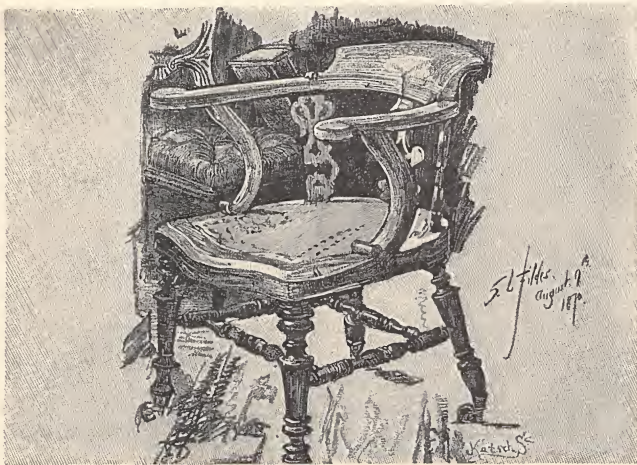


A STREET IN ROCHESTER.

merit of that curious performance when he wrote: "So delicate are the hands of the people who move them that every puppet was an Italian and did exactly what an Italian does. If he pointed at any object, if he laughed or if he cried, he did it as never Englishman did it since Britain first at Heaven's command arose," etc. In an equally national way does Durdles slouch; the attitude and habit of his knees and the manner in which he holds his dinner, the slovenliness and lack of precision and neatness of movement and intention, strike us as things impossible to any but an English Durdles, and exquisitely understood to be such by the draughtsman. This completeness shows itself in another way in the weight and abandon-

ment of unconsciousness expressed by the two prostrate figures — that of Jasper in his despair at finding that his murder had been done for nothing, and that of the opium-smoking woman. The drawing of the empty chair in the Gadshill library was afterward introduced by Mr. Fildes into his general study of the room published in the "Graphic." The present writer may be permitted a personal reminiscence in connection with the little bronze figure (a French grotesque) with dogs under its arms, and dogs' heads appearing out of the pockets, which appears in the drawing. It had kept that place on the writing table ever since Dickens, when walking with the writer's father, had been taken with one of his fits of inextinguishable laughter at seeing it in a shop. That evening the little bronze was sent by the shopkeeper to Dickens's hotel (this was, we believe, in Liverpool or Manchester), and the gift was so appreciated that, as has been said, it was one of the objects on his work-table until he died. The companion of his walk bought a duplicate, which he also kept during his life; and thus the fantasy of the modeler, who made the little figure as a caricature, it is said, of himself, has given to more than one household a much-prized remembrance.

Alice Meynell.



DICKENS'S CHAIR.

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

XVIII.

HOW HE DID IT.

RISTOFALO and Richling had hardly separated, when it occurred to the latter that the Italian had first touched him from behind. Had Ristofalo recognized him with his back turned, or had he seen him earlier and followed him? The facts were these: About an hour before the time when Richling omitted to apply for employment in the ill-smelling store in Tchoupitoulas street, Mr. Raphael Ristofalo halted in front of the same place—which appeared small and slovenly among its more pretentious neighbors—and stepped just inside the door to where stood a single barrel of apples—a fruit only the earliest varieties of which were beginning to appear in market. These were very small, round, and smooth, and, with a rather wan blush, confessed to more than one of the senses that they had seen better days. He began to pick them up and throw them down—one, two, three, four, seven, ten; about half of them were entirely sound.

"How many barrel' like this?"

"No got-a no more; dass all," said the dealer. He was a Sicilian. "Lame duck," he added. "Oal de rest gone."

"How much?" asked Ristofalo, still handling the fruit.

The Sicilian came to the barrel, looked in, and said, with a gesture of indifference:

"'M — doll' an' 'alf."

Ristofalo offered to take them at a dollar if he might wash and sort them under the dealer's hydrant, which could be heard running in the back yard. The offer would have been rejected with rude scorn but for one thing: it was spoken in Italian. The man looked at him with pleased surprise, and made the concession. The porter of the store, in a red worsted cap, had drawn near. Ristofalo bade him roll the barrel on its chine to the rear and stand it by the hydrant.

"I will come back pretty soon," he said, in Italian, and went away.

By and by he returned, bringing with him two swarthy, heavy-set, little Sicilian lads, each with his inevitable basket and some clean rags. A smile and gesture to the store-keeper, a word to the boys, and in a moment

the barrel was upturned, and the pair were washing, wiping, and sorting the sound and unsound apples at the hydrant.

Ristofalo stood a moment in the entrance of the store. The question now was where to get a dollar. Richling passed, looked in, seemed to hesitate, went on, turned, and passed again, the other way. Ristofalo saw him all the time and recognized him at once, but appeared not to observe him.

"He will do," thought the Italian.—"Be back few minute'," he said, glancing behind him.

"Or-r igh'," said the store-keeper, with a hand-wave of good-natured confidence. He recognized Mr. Raphael Ristofalo's species.

The Italian walked up across Poydras street, saw Richling stop and look at the machinery, approached, and touched him on the shoulder.

On parting with him he did not return to the store where he had left the apples. He walked up Tchoupitoulas street about a mile, and where St. Thomas street branches acutely from it, in a squalid district full of the poorest Irish, stopped at a dirty fruit-stand and spoke in Spanish to its Catalan proprietor. Half an hour later twenty-five cents had changed hands, the Catalan's fruit shelves were bright with small pyramids—sound side foremost—of Ristofalo's second grade of apples, the Sicilian had Richling's dollar, and the Italian was gone with his boys and his better grade of fruit. Also, a grocer had sold some sugar, and a druggist a little paper of some harmless confectioner's dye.

Down behind the French market, in a short, obscure street that runs from Ursulines to Barracks street, and is named in honor of Albert Gallatin, are some old buildings of three or four stories' height, rented, in John Richling's day, to a class of persons who got their livelihood by subletting the rooms and parts of rooms to the wretchedest poor of New Orleans—organ-grinders, chimney-sweeps, professional beggars, street musicians, lemon-peddlers, rag-pickers, with all the yet dirtier herd that live by hook and crook in the streets or under the wharves; a room with a bed and stove, a room without, a half-room with or without ditto, a quarter-room with or without a blanket or quilt, and with

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only a chalk-mark on the floor instead of a partition. Into one of these went Mr. Raphael Ristofalo, the two boys, and the apples. Whose assistance or indulgence, if any, he secured in there is not recorded; but when, late in the afternoon, the Italian issued thence—the boys, meanwhile, had been coming and going—an unusual luxury had been offered the roustabouts and idlers of the steamboat landings, and many had bought and eaten freely of the very small, round, shiny, sugary, and artificially crimson roasted apples, with neatly whittled white-pine stems to poise them on as they were lifted to the consumer's watering teeth. When, the next morning, Richling laughed at the story, the Italian drew out two dollars and a half, and began to take from it a dollar.

"But you have last night's lodging and so forth yet to pay for."

"No. Made friends with Sicilian luggerman. Slept in his lugger." He showed his brow and cheeks speckled with mosquito bites. "Ate little hard-tack and coffee with him this morning. Don't want much." He offered the dollar with a quarter added. Richling declined the bonus.

"But why not?"

"Oh, I just couldn't do it," laughed Richling, "that's all."

"Well," said the Italian, "lend me that dollar one day more, I return you dollar and half in its place to-morrow."

The lender had to laugh again. "You can't find an odd barrel of damaged apples every day."

"No. No apples to-day. But there's regiment soldiers at lower landing; whole steamboat load; going to sail this afternoon to Florida. They'll eat whole barrel hard-boil' eggs."—And they did. When they sailed, the Italian's pocket was stuffed with small silver.

Richling received his dollar and fifty cents. As he did so, "I would give, if I had it, a hundred dollars for half your art," he said, laughing unevenly. He was beaten, surpassed, humbled. Still he said, "Come, don't you want this again? You needn't pay me for the use of it."

But the Italian refused. He had outgrown his patron. A week afterward Richling saw him at the Picayune Tier superintending the unloading of a small schooner-load of bananas. He had bought the cargo, and was reselling to small fruiterers.

"Make fifty dollars to-day," said the Italian, marking his tally-board with a piece of chalk.

Richling clapped him joyfully on the shoulder, but turned around with inward distress and hurried away. He had not found work.

Events followed of which we have already

taken knowledge. Mary, we have seen, fell sick and was taken to hospital.

"I shall go mad!" Richling would moan with his disheveled brows between his hands, and then start to his feet exclaiming, "I must not! I must not! I must keep my senses!" And so to the commercial regions or to the hospital.

Dr. Sevier, as we know, left word that Richling should call and see him; but when he called, a servant—very curtly, it seemed to him—said the Doctor was not well and didn't want to see anybody. This was enough for a young man who *hadn't* his senses. The more he needed a helping hand, the more unreasonably shy he became of those who might help him.

"Will nobody come and find us?" Yet he would not cry "Whoop"; and how then was anybody to come?

Mary returned to the house again (ah! what joys there are in the vale of tribulation!) and grew strong—stronger, she averred, than ever she had been.

"And now you'll *not* be cast down, *will* you?" she said, sliding into her husband's lap. She was in an uncommonly playful mood.

"Not a bit of it," said John. "Every dog has his day. I'll come to the top. You'll see."

"Don't I know that?" she responded.

"Look here, now," she exclaimed, starting to her feet and facing him, "I'll recommend you to anybody. *I've* got confidence in you!" Richling thought she had never looked quite so pretty as at that moment. He leaped from his chair with a laughing ejaculation, caught and swung her an instant from her feet, and landed her again before she could cry out. If, in retort, she smote him so sturdily that she had to retreat backward to rearrange her shaken coil of hair, it need not go down on the record; such things will happen. The scuffle and suppressed laughter were detected even in Mrs. Riley's room.

"Ah!" sighed the widow to herself, "wasn't it Kate Riley that used to get the sweet, haird knocks!" Her grief was mellowing.

Richling went out on the old search, which the advancing summer made more nearly futile each day than the day before.

Stop. What sound was that?

"Richling! Richling!"

Richling, walking in a commercial street, turned. A member of the firm that had last employed him beckoned him to halt.

"What are you doing now, Richling? Still acting deputy-assistant city-surveyor *pro tem*?"

"Yes."

"Well, see here! why haven't you been in the store to see us lately? Did I seem a little preoccupied the last time you called?"

"I"—Richling dropped his eyes with

an embarrassed smile — “I *was* afraid I was in the way — or should be.”

“Well, and suppose you were? A man that’s looking for work must put himself in the way. But come with me. I think I may be able to give you a lift.”

“How’s that?” asked Richling as they started off abreast.

“There’s a house around the corner here that will give you some work — temporary anyhow, and may be permanent.”

So Richling was at work again, hidden away from Dr. Sevier between journal and ledger. His employers asked for references. Richling looked dismayed for a moment, then said, “I’ll bring somebody to recommend me,” went away, and came back with Mary.

“All the recommendation I’ve got,” said he, with timid elation. There was a laugh all round.

“Well, madam, if you say he’s all right, we don’t doubt he is!”

XIX.

ANOTHER PATIENT.

“DOCTAH SEVEEAH,” said Narcisse, suddenly, as he finished sticking with great fervor the postage-stamps on some letters the Doctor had written, and having studied with much care the phraseology of what he had to say and screwed up his courage to the pitch of utterance, “I saw yo’ notiz on the noozpapeh this mornin’.”

The unresponding Doctor closed his eyes in unutterable weariness of the innocent young gentleman’s prepared speeches.

“Yesseh. ’Tis a beaucheouz notiz. I fine that w’ritten with the gweatez *accu’acy* of diction, in fact. I made a twanslation of that faw my hant. Thaz a thing I am fon’ of, twanslation. I dunno ’ow ’tis, Doctah,” he continued, preparing to go out — “I dunno ’ow ’tis, but I thing, you goin’ to fine that Mistoo ’Itchlin’ ad the en’. I dunno ’ow ’tis. Well, I’m goin’ ad the —”

The Doctor looked up fiercely.

“Bank,” said Narcisse, getting near the door.

“All right!” grumbled the Doctor, more politely.

“Yesseh; befo’ I go ad the poss-office.”

A great many other persons had seen the advertisement. There were many among them who wondered if Mr. John Richling could be such a fool as to fall into that trap. There were others, some of them women, alas! who wondered how it was that nobody advertised for information concerning them, and who wished, yes, “wished to God,” that such a one, or such a one, who had had his money-bags locked up long enough, would

die, and then you’d see who’d be advertised for. Some idlers looked in vain into the city directory, to see if Mr. John Richling were mentioned there. But Richling himself did not see the paper. His employers, or some fellow-clerk, might have pointed it out to him, but — we shall see in a moment.

Time passed. It always does. At length, one morning, as Dr. Sevier lay on his office lounge, fatigued after his attentions to callers and much enervated by the prolonged summer heat, there entered a small female form closely veiled. He rose to a sitting posture.

“Good morning, Doctor,” said a voice, hurriedly, behind the veil. “Doctor,” it continued, choking, — “Doctor —”

“Why, Mrs. Richling!”

He sprang and gave her a chair. She sank into it.

“Doctor, — oh, Doctor! John is in the Charity Hospital!”

She buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed aloud. The Doctor was silent a moment, and then asked:

“What’s the matter with him?”

“Chills.”

It seemed as though she must break down again, but the Doctor stopped her savagely.

“Well, my dear madam, don’t cry! Come, now, you’re making too much of a small matter. Why, what are chills? We’ll break them in forty-eight hours. He’ll have the best of care. You needn’t cry! Certainly this isn’t as bad as when you were there.”

She was still, but shook her head. She couldn’t agree to that.

“Doctor, will you attend him?”

“Mine is a female ward.”

“I know; but —”

“Oh — if you wish it — certainly; of course I will. But now, where have you moved, Mrs. Richling? I sent —” He looked up over his desk toward that of Narcisse.

The Creole had been neither deaf nor idle. Hospital? Then those children in Prieur street had told him right. He softly changed his coat and shoes. As the physician looked over the top of the desk Narcisse’s silent form, just here at the left, but out of the range of vision, passed through the door and went downstairs with the noiselessness of a moonbeam.

Mary explained the location and arrangement of her residence.

“Yes,” she said, “that’s the way your clerk must have overlooked us. We live behind — down the alley-way.”

“Well, at any rate, madam,” said the Doctor, “you are here now, and before you go I want to —” He drew out his pocket-book.

There was a quick gesture of remonstrance and look of pleading.

"No, no, Doctor; please don't! please don't! Give my poor husband one more chance—don't make me take that. I don't refuse it for pride's sake!"

"I don't know about that," he replied; "why do you do it?"

"For his sake, Doctor. I know just as well what he'd say—we've no right to take it anyhow. We don't know when we could pay it back." Her head sank. She wiped a tear from her hand.

"Why, I don't care if you never pay it back!" The Doctor reddened angrily.

Mary raised her veil.

"Doctor,"—a smile played on her lips,—
"I want to say one thing." She was a little care-worn and grief-worn; and yet, Narcisse, you should have seen her; you would not have slipped out.

"Say on, madam," responded the Doctor.

"If we have to ask anybody, Doctor, it will be you. John had another situation, but lost it by his chills. He'll get another. I'm sure he will." A long, broken sigh caught her unawares. Dr. Sevier thrust his pocket-book back into its place, compressing his lips and giving his head an unpersuaded jerk. And yet, was she not right, according to all his preaching? He asked himself that. "Why didn't your husband come to see me, as I requested him to do, Mrs. Richling?"

She explained John's being turned away from the door during the Doctor's illness. "But anyhow, Doctor, John has always been a little afraid of you."

The Doctor's face did not respond to her smile.

"Why, you are not," he said.

"No." Her eyes sparkled, but their softer light quickly returned. She smiled and said:

"I will ask a favor of you now, Doctor."

They had risen, and she stood leaning sidewise against his low desk and looking up into his face.

"Can you get me some sewing? John says I may take some."

The Doctor was about to order two dozen shirts instantanè, but common sense checked him, and he only said:

"I will. I will find you some. And I shall see your husband within an hour. Good-bye." She reached the door. "God bless you," he added.

"What, sir?" she asked, looking back.

But the Doctor was reading.

XX.

ALICE.

A LITTLE medicine skillfully prescribed, the proper nourishment, two or three days' con-

finement in bed, and the Doctor said, as he sat on the edge of Richling's couch:

"No, you'd better stay where you are to-day; but to-morrow, if the weather is good, you may sit up."

Then Richling, with the unreasonableness of a convalescent, wanted to know why he couldn't just as well go home. But the Doctor said again, no.

"Don't be impatient; you'll have to go anyhow before I would prefer to send you. It would be invaluable to you to pass your entire convalescence here, and go home only when you are completely recovered. But I can't arrange it very well. The Charity Hospital is for sick people."

"And where is the place for convalescents?"

"There is none," replied the physician.

"I shouldn't want to go to it, myself," said Richling, lolling pleasantly on his pillow; "all I should ask is strength to get home, and I'd be off."

The Doctor looked another way.

"The sick are not the wise," he said, abstractedly. "However, in your case, I should let you go to your wife as soon as you safely could." At that he fell into so long a reverie that Richling studied every line of his face again and again.

A very pleasant thought was in the convalescent's mind the while. The last three days had made it plain to him that the Doctor was not only his friend, but was willing that Richling should be his.

At length the physician spoke.

"Mary is wonderfully like Alice, Richling."

"Yes?" responded Richling, rather timidly. And the Doctor continued:

"The same age, the same stature, the same features. Alice was a shade paler in her style of beauty, just a shade. Her hair was darker; but otherwise her whole effect was a trifle quieter, even, than Mary's. She was beautiful—outside and in. Like Mary, she had a certain richness of character—but of a different sort. I suppose I would not notice the difference if they were not so much alike. She didn't stay with me long."

"Is she—buried here?" asked Richling, hardly knowing how to break the silence that fell, and yet lead the speaker on.

"No. In Virginia." The Doctor was quiet a moment, and then resumed:

"I looked at your wife when she was last in my office, Richling; she had a little timid, beseeching light in her eyes that is not usual with her—and a moisture, too; and—it seemed to me as though Alice had come back. For my wife lived by my moods. Her spirit rose or fell just as my whim, conscious or un-

conscious, gave out light or took on shadow." The Doctor was still again, and Richling only indicated his wish to hear more by shifting himself on his elbow.

"Do you remember, Richling, when the girl you had been bowing down to and worshipping, all at once, in a single wedding day, was transformed into your adorer?"

"Yes, indeed," responded the convalescent, with beaming face. "Wasn't it wonderful? I couldn't credit my senses. But how did you — was it the same —"

"It's the same, Richling, with every man who has really secured a woman's heart with her hand. It was very strange and sweet to me. Alice would have been a spoiled child if her parents could have spoiled her; and when I was courting her she was the veriest little empress that ever walked over a man."

"I can hardly imagine," said Richling, with subdued amusement, looking at the long, slender form before him. The Doctor smiled very sweetly.

"Yes." Then, after another meditative pause: "But from the moment I became her husband she lived in continual trepidation. She so magnified me in her timid fancy that she was always looking tremulously to me to see what should be her feeling. She even couldn't help being afraid of me. I hate for any one to be afraid of me."

"Do you, Doctor?" said Richling, with surprise and evident introspection.

"Yes."

Richling felt his own fear changing to love.

"When I married," continued Dr. Sevier, "I had thought Alice was one that would go with me hand in hand through life, dividing its cares and doubling its joys, as they say; I guiding her and she guiding me. But if I had let her, she would have fallen into me as a planet might fall into the sun. I didn't want to be the sun to her. I didn't want her to shine only when I shone on her, and be dark when I was dark. No man ought to want such a thing. Yet she made life a delight to me; only she wanted that development which a better training, or even a harder training, might have given her; that subserving of the emotions to the" — he waved his hand — "I can't philosophize about her. We loved one another with our might, and she's in heaven."

Richling felt an inward start. The Doctor interrupted his intended speech.

"Our short experience together, Richling, is the one great light place in my life; and to me, to-day, sere as I am, the sweet — the sweetest sound — on God's green earth" — the corners of his mouth quivered — "is the name of Alice. Take care of Mary, Richling; she's a priceless treasure. Don't leave the making and

sustaining of the home sunshine all to her, any more than you'd like her to leave it all to you."

"I'll not, Doctor; I'll not." Richling pressed the Doctor's hand fervently; but the Doctor drew it away with a certain energy and rose, saying:

"Yes, you can sit up to-morrow."

The day that Richling went back to his malarious home in Prieur street, Dr. Sevier happened to meet him just beyond the hospital gate. Richling waved his hand. He looked weak and tremulous. "Homeward bound," he said, gayly.

The physician reached forward in his carriage and bade his driver stop. "Well, be careful of yourself; I'm coming to see you in a day or two."

XXI.

THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT.

DR. SEVIER was daily overtaken. His campaigns against the evils of our disordered flesh had even kept him from what his fellow-citizens thought was only his share of attention to public affairs.

"Why," he cried to a committee that came soliciting his coöperation, "here's one little unprofessional call that I've been trying every day for two weeks to make — and ought to have made — and must make; and I haven't got a step toward it yet. Oh, no, gentlemen." He waved their request away.

He was very tired. The afternoon was growing late. He dismissed his jaded horse toward home, walked down to Canal street, and took that yellow Bayou Road omnibus whose big blue star painted on its corpulent side showed that quadrooms, etc., were allowed a share of its accommodation, and went rumbling and tumbling over the cobble-stones of the French quarter.

By and by he got out, walked a little way southward in the hot, luminous shade of low-roofed tenement cottages that closed their window-shutters noiselessly, in sensitive-plant fashion, at his slow, meditative approach, and slightly and as noiselessly reopened them behind him, showing a pair of wary eyes within. Presently he recognized just ahead of him, standing out on the sidewalk, the little house that had been described to him by Mary.

In a door-way that opened upon two low wooden sidewalk steps stood Mrs. Riley, clad in a crisp black-and-white calico, a heavy, fat babe poised easily in one arm. The Doctor turned directly toward the narrow alley, merely touching his hat to her as he pushed its small green door inward, and disappeared, while she lifted her chin at the silent liberty and dropped her eyelids.

Dr. Sevier went down the cramped, ill-paved passage very slowly and softly. Regarding himself objectively, he would have said the deep shade of his thoughts was due partly, at least, to his fatigue. But that would hardly have accounted for a certain faint glow of indignation that came into them. In truth, he began distinctly to resent this state of affairs in the life of John and Mary Richling. An ill-defined anger beat about in his brain in search of some tangible shortcoming of theirs upon which to thrust the blame of their helplessness. "Criminal helplessness," he called it, mutteringly. He tried to define the idea — or the idea tried to define itself — that they had somehow been recreant to their social caste by getting down into the condition and estate of what one may call the alien poor. Carondelet street had in some way specially vexed him to-day, and now here was this. It was bad enough, he thought, for men to slip into riches through dark back windows; but here was a brace of youngsters who had glided into poverty, and taken a place to which they had no right to stoop. Treachery — that was the name for it. And now he must be expected, — the Doctor quite forgot that nobody had asked him to do it, — he must be expected to come fishing them out of their hole, like a rag-picker at a trash barrel.

— "Bringing me into this wretched alley!" he silently thought. His foot slipped on a mossy brick. Oh, no doubt they thought they were punishing some negligent friend or friends by letting themselves down into this sort of thing. Never mind! He recalled the tender, confiding, friendly way in which he had talked to John, sitting on the edge of his hospital bed. He wished, now, he had every word back he had uttered. They might hide away to the full content of their poverty-pride. Poverty-pride; he had invented the term; it was the opposite pole to purse-pride — and just as mean, — no, meaner. — There! Must he yet slip down? He muttered an angry word. Well, well! this was making himself a little the cheapest he had ever let himself be made. And probably this was what they wanted! Misery's revenge. Umhum! They sit down in sour darkness, eh! and make relief seek them. It wouldn't be the first time he had caught the poor taking savage comfort in the blush which their poverty was supposed to bring to the cheek of better-kept kinsfolk. True, he didn't know this was the case with the Richlings. But wasn't it? Wasn't it? And have they a dog that will presently hurl himself down this alley at one's legs? He hopes so! He would so like to kick him clean over the twelve-foot close plank fence that crowded his right shoulder. Never mind! His anger became solemn.

The alley opened into a small, narrow yard, paved with ashes from the gas-works. At the bottom of the yard a rough shed spanned its breadth, and a woman was there busily bending over a row of wash-tubs.

The Doctor knocked on a door near at hand, then waited a moment, and, getting no response, turned away toward the shed and the deep, wet, burring sound of a wash-board. The woman bending over it did not hear his footfall. Presently he stopped. She had just straightened up, lifting a piece of the washing to the height of her head, and letting it down with a swash and slap upon the board. It was a woman's garment, but certainly not hers. For she was small and slight. Her hair was hidden under a towel. Her skirts were shortened to a pair of dainty ankles by an extra under-fold at the neat, round waist. Her feet were thrust into a pair of sabots. She paused a moment in her work, and, lifting with both smoothly-rounded arms, bared nearly to the shoulder, a large apron from her waist, wiped the perspiration from her forehead. It was Mary.

The red blood came up into the Doctor's pale, thin face. This was too outrageous. This was insult! He stirred as if to move forward. He would confront her. Yes, just as she was. He would speak. He would speak bluntly. He would chide sternly. He had the right. The only friend in the world from whom she had not escaped beyond reach — he would speak the friendly, angry word that would stop this shocking —

But, truly, deeply incensed as he was and felt it his right to be, hurt, wrung, exasperated he did not advance. She had reached down and taken from the wash-bench the lump of yellow soap that lay there, and was soaping the garment on the board before her, turning it this way and that. As she did this she began, all to herself and for her own ear, softly, with unconscious richness and tenderness of voice, to sing. And what was her song?

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"

Down drooped the listener's head. Remember? Ah, memory! The old, heart-rending memory! Sweet Alice!

The song caught up the tender name again.

"Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown?"

Yes, yes; so brown — so brown!

"She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown."

Ah! but the frown is gone! There is a look of supplication now. Sing no more! Oh, sing no more! Yes, surely, she will stop there!

No. The voice rises gently — just a little — into the higher key, soft and clear as the note

of a distant bird, and all unaware of a listener. Oh! in mercy's name ——

"In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone."

The little toiling figure bent once more across the wash-board and began to rub. He turned, the first dew of many a long year welling from each eye, and stole away, out of the little yard and down the dark, slippery alley, to the street.

Mrs. Riley still stood on the door-sill, holding the child.

"Good evening, madam."

"Sur, to you." She bowed with dignity.

"Is Mrs. Richling in?"

There was a shadow of triumph in her faint smile.

"She is."

"I should like to see her."

Mrs. Riley hoisted her chin. "I dunno if she's a-seein' comp'ny to-day." The voice was amiably important. "Wont ye walk in? Take a seat and sit down, sur, and I'll go and infarm the laydie."

"Thank you," said the Doctor, but continued to stand. Mrs. Riley started and stopped again.

"Ye forgot to give me yer kyaird, sur." She drew her chin in again, austere.

"Just say Dr. Sevier."

"Certainly, sur; yes, that'll be sufficiend. And dispinse with the kyaird." She went majestically.

The Doctor, left alone, cast his uninterested glance around the smart little bare-floored parlor, upon its new, jig-sawed, gray hair-cloth furniture, and up upon a picture of the Pope. When Mrs. Riley in a moment returned, he stood looking out the door.

"Mrs. Richling consints to see ye, sur. She'll be in turreckly. Take a seat and sit down." She readjusted the infant on her arm, and lifted and swung a hair-cloth arm-chair toward him without visible exertion. "There's no use o' having chayers if ye don't sit on um," she added affably.

The Doctor sat down, and Mrs. Riley occupied the exact center of the small, wide-eared, brittle-looking sofa, where she filled in the silent moments that followed by pulling down the skirts of the infant's apparel, oppressed with the necessity of keeping up a conversation and with the want of subject matter. The child stared at the Doctor, and suddenly plunged toward him with a loud and very watery coo.

"Ah-h!" said Mrs. Riley, in ostentatious rebuke. "Mike!" she cried, laughingly, as

the action was repeated. "Ye rowdy, air ye go-un to fight the gentleman?"

She laughed sincerely, and the Doctor could but notice how neat and good-looking she was. He condescended to crook his finger at the babe. This seemed to exasperate the so-called rowdy. He planted his pink feet on his mother's thigh and gave a mighty lunge and whoop.

"He's go-un to be a wicked bruiser," said proud Mrs. Riley. "He"—the pronoun stood, this time, for her husband—"he never sah the child. He was kilt with an explosion before the child was barn."

She held the infant on her strong arm as he struggled to throw himself, with wide-stretched jaws, upon her bosom; and might have been devoured by the wicked bruiser had not his attention been diverted by the entrance of Mary, who came in at last, all in fragrant white, with apologies for keeping the Doctor waiting.

He looked down into her uplifted eyes. What a riddle is woman! Had he not just seen this one in sabots? Did she not certainly know, through Mrs. Riley, that he must have seen her so? Were not her skirts but just now hitched up with an under-tuck, and fastened with a string? Had she not just laid off, in hot haste, a suds-bespattered apron and the garments of toil beneath it? Had not a towel been but now unbound from the hair shining here under his glance in luxuriant brown coils? This brightness of eye that seemed all exhilaration, was it not trepidation instead? And this rosiness, so like redundant vigor, was it not the flush of her hot task? He fancied he saw—in truth he may have seen—a defiance in the eyes as he glanced upon, and tardily dropped, the little water-soaked hand with a bow.

Mary turned to present Mrs. Riley, who bowed and said, trying to hold herself with majesty while Mike drew her head into his mouth: "Sur," then turned with great ceremony to Mary, and adding, "I'll withdrah," withdrew with the head and step of a duchess.

"How is your husband, madam?"

"John?—is not well at all, Doctor; though he would say he was, if he were here. He doesn't shake off his chills. He is out, though, looking for work. He'd go as long as he could stand."

She smiled; she almost laughed; but half an eye could see it was only to avoid the other thing.

"Where does he go?"

"Everywhere!" She laughed this time audibly.

"If he went everywhere I should see him," said Dr. Sevier.

"Ah! naturally," responded Mary, playfully. "But he does go wherever he thinks there's work to be found. He doesn't wander clear out among the plantations, of course, where everybody has slaves and there's no work but slaves' work. And he says it's useless to think of a clerkship this time of year. It must be, isn't it?"

The Doctor made no answer.

There was a footstep in the alley.

"He's coming now," said Mary; "that's he. He must have got work to-day. He has an acquaintance, an Italian, who promised to have something for him to do very soon. Doctor,—” she began to put together the split fractions of a palm-leaf fan, smiling diffidently at the while,—“I can't see how it is any discredit to a man not to have a *knack* for making money?"

She lifted her peculiar look of radiant inquiry.

"It is not, madam."

Mary laughed for joy. The light of her face seemed to spread clear into her locks.

"Well, I knew you'd say so! John blames himself—he can make money, you know, Doctor, but he blames himself because he hasn't that natural gift for it that Mr. Ristofalo has. Why, Mr. Ristofalo is simply wonderful." She smiled upon her fan in amused reminiscence. "John is always wishing he had his gift."

"My dear madam, don't covet it! At least don't exchange it for anything else."

The Doctor was still in this mood of disapprobation when John entered. The radiance of the young husband's greeting hid for a moment, but only so long, the marks of illness and adversity. Mary followed him with her smiling eyes as the two men shook hands, and John drew a chair near to her and sat down with a sigh of mingled pleasure and fatigue.

She told him of whom she and their visitor had just been speaking.

"Raphael Ristofalo!" said John, kindling afresh. "Yes; I've been with him all day. It humiliates me to think of him."

Dr. Sevier responded quietly:

"You've no right to let it humiliate you, sir."

Mary turned to John with dancing eyes, but he passed the utterance as a mere compliment, and said through his smiles:

"Just see how it is to-day. I have been overseeing the unloading of a little schooner from Ruatan island, loaded with bananas, cocoa-nuts, and pine-apples. I've made two dollars—he has made a hundred."

Richling went on eagerly to tell about the plain, lusterless man whose one homely gift had fascinated him. The Doctor was entertained. The narrator sparkled and glowed as

he told of Ristofalo's appearance, and reproduced his speeches and manner.

"Tell about the apples and eggs," said the delighted Mary.

He did so, sitting on the front edge of his chair seat, and sprawling his legs now in front and now behind him as he swung now around to his wife and now to the Doctor. Mary laughed softly at every period, and watched the Doctor to see his slight smile at each detail of the story. Richling enjoyed telling it; He had worked; his earnings were in his pocket; gladness was easy.

"Why, I'm learning more from Raphael Ristofalo than I ever learned from my schoolmasters; I'm learning the art of livelihood."

He ran on from Ristofalo to the men among whom he had been mingling all day. He mimicked the strange, long swing of their Sicilian speech; told of their swarthy faces and black beards; their rich instinct for color in costume; their fierce conversation and violent gestures; the energy of their movements when they worked, and the profoundness of their repose when they rested; the picturesque and grotesqueness of the negroes, too; the huge, flat, round baskets of fruit which the black men carried on their heads, and which the Sicilians bore on their shoulders or the nape of the neck. The "captain" of the schooner was a central figure.

"Doctor," asked Richling, suddenly, "do you know anything about the island of Cozumel?"

"Aha!" thought Mary. So there was something besides the day's earnings that elated him.

She had suspected it. She looked at her husband with an expression of the most alert pleasure. The Doctor noticed it.

"No," he said, in reply to Richling's question.

"It stands out in the Gulf of Mexico, off the coast of Yucatan," began Richling.

"Yes, I know that."

"Well, Mary, I've almost promised the schooner captain that we'll go there. He wants to get up a colony."

Mary started.

"Why, John!" She betrayed a look of dismay, glanced at their visitor, tried to say "Have you?" approvingly, and blushed.

The Doctor made no kind of response.

"Now, don't conclude," said John to Mary, coloring too, but smiling. He turned to the physician. "It's a wonderful spot, Doctor."

But the Doctor was still silent, and Richling turned.

"Just to think, Mary, of a place where you can raise all the products of two zones; where health is almost perfect; where the

yellow fever has never been; and where there is such beauty as can be only in the tropics and a tropical sea. Why, Doctor, I can't understand why Europeans or Americans haven't settled it long ago."

"I suppose we can find out before we go, can't we?" said Mary, looking timorously back and forth between John and the Doctor.

"The reason is," replied John, "it's so little known. Just one island away out by itself. Three crops of fruit a year. One acre planted in bananas feeds fifty men. All the capital a man need have is an axe to cut down the finest cabinet and dye-woods in the world. The thermometer never goes above ninety nor below forty. You can hire all the labor you want at a few cents a day."

Mary's diligent eye detected a cloud on the Doctor's face. But John, though nettled, pushed on the more rapidly.

"A man can make—easily!—a thousand dollars the first year, and live on two hundred and fifty. It's the place for a poor man."

He looked a little defiant.

"Of course," said Mary, "I know you wouldn't come to an opinion"—she smiled with the same restless glance—"until you had made all the inquiries necessary. It must—it must be a delightful place, Doctor."

Her eyes shone blue as the sky.

"I wouldn't send a convict to such a place," said Dr. Sevier.

Richling flamed up.

"Don't you think," he began to say with visible restraint and a faint, ugly twist of the head—"don't you think it's a better place for a poor man than a great, heartless town?"

"This isn't a heartless town," said the Doctor.

"He doesn't mean it as you do, Doctor," interposed Mary, with alarm. "John, you ought to explain."

"Than a great town," said Richling, "where a man of honest intentions and real desire to live and be useful and independent—who wants to earn his daily bread at any honorable cost, and who can't do it because the town doesn't want his services, and will not have them—can go——" He ceased, with his sentence all tangled.

"No!" the Doctor was saying meanwhile. "No! No! No!"

"Here I go, day after day," persisted Richling, extending his arm and pointing indefinitely through the window——

"No, no, you don't, John," cried Mary, with an effort at gayety; "you don't go by the window, John; you go by the door." She pulled his arm down tenderly.

"I go by the alley," said John. Silence followed. The young pair contrived to force a little laugh, and John made an apologetic move.

"Doctor," he exclaimed, with an air of pleasantry, "the whole town's asleep! sound asleep, like a negro in the sunshine! 'There isn't work for one man in fifty!' He ended tremulously. Mary looked at him with dropped face but lifted eyes, handling the fan, whose rent she had made worse.

"Richling, my friend,"—the Doctor had never used that term before,—“what does your Italian money-maker say to the idea?"

Richling gave an Italian shrug and his own pained laugh.

"Exactly! Why, Mr. Richling, you're on an island now—an island in mid-ocean. Both of you!" He waved his hands toward the two without lifting his head from the back of the easy-chair, where he had dropped it.

"What do you mean, Doctor?"

"Mean? Isn't my meaning plain enough? I mean you're too independent. You know very well, Richling, that you've started out in life with some fanciful feud against the 'world.' What it is I don't know, but I'm sure it's not the sort that religion requires. You've told this world—you remember you said it to me once—that if it will go one road you'll go another. You've forgotten that, mean and stupid and bad as your fellow-creatures are, they're your brothers and sisters, and that they have claims on you as such, and that you have claims on them as such.——Cozumel! You're there now! Has a friend no rights? I don't know your immediate relatives, and I say nothing about them——"

John gave a slight start, and Mary looked at him suddenly.

"But here am I," continued the speaker. "Is it just to me for you to hide away here in want that forces you and your wife—I beg your pardon, madam—into mortifying occupations when one word to me—a trivial obligation not worthy to be called an obligation, contracted with me—would remove that necessity and tide you over the emergency of the hour?"

Richling was already answering, not by words only, but by his confident smile:

"Yes, sir—yes, it is just; ask Mary."

"Yes, Doctor," interposed the wife. "We went over——"

"We went over it together," said John. "We weighed it well. It is just—not to ask aid as long as there's hope without it."

The Doctor responded with the quiet air of one who is sure of his position:

"Yes, I see. But, of course—I know without asking—you left the question of health out of your reckoning. Now, Richling, put the whole world, if you choose, in a selfish attitude——"

"No, no," said Richling and his wife. "Ah, no!" But the Doctor persisted.

"—A purely selfish attitude. Wouldn't it,

nevertheless, rather help a well man or woman than a sick one? Wouldn't it pay better?"

"Yes, but——"

"Yes," said the Doctor. "But you're taking the most desperate risks against health and life." He leaned forward in his chair, jerked in his legs, and threw out his long, white hands. "You're committing slow suicide."

"Doctor," began Mary; but her husband had the floor.

"Doctor," he said, "can you put yourself in our place? Wouldn't you rather die than beg? *Wouldn't* you?"

The Doctor rose to his feet as straight as a lance.

"It isn't what you'd rather, sir! You haven't your choice! You haven't your choice at all, sir! When God gets ready for you to die, he'll let you know, sir! And you've no right to trifle with his mercy in the meanwhile. I'm not a man to teach men to whine after each other for aid; but every principle has its limitations, Mr. Richling. You say you went over the whole subject. Yes; well, didn't you strike the fact that suicide is an affront to civilization and humanity?"

"Why, Doctor!" cried the other two, rising also. "We're not going to commit suicide."

"No," retorted he, "you're not. That's what I came here to tell you. I'm here to prevent it."

"Doctor," exclaimed Mary, the big tears standing in her eyes, and the Doctor melting before them like wax, "it's not so bad as it looks. I wash—some—because it pays so much better than sewing. I find I'm stronger than any one would believe. I'm stronger than I ever was before in my life. I am, indeed. I *don't* wash *much*. And it's only for the present. We'll all be laughing at this, some time, together." She began a small part of the laugh then and there.

"You'll do it no more," the Doctor replied. He drew out his pocket-book. "Mr. Richling, will you please send me through the mail, or bring me, your note for fifty dollars,—at your leisure, you know,—payable on demand?" He rummaged an instant in the pocket-book, and extended his hand with a folded bank-note between his thumb and finger. But Richling compressed his lips and shook his head, and the two men stood silently confronting each other. Mary laid her hand upon her husband's shoulder and leaned against him, with her eyes on the Doctor's face.

"Come, Richling," the Doctor smiled; "your friend Ristofalo did not treat you in this way."

"I never treated Ristofalo so," replied Richling, with a smile tinged with bitterness. It was against himself that he felt bitter; but

the Doctor took it differently, and Richling, seeing this, hurried to correct the impression.

"I mean I lent him no such amount as that."

"It was just one fiftieth of that," said Mary.

"But you gave liberally, without upbraiding," said the Doctor.

"Oh, no, Doctor, no!" exclaimed she, lifting the hand that lay on her husband's near shoulder and reaching it over to the farther one. "Oh! a thousand times no. John never meant that. Did you, John?"

"How could I?" said John. "No." Yet there was confession in his look. He had not meant it, but he had felt it.

Dr. Sevier sat down, motioned them into their seats, drew the arm-chair close to theirs. Then he spoke. He spoke long, and as he had not spoken anywhere but at the bedside scarce ever in his life before. The young husband and wife forgot that he had ever said a grating word. A soft love-warmth began to fill them through and through. They seemed to listen to the gentle voice of an older and wiser brother. A hand of Mary sank unconsciously upon a hand of John. They smiled, and assented, and smiled, and assented, and Mary's eyes brimmed up with tears, and John could hardly keep his down. The Doctor made the whole case so plain and his propositions so irresistibly logical that the pair looked from his eyes to each other's and laughed. "Cozumel!" They did not utter the name; they only thought of it, both at one moment. It never passed their lips again. Their visitor brought them to an arrangement. The fifty dollars were to be placed to John's credit on the books kept by Narcisse, as a deposit from Richling, and to be drawn against by him in such little as necessity might demand. It was to be "secured"—they all three smiled at that word—by Richling's note payable on demand. The Doctor left a prescription for the refractory chills.

As he crossed Canal street, walking in slow meditation homeward at the hour of dusk, a tall man standing against a wall, tin cup in hand,—a full-fledged mendicant of the steam-boiler explosion, tin-proclamation type,—asked his alms. He passed by, but faltered, stopped, let his hand down into his pocket, and looked around to see if his pernicious example was observed. None saw him. He felt—he saw himself—a driveling sentimentalist. But weak, and dazed, sore wounded of the archers, he turned and dropped a dime into the beggar's cup.

RICHLING was too restless with the joy of relief to sit or stand. He trumped up an errand around the corner, and hardly got back before he contrived another. He went out to

the bakery for some crackers—fresh baked—for Mary; listened to a long story across the baker's counter; and when he got back to his door found he had left the crackers at the bakery. He went back for them and returned, the blood about his heart still running and leaping and praising God.

"The sun at midnight!" he exclaimed, knitting Mary's hands in his. "You're very tired. Go to bed. Me? I can't yet. I'm too restless."

He spent more than an hour chatting with Mrs. Riley, and had never found her so "nice" a person before; so easy comes human fellowship when we have had a stroke of fortune. When he went again to his room, there was Mary kneeling by the bedside with her head slipped under the snowy mosquito net, all in fine linen white as the moonlight, frilled and brodered, a remnant of her wedding glory gleaming through the long, heavy wefts of her unbound hair.

"Why, Mary——"

There was no answer.

"Mary?" he said again, laying his hand upon her head.

The head was slowly lifted. She smiled an infant's smile and dropped her cheek again upon the bedside. She had fallen asleep at the foot of the Throne.

At that same hour, in an upper chamber of a large, distant house, there knelt another form, with bared, bowed head, but in the garb in which it had come in from the street. Praying? This white thing overtaken by sleep here was not more silent. Yet—yes, praying. But, all the while, the prayer kept running to a little tune, and the words repeating themselves again and again—"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice—with hair so brown—so brown—so brown? Sweet Alice, with hair so brown!" And God bent His ear and listened.

XXII.

BORROWER TURNED LENDER.

It was only a day or two later that the Richlings, one afternoon, having been out for a sunset walk, were just reaching Mrs. Riley's door-step again, when they were aware of a young man approaching from the opposite direction with the intention of accosting them. They brought their conversation to a murmurous close.

For it was not what a mere acquaintance could have joined them in, albeit its subject was the old one of meat and raiment. Their talk had been light enough on their starting out, notwithstanding John had earned nothing that day. But it had toned down, or we, might say, up to a sober, though not a som-

ber, quality. John had in some way evolved the assertion that even the life of the body alone is much more than food and clothing and shelter; so much more, that only a divine provision can sustain it; so much more, that the fact is, when it fails, it generally fails with meat and raiment within easy reach.

Mary devoured his words. His spiritual vision had been a little clouded of late, and now, to see it clear—— She closed her eyes for bliss.

"Why, John," she said, "you make it plainer than any preacher I ever heard."

This, very naturally, silenced John. And Mary, hoping to start him again, said:

"Heaven provides. And yet I'm sure you're right in seeking our food and raiment?" She looked up inquiringly.

"Yes; like the fowls, the provision is made for us through us. The mistake is in making those things the *end* of our search."

"Why, certainly!" exclaimed Mary, softly. She took fresh hold in her husband's arm; the young man was drawing near.

"It's Narcisse!" murmured John. The Creole pressed suddenly forward with a joyous smile, seized Richling's hand, and, lifting his hat to Mary as John presented him, brought his heels together and bowed from the hips.

"I wuz juz coming at yo' 'ouse, Mistoo 'Itchlin'. Yessseh. I was juz sitting in my 'oom afteh dinneh, envelop' in my '*obe de chambre*, when all at once I says to myseff, 'Faw distwaction I will go and see Mistoo 'Itchlin'!'"

"Will you walk in?" said the pair.

Mrs. Riley, standing in the door of her parlor, made way by descending to the sidewalk. Her calico was white, with a small purple figure, and was highly starched and beautifully ironed. Purple ribbons were at her waist and throat. As she reached the ground, Mary introduced Narcisse. She smiled winningly, and when she said, with a courtesy: "Proud to know ye, sur," Narcisse was struck with the sweetness of her tone. But she swept away with a dramatic tread.

"Will you walk in?" Mary repeated; and Narcisse responded:

"If you will pummit me yo' attention a few moment'." He bowed again and made way for Mary to precede him.

"Mistoo 'Itchlin'," he continued, going in, "in fact you don't give Misses 'Itchlin' my last name with absolute co-ectness."

"Did I not? Why, I hope you'll pardon——"

"Oh, I'm glad of it. I don't feel lak a pusion is my frien' whilst they don't call me Nahcisse." He directed his remark particularly to Mary.

"Indeed?" responded she. "But, at the same time, Mr. Richling would have——" She had turned to John, who sat waiting to catch her eye with such intense amusement betrayed in his own that she saved herself from laughter and disgrace only by instant silence.

"Yessseh," said Narcisse to Richling, "'tis the tooth."

He cast his eye around upon the prevailing hair-cloth and varnish.

"Misses 'Itchlin', I muz tell you I like yo' tas'e in that pawlah."

"It's Mrs. Riley's taste," said Mary.

"'Tis a beacheouz tas'e," insisted the Creole, contemplatively, gazing at the Pope's vestments tricked out with blue, scarlet, and gilt spangles. "Well, Mistoo 'Itchlin', since some time I've been stipulating me to do myseff that honoh, seh, to come at yo' 'ouse; well, ad the end I am yeh. I think you fine yo'-seff not ve'y well those days. Is that nod the case, Mistoo 'Itchlin'?"

"Oh, I'm well enough." Richling ended with a laugh, somewhat explosively. Mary looked at him with forced gravity as he suppressed it. He had to draw his nose slowly through his thumb and two fingers before he could quite command himself. Mary relieved him by responding:

"No, Mr. Richling hasn't been well for some time."

Narcisse responded triumphantly:

"It stwuck me — so soon I pe'ceive you — that you 'ave the ai' of a valedictudina'y. Thass a ve'y fawtunate that you ah 'esiding in a 'ealthsome pawt of the city, in fact."

Both John and Mary laughed and demurred.

"You don't think?" asked the smiling visitor. "Me, I dunno, — I fine one thing. If a man don't die fum one thing, yet, still, he'll die fum something. I 'ave study that out, Mistoo, 'Itchlin'. 'To be, aw to not be, thaz the queztion,' in fact. I don't ca'e if you live one place aw if you live anotheh place, 'tis all the same — you've got to pay to live!"

The Richlings laughed again, and would have been glad to laugh more; but each, without knowing it of the other, was reflecting with some mortification upon the fact that, had they been talking French, Narcisse would have bitten his tongue off before any of his laughter should have been at their expense.

"Indeed you have got to pay to live," said John, stepping to the window and drawing up its painted paper shade. "Yes, and ——"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mary, with gentle disapprobation. She met her husband's eye with a smile of protest. "John," she said, "Mr.——" she couldn't think of the name.

"Nawcisse," said the Creole.

"Will think," she continued, her amusement climbing into her eyes in spite of her, "you're in earnest."

"Well, I am, partly. Narcisse knows as well as we do that there are two sides to the question." He resumed his seat. "I reckon ——"

"Yes," said Narcisse, "and what you muz look out faw, 'tis to git on the soff side."

They all laughed.

"I was going to say," said Richling, "the world takes us as we come, 'sight-unseen.' Some of us pay expenses, some don't."

"Ah!" rejoined Narcisse, looking up at the whitewashed ceiling, "those egspenze'!" He raised his hand and dropped it. "I *fine* it so *diffycul'* to defeat those egspenze'! In fact, Mistoo 'Itchlin', such ah the state of my financial emba'assment that I do not go out at all. I stay in, in fact. I stay at my 'ouse — to light' those egspenze'!"

They were all agreed that expenses could be lightened thus.

"And by making believe you don't want things," said Mary.

"Ah!" exclaimed Narcisse, "I nevvah kin do that!" and Richling gave a laugh that was not without sympathy. "But I muz tell you, Mistoo 'Itchlin', I am aztonizh at *you*."

An instant apprehension seized John and Mary. They *knew* their ill-concealed amusement would betray them, and now they were to be called to account. But no.

"Yessseh," continued Narcisse, "you 'ave the gweatez o'casion to be the subjec' of congwatulation, Mistoo 'Itchlin', to 'ave the poweh to *accum'late* money in those hawd time' like the pwesen'!"

The Richlings cried out with relief and amused surprise.

"Why, you couldn't make a greater mistake."

"Mistaken! Hah! W'en I ged that memo'andum f'om Dr. Seveeah to paz that fifty dollah at yo' cweedit, it burz f'om me, that egscclamation! 'Acchilly! 'ow that Mistoo 'Itchlin' deserve the 'espect to save a lill quantity of money like that!'"

The laughter of John and Mary did not impede his rhapsody, nor their protestations shake his convictions.

"Why," said Richling, lolling back, "the Doctor has simply omitted to have you make the entry of ——"

But he had no right to interfere with the Doctor's accounts. However, Narcisse was not listening.

"You' compul' to be witch some day, Mistoo 'Itchlin', ad that wate of p'ogwess; I am convince of that. I can deteg that indisputably

in yo' physio'nomie. Me—I *can't* save a cent! Mistoo 'Itchlin', you would be aztonizh to know 'ow bad I want some money; in fact, exceb that I am *too* pwoud to dizclose you that state of my condition!"

He paused and looked from John to Mary, and from Mary to John again.

"Why, I'll declare," said Richling, sincerely, dropping forward with his chin on his hand, "I'm sorry to hear ——"

But Narcisse interrupted.

"Diffyculty with me—I am not willing to baw'."

Mary drew a long breath and glanced at her husband. He changed his attitude and, looking upon the floor, said: "Yes, yes." He slowly marked the bare floor with the edge of his shoe sole. "And yet there are times when duty actually ——"

"I believe you, Mistoo 'Itchlin'," said Narcisse, quickly, forestalling Mary's attempt to speak. "Ah, Mistoo 'Itchlin'! *if* I had baw'd money ligue the huncle of my hant!" He waved his hand to the ceiling and looked up through that obstruction, as it were, to the witnessing sky. "But I *hade* that—to baw'! I tell you 'ow 'tis with me, Mistoo 'Itchlin'; I nevvah would consen' to baw' money on'y if I pay a big inte'es' on it. An' I'm compel' to tell you one thing, Mistoo 'Itchlin', in fact: I nevvah would leave money with Doctah Seveeah to invez faw me—no."

Richling gave a little start, and cast his eyes an instant toward his wife. She spoke.

"We'd rather you wouldn't say that to us, Mister ——" There was a commanding smile at one corner of her lips. "You don't know what a friend ——"

Narcisse had already apologized by two or three gestures to each of his hearers.

"Misses 'Itchlin'—Mistoo 'Itchlin',"—he shook his head and smiled skeptically,— "you think you kin admiah Doctah Seveeah mo' than me? 'Tis uzeless to attempt. 'With all 'is fault' I love 'im still.'"

Richling and his wife both spoke at once.

"But John and I," exclaimed Mary, electrically, "love him, faults and all!"

She looked from husband to visitor, and from visitor to husband, and laughed and laughed, pushing her small feet back and forth alternately and softly clapping her hands. Narcisse felt her in the center of his heart. He laughed. John laughed.

"What I mean, Mistoo 'Itchlin'," resumed Narcisse, preferring to avoid Mary's aroused eye,— "what I mean—Doctah Seveeah don't un'stan' that kine of business co'ectly. Still, ad the same time, if I was you, I know I would 'ate faw my money not to be makin' me some inte'es'. I tell you what I do with

you, Mistoo 'Itchlin', in fact: I kin baw that fifty dollah f'om you myseff."

Richling repressed a smile. "Thank you. But I don't care to invest it."

"Pay you ten pe' cent. a month."

"But we can't spare it," said Richling, smiling toward Mary. "We may need part of it ourselves."

"I tell you, 'eally, Mistoo 'Itchlin', I nevvah baw money; but it juz 'appen I kin use that juz at the pwesent."

"Why, John," said Mary, "I think you might as well say plainly that the money is borrowed money."

"That's what it is," responded Richling, and rose to spread the street-door wider open, for the daylight was fading.

"Well, I 'ope you'll egscuse that libbetty," said Narcisse, rising a little more tardily, and slower. "I muz baw fawty dollah—some place. Give you goodsecu'ty—give you my note, Mistoo Itchlin, in fact; muz baw fawty—aw thutty-five."

"Why, I'm very sorry," responded Richling, really ashamed that he could not hold his face straight. "I hope you understand ——"

"Mistoo 'Itchlin', 'tis baw'd money. If you had a necessity faw it, you would use it. If a fwend 'ave a necessity—'tis anotheh thing—you don't feel that libbetty—you ah 'ight—I honoh you ——"

"I *don't* feel the same liberty."

"Mistoo 'Itchlin'," said Narcisse, with noble generosity, throwing himself a half step forward, "if it was yoze you'd baw it to me in a minnit!" He smiled with benign delight. "Well, madame,—I bid you good evening, Misses 'Itchlin'. The bes' of fwen's muz paw, you know." He turned again to Richling with a face all beauty and a form all grace. "I was juz sitting—mistfully—all at once I says to myseff, 'Faw distwaction I'll go an' see Mistoo 'Itchlin'.' I don't *know* 'ow I juz appen'!—Well, an' 'evoi', Mistoo 'Itchlin'."

Richling followed him out upon the doorstep. There Narcisse intimated that even twenty dollars for a few days would supply a stern want. And when Richling was compelled again to refuse, Narcisse solicited his company as far as the next corner. There the Creole covered him with shame by forcing him to refuse the loan of ten dollars—and then of five.

It was a full hour before Richling rejoined his wife. Mrs. Riley had stepped off to some neighbor's door with Mike on her arm. Mary was on the sidewalk.

"John," she said, in a low voice, and with a long, anxious look.

"What?"

"He *didn't* take the only dollar of your own in the world?"

"Mary, what could I do? It seemed a crime to give and a crime not to give. He cried like a child; said it was all a sham about his dinner and his '*robe de chambre*.' An aunt, two little cousins, an aged uncle at home—and not a cent in the house! What could I do? He says he'll return it in three days."

"And"—Mary laughed distressfully—"you believed him!" She looked at him

with an air of tender, painful admiration, half way between a laugh and a cry.

"Come, sit down," he said, sinking upon the little wooden buttress at one side of the door-step.

Tears sprang into her eyes. She shook her head.

"Let's go inside." And in there she told him, sincerely, "No, no, no; she didn't think he had done wrong"—when he knew he had.

(To be continued.)

A FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUERNDALE."

IT was a warm day in the bush. There was no wind; and the atmosphere was in successive layers, superposed, shimmering with the heat. The canvas-topped carts of the detachment were clumped together in a circle. On three sides the level, gray-green plain, broken in its sandy sameness only by an occasional clump of sage-bush or of prickly pear, stretched as far as one could see. On the fourth side was a low, apparently insignificant, but wholly impenetrable African thicket of indefinite extent. Trackless, tangled, arid, it was fit only to be the lurking-place of tigers and snakes, or Zulus. How much of a lurking-place it might be for the latter was a present and interesting question. Most of the company in the little camp were thinking of it. Captain Philip Haughton, in his private and particular tent, had ceased thinking about it.

There are many rapid transitions in modern life—changes of scene and *décor*—but probably even Americans know few extremes more startling than Piccadilly and Zululand. As much as the Captain's somewhat inactive mind was occupied with anything, it was busied with this reflection. It did not particularly surprise, much less excite him, this change. The young stoic of Belgravia probably takes—he certainly affects to take—about the same interest in such changes that he does in those of scenery in a theater; they are sometimes amusing, but more likely to be bores. However, there was uncommonly little affectation in Captain Phil's case. He had no reason whatever to regret leaving Piccadilly. It was after the season; and at such times St. James's street was a desert hardly more frequented, and infinitely less amusing, than South Africa. The only people you saw at the clubs were men you would avoid, even in

South Africa. The regular round of country visits had begun; but as there was only one person whom Haughton particularly desired to meet, and she was, at the same time, one whom it was very important he should not meet,—in brief, he did not much regret the loss of his various weeks in the shires. As for shooting, the partridges were mostly drowned, and black game scarce, he was told. And the Zulus were perhaps a more exciting and better preserved black game than either. "By Jove, I should think so," he thought, lazily, in applause of his own epigram. "Battues are nothing to it." The Captain was always ready to laugh at little or nothing. And he now smiled again, sweetly, as he reflected more precisely upon the position in which he found himself.

He was sitting upon a shawl, which he had doubled upon the sand. The shawl was in front of a tent; and the tent was in a sort of arena, surrounded by a circle of white-covered carts, their rear and open ends facing inside—some of them still filled with stores, others serving as temporary shelter. Close outside, and around them all, was a rampart of wattled underbrush. Between each two was a practicable loophole, through which was thrust a rifle; beside each rifle rested the owner, in the enjoyment of a short clay pipe. Outside, at a distance of a few hundred yards, was a circle of pacing sentries, who marched as if they were trying to pretend it was all an unusually warm review in the Park, knowing their commanding officer liked style, in South Africa or elsewhere. They were fond of their commanding officer. Inside again, at the shady end of the arena (while there was a shady end), a number of long-horned, gaunt cattle were picketed; near them, the few remaining horses of the command.

Behind the Captain, in the interior of the tent, stood the Captain's servant, engaged in polishing the tops of the Captain's boots. This he did with much attention and solicitude. He knew, with all the rest of the little command — with the corporals, the lieutenants, the buglers, and almost the poor, jaded horses themselves — that the Captain and his company were in a nasty mess. And in common with the rest of them, he sometimes took the liberty of wondering how they were to get out of it; that is, supposing that they were to get out of it.

Captain Haughton, however, had got away beyond that question. It was an idle habit of his to give up problems too difficult for immediate solution. Besides, his orders left him positively no option. He was to repair to a certain position, and hold it until the main body came up, keeping the Zulus in check. It had been supposed that the Zulus to be kept in check numbered only a thousand or so; but the orders applied equally well to the checking of any amount of them. As his servant gave the last careful rub to the upper rim of his boots, the Captain was, in fact, thinking not at all of the Zulus, but of the last ball he had gone to in London. He remembered particularly the heat of the conservatory. The very scents and dead sweetness of the place seemed to be still in his nostrils. He could see it now: the black coats and white shoulders; the gleam of diamonds against the shiny background of green leaves. "Like the eyes of snakes in a Zulu thicket," thought the Captain; "only not so frank in their malice," he added, gloomily. Haughton was a heavy, straightforward fellow by nature; and perhaps his attempts at cynicism were clumsy.

It was hotter than ever, and there was a drowsy noise of insects in the air. The Captain's servant came forward, just then, with the Captain's boots. He hesitated a moment, and looked at his master, the boots in one hand. He was uneasy; he had rarely seen Captain Philip so quiet.

"Any orders, sir?" touching his hat.

"No — or, stop, — yes," said the Captain. "Ask private Fairlie to come to me."

Saying which, the Captain leaned back as if overcome with the exertion of speaking, drew an embroidered tobacco-pouch from his pocket, and rolled a cigarette. As he looked at the tobacco-pouch, he became conscious of a tingling sensation in the bridge of his nose, which, having been very much sunburned, had begun to peel. This tobacco-pouch bore the initials *A. M.—P. H.*, and was a favorite trinket of his. Out of it, it had been his custom (being always a lazy man) to tease

his fair friends into rolling cigarettes with their own white fingers.

"I am a damned fool," he remarked, with more emphasis than the occasion seemed to require. It was perfectly natural that his sunburned nose should tingle. Lighting his cigarette, he puffed a moment vigorously; but it was badly made, and the tobacco soon escaped from a seam at the side. Before he had time to roll another, a stout, blue-eyed countryman in the garb of a soldier stood before him; and the Captain became aware that private Fairlie had saluted him, and was looking at him with an expression of unmistakable affection in his simple countenance.

"Private Fairlie?"

"Yes, your honor," said Fairlie, with another salute.

"You are the man whose horse was shot under him, and who rode behind me into camp from the skirmish yesterday?"

"Oh, your honor —" began Fairlie, with yet another salute; but this attempt at military discipline did not conceal a most undoubted blubber.

"There, there!" said the Captain, "enough of that. You were nearly senseless when I picked you up, and you said something about Kate. If I mistake not, that name, which I take to be feminine, was several times repeated during our ride. Now you will overlook my curiosity, but I should really like very much to know: Who is Kate?"

"Kate, your honor? Why, Kate — Kate? I don't mind telling your honor — she — your honor knows, she lives near father's farm — and she said as how she'd — leastwise, she wouldn't *then*, your honor — but she said as how she'd have me if so be as I comes back from the wars alive; and you see, your honor, when I got under that there horse, sir, it come kind of natural to think of her, and —"

"Private Fairlie, you're a fool."

"Yes, your honor."

The conversation ended, as it had begun, with a salute. The Captain rubbed his nose with his handkerchief, which caused the upper part of that organ to tingle as before. Fairlie having no handkerchief, scraped the sand with the inner edge of his right boot. The heat was really terrific, and both men were dazzled with the glare of the white tent. There was a smell of dust and horses; the camp was so still that the cattle could be heard striking the earth at the opposite end of the arena. The Captain rose and looked through the end of his tent between two of the carts. There was a double force of sentries on duty, and they were intently watching the low edge of bush that rimmed the plain. There was noth-

ing to show that the bush was occupied. He returned to Fairlie.

"Private Fairlie, do you suppose Kate would care if you lost your precious skin?" The Captain spoke gruffly. Fairlie stared at him stupidly. At first he seemed disposed to tears again. Finally he grinned.

"Private Fairlie," said the Captain, more quietly, "I wish you to carry some dispatches back to Colonel Haddon at the general headquarters. You will take my horse, and start at dusk. He will carry you over the sixty miles before dawn. Of course, you must escape unseen. There is no moon, and you must be within call of the sentries at headquarters before daybreak. You will deliver the dispatches to Colonel Haddon himself. It is a chance if you get there with the dispatches; but if you do, there will be among them a letter asking for a furlough for yourself. When you have got it, you will return to England, and take a letter I shall give you to the person to whom it is addressed. Mind, you must insist on putting it into her own hands." Fairlie saluted. "When you have done this, you will go back to Derbyshire, and I strongly advise you to stay there. I will give you money to purchase your discharge. You understand?"

Private Fairlie was a stupid man; but, after some moments' hesitation, he replied, huskily: "Yes, your honor."

"Good, my man. You can go."

Fairlie touched his hat mechanically, and turned away. He had hardly got beyond the door of the tent when he turned, rushed back, grasped the Captain's hand, and then, with a "*Beg pardon, sir,*" strode off to his mess. Meantime the Captain, it being an hour before sunset, closed the curtain of his tent and wrote two letters. The first was brief, and has been printed in army reports and in the newspapers as the last authentic report from his command:

"CAMP DERBYSHIRE, May 20, 1879.

"SIR: I have the honor to report a large force of Zulus in the front, estimated at over four thousand. It will be impossible for us to sustain a general attack. It therefore seems advisable that we should be reënforced at the earliest possible date, or the position we now hold reoccupied with much greater force. I have the honor to be,

"Your most obedient servant,

PHILIP HAUGHTON, Captain.

"Lieut.-Col. Haddon, C. B."

The second was longer, and has never been printed:

"To Miss ALICE MANNERS,

Axe-edge Moor, Derbyshire, England.

"I love you, Alice, and have always loved you. I have sometimes thought you knew it. If you did not know it, I write to tell you; if you did, to forgive you.

"O my darling! you will pardon my telling you this now, will you not? You have given me no right to send you a love-letter, dearest; but this is one; yet do not be angry until you have read it all. Let me think, now, that perhaps you love me now, and now only, and that I would kiss you if you were here. My love—darling, do not throw the letter down. I wanted to tell you that I loved you—how much, you will never know; but you might have learned from others that I loved you, and I wanted to tell you myself before I died.

"I am here at an outpost in Africa, with half a company. The orders are to hold our camp at all hazard, and we shall certainly be attacked before dawn. If I thought there was any hope of our escaping, I should not write to you thus; but you will pardon me, dear, for we cannot retreat, and there is no chance of defense or reënforcement. Indeed there is not.

"My men all know it, too; but they are very quiet. They are brave fellows, and I think they like me. Perhaps it is wrong in me to send one of them away to carry this letter to you; but he is a Derbyshire man, and was crying to-day over his sweetheart, and I could not help it. I wanted him to get home to her; and one less to be killed here makes little difference. I should like you to help him a little when he gets to England.

"I hope that you are very happy. You must forgive me for telling you. You will not think it wrong for me to write so—now?"

"Good-bye, dear Alice.

"PHILIP HAUGHTON."

It was some months after the date of this letter that the guests at Carysbridge Hall, in Derbyshire, were awaiting dinner. It is a nuisance, waiting for dinner; particularly when you are standing before the fire, as was Major Brandyball, and supporting a portly person in patent-leather pumps a trifle small. Dinner was a formal affair at Carysbridge. There were many guests for the pheasant shooting and Sir John was entertaining largely in honor of his young wife. But a man had come just before dinner, and had insisted on seeing Lady Cary personally; and she had now been gone nearly half an hour.

"I wonder who it can be?" said the Countess Dowager to Brandyball. The Countess Dowager liked to know everything; that is, everything about her friends. "The servant said the man seemed to be a soldier."

"I think," said the Major, "I think Lady Cary used to have some friends in the army—when she was Miss Manners."

Further conversation was checked by Lady Cary's return. She was a beautiful woman, Sir John's wife; and she never looked better than on that night. The Major noticed that she held a letter crumpled in one hand; and her haste had given her a heightened color. She must have been gone over half an hour.

"Forgive me for keeping you all so long," she said, with her sweet smile. "Lord Arthur, will you take the Countess Dowager in to dinner?"

J. S., of Dale.

THE CRUISE OF THE "ALICE MAY."

EVERY one has heard of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but few are aware of the variety and beauty of the attractions it offers to the tourist and the artist. Even to such as have given it some thought it generally appears to be a region of mists, snow, and storms, and more or less enveloped in hyperborean glooms. But recently sportsmen and yacht sailors have begun to visit the western shores of the gulf, and a suspicion is dawning on the mind of the summer Rambler that this part of the world has been maligned, and that during the summer solstice it offers a variety of attractions up to this time all but unknown.

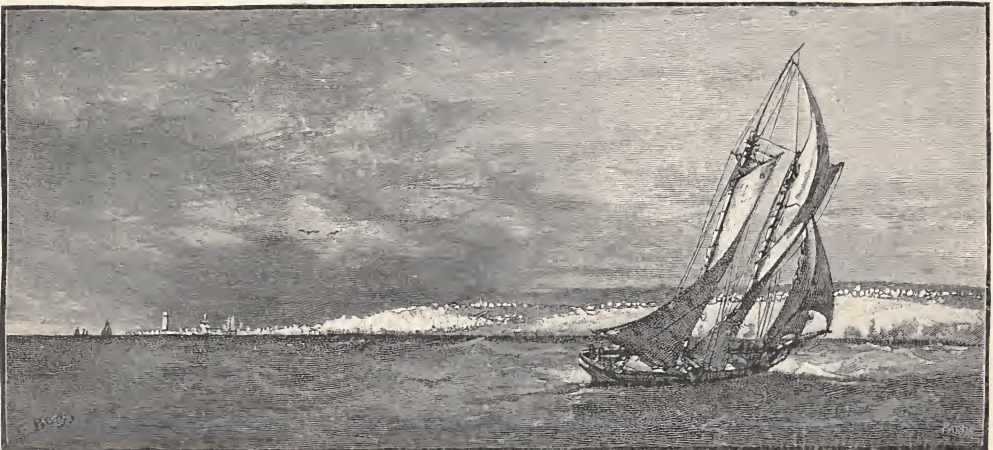
Anxious to see for ourselves the truth of the matter, and to view some of these points of interest before the tide of summer travel had worn away the novelty, we prepared a cruise round the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the adjacent waters.



The point of departure was Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Through the kindness of a friend residing there, a suitable schooner was chartered. But when the day for taking possession arrived, the schooner failed to put in an appearance. Here, at the very outset, we encountered one of the most common annoyances which a punctual man and a Yankee is forced to endure in the maritime provinces. Punctuality or appreciation of the value of time is scarcely understood there. Without delay, we threw out scouts in every direction to report on the matter of available

schooners. Long search was attended by many pleasant incidents. It gave us an opportunity to see much of this charming island, and to enjoy the genial hospitality of its people, especially the kind folk of Charlottetown. This is a quiet but attractive place of some ten thousand inhabitants. On the outskirts, especially in the neighborhood of the Governor's mansion, there is much beauty in the residences, which are surrounded by shrubbery and situated by the water-side.

Tuesdays and Fridays are the days when Charlottetown shows the most evidence of



OFF PASPEBIAC.



BEACH AT TRACADIE.

activity and commercial prosperity. The market-house occupies a prominent place in the square where the Government buildings are situated. On these days it is crowded by both the city and country folk, the latter including a few Indians. An active barter in provisions takes place between the townspeople and the farmers, while that part of the city bears the appearance of a gala day.

Two causes have recently produced great commercial depression on the island. These are the failure of the Prince Edward Island Bank, through the — what shall we call it? — of the directors, and the decline in ship-building, which, until the primeval forests had been cut down, was a great source of revenue to the island. The failure of the fisheries and the absence of American fishermen from the Gulf, partly caused by the short-sighted policy of the Dominion Government, have also affected the prosperity of this province. In summer time Prince Edward Island enjoys a delightful temperature: the mercury ranges for three months from sixty to seventy-six degrees, rarely varying from those figures. The air is dry and free from fogs, and, as the wind invariably comes off the sea, the island is exceedingly healthful. The advantages for summer visitors are increased by the abundance of fresh meat and other provisions, the cheapness of living, and the loveliness of the drives in every direction over a country that is gently undulating, verdurous, and always in sight of the sea. The rivers, notably the

Dunk, the Hunter, and the Morell rivers, abound with fine salmon and trout fishing, and the long reaches of sand along the easterly shore are frequented by snipe, plover, and duck. Everywhere a pastoral peace pervades the farms on the edge of the forests. Fine droves of horses enliven the fields, and remind

one of Thessaly, the land of fleet-footed steeds.

It is not singular that these attractions have begun to draw the attention of summer tourists, who find comfortable accommodations at the farm-houses or at the hotels erected at such charming resorts as Rustico and Tracadie. Houses may also be rented by the season on very moderate terms. It is to the influx of such visitors, with pockets popularly supposed to be lined with gold, that the island may reasonably look for a return of some of its vanished prosperity. The facilities for observing the scenery of Prince Edward Island are greatly aided by a narrow-gauge railroad, which is always sure to be used, as the Dominion agreed to keep it going when the island entered into the confederation; but no one expects it ever to pay its expenses. The lobster-canning business, which has also assumed great dimensions in Prince Edward Island, might likewise be considered a powerful means of driving the wolf from the door, if but the uncertain crustaceans could be depended upon. But they take no interest whatever in the designs of capitalists and fishermen to ship them to the markets of the world in elegantly labeled tin cases, and, declining to coöperate in these schemes when the season comes around, may take a notion to forsake their haunts for parts unknown. Then the canning factory is closed, and the fisherman's dory lies bleaching on the shore while he anxiously smokes his pipe and talks of emigrating to the United States, maligning the day when the island entered the Dominion. In default of any better cause, the people generally agree in tracing their ills to this union; but the sequence is by no means self-evident.

Gazing over these pleasant landscapes and breathing the soft southern breeze, it is difficult to realize that for many months the island is not only covered with snow to

an enormous depth, but also well-nigh shut out from the rest of the world by a tremendous barrier of ice. From January until May, at least, Northumberland Strait is frozen over. The mails are carried across at the narrowest part, near Cape Tormentine, or Jourimain, a distance of nine miles. The carriers drag a boat over the hummocks of ice which is provided with runners like a double keel. When they come to open water they cross in

solitude and hazard. In the spring of 1882 the *Northern Light* was three weeks making this brief passage, fast locked in the ice-packs. Sometimes she was carried close to the shore, but no one could bring aid to the starving passengers, owing to the threatening condition of the ice. It was only after burning all the woodwork in the cabin for fuel, and being reduced to the last biscuit, that the worn-out and hopeless passengers reached the destined

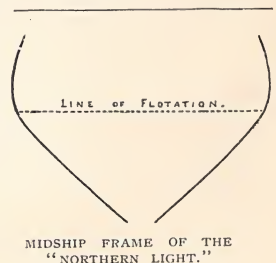


THE MAIL-BOAT AT PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

the boat. It is a dangerous and arduous journey, and few undertake it besides the hardy mail-carriers. For two or three winters past the passage has been made sometimes by the steamer *Northern Light*, constructed especially for this service. She has a frame of enormous strength, somewhat of a wedge form, with a solid shoe of iron at the bow; everything about her was planned to enable her to crush her way through the ice, which is often from two to four feet thick. Her course is from Pictou to Georgetown, a distance of some eighty miles, although she often has to go over two or three times that distance to reach her port. In all the annals of steam navigation there is no such packet service recorded as this of the *Northern Light*. Sometimes the ice is so dense that she can make no headway, but is jammed fast for days and weeks, or carried to and fro by the combined fury of ice and storms. The passenger who starts in her for Prince Edward Island in March has before him the horrors of polar

port. Think of a civilized and enlightened people, in this age, shut off from the rest of the world by such a frightful siege of ice and tempest and snow! Nor is this an occasional thing. As regularly as the winter comes around, the islanders look forward to this long hibernation and isolation. Were it not for this drawback, the island might be a paradise. During the long winter the people contrive to exist with some comfort, and find compensations for their solitude. Sleigh-rides and skating are followed with much zest, and there is a good deal of merriment and festivity.

Charlottetown is, of course, the center of life in Prince Edward Island, but the social distinctions are drawn with considerable and, perhaps, unneces-



sary emphasis. Lying as it does on an arm of the sea which extends east and west some forty miles like a river, this city enjoys fine facilities for aquatic sports, while the drives in the neighborhood are, during the

Catholic. There are, however, many Protestant Scotch mingled with the others, and, with the exception of the annually recurring public school question, they appear to live together very peaceably.



THE STEAMER "NORTHERN LIGHT" CROSSING FROM THE MAINLAND TO THE ISLAND.

summer, very agreeable. Everything here is, however, on a reduced scale, except the land and water, and the ideas of the country people are on a level with their environment. They tell a good story of a country lout who had never seen any larger place than Souris, at the eastern end of the island, not even Charlottetown. Souris has about two thousand inhabitants. One of his companions made a trip to New York, and on his return expatiated on the vastness of that great city. "And now, and is't as large as Souris, then?" inquired the former, incredulously.

Money goes far here, because it is scarce, and time and provisions, the chief commodities, are cheap. The people are mostly of Scotch descent. The remnants of a tribe of Micmacs, civilized almost out of existence, still occupy a reservation on Indian Island, in Richmond Bay, and sell baskets and beadwork at the weekly market. Descendants of the original Acadian French yet farm the lands about Rustico and Ingonish. They have a convent at the latter place. By far the most numerous people on Prince Edward Island are the Highland Scotch. They came here originally from the Hebrides, driven from home, it is said, by the religious oppression of the lairds. They have increased and multiplied, and, with the addition of the French habitants, nearly half the population is Roman

The Scotch have a Caledonian Club at Charlottetown, and once a year there is a great gathering of the clans, with a corresponding display of plaids. The same clan names reappear so constantly that, in order to avoid confusion, curious sobriquets are often attached to a person's name; as, for example, a certain McDonald is called Red Angus McDonald, to distinguish him from White Angus McDonald. One of the most prominent families of Prince Edward Island is that of James Yeo, who accumulated a very large fortune in ship-building. His sons are members of the Dominion Parliament. He came from England as a cabin-boy, and the rough school in which he was bred always marked his character. Many curious stories about him are current. When annoyed by any family jar, he would secrete himself in the cuddy of an old schooner with a keg of rum and remain there until it was exhausted. He once lost a brig, and three of the crew also perished; when alluding to the misfortune he exclaimed, "Poor things! two souls and an Irishman!"

Prince Edward Island was first discovered by Cabot, who called it St. John's Island, which name it retained till 1800; and the French still call it Isle St. Jean. Verrazzano took possession of it for France in 1523, and the French at once established a number of fishing stations there. But the island was ceded



A FISH-BOY.

to England by the treaty of Fontainebleau, and Lord Egmont was appointed to draw up a form of colonial government. Assuming that the Micmac Indians were ferocious savages, instead of the inoffensive beings they proved to be, he laid out an absurd plan to divide the 2,000,000 acres at his disposal into fifty parts, called baronies, of which forty were to be granted to as many colonists, bearing the

title of lords of hundreds. They were to owe allegiance to him as lord paramount. The baronies were in turn to be subdivided into manors. Fairs were to occur four times yearly in each barony, and markets twice weekly. Feudal castles were to be built likewise to protect the colonists in a place of which it was said, "The settler can scarce straggle from his habitation five hundred yards, even in



OUR COOK.

ON DECK.

times of peace, without risk of being intercepted, scalped, and murdered."

This was indeed a narrow escape from a preposterous attempt to import to the New World an

exploded system of the past. But, although Lord Egmont's plan was finally rejected, a scarcely less objectionable one was adopted, by whose provisions the island was divided into sixty-one lots. One of these went to the Crown, and the others were sold in one day to the highest bidders. It is only recently, and after a long struggle, that Prince Edward Island has become independent of this system.

While picking up these notes by the way, we were pursuing our indefatigable search for a schooner, as the season was well advanced, and the time to cruise in those waters is before the September equinoctial. At last we heard of a desirable craft at Miminegash, an obscure port but little known to fame. A bargain was closed after much chaffering with the owner, an owre canny Scot, and the vessel was brought around to Charlottetown to be manned and provisioned. The *Alice May*, of Miminegash, was fifty-nine feet long and sixteen feet wide, and with a full set of ballast drew seven feet aft. She registered fifty-six tons, and, being intended for a freighter, had a flat floor and could hardly be called a clipper. But she was very strong and reasonably safe. Being heavily sparred for a coaster, and carrying sail well, she was properly fitted to grapple with the variable weather we expected to encounter.

The *Alice May* had no fore-castle for the crew, but only a small cuddy aft, with bunks

for four men. This also served for a galley, after the manner of small coasters. We therefore turned the hold into a cabin, and a very comfortable and spacious place it proved to be. By fixing two bulkheads of deal fore and aft, we obtained a "saloon" eighteen feet long by sixteen feet wide, exactly amidships. A small trunk or booby-hatch with a slide was arranged over the main hatch for a companion-way. Plain bunks were fixed to each side, ample as a divan, thus serving alternately for berth, sofa, or lounge, as circumstances might suggest. Our table was at the after end, and a cylindrical stove, which is indispensable for a cruiser in those waters, even in midsummer, was at the opposite end. Under the bunks were lockers for our stores. Numerous cleats, nails, and shelves were soon festooned with coats, caps, sou'westers, storm-boots, spy-glasses, charts, fowling-pieces, water-jugs, pipes, fishing-rods, and the indispensable looking-glass and barometer. There was no paint anywhere except such as we daubed in artistic dabs during the cruise, with the palette knife when cleaning a palette. But the general effect was not by any means unattractive. It certainly suggested comfort, and preparation for any emergency that might occur.

Our crew consisted of a captain, a mate, and one man before the mast. It was thought this would be sufficient with the cook, who might bear a hand on occasion; and we were able, in case of need, to stand a watch in bad weather ourselves. These coasters generally get along with one man on deck in good weather to steer and to keep a lookout. Sometimes even he falls asleep at the wheel, and everything is left to chance. It is a happy-go-lucky way, which works very well until something happens. A majority of the accidents to coasting vessels from collision or squalls are the result of gross laziness or culpable carelessness.

Captain Welch had in his day been master of square-rigged vessels, but, being now well along in years, was forced to put up with fore-and-afters. It requires a special experience to sail a schooner well; but still the sailing of a square-rigged vessel is more complicated, and is, at any rate, considered a grade higher in seamanship. The captain's white beard, the far-off look in his wrinkled eyes, the poetic speech in which he indulged, and his nervous temperament, easily elated or depressed, would far more easily have made him pass for a Celtic bard than an old man of the sea. John, the mate, was a Frenchman, short, quick, and of mercurial

disposition. Bill, who in his single person represented the crew, was every inch a sailor, large, lithe, powerful, and efficient if well commanded; he had the real seaman's grip that would enable him to hang on to a foot-rope

waves have rendered as sensitive as the needle of a compass. He must also understand how to make eatable bread, and take his duff out of the kettle on Sunday as light as cotton and as delicate as sponge-cake. Besides this, he



AMATEUR COOKING.

with his eyelids, and the nonchalant recklessness or stupid dare-devilry which made him careless of dangers with which he was familiar, while cowardly in the presence of new forms of peril. Fond he was, too, of his grog, and of handling his knife when half seas over, and was never without the everlasting quid pressing out his cheek like a walnut in a squirrel's mouth. In a word, Bill was a representative blue-water sailor.

It is needless to go into the details of the provisions stored in the schooner for a cruise of two months. Everything was ready, the rigging overhauled, the last nail pounded in; the winds were favorable; and yet we were detained at Charlottetown day after day, unable to sail. It was a cook that we waited for: what was the use of having provisions, fuel, or galley, without a cook? A sea cook is a peculiar character, requiring a special training. He must know how to prepare a sea hash out of salt horse flavored with onions, incrustured with the variegated browns of polished mahogany, and savory enough to create an appetite in a stomach that the tossing

must know how to economize in the use of water and provisions; and, more difficult yet, he must contrive to keep the crew satisfied with the mess he cooks for them, while at the same time he looks out sharply for the interests of his employer and the captain. He must also be proof against the worst weather, and undeviatingly punctual to the hours of meals. It goes without saying that it is not an easy thing to find such a paragon in the galley; but when he is there, he is, next to the captain, by far the most important character on board. We had made up our minds that it would be difficult to find a cook in Charlottetown combining such exalted qualifications, who would be willing to go for such a brief cruise, and were prepared to take up almost anyone that offered. But we were not prepared to meet such a gang of shiftless, shuffling, vacillating, prevaricating, self-complacent, exorbitant, and utterly good-for-nothing varlets as those who applied for the position, or whom we discovered after chasing through the lanes, sailors' boarding-houses, and purlieus of Charlottetown. Over and over again we

thought we had engaged a man ; but when the time came to sail, he was not to be found. At last, out of all patience with the whole business, we telegraphed to a friend in St. came to anchor, and went on shore to learn if there was any telegram regarding a cook. To our intense relief, we learned that we should find one at Point du Chêne waiting for us.



BURNING REFUSE FROM THE LUMBER MILLS.

John, New Brunswick, to send us a cook, and that we would pick him up at Point du Chêne. No reply had arrived to the telegram when we sailed, and thus we started without a cook, in a sort of vain hope of stumbling across one at some port.

A group of our good friends at Charlotte-town came down to the wharf to give us a send-off. Healths were exchanged, the canvas was spread, and we shoved off. As the little vessel gathered way before the southerly breeze, they gave a parting hurrah, and we returned the salute by emptying our revolvers and dipping the red colors and jack of old England, which flew at the mast-head.

With light and variable winds, we reached Summerside the next afternoon. There we

Here we also made some of those final purchases of stores which are likely to be forgotten on starting. Then we hurried on board and made sail. There was really but little to detain us at Summerside. It is a new place, which sprang up mushroom-like, and soon threatened with its bustling prosperity to overtop every other port in the island. But its growth stopped before it could become beautified by the slow growth of verdure, and it is now a mere naked cluster of warehouses and uninteresting, cheaply constructed dwellings. But it is situated on Bedecque Bay, a lovely estuary into which empties the Dunk River, whose waters are the delight of the disciples of the gentle craft. Midway in the bay lies Park Island. Some years ago a cap-



THE CRUISE OF THE "ALICE MAY."

italist of Summerside conceived the idea of making this island a summer resort. He purchased it, and in its center built a commodious hotel, the largest in Prince Edward Island. Charming walks and drives were cut through the groves, bathing-houses were put up on the beach, and numerous other attractions were offered to guests. A small steamer was bought expressly to carry them over, and it seemed as if the place ought to bring a profit to the enterprising proprietor who had such confidence in the charms of his native isle. But he sunk all his fortune in this ill-starred enterprise, and his anxieties brought him to an early grave. The hotel, standing on the islet, empty and deserted, adds a tinge of dreariness to an otherwise pleasing picture.

As we ran up the strait that evening, we had an exciting race with a schooner bound the same way, having a number of boisterous workmen on board going to the mines. She

was close alongside, and as we gained on her and were passing, she luffed up, being able to shave the wind a little closer than the *Alice May*, and tried to run us down. We escaped a collision by putting the helm down quickly. Then keeping away, we passed her as a strong puff gave us increased headway; and as we left them astern, they gave a wild mocking peal of laughter that had in it a touch of devilry as it rang over the sea. It blew fresh that night, with squalls, and we took in the kites. We found the schooner stiff and able to carry sail hard. That night, as the previous night, we stood our watch on deck. But this was interesting, compared with the responsibility of preparing meals. There were four of us in the main saloon, as we styled it, or three besides the writer of this log. The junior member of the party, a youth of sixteen, was nicknamed the Infant. Pendennis, the tallest of the party, went by the affectionate

sobriquet of the Cherub, probably because of the remoteness of the resemblance. Then there was my companion Burns, who was already familiar with sea life. We took turns in preparing the meals, one of the crew being delegated to light the fire. We found it convenient to cultivate a taste for ham and eggs or plain boiled eggs, little art being required to cook them. The cook for the time being was expected to get his wages in chaff, of

finished her. We got out the boat, carried an anchor well out to starboard, and bowsed on it for two hours with no result. Meantime, the wind had shifted into nor'-west and was blowing a perfect screecher. By keeping canvas up, the vessel was finally pressed well over on her side, tending to move the keel and float her, and at length she suddenly started. Then it was, "Heave away, boys; be smart, now!" in order that she might not overrun



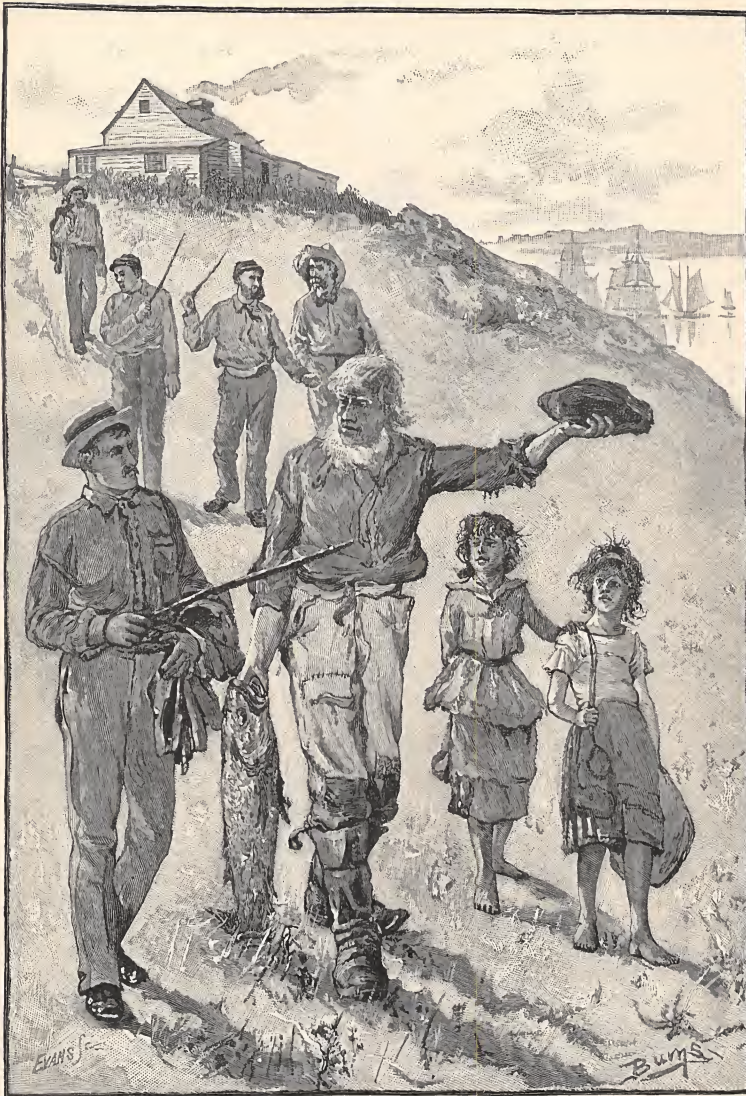
MILLSTONE QUARRIES.

which he received an unlimited amount from the others. Fortunately, we all knew how to brew a good cup of tea, not so easy an accomplishment as some might imagine.

It began to blow hard after midnight, from the south-west. The morning broke with a very wild offing and the promise of a stormy day. But we were near to Point du Chêne, the line of the long, low shore blending with the scurrying scud and a yeast of white caps flashing angrily in the fierce rays that shot through a rift in the clouds. Lying well over to the blasts, the *Alice May* beat up toward the land, and there was every prospect of soon reaching a snug anchorage, when with a violent shock she struck on a shoal. The first thought that flashed on us was, Can it be that the cruise is going to end just as it begins? But the emergency called for instant action rather than for deliberation. The tide had yet a foot to rise, and we must float her then or perhaps never, because she lay in a very exposed position, and a shift of the wind to south-east would have

the anchor as she slued into deep water and began to gather way like a bird released from its cage.

We now ran up and anchored at Point du Chêne, and went ashore to get the cook. But no cook was there. We learned that he had arrived, but, not finding us, had unwisely gone on in the boat the previous day to Charlottetown, and could not return until Monday. Disappointment is a feeble word to express our chagrin. Point du Chêne, with its neighbor Shediac, offers few attractions to the tourist. It is merely the terminus of the railroad, where the steam-boat plying to Prince Edward Island comes during the summer. But we procured some fresh meat, took in a little more ballast to counteract a list to starboard, and shipped another hand, who proved to be Tom, the son of Captain Welch, who was there in a schooner. We were now able to have two men in a watch, which relieved us from the necessity of passing the night on deck. Monday morning we rowed in the boat up the



OUR FIRST FISH.

river to Shediac, a delightful sail. There we found the tide so low we could not come within a hundred yards of the beach, even with our sixteen-foot yawl. Seeing our predicament, a crowd of bare-legged urchins, about the age and shape of cupids, floated a miniature punt off to us; then, seizing the painter with great glee and noisy splashing, they towed us one by one to the shore. The air rang with peals of laughter from the bystanders; and it was indeed a merry sight, and comical also, for the punt was in constant danger of spilling out its occupant.

At one o'clock we were all on the lookout for the arrival of the steamer from Summer-

side. The burning question of the hour was to cook or not to cook. Would the cook be on board? Was he white, black, or yellow, and would he know his business if he actually came? The excitement grew as the hour approached. The steamer hove in sight; she ranged up to the pier; the passengers stepped ashore, and after a brief interval our boat was seen coming off with a third man in the stern sheets. It must be the cook. As he drew nearer, his sable complexion not only settled the question, but also added a strong probability, amounting almost to certainty, that he was a good cook. Our surmises proved to be correct in just one minute after



OUR CREW AT SUPPER.

he stepped on deck. It had already struck eight bells.

"Have you had your dinner yet, sir?" he inquired.

"No; we have been waiting for you."

"All right, sir; you shall have dinner right away."

Stepping into the galley in a trice, he stripped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and in half an hour we sat down to the best meal that had ever been seen on board the *Alice May* since she left the stocks. From that day to the hour we landed again in Charlottetown, Henry Richards proved himself a capital cook, provided with no end of inventive culinary resources; he was indefatigable in the discharge of his duties, sober and faithful to the interests of his employers. Happy the ship that sails with such a cook, and happy the diners who batten on his beefsteak and onions, hash, roly-poly, and tea.

At sea, action and reflection go hand in hand. One minute after he boarded us Henry was getting dinner, and three minutes later the crew manned the windlass, hove the anchor short, made sail, and we put to sea. We had a staving breeze from south-east and by south, and bowled away merrily for Miramichi. After night-fall the sky became very dark, and it blew heavily. We flew before sea and wind, and made the Escumenc light in the middle watch, but could not run in with

such weather without a pilot. We hove to with a tremendous sea running, the darkness aflame with flashing phosphorus, and the little schooner pitching her jib-boom under and knocking passengers and furniture about the cabin without ceremony. It does not take long to raise a high, wall-like swell in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, owing to the shoal water. The lights of other vessels in our neighborhood, bobbing like will-o'-the-wisps in the gloom, and, like us, waiting for dawn, suggested a sharp lookout. At intervals the long, melancholy cry of the loons floated down the wind like the wail of lost spirits,—a sign of east wind, in the opinion of some; which led Captain Welch to observe the next morning: "The loons was a-crying for the east wind all night."

A dapper little pilot schooner left a pilot with us at daylight, and we ran across the bar, where a vessel was lost with all on board a year or two ago in a gale. It was a long but delightful beat up the Miramichi River that day. After leaving the broad entrance, we found the river winding, and closed in with lovely overhanging cliffs, crested with verdure which festooned the caves that honeycomb the rocks. Picturesque farms on the slopes, surrounded by natural groves of pine and spruce, and fishermen's huts and boats under the cliffs, gave life to what is really an enchanting stream.

Thirty miles from the sea, we at last anchored at Chatham, the wind blowing in violent squalls, which terminated in a tremendous thunder-storm, attended by terrific gloom. When the clouds cleared away, the glow of the setting sun illumined the wet roofs and shipping of this bustling little place with wonderful splendor. Chatham, as well as Newcastle, two miles farther up on the opposite bank, was once a great ship-building port. This business has left it; but a great lumber trade has sprung up instead, which brings profit to the neighborhood, while it is rapidly stripping the noble primeval woods of New Brunswick. Upward of three hundred square-rigged vessels arrive there during the summer for lumber, chiefly for the foreign market. The appearance of the town is therefore very animated, with its rafts of logs, its stagings and saw-mills, and wharves lined with large vessels two or three abreast. In 1881 the feet of lumber brought down the south-west boom of the Miramichi reached 140,000,000. At night-time, the river front of the town is lurid with the vivid flames of refuse wood burning in brick-lined furnaces along the river. Another large business here is the salmon fishery. Chatham is on the railroad, and the fish, packed in ice, are sent directly to the United States. Six car-loads have been forwarded from this place alone in one day. The time for catching the fish is from May 1st to August 15th. Every farmer by the river spreads his own nets in the water opposite his land, and owns a dug-out to land the fish. During the winter large numbers of smelts and bass are also caught through the ice, and sent by rail to our markets.

July 12th we filled our water-casks, and, in company with a fleet of Swedish and Norwegian lumber-laden barks, started down the river. The beauty of the shores induced us to land where a gang of laborers was engaged in cutting out mill-stones, which are an important source of profit at Miramichi. They were at work in a romantic spot under a cliff, and the click of their mallets rang musically with the plashing of the dashing current. A little farther on, our boat glided into a fairy-like cove. A farmer was just returning from his nets with some very fine salmon. If we were like some fishermen, we might say we caught salmon ourselves on this river. But truth compels the more prosaic statement that all the salmon we caught on the Miramichi we bought from this farmer. He asked us to climb the cliff to his house, which we found superbly situated on the brow of a noble lawn, terminating at the river in a precipice. The chubby, flaxen-haired children, bareheaded and barefooted, gath-

ered round to stare at us, with their hands uneasily clasped behind them, as we sat in the "best room." The venerable grandmother brought us a large jug full of fresh milk in her shaking hand. While drinking it, we could see the upper sails of the lumber fleet above the cliff as they glided close by the land. It reminded me of many a similar and familiar scene on the Bosphorus. I could not but marvel that some of our people in search of summer resorts, who are willing to go to the River St. Lawrence, do not build or hire houses for the summer on this charming spot, the air being delightful, the scenery exceptionally attractive, salmon and trout abundant, and the cost of living moderate. "It would do us a great deal of good, sir, if some of your folks in the States who have money would but come here and buy our lands and provisions," remarked the old grandmother, with a twinkle in her gray eyes, as we bid her good-bye.

With a leading wind, we sailed down the tortuous channel of the Miramichi and crossed the bar, with a rosy light of evening flushing the sails of the lumber fleet. One of them we left behind. She grounded in the channel at high water, and probably had to throw over part of her cargo. We headed now for the Bay of Chaleurs. The weather being fine, the crew began this evening the habit of taking their meals on deck, which they did after this whenever the weather permitted. It was an interesting sight to watch them clustered around the dishes, which were placed on the after part of the trunk. The captain had a separate seat at the head of this unique table, where he presided with patriarchal dignity, entertaining the crew with yarns from his own varied experience. There is not much attempt at discipline on these down-east coasters, but the crew are controlled by a sort of family arrangement. The captain gives the orders in an easy fashion, and the men sometimes give suggestions regarding the working of the ship which would procure them a broken head if attempted on a square-rigged vessel. Captain Welch and the mate had an animated and by no means amiable discussion one day regarding the course to be followed, without any other result than a continuous muttering on both sides, until eight bells called all hands to supper. The south-west wind prevails in the Gulf of St. Lawrence during the summer time. This is favorable to yachts cruising northward, but must be taken into calculation when they shape a course for home. This wind is generally quite steady, freshening up at night; but sometimes it increases to a gale, followed by a strong westerly wind for a day or two. But no depend-

ence whatever can be placed upon the Gulf weather after the last of August. Favored by this southerly wind, we flew northward all night, and the tight little schooner put in her "best licks," as her speed was tested better with a free wind. The wake was a mass of gleaming foam interwoven with magical green, white, and red sparkles that seemed to come up like stars from the black, mysterious depths below. The galaxy, or "milkmaid's path" as sailors call it, and the northern lights gleamed at the opposite poles. It fell calm beforebreakfast, and we caught a number of cod. The low shore of New Brunswick was on the port beam, and numerous fishing boats were out. As we passed near one of them laden with lobsters, we hailed her crew in French, and threw them ten cents fixed in the split end of a stick. In return they hurled a shower of lobsters on board, which came so fast on deck that we were forced to duck our heads below the rail to avoid being hit by the ugly monsters. We thus obtained many more lobsters than we could possibly eat. Never have I seen lobsters cheaper or fresher than these.

At noon of July 12th, we passed the octagonal light-house on the low, sandy point at the northern end of Shipagan Island, and were fairly in the Bay of Chaleurs. Twenty miles across loomed the lofty northern shores of the bay, beautiful ranges of mountains with jagged peaks melting dreamily into the thunderous clouds brooding ominously in the north. The southern shores of the bay are much lower and less interesting, and offer only one safe harbor, Bathurst; and that is exposed to northerly gales. Caraquette is only good for light-draught fishing craft. The glass was now falling, and the baffling winds indicated a blow by night-time. The Bay of Chaleurs is ninety miles long, and is a dangerous sheet of water in easterly winds. But it is free from shoals, and has a good bottom excepting near the southern entrance, and there is good holding ground everywhere near to the northern coast. The famous Restigouche River, coming from the gorges of Gaspé county, empties into the bay at its western end, near Dalhousie. A number of other streams, such as the Charlot, the Bass, and Tête à Gauche, also find an outlet here. They abound in fine trout and salmon—a fact which renders this region important for sportsmen, who are already beginning to flock thither during the summer. The bay has also been a noted resort of American fishermen on account of its mackerel. But the fish are now scarce, which, together with the restrictions of the treaty laws, has drawn away the American fishing schooners which once resorted to these waters by hundreds. Owing to its size, it has been a

disputed question between the two governments whether the Bay of Chaleurs should be considered a bay or part of the open sea—a matter of importance in the sea fisheries. The bay was discovered by Jacques Cartier, who probably suffered from the heat there, judging from the name he gave it. It was the scene of the defeat of a French fleet by the English in 1760.

The weather became very thick after sunset, with a strong easterly breeze. We kept a good lookout, and had a narrow escape from collision with a French schooner. As they swept by they hailed us in French, and our mate flung a few choice French epithets in return. At midnight the wind shifted into the nor'-west and blew a fresh gale, with a nasty sea. The *Alice May* beat up against it nobly. It was now a clear starlight, and it was exciting to see the little vessel bending over to her scuppers in the gray sea and flinging sheets of spray over her cat-heads.

A magnificent dawn succeeded this variable night, and as the sun burst above the sea, it revealed a truly remarkable scene. A slope of extraordinary regularity, as if it had been smoothed with a roller, was discovered extending some fifteen miles along the sea, where it terminated in an unbroken line of red cliffs from forty to one hundred feet high. This fine slope was covered with a carpet of a vivid emerald hue. At the base of the red, cavern-hollowed cliffs rolled the sea, deep-purple and blue. This slope was outlined against a distant range of violet-tinted mountains limned against an opalescent sky. It was indeed a noble and exhilarating prospect. But it was rendered yet more remarkable by a line of houses extending for nearly six miles along the crest of the slope. The rising sun smote full on these dwellings, and, at the distance we were from them, they looked like the tents of an army encamped there; and, indeed, I thought at first it might be the camp of militia taking their summer exercises. But when the sun struck the windows of these houses, they flashed like stars over the sea or like beaten gold.

As we drew nearer to the land, we made out a long, low point, covered with white buildings and terminating in a light-house, the effect being that of a sea-walled town in the Mediterranean. Then we knew that we were off the French town of Paspébiac. It had all the rapture of a surprise for us, because never before that morning had I heard of the place. It really seemed as if it might be an exhalation from the sea, a vision of the morning, doomed to fade away as the sun rose higher in the heavens. But the keen gusts off the land, singing through the

rigging of our bending barkie, soon brought us so near there was no longer any room to doubt that we had hit upon an important and beautiful town. We anchored off the spit, but soon slipped around to the other side, where we again anchored in a roadstead protected from easterly winds, and reasonably safe in summer from winds blowing in other quarters. With our usual expedition, we immediately had the boat put into the water and went on shore. The light-house and an old wreck bleaching near to it on the sandy beach first impressed us as being artistically available, as the genial editor would say regarding a manuscript upon which he is disposed to bestow the smile of acceptance. Having sketched these objects, we adjourned to the Lion Inn to dine. This quaint little hostel is on the point, with water close on either hand. A one-time much gilded lion, but now somewhat rusty, wagged his tufted tail ferociously over the door, and a green settle on either side invited the guest to an out-of-door seat overlooking the bay. The buxom landlady was a fair-complexioned, tidy, blue-eyed dame from the isle of Jersey. Wearing a huge sun-bonnet, she was feeding her chickens in the road as we approached. She served us a simple but savory repast in a cozy, low-roofed dining-room resembling a ship's cabin; through the open windows the sea-breeze wafted the roar of the sea, and we could look on the blue of the ocean fading away to distant lands.



MAP OF THE TRIP FROM CHARLOTTETOWN TO PASPEBIAC.

Everything was delightfully unexpected and charming. Sea life is made up of such contrasts. But a few hours before, we were groping in fog, grappling with a storm and shortening sail; and now we were enjoying this peaceful hour in a tranquil haven.

(To be continued.)

S. G. W. Benjamin.

A SONG OF LOVE.

HEY, rose, just born	Sweet eyes that smiled,
Twin to a thorn;	Now wet and wild;
Was't so with you, oh Love and Scorn?	O Eye and Tear,—mother and child.

Well: Love and Pain
Be kinsfolk twain;
Yet would, oh, would I could love again!

Sidney Lanier.

THE HERMITAGE.*

THE present Gallery of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg was built by Nicholas to show his taste for all the arts; it did not exactly do that, but it certainly showed his taste for architecture. It not only houses his paintings, it almost kills them as well: you cannot help looking away from the works to the walls. It is too splendid—simple Greek in form, but in substance a heap of piled riches in marbles and precious stones, in gilding and inlaid

* [The present sketch of the art treasures of the famous Hermitage has been suggested by a new series of photographs of a high order, published by Braun, of Paris. The frontispiece engraving of a head from one of the Hermitage Rembrandts will give our readers some idea of the excellence of this great collection of paintings.—Ed.]

woods. It requires a considerable effort of concentration to keep your eyes on the pictures; and, now and then, the stranger, especially, is tried altogether beyond his strength by the wealth of ornament in porphyry and lapis lazuli, or by some monumental vase in malachite. The work of mental dissipation begins with a huge double flight of marble stairs running from the great hall and overpowering in its majestic beauty. We have had nothing like it, even in fancy, since Martin painted the stairways of Babylon. There is one incidental merit in the structure: it will not burn; all that is not marble or stone, with the exception of the inlaid floors, is of iron. It was designed by Klenze, a German architect, and it is on the site of a small gallery which the Empress Catherine set up as a retreat next door to the Winter Palace. There is still a covered passage between the two buildings. Catherine wanted to get away from the noise and bustle of the court, and she took some of her pictures with her to help furnish the place. From this sprang the present Gallery of the Hermitage. Other rulers bought more pictures, often buying them by entire galleries, after the fashion set by Peter the Great in his wholesale introduction of civilization into his empire. There was no time to lose, if Russia was to be placed on a level with other nations in arts as well as in arms. In 1779 the imperial buyers came in for rich paintings by the dispersal of the incomparable Walpole collection, which, if it had been kept at home, would have made England to-day absolutely the richest country in the world in the masterpieces of painting. To this acquisition the Czars added, later on, a Spanish collection bought of an Amsterdam banker for £8,700; then the gems of the Malmaison collection, formed by the Empress Josephine,—thirty-eight pictures for one hundred and eighty-eight thousand dollars,—and again, thirty pictures from the collection of Queen Hortense. The death of William II. of Holland gave the imperial collectors another opportunity of which they were not slow to take advantage. William II. was a sort of monomaniac of taste: he lived in a poor palace himself, but he had a magnificent one built for his pictures, and watched it slowly rising day by day and year by year while adding to his treasures. At length it was finished and stocked; and, when this operation was fairly completed, William II. died, and his successor sold off his artistic effects. On this occasion England was one of the largest buyers, in tardy redemption of the Walpole loss.*

In theory these pictures at the Hermitage still form the Gallery of the Czar; in fact they are, to some extent, the gallery of the nation. The other imperial palaces are fairly well stocked, but the sixteen or seventeen hundred canvases in the Hermitage form the pick of the imperial collections.

Nicholas showed his usual thoroughness in everything connected with this pet work. When his new palace of art was finished, he sent for the well-known Dr. Waagen of Berlin, the first historic art critic of his time, to put it in order, and, in consequence, no gallery in the world is more systematically arranged. Dr. Waagen had to contend with one great difficulty; the architect had thought first of the palace, and only in the second place of the pictures; the rooms are not all well lighted, and most of them are far too lofty for convenient display. It is the common complaint of visitors that you cannot escape from a tour of the Hermitage without a stiff neck and sore eyes, due to the straining for a sight of the many paintings far above the line. In all else Dr. Waagen worked entirely on his own conditions; he arranged the works by schools and subdivisions of schools; and you have only to take them in his order to have something like a fair history of the development of art. There is the Italian school in its epoch of formation, then in its perfection of strength and beauty in the Florentine painters. Following these you have the Lombard school, the Florentine decline, the Venetian school, with the second great epoch when the Eclectics brought about a *renaissance* of the art, and next the final decay. In the Spanish schools, Valencia, Seville, and Madrid are richly represented; in the German, Flemish and Dutch, there is another orderly exposition of growth, maturity, and decline. Eight pictures constitute the only exhibition of the English school known to exist on the Continent. The French school, following a classification just as applicable to the French literature as to the French art of to-day, is in two sections—the Idealists, from Poussin to Mignard and Le Brun, and the Realists, from Clouet, Lancret, and Watteau, to Vernet. There is even a Russian school, a mark of high imperial favor considering how little Russian prophets in either art or literature used to be honored in their own country; but this, with the exception of the English, is the smallest of the whole collection. There are nearly a thousand Flemish, Dutch, and German paintings, more than three hundred Italian, and over a hundred Spanish, almost every one a master-piece. The Spanish and Flemish collections are among the finest in the world; and the gallery would be worthy

* The "Immaculate Conception," by Murillo, from this collection is now in New York in the possession of the family of the late William H. Aspinwall.

a pilgrimage for its forty-one Rembrandts alone, to say nothing of the twenty Murillos, and the innumerable pictures by Wouvermans, Rubens, Ruysdaels, Snyders, and the like. The thirty-four Vandykes should not be forgotten; the grandest of them, the Charles I., booted and cuirassed for the field, with one hand on his baton of command, and the other on his sword, was painted for the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars in the currency of to-day! A picture of Queen Henrietta Maria forms a pendant to this work.

It is difficult to select examples for notice where all deserve the closest attention. In the Italian series there is a "Descent from the Cross," by Sebastian del Piombo, which must be named whatever others are left out; so too must the "Perseus and Andromeda" of Tintoretto, and, if only as a curiosity, the same painter's sketch copy of his immense "Resurrection" at Venice. Then there is a superb Ludovico Caracci, the "Entombment of Christ," and a "Death of Christ," by Paul Veronese. Most of the Rubenses and Vandykes are the spoils of the Walpole gallery; and among the Vandykes are portraits of the Wartons, of Lord Danby, Sir Thomas Challoner, and many other English worthies of the time, with a copy, by the artist's own hand, of the famous Pembroke family at Wilton. It would be all the better for the pictures if certain "candelabra and vases in violet jasper of Siberia" were taken out of this room. Murillo's incomparable "Dream of Jacob" is hard by. An "Assumption" of immense interest, as being evidently but another idea for the work at Madrid, gives you a glimpse of Murillo's method; but I hesitate to theorize about it, as I have nothing on my notes to show which is the earlier work. Velasquez has a whole series of portraits, including the Minister Olivares and Innocent X. The nine frescoes of Raphael in another room were on the walls of a Roman villa less than thirty years ago, and with them is one of Raffaele's favorite works, a "Rape of Helen," that might be traced in its growth, from the first moment of invention to the last, with the help of the original sketches that Oxford and Chatsworth still possess. The "St. George and Dragon" was painted by order of the Duke of Urbino as a present to Henry VII. in return for the Garter. It formed part of the collection of Charles I.; and when it came to Russia it hung for a long time in the Winter Palace as a holy image, a continual reproach to Russian sacred art. Among the Titians are a "Mary Magdalene" and a "Danaë," the last a copy by the master's own hand from a work at Naples.

Paul Potter's "Farm" is one of the glories

of the Hermitage. It is an attempt to put a chapter of the history of human institutions into a picture frame. Farm life is there in full and perfect representation, or very nearly so; you have sheep, goats, oxen, pigs, cows at the milking, cows at the pasturage, a woman stitching, a man frightening a dog who is frightening the baby, yet all in a wonderful harmony, and with a suggestion of perfect repose. Here and there are signs of weariness in the painter; one of the cows, according to a critic, is a direct crib from another Paul Potter at the Hague. The sewing-woman, if adroitly cut out of the canvas, would make a Peter de Hooghe. The most considerable English work is a Reynolds, the "Infant Hercules Strangling the Serpents." This was painted for Catherine, and it was a delicate allegory of the courtier-artist. Young Hercules is young Russia; the serpents are the difficulties that stood in her way. With this work Reynolds sent his two volumes of "Discourses." Catherine, in acknowledgment, ordered her ambassador at St. James's to call upon the painter:

"The two productions equally reveal an elevated genius. I beg of you to hand to Sir Joshua, with my thanks, the snuff-box I send in recognition of the great pleasure I have derived from his 'Discourses' — perhaps the best work hitherto written on the subject. My portrait on the lid of the box has been done at the Hermitage, where we are now paying considerable attention to work of this kind. I hope you will be able to give me news of the grand picture which I mentioned in another letter.
(Signed)

"CATHERINE."

The grand picture in question is supposed to be a "Contenance of Scipio," now in the collection, but in an unfinished state. Scipio's arms and the hands of another figure are yet to be, at least, in their full perfection of rich color, as in other parts of the work.

But how describe the Rembrandts? To begin with, there are a good half dozen portraits of the very first order, though one of them which you feel sure must deserve to be in this category is wretchedly hung. The portrait of an old woman is worth whole chapters of writing on the nature of true finish in art. The hand has never been better painted than in this work. As for the "Benedicite," a peasant man and woman saying grace before meat, we must pass over whole centuries of painting to our own time, to Millet and perhaps to Israëls, before we come to anything approaching it for beauty of feeling. It is one of the great pictorial poems of the life of the poor. Did Rembrandt definitely anticipate the mind of our age on this subject, or was he merely true to all possible sentiment by being simply true to

this fact in art? Probably: from what we know of him, there is little to encourage the belief that this noble thing was in any sense a tendency picture; he only saw the beauty as beauty—that dim interior, with its deep shadows and its mere accidents of light, and the figures of the praying pair half effaced in the gloom. His finest “Holy Family,” and he painted many of them, is without question in this gallery. Mary, reading in the chimney corner of such a room as may be imagined, turns to lift the cover of the cradle for a peep at her sleeping child; Joseph is at work; and six angels, whose presence might be dispensed with, are in the air. Blot out the angels, and it is of incomparable simplicity and force. In the “Descent from the Cross” there is the same perfection of tender human interest, and the heads of the Christ and Mary are painted as few heads have been painted since. Then there are more portraits, —half of them mere portraits of a gentleman, in respect of their present want of a name. In one, adepts in such matters point out to you a curious example of work with the brush-handle instead of the brush. “Peter Denies his Lord” is a powerful night scene: the glare of a lantern held by the servant thrown full upon the disciple, and nearly all the rest—the wondering, or indifferent, or angry figures, and the tipling men-at-arms—in shadow.

For a foreigner the Hermitage is essentially a collection of pictures; for native students it is much more—a museum of antiqui-

ties, a museum of sovereigns. There is a whole Peter the Great gallery filled with the hero's swords and walking-sticks, his lathes and turning tools, the models of his ships, the engravings of his battles and triumphs done to order by Dutchmen of the time, and corrected in proof for the minutest detail of the uniform of a regiment or the fall of a pennon. Add to this, a museum of precious stones, perfectly appointed, and the largest in the world, a great numismatic collection,—everything, in fact, a national museum should have. The picture galleries have had less effect than might be supposed on Russian art, probably because they have never been easily accessible to the Russian masses. The conditions of admission still resemble those of a private gallery. You do not often meet the Russian peasant there or the Russian workman—for one reason, perhaps, because he might be afraid of the inlaid floors. The sacred art of the country is still irredeemably conventional; and the fact that it should be so, in face of all these specimens of the sacred art of Italy, is really one of the minor mysteries of the Greek faith. The German and French schools seem to have had most influence on the secular art; half the Russian artists work from Munich as a center, and the other half from Paris. The very latest, with Vereschagin at their head, are inexorable Realists, but with a realism that affects the facts of the social and political life of the day far more than the mere facts of nature.

Richard Whiteing.

THE PHŒBE-BIRD.

YES, I was wrong about the phœbe-bird.
Two songs it has, and both of them I've heard:
I did not know those strains of joy and sorrow
Came from one throat, or that each note could borrow
Strength from the other, making one more brave
And one as sad as rain-drops on a grave.

But thus it is. Two songs have men and maidens:
One is for hey-day, one is sorrow's cadence.
Our voices vary with the changing seasons
Of life's long year, for deep and natural reasons.

Therefore despair not. Think not you have altered,
If, at some time, the gayer note has faltered.
We are as God has made us. Gladness, pain,
Delight, and death, and moods of bliss or bane,
With love, and hate, or good, and evil—all,
At separate times, in separate accents call;
Yet 'tis the same heart-throb within the breast
That gives an impulse to our worst and best.
I doubt not when our earthly cries are ended,
The Listener finds them in one music blended.

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE BUTCHERS' ROW.

WE wandered down the Butchers' Row
In old Limoges, the fair;
My love was dressed like May or snow
Under her ruddy hair;
It happened to be St. Maura's fête,
And all the bells rang out,
And through the ruinous English gate
There streamed a merry rout.

The butchers' shops were black as night,
The flags were blue and red;
My love walked on in laughing white,
And a merry word she said;
And down the Row to the river-shore
She passed, so pure and gay,
The people took her for St. Maure,
And crossed themselves to pray.

Edmund W. Gosse.

IMPRESSIONS OF SHAKSPERE'S "LEAR."*

THERE is a certain tremor of the mind that always overcomes me when I resolve to write of the noblest creations in dramatic literature, and of the interpretations given by me to the work of that acute and profound diviner of the human heart—William Shakspeare.

I am aware that no new thoughts are to be found in all that I have written concerning my rendering of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Othello"; indeed, after nearly three hundred years of analysis and discussion, it would be difficult to say anything new about Shakspeare. But, if my thoughts have lacked originality, at least they have been frankly expressed. That they will fall and die and leave no trace behind is absolutely certain. The field a thousand have sown before me already bears a fruitful harvest; and my poor grain of mustard seed can but spring up unnoticed there, to count for nothing.

My own inclination would lead me to be known only as an interpreter of the stage; but circumstances have driven me, almost obliged me, to write, and I have written; but I write more to please my friends than to please myself, more in a compliant humor than in a vain one. With this statement, made in self-defense to dull a little the keen edge of criticism, I can now throw myself into the dangerous current with a stouter heart, trusting for some generous hand to encourage the untrained swimmer who ventures, it may be, far beyond his depth.

As all the world may easily ascertain, a Gallic chronicle relates that Lear, the son of Bladud, reigned for sixty years, and died about the year 800 B. C. Lear is said also to have founded the city known to-day as Leicester. It is therefore with some bewilder-

ment that we find the poet linking to a period so remote names of countries and of persons, degrees of rank, modes of punishment, manners and customs of far later origin. The titles lord and duke, prince and king, the feudal castle and the chase, the rule of knight-hood, and the law of arms combine to give the play a mediæval atmosphere, and it would seem to be erroneous to attempt in representation the coloring of an earlier age.

Shakspeare's genius is "liberal as the air"; to him, if to no other, allowance must be made when his flight leads on from one anachronism to another, disregarding details; especially in this tragedy, where the lesson conveyed is clearly one with which historical accuracy has nothing whatever to do.

"Lear" is a study of ingratitude. As "Hamlet" deals with the power of thought over action, "Othello" with that of malignity over a noble mind, "Macbeth" with the sins of boundless ambition, so the purpose of "Lear" is to show how far the force of human ingratitude may go.

There comes before us the figure of an "old, kind king," oppressed with cares of state, at the solemn moment when he divides his kingdom into three parts to confer upon each daughter a dower suited to her rank, retaining for himself only his royal name and its "additions." This act, that has been often deemed a proof of mental alienation, seems to me rather the outgrowth of a generous heart and a natural trust in filial love. If it be set down as irrational, the baseness of the elder daughters is thereby palliated, since the thwarting of an insane will carries no injustice with it. But what element of insanity enters into the old king's purpose? In our

* See "Impressions of Some of Shakspeare's Characters" (*Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello*), by Signor Salvini, in *THE CENTURY* for November, 1881.

day, unhappily, it might give rise to censure, since the liberal, perhaps too liberal, education of our children tends to lessen the regard and respect paid by them to their parents; but in a time of rigid discipline, when parental will was held to be Heaven's will, and when filial affection was assumed to be akin to that due the Creator, it is inconceivable that the mind of a father—above all, a royal father—could tolerate one thought of ingratitude and of open resistance to his judgment. And this judgment of the octogenarian king has no unreason in it. He but yields his burden up to "younger strengths"; the honor stays with him. His one condition, the reservation of a hundred knights to be sustained by his successors, is not extravagant; and the exchange of grave pursuits for the pleasures of the chase and the playful satire of his fool seems to me no more than his due. I shall be asked: If the king is rational, how are we to justify his resolve to disinherit *Cordelia* solely because her love cannot find expression in the glib, flattering phrase of her sisters? In my opinion, the formal education of the time is still his ample justification. *Lear*, challenging his daughters' love in presence of the court, knew but the answer he had heard a thousand times repeated through real affection, through submission, or through a sense of duty. *Cordelia*, truer than her sisters and about to be betrothed, replies, with the sense of "a divided duty," that she loves her father as nature bids her, according to her bond,—terms directly opposite to those that *Lear* awaited from his favorite child. From her, more than from the others, he longed for demonstrative warmth, for a word that should express infinity of love. Hence the bitterness of a lost illusion; hence the shame at an open injury to his feelings; hence, finally, the reaction of a spirit, proud, impetuous, autocratic, violent, knowing no bounds when moved to anger. Therefore, let us call him inconsiderate and choleric, but in no degree demented.

As I have already noted, *Lear's* age is "fourscore and upward"; viewed from a modern point of view he might therefore be judged a man broken with the weight of years. I would compare him rather to some historic oak, shorn of its leaves by the fury of wind and storm, but with limbs and trunk still vigorous, unshaken. And here I may quote to the purpose from a well-known New York journal, "Il Progresso Italo-Americano":

"We should consider that, in the time of *Lear*, old men were stronger and more robust than in our day; that, instead of sipping their coffee at ten in the morning, they rose with the sun to make a substantial repast off huge slices of beef and mutton. We must re-

member that the early Saxons, living, as it were, in the saddle and in constant muscular exertion, preserved their health and strength even to the greatest age.

"Why is *King Lear* to be made senile, when he still delights in the chase and calls for his horse, as the tragedy obliges him to do? And how is a weak, tottering man to undergo all the violent scenes, all the mental excitements of the drama? Would Shakspeare have given his protagonist line after line of anger, of grief, of fury, and of imprecation, if he conceived him to be bowed and broken? A man of eighty, were he not robust to the last degree, drawing near the verge of madness, as does *Lear* in the first act, would surely fall dead in a fit before reaching the final scene. No prolonged conflict of the emotions would be needed to dispatch him."

In support of my opinion, which is shared by the Italian critic, let me now cite certain expressions that are Shakspeare's own. At the opening of Act III., that is, after the great scene where *Goneril* and *Regan* turn *Lear* out upon the heath to "run unbanned," without food, without shelter from the raging of the storm, to *Kent's* question, "Where's the king?" the *Gentleman* replies:

"Contending with the fretful elements:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease."

And in Act IV., scene 4, *Cordelia* says to the *Physician*:

"Why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea."

While *Lear* himself, when he is surprised by *Cordelia's* messenger, and fears to be made prisoner, exclaims:

"I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom:
. . . there's life in it."

And this, after wild scenes of wrath with his ungrateful daughters, after combating and mocking the utmost fury of the tempest, and after undergoing the greatest physical privation! Surely, thus to contend "with the fretful element," to be "mad as the vex'd sea," and to "die bravely, like a bridegroom," a man's sinews must be strong and active even at "fourscore and upward."

But let us now regard him from an artistic point of view, considered merely as a personage of the stage. If he is to be discovered to the audience as a puny little dotard, paralytic, asthmatic and infirm, senile and feeble at his first entrance, what room is left for contrast? He has far more claim to sympathy as a man who, happy at the outset, feels keenly the bitterness of misfortune, than as one who, injured to suffering, only undergoes it in new forms. The first commands respect because

he battles courageously with the unforeseen calamities of life; the second, powerless to resist them, is a pitiable object, and can but arouse a wish for quick-coming death to put him out of pain. Finally, the first is interesting and pathetic; the second, tedious and painful; and this latter effect must inevitably be produced upon the spectator (as numerous examples prove) by those representations of the part that follow the beaten track, and are based upon the pernicious system of imitation; imitation all too recent, since what we are told of the great American artist, Edwin Forrest, proves that this invention of a weak and doting *Lear* was assuredly not his,—not his, whose ringing tones and thrilling gestures, whose majestic presence and heroic conceptions won for him a name that is deservedly remembered and honored.

To my thinking, the audience should be made to understand first how *Lear*, even in his generosity, is always the royal autocrat, noble, august, irascible, and violent in the first act; in the second, how, feeling bitterly the ingratitude that has doubled upon itself, he becomes more a father than a king; and, finally, in the third act, how, worn with troubles of the body, he forgets for a season those of the mind, and, more than father, more than king, stands forth a man reacting upon rebellious nature.

These three phases of *Lear's* character are precisely those that save the part from monotony, and that make it interesting, I repeat, and not distressing. Hence, another need of representing him hale and vigorous in the first instance, next disquieted and sympathetic, thereafter affecting and enfeebled.

It is no exaggeration to say that all the difficult problems of the player's art are contained in these three acts. I do not mean difficulties of conception, but of execution. A well-known canon of the stage prescribes a gradual growth of effect, in accordance with the development of the action, that the catastrophe, or issue, if that be the better word, may prove impressive, telling, strong. Every actor should spare himself at first, and reserve his natural resources to that end. In "King Lear" it is impossible to follow this law without some sacrifice of truth; the very reverse of it is needed. Instead of working out a result by an increase of power, the effect must be made to grow as the power decreases,—*must*, I say, if we are to preserve the true conception; for *Lear's* strength, though apparent at first, should yield somewhat in the second act to the stress of his emotions, and still more to the nervous excitement in which he supports and defies the

storm; and to this condition the mental disorder of the fourth act succeeds.

Some actors choose to make *Lear* an imbecile: this is a mistake; others would have him a demoniac, but this also is a misconception. To me it seems that his mind is warped by a sense of ingratitude in nature; and that this feeling grows upon him with the persecution of the warring elements, till, at the degradation of man revealed in *Edgar's* counterfeiting, it becomes all-absorbing. And, indeed, all those scenes of malediction, of metaphor, and of self-dissection, with their profound conclusions, their scraps of wisdom and philosophy, do but turn upon this very concentration of thought, that has for its root ingratitude. Were it not so, the mere sight of *Cordelia* would not so speedily bring back his reason. An imbecile is far more difficult to cure than a madman; and a madman cannot be restored by so simple a remedy. His unsoundness is but that of a monomaniac, who recovers his normal health when *Cordelia's* tenderness soothes the troubled spirit and supplies the healing balm of reverent, filial love.

Beyond this point, little remains to note of *Lear* except in the final scene, sublimely imagined to suggest the last glimmer of a dying flame.

The great difficulty, then, lies in discovering how to heighten the effect according to the laws of art, and, at the same time, to decline in physical power.

Every audience has its intelligent proportion to note and appreciate the artist who, with the scheme of his part determined, regardless of vulgar effect, is content to follow where truth leads; but the actor in his skill must also strive to interest the mass of his public and to maintain ascendancy over all, still walking in truth's level field. And how shall this be done? I think it impossible to explain; it is a question of judgment, and that cannot be prescribed. The course to be pursued may be pointed out, but he who would win the goal without stumbling must commend himself to his own inspiration.

And for this inspiration I forced myself to wait five years, perhaps to no purpose; for it is by no means certain that I have been able to make an audience comprehend my own conception. I will not deny that the time is too long; that, if the study of every difficult character were to consume so vast an interval, the artist's round of parts would prove circumscribed indeed. But I was confronted with this difficulty at the very outset of my labor, and the more I labored the mightier it became, till it seemed so nearly insurmountable that I could but resign myself to await the moment when all my energies and all

my senses should combine in definite shape. Every conscientious actor will concur in my opinion that all moments are not apt for the choice of colors wherewith to reproduce the finished picture of the author's imagination. And how many of us are often *obliged to play a part with a sense of disability to reveal its hidden beauties! As a sunset may supply the painter with a tint undreamed of for his landscape, so a woman's glance may teach us some new way to express affection; a visit to the mad-house, some strange phase of mental alienation; a shipwreck brings us its peculiar forms of anguish, an earthquake its varied aspects of horror and despair; and all must be noted, pondered, anatomized, appropriated with a keen discrimination. To do this, time is needed; with time, experience; and with experience, genius! But I perceive that I have strayed a little from my subject, and I turn back for one moment more into the direct road.

If I persist in my opinion that *Lear* at

first must be vigorous in his old age, I do not therefore admit that at the end he must so retain his vigor as to bear lightly in his arms the dead body of *Cordelia* after the prevailing fashion. May my brother actors forgive me for asking how such Herculean strength is conceivable in a man broken by a host of misfortunes, drawn near to giving up his soul to God? The critics, too, should recognize this inaccuracy, rating, as they do, their protagonist decrepit at his first entrance. To me it seems that, never permitting others to touch his beloved burden, *Lear* should stagger under its weight, without disguising the effort it occasions; this, as I cannot help believing, is not only truer to nature, but also more interesting and more effective.

And now I leave this generous, noble, and unhappy king in peace, bidding farewell to my readers with the wish that *Lear* may rise again to life by the animating breath of some actor of greater power than mine, to make him pathetic and admirable.

Tommaso Salvini.



DANTE.

THE POET ILLUSTRATED OUT OF THE POEM.

It is a grave if not a formidable undertaking to treat of that soldier, statesman, philosopher, above all poet, whom successive generations reverence under the musical name of Dante Alighieri. Fifty-six years sufficed him to live his life and work his work: centuries have not sufficed to exhaust the rich and abstruse intellectual treasure which the world inherits from him. Still, acute thinkers abide at variance as to his ultimate meaning; and still able writers record the impressions of wonder, sympathy, awe, admiration, which—however wide and manifold his recondite meanings may be—he leaves even on simple hearts so long as these can respond to what is lovely or is terrible. "*Quanti dolci pensier, quanto desio*" ("How many sweet thoughts, how much desire"), has he not bequeathed to us!

If formidable for others, it is not least for-

midable for one of my name, for *me*, to enter the Dantesque field and say my little say on the Man and on the Poem; for others of my name have been before me in the same field, and have wrought permanent and worthy work in attestation of their diligence. My father, Gabriele Rossetti, in his "*Comento Analitico sull' Inferno di Dante*" ("Analytical Commentary upon Dante's Hell"), has left to tyros a clew and to fellow-experts a theory. My sister, Maria Francesca Rossetti, has in her "*Shadow of Dante*" eloquently expounded the *Divina Commedia* as a discourse of most elevated Christian faith and morals. My brother Dante has translated with a rare felicity the "*Vita Nuova*" ("New Life") and other minor (poetical) works of his great namesake. My brother William has, with a strenuous endeavor to achieve close verbal

accuracy, rendered the Inferno into English blank verse. I, who cannot lay claim to their learning, must approach my subject under cover of "*Mi valga . . . il grande amore*" ("May my great love avail me"), leaving to them the more confident plea, "*Mi valga il lungo studio*" ("May my long study avail me").

It is not out of disrespect to Mr. Longfellow's blank-verse translation of the *Divina Commedia*, a translation too secure of public favor to need my commendation, that I propose to make my extracts (of any importance) not from his version, but from Mr. Cayley's. The latter, by adhering to the *terza rima* (ternary rhyme) of the original poem, has gone far toward satisfying an ear rendered fastidious by Dante's own harmony of words; with a master hand he conveys to us the sense amid echoes of the familiar sound. My first quotation (Paradise, canto 1), consisting of an invocation of the Spirit of Poetry, befits both Dante and his translator, while, as it were, striking one dominant note of our study:

"O good Apollo, for this last emprise
Render me such a vessel of thy might
As to the longed-for laurel may suffice.
Till now hath sped me one Parnassian height,
But on my last arena now, beneath
The double safeguard, I must needs alight.
Do thou into my bosom come, and breathe,
As when thou drewest Marsyas of old
Out of his body's perishable sheath."

Dante or Durante Alighieri, Alighieri, or Aldighieri—for in all these forms the names are recorded—was born a noble citizen of Florence on the 8th of May, 1265, the sun being then in the sign of Gemini, an auspicious sign according to popular opinion of that day. And a meaning has been found for "Alighieri" apposite to him who so eminently bore the name: it has been turned (by a process I attempt not to analyze) into Aligero (winged), when at once we recognize how suitable it is to the master spirit that fathomed Hell and ascended through Purgatory to the heights of Heaven. Nor need "Dante, Durante," remain without an appropriate gloss. Dante (giving) befits one who has enriched the after ages; Durante (enduring) suits no less that much-enduring man who (writing after the event) puts an apparent prophecy of his own banishment into the mouth of one of the personages of his poem (Paradise, 17):

"Thou shalt leave all things, which thou long ago
Hast loved most dearly, and I've herein said
What dart is soonest shot from exile's bow.
Thou shalt experience how another's bread
Is salt upon our palate, and what bale
'Tis up and down another's stairs to tread."

Boccaccio in his "Life of Dante" traces back his hero's family to a certain Eliseo of the noble Roman house of Frangipani, who,

toward the date of the rebuilding of Florence by the Emperor Charlemagne, settled in that city. In course of time the descendants of Eliseo, dropping their original cognomen, renamed themselves as Elisei. Prominent among them in the days of the Emperor Conrad III. arose Cacciaguida, knight and crusader, who married a lady of the Aldighieri of Ferrara, or perhaps of Parma; her birthplace seems uncertain. This lady bestowed her patronymic on one of her sons, Dante's ancestor in the direct line; and he becoming a man of note, his descendants adopted his name as their own surname; thus permanently distinguishing as Alighieri their branch of the house of the Elisei.

On his pilgrimage through Paradise, Dante encounters in the fifth heaven, that of the planet Mars, the spirit of his venerable forefather Cacciaguida, who discourses with him at considerable length, and after describing the happy thrift and simplicity of Florence in his own day—in Dante's day become a hot-bed of luxury and extravagance—briefly narrates some circumstances of his birth and after life (Paradise, 15):

"To a civic life thou seest how goodly, how
Reposeful, fellow-citizens how leal,
How sweet a homestead Mary, with loud vow
Solicited, gave me, and of Christ the seal
I took within your ancient Baptistère,
As Cacciaguida for His Commonweal.

The camp of Emperor Conrad then I sought,
And by him was I girded for his knight,
So well I pleased him, for I bravely wrought.
I followed him, yon wicked faith to fight,
Whose votaries by your Shepherd's fault despoil
Your jurisdiction of its native right.
By this unholy people from the coil
Of the false world obtained I my release
(Ah, World, whose love doth many a spirit soil),
And entered out of Martyrdom this Peace."

If, as we have seen, mutation of name and residence characterizes that dignified stock from which Dante sprang, no less conspicuously did mutability of faction and fortune, and a bandying of names, now one in the ascendant and now another, characterize that beautiful Florence which called him son. Her citizens were divided into Guelphs and Ghibellines: these names, in their primitive form, having been the battle-cries on a far-off field where, more than a century before Dante's birth, a crown was lost and won between two contending princes. The crown in dispute was the imperial crown of the Holy Roman Empire: the aristocratic party of Imperialists attached to the victorious Conrad of Hohenstaufen became known as Ghibellines, the overthrown opposition as Guelphs. And as the standing opponent of the Empire was the Popedom, the Papalist party in Italy, equally

definable as National or as Democratic, was styled Guelph.

Here already were sufficient grounds for strife. Yet, as if insufficient, private rancor heaped fuel and explosives on the public flame. First, a feud between the Florentine families of Buondelmonte and Amideo widened and confirmed the political breach; secondly, a brawl among the children of one Florentine citizen by two successive wives split the Guelph party into subdivisions distinguished respectively as Black and White.

Nor were words and names, orations and counter orations, the chief political weapons of those days. Sword and fire, confiscation and banishment, made and left their mark on either side, in accordance with the ever-shifting preponderance of this or that faction. The elder Alighieri, a lawyer by profession, a Guelph by party, was along with his party living in exile at the time of his son Dante's birth; but in the year 1267 the Guelphs returned to Florence, and the banished man rejoined his family.

Let us with that absence and that reunion connect such thoughts of home-longing and (in a figure) of home contentment as breathe in the following lines (Purgatory, 8; Paradise, 23):

"It was that hour which thaws the heart and sends
The voyagers' affection home, when they
Since morn have said Adieu to darling friends;
And smites the new-made pilgrim on his way
With love, if he a distant bell should hear,
That seems a-mourning for the dying day."

"As when the bird among the boughs beloved,
Keeping beside her darlings' nest her seat,
By night, when things are from the view removed,
That sooner she the dear ones' looks may meet,
And that by which she feeds them to purvey,
Counting for them her anxious labor sweet,
Forestalls the hours upon the unsheltered spray,
And waits the sun with burning eagerness,
Poring with fixed eye for the peep of day."

Not long did the elder Alighieri survive this renewal of happiness. Yet our hopes follow him out of sight into the veiled and better land, there to behold him awaiting the restitution of all things, even as Dante, in his *Divine Comedy*, represents a congregation of elect souls as yearning after the resurrection of the body (Paradise, 14).

Despite so irreparable a loss, the young Dante received, under his widowed mother's protection, a refined and liberal education. His taste was for study rather than for amusement, and to such a taste, allied to perseverance and wedded to a preëminent intellect, the treasures of knowledge lay open and accessible. His mother's circumstances, though not opulent, were easy. Thus she was able

to intrust her son's education to Brunetto Latini, a notary by profession, by occasional office an ambassador of the Florentine Republic, an attractive man of the world; moreover, a scholar and a poet. Between him and his pupil a tender affection grew up, as Dante himself assures us (Hell, 15) when he encounters his master's shade.

Dante also studied at the universities of Padua and Bologna, and in mature life augmented his stores of knowledge in learned and polite Paris. According to an uncertain tradition, he visited England, and in particular Oxford.

In a period of broils, heart-burnings, rivalries, Dante was not the man to observe a tepid neutrality. He bore arms on the field of Campaldino and at the siege of Caprona, and on one or both occasions with credit to himself and to his cause. The battle of Campaldino was followed by a storm—the stirring up of which storm is attributed to diabolical agency by the shade of Buonconte, a noble Ghibelline who fell on the losing side, and who accosts Dante in the Ante-Purgatory (Purgatory, 5).

Yet, though a soldier, Dante was not primarily a soldier; rather, it may be, a statesman, a ruler, a legislator.

From the highest civil dignity, however, that of the Priorato, or chief magistracy of Florence, Dante found himself excluded by a circumstance which at once dignified his social position and threatened to impede his public career. Giano della Bella, Prior of Florence in 1292, had ordained that such families as counted a cavaliere (knight) among their ancestry should be reckoned noble, while for that very reason they should lose certain civic privileges. Thus Cacciaguida the Crusader, by ennobling his descendants, cut them off from sundry more substantial honors. To rehabilitate him, as we may suppose, for public office, Dante's name is found inscribed among the *Medici e Speciali* (Leeches and Druggists), their "art" standing sixth in the list of principal arts; and documents still extant in the archives of Florence show that he did actually take part in the councils of several years, commencing with the year 1295.

On June 15th, 1300, Dante, supported by five less noted colleagues, was created Prior. The Black and White broils were at this time raging with such virulence that the Papal Legate, Cardinal Matteo d'Acquasparta, sent to Florence for purposes of pacification, failed in his mission, finally (though at a period considerably later) laying the rebellious city under an interdict. In such troublous times Dante assumed the command; nor was he one to rule with a tremulous hand. By

him and his colleagues was enacted a law which banished chiefs and adherents of both parties into separate exile; to Corso Donati, Dante's brother-in-law, with his "Blacks," a spot in the Tuscan mountains was assigned for residence; the Whites, among whom was Dante's dearest friend, Guido Cavalcanti, were dispatched into the baneful Maremma.

They went, but they returned; and divided as they went, so they returned, the Blacks keen for vengeance. This faction now denounced the Whites as Ghibellines, anti-papalists, foes of France; and, invoking foreign aid, induced Charles of Valois, then on his road to Rome, to countenance their machinations. Dante, his tenure of office as Prior being expired, was hereupon sent by his successors, as one of four ambassadors, on a counter embassy to the Roman court. Like the turbulent factions he had helped to banish, he also went; but, unlike them, he returned no more.

Charles of Valois occupied the oltr' Arno (beyond the river Arno). Corso Donati raised the Black standard, and, by the help of the French prince, gained a crushing victory. Fire and sword devastated Florence; one Podestà (magistrate or mayor) was expelled, another appointed; a multitude of Whites were exiled and doomed to beggary. Well might Dante choose Fortune for his theme (Hell, 7):

"This Fortune whom thou namest: What is she?

He, whose high wisdom all beside transcends,
Has made the spheres, appointing one that might
Rule over them, whence every part extends
To each, in tenor uniform, its light;
So to the glories of the world He did
One common regent and conductress plight,*
Who might from time to time, from seed to seed,
And place to place, their empty riches shake,
Beyond forestalling by your wit and heed.
She doth one people raise, and one doth make
To languish, by the allotment of her hand,
Which is concealed, as by the sward the snake.
Your wisdom can against her make no stand;
She judges and foresees, and aye pursues
Her sway, like every god in his command.
Her revolutions have no pause nor truce;
Her swiftness from necessity is wrong;
So many be they who for change have use.
And she it is who should on cross be hung,
As many tell, who blame her much amiss,
Where they should praise, with foul and wicked
tongue.
But she is happy, hearing naught of this,
Among the glad first-born of God attending
To turn her sphere about, and bide in bliss."

Dante was fined, was banished for two years from Tuscany, was permanently excluded from office. This in January, 1302. In the following March he was condemned to

* I have ventured to replace a rhyme.

fagot and stake should he ever again set foot in Florence. Yet in 1316 this sentence was conditionally reversed. The state of Florence published an amnesty, whereby, on payment of a fine and performance of public penance, Dante, among others, would be free to return. Such an alternative, however, only served to double-bar the gates of his city forever against him. Harken to the thunder of his indignation at the humiliating overture: *

"Is this, then, the glorious fashion of Dante Alighieri's recall to his country, after suffering exile for well-nigh three lusters? Is this the due recompense of his innocence manifest to all? This the fruit of his abundant sweat and toil endured in study? Far from the man of philosophy's household this baseness proper to a heart of mire, that he . . . should endure, as a prisoner, to be put to ransom! Far from the proclaimer of justice that he, offended and insulted, to his offenders, as to those who have deserved well of him, should pay tribute! This, father, is not the way to return to my country; but if, by you or by another, there can be found another way that shall not derogate from Dante's fame and honor, readily will I thereto betake myself. But, if by no honorable way can entrance be found into Florence, there will I never enter. What? Can I not from any corner of the earth behold the sun and the stars? Can I not, under every climate of heaven, meditate the all-sweet truths, except I first make myself a man of no glory, but rather of ignominy, in the face of the people and city of Florence?"

That Florence which could neither break nor bend the spirit of her mighty son had, meanwhile, wrought in him a far different transformation. Under sentence of banishment, confiscation of goods, contingent death, Dante the Guelph had changed into Dante the Ghibelline: the Papal temporal power became the object of his outspoken abhorrence, the Imperial sway, of his devoted advocacy. A passage (abridged) from Dante's prose treatise, "*De Monarchiâ*," sets before us his theory of world-government:

"Only Man among beings holds mid place between things corruptible and things incorruptible. Therefore that unspeakable Providence proposed to man two ends: the one the beatitude of this life, which consists in the operations of his own virtue; the other the beatitude of eternal life, which consists in the fruition of the Divine Countenance. To these two beatitudes by divers means must we come. Wherefore by man was needed a double directive according to the double end; that is, of the Supreme Pontiff, who, according to Revelation, should lead mankind to eternal life; and of the Emperor, who, according to philosophic teachings, should direct mankind to temporal felicity. And whereas to this port none or few, and those with over-much difficulty, could attain, unless mankind, the waves of enticing cupidity being quieted, should repose free in the tranquillity of peace; this is the aim to be mainly kept in view by the Guardian of the Globe,

* I need not even wish to excel my sister's translation of this passage, which I extract, word for word, from "*A Shadow of Dante*." The original occurs in a private letter from Dante to a religious.

who is named Roman Prince, to wit, that in the garden-plot of mortals freely with peace men may live." *

The Whites, exiled while Guelphs, sought to regain their citizenship under Ghibelline auspices. In 1304 they attempted to re-enter Florence by force of arms, and failed. Years later their hopes revived under the Emperor Henry of Luxemburg, but received in his sudden death their own death-blow.

In fact, though not at once in appearance, Dante's efficient public life was well-nigh ended when Florence cast him out. Yet not so, if we look beyond his active services and the brief span of his mortal day. For, taught by bitter experience in what scales to weigh this world and the things of this world, he bequeathed to future generations the undying voice of his wisdom,—a wisdom distilled in eloquence, modulated to music, sublimed by imagination, or rather subliming that imagination which is its congruous vehicle and companion.

Disowned by his mother city, Dante thenceforward found a precarious refuge here or there, chiefly in the petty courts of Ghibelline potentates. Thus he sojourned with Count Guido Salvatico in the Casentino, with Uguccone della Faggiuola in the mountains of Urbino; afterward under the protection of Moroello della Spina in the Lunigiana, to whom the Purgatory is said to have been dedicated, and to whose hereditary and personal hospitality the following lines, addressed to the shade of his father Conrad, refer (Purgatory, 8):

"The fame, which nobly of your house doth tell,
Proclaimeth hamlet, and proclaimeth peer,
That those who have not been there note her well.
And as I would arrive aloft, I swear,
Your honorable house the adorning prize
Of arms or largess doth not cease to bear.
A privilege in their kind or custom lies."

As foremost among Dante's friendly hosts may perhaps be reckoned Can Grande della Scala, Lord of Verona. Yet from Can Grande's court he was driven (as the story goes) by an insult from a privileged buffoon. Nevertheless, we find the praises of this eminent noble, preceded by those of an elder head of the same house, put into the mouth of Cacciaguida, and thereby perpetuated (Paradise, 17).

Ravenna became the exiled poet's final refuge, Guido da Polenta his last and generous earthly protector. For him Dante undertook a mission to Venice; and this failing, he seems to have lost heart. His homeward journey lay through the malarious lagoons: no marvel is it that he contracted a fever, and at length found a sure resting-place in

Ravenna, where he died on the 14th of September, 1321, and where he was buried.

Looking back for a moment to that crisis in Dante's life as a patriot, when from a Guelph he became a Ghibelline,—that is (as at the first glance might appear), when, from having been champion of an Italian Italy, free and sole mother and mistress of her own free children, he became, whether from personal disgust or sheer despair or from whatever other motive, as ardent a champion of that Imperial power which aspired to rule over her,—we may feel disposed to wonder at the transformation, perhaps to condemn the citizen. Not so, I would plead, until we have studied in his writings and have pondered over his own lofty view and exposition of a world-wide political theory; until we have striven to realize how the Italy before his eyes had in part become a field of mutual destruction, and therefore of self-destruction; until by virtue of reverent, compassionate sympathy we have hungered with him on the bitter bread of exile, and have trodden the wearisome, dusty roads of his wandering banishment. At its best our judgment may be erroneous; only let us not suffer it to settle down into stagnant and contented shallowness. By the mouth of St. Thomas Aquinas, Dante himself cautions us against rash judgment, and elsewhere, by one multitudinous, harmonious utterance of unnumbered glorified souls combined into the semblance of an eagle, sets forth the impartiality of God's final, irreversible sentence (Paradise, 13-19):

"And let not folk in judging trust their wit
Too fast, as one who counteth up the corn
In 's field before the sun has ripened it;
For I have all through winter seen a thorn
Appearing poisonless and obdurate,
Which then the rose upon the sprig hath borne:
And I have seen a ship, that swift and straight
Has run upon the mid-sea all her race,
And perished, entering at the harbor gate.

... As the stork in circles flies
Above that nest wherein she feeds her young,
And as those fed attend her with their eyes,
So moved (and so mine eyes upon him clung)
That figure blest, whose movement of each plume
Was on such numbers of free counsels hung.
Circling he chanted, 'As to thee, by whom
They are not understood, my notes be, so
To mortals is God's everlasting doom.'
Then went on one and every flaming glow
Of God's own spirit, in that sign enmailed,
Which made to Roman arms the World bend low.
'This kingdom,' he began, 'was never scaled
By mortal that had not believed in Christ,
Before, or after, He on Cross was nailed.
But look, there's many calleth Christ, O Christ,
That shall, for meeting Him in judgment, want
Much more than such a one as knew not Christ.
The Æthiop shall judge, and cry, Avaunt
Such Christians, when those congregations two
Part, one for Wealth eterne, and one for Want.'"

* Maria F. Rossetti.

Hitherto we have contemplated Dante mounted, as it were, on a public pedestal. We have recalled his career mainly according to that aspect under which it forms a portion of the history of his age and nation. The man among men, the leader or the victim of his fellow-countrymen, has engrossed our attention.

But thus we have beheld only half a Dante. We have not looked, or even attempted to look, into that heart of fire which burned first and last for one beloved object. For, whatever view we take of Beatrice, unless indeed we are prepared wholly to set aside the poet's own evidence concerning himself, either she literally, or else that occult something which her name was employed at once to express and to veil, must apparently have gone far to mold her lover; to make him what he was, to withhold him from becoming such as he became not.

On Dante's own showing (in his "*Vita Nuova*" and elsewhere), this object, fruitlessly beloved on earth, but to be attained to and enjoyed in the heavenly communion of saints, was Beatrice, daughter of Folco Portinari, beautiful, gracious, replete with virtue, courteous, and humble. Not, it may be, that when first they met she shone, even in farthest-seeing poetic eyes, with her full luster; for at that first meeting they were both but children of nine years old, he somewhat the elder. She at her father's house, he brought thither by his own father on a holiday occasion—thus they met whom love was to unite by an indissoluble, because by a spiritual, bond. For no courtship, as it would seem, ensued. Not a hint remains that Beatrice even guessed her boy-friend's secret. He sought her company, and felt the ennobling influence of her presence—so noble an influence that love (he avers) ruled him not contrary to the dictates of reason. With equal emphasis Boccaccio dwells on the intact purity of both lover and beloved in this absorbing passion; for absorbing it was on Dante's side, whether or not it was returned.

And we may well hope that it was neither returned nor so much as surmised by its object; for, at the age of twenty, Beatrice Portinari became the wife of Simon de' Bardi. Of Dante's consequent grief we find no distinct mention, although one passage in the "*Vita Nuova*" may refer to it. Of his bitter grief when, in the year 1290, at the still youthful age of twenty-four, she died, he has left us an ample record.

It is narrated, but I know not whether on trustworthy authority, that, in this period of bereavement, Dante donned the Franciscan habit as a novice in the monastery of San

Benedetto in Alpe among the Apennines, and some writers of the same order have laid claim to him as wearing their affiliating cord and dying in their habit. However this may have been, tonsure and cowl were not for him, as an early day declared.

Boccaccio thus describes Dante in his desolation:

"He was, indeed, through tear-shed, and through the affliction felt within his heart, and through his neglect of all outward personal care, become well-nigh a savage creature to behold: lean, bearded, and almost wholly transformed from his previous self, inasmuch that his aspect, not in his friends only, but no less in such others as beheld him, by its own virtue wrought compassion; he withal, this tearful life subsisting, seldom suffering himself to be seen by any but friends. This compassion, and apprehension of worse to come, set his kindred on the alert for his solace. They, marking the tears abated and the consuming sighs according some truce to the wearied bosom, with long-lost consolations set themselves to reconsole the unconsoled one, who, although up to that hour he had obstinately stopped his ears against every one, began not merely somewhat to open them, but willingly to entertain comforting suggestions. Which thing his kindred beholding, to the end that they might not only altogether withdraw him from anguish, but might lead him into joy, they proposed among themselves to bestow upon him a wife; that, even as the lost lady had caused his grief, so the newly acquired one might become to him source of gladness. And, having found a maiden of creditable condition, with such reasons as appeared to them most influential, they declared to him their intention. Whereupon, after long conflict, without further waste of time, to words succeeded effects, and he was married."

This marriage, contracted about a year after the death of Beatrice, proved more or less unhappy; so we deem on indirect evidence. Gemma Donati, sister of that Corso Donati who subsequently, at the head of the Black faction, overran Florence with fire and sword,—Gemma Donati was the chosen bride, the accepted wife. Seven children she bore to her husband, surely a dear and binding link between them; yet, from the moment of his exile, he and she met no more. When, he being already and, as the event proved, finally absent, his Florentine house was burnt, she saved his manuscripts, which were afterward restored to his own keeping. This suggests, though it does not prove, affection on her side. But while some, if not all, of his children rejoined him after a time, his wife never. Perhaps no living woman of mere flesh and blood could have sufficed to supersede that Beatrice whom Dante terms "this youngest angel" long before death had (as we trust) exalted her to the society of all her blessed fellows, whether elect angels or beatified spirits. If so, Gemma is truly to be pitied in her comparatively thankless and loveless lot; nevertheless, such hope remained to her as, of old, Leah may have cherished when altogether

eclipsed by Rachel,—such hope as removes from earth to heaven. Nor could Dante himself have denied her that hope, for thus he writes (Purgatory, 27):

“Sleep over me
Came, even sleep, which oftentimes doth know
The tidings of events before they be.

My dreams did, young and beautiful, present
A lady to me, that by lawny lands
Was gathering flowers, and singing as she went:
‘Now know ye, whosoe’er my name demands,
That I am Leah, that about me ply,
To make myself a chaplet, my fair hands;
That I may in the mirror please mine eye
I deck me; but my sister Rachel, she
Is ne’er uncharmed, and sits all day thereby.
She hath as lief her goodly eyes to see,
As I have with my hands to deck me here;
So study pleaseth her, and labor me.’”

Yet it seems hard to accept as full and final such an explanation, because Dante, on his own showing, lapsed from pure, unbroken faith to his first love into unworthy pleasure. Hear how, even amid the peace and bliss of the Terrestrial Paradise, Beatrice, with veiled countenance and stinging words, addresses him, “*Guardami ben; ben son, ben son Beatrice*” (“Look on me well; yes, I am Beatrice”), and, despite his overwhelming shame, resumes the thread of her discourse by speaking no longer *to*, but *at* him (Purgatory, 30):

“Some while at heart my presence kept him sound;
My girlish eyes to his observance lending,
I led him with me on the right way bound.
When, of my second age the steps ascending,
I bore my life into another sphere,
Then stole he from me, after others bending.
When I arose from flesh to spirit clear,
When beauty, worthiness upon me grew,
I was to him less pleasing and less dear.
He set his feet upon a path untrue,
Chasing fallacious images of weal,
Whose promise never doth result pursue.
It helpt me nought, to make him my appeal
In sleep, through inspirations that I won,
Or otherwise; so little did he feel.
So far he fell adown, that now not one
Device for his redemption could bestead,
Except by showing him the souls undone.”

It is of course possible that the one woman whom Dante could not—or, rather, would not—love was that only woman who had an indefeasible claim upon his heart. Whatever the explanation may be, it remains for the present hidden. Time has not shown; eternity, if not time, will show it. Meanwhile let us, by good wishes, commend him, after the prolonged disappointment of life, to that satisfying peace whereunto he consigns Boethius—a philosopher whose writings had aforetime cheered him under depression, and whose spirit he places in the sun among the

lovers of true wisdom, where his fellow-sage, St. Thomas Aquinas, thus sums up his history (Paradise, 10):

“Now, if the eye-beam of thy mind proceed
From light to light, the follower of my praise,
To know the eighth already thou wilt need.
There, blessed from beholding all good, stays
That soul untarnished who the treacherous lease,
If well perused, of worldly joys displays.
That body, whence hier violent decease
She made, Cieldauro covers, and she ran
From pangs and exile into th’ endless peace.”

If the master Boethius was wise, wise also must we account Dante the disciple. Some students speak of hidden lore underlying the letter of our poet’s writings: in Beatrice they think to discern an impersonation rather than a woman, in the Divine Comedy a meaning political rather than dogmatic,—or, if in any sense dogmatic, yet not such as appears on the surface. So obscure a field of investigation is not for me or for my readers; at least, not for them through any help of mine: to me it is and it must remain dim and unexplored, even as that “*selva oscura*” (dark wood) with which the Cantica of the Hell opens.

What then, according to the obvious signification, is in few words the subject or plot of the Divine Comedy?

Dante, astray in a gloomy wood and beset by wild beasts, is rescued by the shade of Virgil, who, at the request of Beatrice, already an inhabitant of heaven, has left his proper abode in a painless region of hell, for the purpose of guiding Dante first of all through the nether-world of lost souls, that, by their irremediable ruin, he may learn to flee from evil as from the face of a serpent, retrieving his errors and amending his ways. Over Hell gate an awful inscription is placed (Hell, 3):

“Through me you pass into the city of woe;
Through me you pass eternal woes to prove;
Through me among the blasted race you go.
’Twas Justice did my most high Author move,
And I have been the work of Power divine,
Of supreme Wisdom, and of primal Love.
No creature has an elder date than mine,
Unless eternal, and I have no end.
O you that enter me, all hope resign.”

Immediately beyond this gate swarms a throng of despicable souls, refuse even in hell, mere self-seekers; the “spued-out, lukewarm” ones, so to say. These left behind, and the river Styx passed over, a painless, hopeless region is entered,—the permanent home of Virgil, with all other virtuous heathens who lived and died before our Lord Christ was born: painless, because their lives were good; hopeless, because they lacked faith. Beyond

this point of our pilgrims' journey peace, even hopeless peace, finds no place. A furious, whirling storm is the first torment they encounter. Thenceforward, from agony to agony they plunge deeper and deeper into the abyss of Hell, meeting sinner after sinner whose ghastly story is told at more or less length, until they reach the visible, abhorrent presence of Lucifer, who from "perfect in beauty" has by rebellion become absolute in hideous horror.

Mid-Lucifer occupies the earth's center of gravity. Virgil, with Dante clinging to him, clammers down the upper half of Lucifer and climbs up the lower half, whereby the twain find themselves emerging from the depth of Hell upon the Mountain of Purgatory.

This Purgatory is the domain of pain and hope,—finite pain, assured hope. Again a number of episodes charm us while we track the pilgrims along the steep ascent, until, on the summit, they reach the Terrestrial Paradise; and here, the shade of Beatrice assuming in her own person the guidance of her lover, Virgil vanishes.

Under the guardianship of Beatrice, Dante mounts through eight successive Heavens to that ninth which includes within itself all blessedness. In each of them he encounters jubilant souls grown loquacious by impulse of charity, delighting to share with him their edifying experiences, to resolve his doubts, to lighten his darkness. All culminates in an unutterable revelation of God made Man and the All-Holy Trinity in Unity.

Chief among Dante's works, and in itself complete, the Divine Comedy yet requires an introduction if we would fully understand its starting-point. Our poet's earlier work, the "Vita Nuova," composed of alternate prose and verse, supplies that introduction. There we read an elaborate continuous exposition of his love for Beatrice, interspersed with ever-renewed tribute of praise from his lowliness to her loftiness; interspersed, too, with curiosities of structure and perhaps of style which some may deem pedantic. In the following passage Dante relates how, by means of a dream, he experienced beforehand what

anguish should befall him on the death of Beatrice ("Vita Nuova"):

"In myself I said, with sick recoil:
'Yea, to my lady too this Death must come.'

Then saw I many broken hinted sights
In the uncertain state I stepp'd into.
Meseem'd to be I know not in what place,
Where ladies through the street, like mournful
lights,

Ran with loose hair, and eyes that frighten'd you
By their own terror, and a pale amaze:
The while, little by little, as I thought,
The sun ceased, and the stars began to gather,
And each wept at the other;
And birds dropp'd in mid-flight out of the sky;
And earth shook suddenly;
And I was 'ware of one, hoarse and tired out,
Who ask'd of me: 'Hast thou not heard it
said?

Thy lady, she that was so fair, is dead.'

"Then lifting up mine eyes, as the tears came,
I saw the angels, like a rain of manna,
In a long flight flying back heavenward;
Having a little cloud in front of them,
After the which they went and said, 'Hosanna';
And if they had said more, you should have heard.
Then Love said, 'Now shall all things be made
clear:

Come and behold our lady where she lies.'

"These 'wondering phantasies
Then carried me to see my lady dead.
Even as I there was led,
Her ladies with a veil were covering her;
And with her was such very humbleness
That she appeared to say, 'I am at peace.'"

(D. G. Rossetti.)

Such readers as would fully enter into the mind of Dante—as fully, that is, as ordinary intelligences can hope to explore the extraordinary—must not limit themselves to the Divine Comedy and "Vita Nuova," but must study also the "Convito" (Banquet), a philosophical work, besides minor poems, epistles, and Latin compositions. On the threshold of such studies, I bid them good-bye in our great author's own words:

"Se Dio ti lasci, lettor, prender frutto
Di tua lezione."

(May God vouchsafe thee, reader, to cull fruit
From this thy reading.)

Christina G. Rossetti.





THE nobly descriptive poem of Thomas W. Parsons is a fit introduction to what we have to say of the portraits of Dante, and no apology is needed for giving it entire. These lines were prefixed to Dr. Parsons's translation of seventeen cantos of the *Inferno*, published in 1865, on the occasion of the six hundredth birthday of Dante:*

"ON A BUST OF DANTE.

"BY THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

"See, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim
The father was of Tuscan song!
There but the burning sense of wrong,

Perpetual care and scorn abide—
Small friendship for the lordly throng,
Distrust of all the world beside.

"Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was, but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

"The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been

* Boston : printed by John Wilson & Son.

Unstilled still though still severe,
Which through the wavering days of sin
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

"Not wholly such his haggard look,
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion but his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.

"Peace dwells not here—this rugged face
Reveals no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,—
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

"War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

"O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou!
That poor old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now.
Before his name the nations bow:
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind."

Dante Alighieri died A. D. 1321. In 1884 there are few more familiar or more easily recognized faces than his, and yet of the almost innumerable so-called portraits of him that now exist there are but two that can be called authentic—the two from which all the others must have been derived. To the first of these, which was painted by Giotto, the verses of Dr. Parsons do not apply, for it was made before the struggle with life's exigencies had begun; the beautiful features show the triumphant security of youth, and of a youth endowed with singular powers.

"The poet in a golden clime was born
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

But the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, had not as yet been awakened.

Giotto was the greatest painter of his time, and the intimate friend of Dante. This portrait is in fresco on the walls of the chapel in the palace of the Podestà of Florence, now called the Bargello. It was a grand religious picture. The figure of Christ in the upper part was supported by saints and angels, and below were kings and great people of the city of Florence, among whom Dante stood with

a pomegranate in his hand, the face in profile; and the features, as yet unchanged by time and suffering, by care and contention, are noble and gracious. This picture has a strange history. Painted by the first artist of that time, on the chapel wall in one of the chief public palaces of the city of Florence, it ought to have been safe from destruction. In Vasari's "Life of Giotto," published in 1550, is this account of the picture:

"Giotto became so good an imitator of nature, that he altogether discarded the stiff Greek manner, and revived the modern and good art of painting, introducing exact drawing from nature and living persons, which, for more than two hundred years, had not been practiced, or if, indeed any one had tried it, he had not succeeded, very happily, nor anything like so well as Giotto. And he portrayed, among other persons, *as may even now be seen* in the chapel of the palace of the Podestà, in Florence, Dante Alighieri, his contemporary and greatest friend, who was not less famous as a poet than Giotto as a painter in those days."

This picture is supposed to have been painted when Dante was about twenty years old; and according to the above extract from Vasari, it was still to be seen in 1550. Professor Charles Eliot Norton, in his work on the original portraits of Dante (Cambridge, 1865), gives this account of the loss of the picture:

"One might have supposed that such a picture as this would have been among the most carefully protected and jealously prized treasures of Florence. But such was not the case. The shameful neglect of many of the best and most interesting works of the earlier period of art, which accompanied and was one of the symptoms of the moral and political decline of Italy during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, extended to this as to other of the noblest paintings of Giotto. Florence, in losing consciousness of present worth, lost care for the memorials of her past honor, dignity, and distinction. The palace of the Podestà, no longer needed for the dwelling of the chief magistrate of a free city, was turned into a jail for common criminals, and what had once been its beautiful and sacred chapel was occupied as a larder or store-room. The walls, adorned with paintings more precious than gold, were covered with whitewash, and the fresco of Giotto was swept over by the brush of the plasterer. It was not only thus hidden from the sight of those unworthy indeed to behold it, but it almost disappeared from memory also, and from the time of Vasari down to that of Moreni, a Florentine antiquary in the early part of the present century, hardly a mention of it occurs. In a note found among his papers, Moreni laments that he had spent two years of his life in unavailing efforts to recover the portrait of Dante and the other portions of the fresco of Giotto in the Bargello, mentioned by Vasari; that others before him had made a like effort, and had failed in like manner; and that he hoped that better times would come, in which this painting, of such historic and artistic interest, would again be sought for and at length recovered. Stimulated by these words, three gentlemen, one an American, Mr. Richard Henry Wilde, one an Englishman, Mr. Seymour Kirkup, and one an Italian, Signor G. Aubrey Bezzi, all scholars devoted to the study of Dante, undertook new researches in 1840; and after many hindrances on the part of the

government, which were at length successfully overcome, the work of removing the crust of plaster from the walls of the ancient chapel was intrusted to the Florentine painter Marini. This new and well-directed search did not fail. After some months' labor the fresco was found, almost uninjured, under the

THE DEATH-MASK.

THE other authentic portrait is the well-known "Death-Mask." I call it authentic because, although its history is obscure, it



BRONZE BUST OF DANTE, IN THE MUSEUM OF NAPLES.

whitewash that had protected while concealing it, and at length the likeness of Dante was uncovered.

"But," says Mr. Kirkup, in a letter published in the "Spectator" (London, May 11th, 1850), 'the eye of the beautiful profile was wanting. There was a hole an inch deep, or an inch and a half. Marini said it was a nail. It did seem precisely the damage of a nail drawn out. Afterward . . . Marini filled the hole and made a new eye, too little, and ill designed; and then he retouched the whole face and clothes, to the great damage of the expression and character. The likeness of the face, and the three colors in which Dante was dressed, the same with those of Beatrice, those of young Italy, white, green, and red, stand no more; the green is turned to chocolate color; moreover, the form of the cap is lost and confounded.

"I desired to make a drawing; . . . it was denied to me. . . . But I obtained the means to be shut up in the prison for a morning, and not only did I make a drawing but a tracing also, and with the two I then made a facsimile, sufficiently careful. Luckily, it was before the *rifacimento*."

"This facsimile afterward passed into the hands of Lord Vernon, well known for his interest in all Dantesque studies, and by his permission it has been admirably reproduced in chromo-lithography, under the auspices of the Arundel Society. The reproduction is entirely satisfactory as a representation of the authentic portrait of the youthful Dante, in the state in which it was when Mr. Kirkup was so fortunate as to gain admission to it."*

* C. E. Norton, "Original Portraits of Dante."

carries authenticity in its face. The portrait by Giotto gives us the poet in his youth, and there can be no doubt that all the later portraits are taken from the mask. The solemnly grave warrior head we see in the bronze bust at Naples, and the three heads by Raphael (one in the fresco of the Disputa in the Stanze of the Vatican, one in the Parnassus in the same room, and one in the School of Athens) are all of this graver and grander type. So also in a drawing by Raphael, probably a study for one of these, in the collection at Vienna. Raphael used the traditional features, but expressed them in grandiose poetic forms, and these again have been used as master types for succeeding portraits. These two portraits—the first being Mr. Kirkup's precious rescue from the destructive restorer, which gives the pure and beautiful outlines of youth, the second being the wonderfully expressive death-mask which has brought down to us not only the dead features of the poet but the expression stamped upon them in that supreme hour when, before abandoning the clay, the spirit takes entire possession of it—express the history of a life, and bring



HEAD OF DANTE.

FROM THE "DISPUTA" OF RAPHAEL, IN THE VATICAN.

this distracted, this stormy and suffering pilgrimage together into a coherent and most impressive whole.

The history of the mask I will give in Mr. Norton's words :

"There exists also a mask concerning which there is a tradition that it was taken from the face of the dead poet, and which, if its genuineness could be established, would not be of inferior interest to the early portrait. But there is no trustworthy historic testimony concerning it, and its authority as a likeness depends on the evidence of truth which its own character affords. On the very threshold of the inquiry we are met with the doubt whether the art of taking casts was practiced at the time of Dante's death. In his life of Andrea del Verocchio, Vasari says that this art began to come into use in his time, that is, about the middle of the fifteenth century; and Bottari refers to the likeness of Brunelleschi, who died in 1446, which was taken in this manner, and was preserved in the office of the works of the cathedral at Florence. It is not impossible that so simple an art may have been sometimes practiced at an earlier period; and if so, there is no inherent improbability in the supposition that Guido Novello, the friend and protector of Dante at Ravenna, may, at the time of the poet's death, have had a mask taken to serve as a model for the head of a statue intended to form part of the monument which he proposed to erect in honor of Dante. And it may further be supposed that, this design failing, owing to the fall of Guido from power before its accomplishment, the mask may have been preserved at Ravenna, till we first catch a trace of it nearly three centuries later. There is in the Magliabecchian library at Florence an autograph manuscript by Giovanni Cinelli, a Florentine antiquary who died in 1706, entitled '*La Toscana letterata, ovvero Istoria degli Scrittori Fiorentini*,' which contains a life of Dante. In the course of the biography, Cinelli states that the Archbishop of Ravenna caused the head of the poet, which had adorned his sepulcher, to be taken therefrom, and that it came into the possession of the famous sculptor Gian Bologna, who left it at his death, in 1606, to his pupil Pietro Tacca. One day Tacca showed it with other curiosities to the Duchess Sforza, who, having wrapped it in a scarf of green cloth, carried it away, and God knows into whose hands the precious object has fallen, or where it is to be found. . . . On account of its singular beauty, it had often been drawn by the scholars of Tacca. It has been supposed that this head was the original mask from which the casts now existing were derived.

"Mr. Seymour Kirkup, in a note on this passage from Cinelli, says that 'there are three masks of Dante at Florence, all of which have been judged by the first Roman and Florentine sculptors to have been taken from life (that is, from the face after death),—the slight differences noticeable between them being such as might occur in casts made from the original mask.' One of these casts was given to Mr. Kirkup by the sculptor Bartolini, another belonged to the late sculptor Professor Ricci, and the third is in the possession of the Marchese Torrigiani. . . .

"In the absence of historical evidence in regard to this mask, some support is given to the belief in its genuineness by the fact that it appears to be the type of the greater number of the portraits of Dante executed from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, and was adopted by Raphael as the original from which he drew the likeness which has done most to make the features of the poet familiar to the world. The character of the mask itself, however, affords the only really satisfactory ground for confidence in the truth of the tradition concerning it. It was plainly

taken as a cast from a face after death. It has none of the characteristics which a fictitious and imaginative representation of the sort would be likely to present. It bears no trace of being a work of skillful and deceptive art. The difference in the fall of the two half-closed eyelids, the difference between the sides of the face, the slight deflection in the line of the nose, the droop of the corners of the mouth, and other delicate, but none the less convincing indications, combine to show that it was in all probability taken directly from nature. The countenance, moreover, and expression are worthy of Dante; no ideal forms could so answer to the face of him who had led a life apart from the world in which he dwelt, and had been conducted by love and faith along hard, painful, and solitary ways to behold

"'*L'alto trionfo del regno verace.*'"

"The mask conforms entirely to the description by Boccaccio of the poet's countenance, save that it is beardless, and this difference is to be accounted for by the fact that, to obtain the cast, the beard must have been removed.

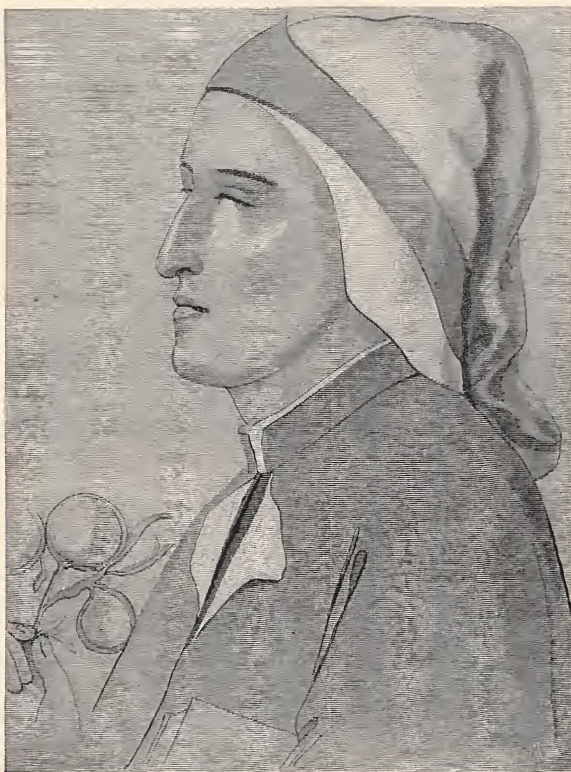
"The face is one of the most pathetic upon which human eyes ever looked, for it exhibits in its expression the conflict between the strong nature of the man and the hard dealings of fortune—between the idea of his life and its practical experience. Strength is the most striking attribute of the countenance, displayed alike in the broad forehead, the masculine nose, the firm lips, the heavy jaw, and wide chin; and this strength, resulting from the main forms of the features, is enforced by the strength of the lines of expression. The look is grave and stern, almost to grimness; there is a scornful lift to the eyebrow, and a contraction of the forehead as from painful thought; but, obscured under this look, yet not lost, are the marks of tenderness, refinement, and self-mastery, which, in combination with the more obvious characteristics, give to the countenance of the dead poet an ineffable dignity and melancholy. There is neither weakness nor failure here. It is the image of the strong fortress of a strong soul, 'buttressed by conscience and impregnable will,' battered by the blows of enemies without and within, bearing upon its walls the dints of many a siege, but standing firm and unshaken against all attacks until the warfare was at an end.

"The intrinsic evidence for the truth of this likeness, from its correspondence, not only with the description of the poet, but with the imagination that we form of him from his life and works, is strongly confirmed by a comparison of the mask with the portrait by Giotto. So far as I am aware, this comparison has not hitherto been made in a manner to exhibit effectively the resemblance between the two. A direct comparison between the painting and the mask, owing to the difficulty of reducing the forms of the latter to a plain surface of light and shade, is unsatisfactory. But by taking a photograph from the mask in the same position as that in which the face is painted by Giotto, and placing it alongside of the facsimile from the painting, a very remarkable similarity becomes at once apparent. . . . The differences are only such as must exist between the portrait of a man in the freshness of a happy youth and the portrait of him in his age, after much experience and many trials. Dante was fifty-six years old at the time of his death, when the mask was taken; the portrait by Giotto represents him as not much past twenty. There is an interval of at least thirty years between the two. And what years they had been for him!

"The interest of this comparison lies not only in the mutual support which the portraits afford each other, in the assurance each gives that the other is genuine, but also in their joint illustration of the life and character of Dante. As Giotto painted him, he is the lover

of Beatrice, the gay companion of princes, the friend of poets, and himself already the most famous writer of love verses in Italy. There is an almost feminine softness in the lines of the face, with a sweet and serious tenderness well befitting the lover and the author of the sonnets and *canzoni* which were, in a few years, to be gathered into the incomparable record of his new life. It is the face of Dante in the May time of youthful hope, in that serene season of promise and joy which was so soon to reach its foreordained close

Dr. Theodor Paur, in his paper on the Dante portraits in the "Jahrbuch der Deutschen Dante Gesellschaft" (Leipzig, F. A. Brockhaus, 1869), speaks of a fourth death-mask said to have been found in Ravenna more recently by L. C. Perucchi of Florence. It is a profile raised in rilievo on a marble slab, and is spoken of as now in Rome at San Pietro in



GIOTTO'S PORTRAIT OF DANTE, FROM TRACING BY SEYMOUR KIRKUP, ESQ. (BY PERMISSION OF ARUNDEL SOCIETY.)

in the death of her who had made life new and beautiful to him, and to the love and honor of whom he dedicated his soul and gave all his future years. It is the same face with that of the mask, but the one is the face of a youth 'with all triumphant splendor on his brow,' the other of a man burdened 'with the dust and injury of age.' The forms and features are alike; but, as to the later face,

"That time of year thou may'st in [it] behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang."

"The face of the youth is grave as with the shadow of distant sorrow; the face of the man is solemn, as of one who had gone

"Per tutti i cerchi del dolente regno."

"The one is the young poet of Florence, the other the supreme poet of the world,—

"che al divino dall' umano
All' eterno del tempo era venuto."

Vincoli. Perucchi asserts that this is the first authentic one. A frontispiece to the same volume is a profile likeness of Dante, engraved from a portrait in the Munich collection, said to be by Masaccio. The cast of the features is not very unlike that of Giotto's portrait; that is to say, in the way in which the face is put together, which more than identity of feature makes likeness. In this vital point the many portraits vary; and if we take the Giotto portrait and the death-mask, which are alike in this respect, we have a standard which will exclude many of the portraits of Dante which are supposed to be of some authority. A greater difference between these two and most of the others that I have seen is the difference in expression. In both of these is to be seen a calm serenity which marks the strong man, the man strong in all his intellectual faculties, in his clear



PROFILE OF DANTE, IN RELIEF, ON THE MAUSOLEUM AT RAVENNA.

moral sense, and his unvarying strength of will, which sustains all the higher powers in their work. The Masaccio portrait seems weak, though not varying much from the original type. This may be through fault of the engraver.

There is an interesting portrait in Rome, an old painting in oils, owned by Mr. Morris Moore, which appears to have been copied by a skillful artist from the work of Giotto. It has the same facial angle, the same beautiful profile, the same serene, composed expression of a harmonious and happy existence before the peace was broken. Mr. Moore believes this to be a copy by Raphael. It has a laurel crown above the cap, wanting in the Giotto, and the vest has three peculiarly shaped buttons, in this point also differing from the Giotto portrait, but resembling the Dresden bust.*

Professor Theodor Paur, in his learned paper on the portraits of Dante, enumerates many of earlier date than the present century. As, however, they may be traced to the two sources already indicated, we will not here give their catalogue. One of these was a me-

dallion owned by Goethe, which he believed to have been made during the poet's life-time.

The description of Dante's person in Boccaccio's life is interesting:

"Our poet was of middle stature, and had a long face and aquiline nose; jaws prominent, and the under lip projecting so that it was as much advanced as the upper; shoulders somewhat bent, and the eyes rather large than small; complexion dark, hair and beard thick, crisp, and black, and his countenance always sad and thoughtful. For this reason it happened, one day in Verona, the fame of his work being already spread everywhere, and his person known to many men and women, that, in passing before a door where several women were sitting, one of them, speaking softly, but not so that it was not audible to himself and to those who were with him, said to the other women, 'Behold the man who goes into the Inferno, and returns when he pleases, and brings news of those who are down there!' To which one of the others answered, simply, 'Truly it must be so. See how brown he is, and how his beard is scorched, through the heat and smoke!' It is said that Dante, seeing that she spoke in good faith, passed on, smiling. He was always decently dressed, and in clothing suited to his years. His bearing was grave and gentle, and, whether at home or in public, wonderfully composed and courteous. He was temperate in eating and drinking, was greatly inclined to solitude, and, though eloquent in speech, he rarely spoke unless when addressed."

At the end of a manuscript of the *Divina Commedia* of the fourteenth century are two short poems in honor of Dante. The first speaks of his glory and misfortunes, the second gives his physical portrait, which is in strict conformity with that traced by Boc-

* The pedigree Mr. Moore gives of this portrait is that it was painted for Cardinal Bembo, and is of the period of the Entombment in the Borghese gallery. From the Bembo family it passed into another great Venetian patrician family, that of Gradenigo, and from this into the family of the Counts Capodilista of Padua. It came into Morris Moore's possession in 1857.

caccio in his life of the poet, so much so that it is, in nearly the same words, arranged in verse. It has been observed that, although the verbal descriptions of his person all give him a beard, only one of the portraits does so—an old one, painted in the fourteenth century. This is mentioned by Dante's biographer Misserini in 1832. Giotto's portrait has no beard, perhaps because the younger men of that day wore none; the death-mask has no beard, perhaps because it was removed before taking the cast.

I have not mentioned the basso-rilievo at Ravenna, which every traveler sees, or tries to see. The light in that little building is so imperfect that, looking through the grated door, one but just sees that there is something of the kind there. A cast of this head shows something more, and, though it is crude in treatment, both likeness and expression are

there. Of this work the sculptor William W. Story says, in a letter to the writer:

"The photograph of the basso-rilievo in the tomb of Dante at Ravenna, representing the poet himself, is interesting, and, though a little weak, has a good deal of expression and feeling. There is no special authority for it as a likeness other than what it draws from material still at command of any artist. It was executed by Pietro Lombardi in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the same artist who designed the tomb itself. The photograph only represents a part of the figure existing in the basso-rilievo, which is a half figure leaning his arm on a reading stand, on which is an open book, at which the poet is looking. The likeness was undoubtedly made up by the artist from the pictures and mask of Dante then existing."

Of the Naples bust in bronze Mr. Story says:

"It is not only very fine in itself and carefully executed, but was probably made in the fourteenth century, and possibly may be an authentic portrait from life. Of all the likenesses of Dante, this is the best and most characteristic. I mean I think so."

Sarah Freeman Clarke.



A SONG OF HOPE.

THE morning breaks, the storm is past. Behold!
 Along the west the light grows bright; the sea
 Leaps sparkling blue to catch the sunshine's gold,
 And swift before the breeze the vapors flee.

Light cloud-flocks white that troop in joyful haste
 Up and across the pure and tender sky;
 Light laughing waves that dimple all the waste,
 And break about the rocks and hurry by!

Flying of sails and clouds, and tumult sweet,
 And tossing buoys, and warm wild wind that blows
 The scarlet pennon, rushing on to greet
 Thy lovely cheek and heighten its soft rose!

Beloved, beloved! is there no morning breeze
 To clear our sky and chase our clouds away,
 Like this great air that sweeps the freshening seas,
 And wakes the old sad world to glad new day?

Sweeter than morning, stronger than the gale,
 Deeper than ocean, warmer than the sun,
 My love shall climb, shall claim thee, shall prevail
 Against eternal darkness, dearest one!

Celia Thaxter.

THE CONVICT LEASE SYSTEM IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

A MODEL PRISON.

HERE and there in the United States a penal institution may be found that fairly earns the pride with which it is pointed out by the surrounding community. In the whole country there may be four or five such. The visitor to them admires the fitness of their architecture.

"Yes," the warden replies; "this is not a house of pleasure, and so we have not made it pretty. It is not an abode of crime, and so we have not made it ugly. It is not a place where men *seek* justice, and therefore we have not made it grandiose and majestic. But it is the house of chastisement,—of chastening punishment,—and so it is made solemn, severe, and calm."

The visitor praises the grave and silent decency of all the internal appointments.

"Yes," responds the warden; "the peace and dignity of the State are here asserting themselves over the person of the prisoner who has violated them; there is no more room here for merriment or confusion than for strife."

The visitor extols the perfection of the sanitary arrangements.

"Yes," says the warden; "when the criminal was free and his life at his own disposal, he took no such care of it as this. He probably lived a sort of daily suicide. If he shortened his days, the State was, presumably, not to blame. But if we by malice or neglect shorten his days here, where he is our captive, we bring upon the State both blame and shame. For his life is in our custody, just as the clothing is with which he came here; the State, through its courts, has distinctly declined to tamper with it, and holds it subject to be returned to his own keeping, at the expiration of his confinement, in as good order as that in which it was received, the inevitable wear and tear of time alone excepted. Can a State maintain its peace and dignity as it should, that commits breaches of trust inside its very prisons?"

The visitor remarks that a wise benevolence is necessary even toward bad men.

"But," says the other, "it is not merely benevolence to bad men that puts in these elaborate sanitary appliances; it is the necessity of upholding the integrity and honor of the State."

The visitor shows his surprise at the absence of all the traditional appliances for the correction of the refractory. "Yet be cer-

tain," is the rejoinder, "a discipline, sure, prompt, and effectual meets every infraction of rules. How else could we have this perfection of order? But it is a discipline whose punishments are free from brutalizing tendencies, increasing dispassionately as the culprit's passions increase, and relenting only when he has repented."*

The visitor is impressed with the educative value of the labor performed by the inmates.

"Yes," says the warden; "send a man out from here with knowledge of a trade, and may be he will come back, but the chances are he will not. Send him away without a trade, and may be he will not come back, but the chances are he will. So, for society's sake,—in the community's interest and for its safety,—these men are taught certain trades that they cannot turn to bad account. We do not teach burglars locksmithing."

Yet the visitor takes a momentary alarm.

"You put the housebreaker and the robber, the sneak-thief and the pickpocket into open competition with honest men in the community around them."

"Exactly," responds the other; "trying to live without competing in the fields of productive labor is just the essence of the crimes for which they were sent here. We make a short end of that."

The visitor looks with pleased interest at the statistical records of the clerk's office.

"We could not call our duty done without these," is the warden's response. "These are the keys to the study of the cause and prevention of crime. By these we weigh our own results. By these we uncover not only the convict and his crime, but society's and the State's own sins of omission and commission, whose fruits are these crimes and these criminals."

"After all," at length the visitor says, "tell me one thing more. Here where a prisoner is safe from fire and plague and oppression and temptation and evil companionship, and is taught thrift and skill, and has only to submit to justice and obey right rules, where is his punishment? How is this punishment at all?"

* "Good order and discipline have been maintained during the past year. There has not been one case of insubordination or gross violation of any of the rules of the prison government; not one case that required punishment, either for the purpose of maintaining discipline or as penalty for an offense committed by an individual prisoner."—"Annual Report of the Inspectors of the State Penitentiary, Eastern District, Pennsylvania, 1882," p. 89.

And the warden makes answer with question for question: "Had you a deformed foot, and an iron mold were made to close around it and press it into symmetrical shape and hold it so, would you ask where is the agony? The punishment here is the punishment of a deformed nature forced into superficial symmetry. It is the punishment that captivity is to unrestraint; that subordination and enforced self-control are to ungoverned passion and inordinate vanity and pride; that routine is to the love of idle adventure; that decorum is to the love of orgies; that temperance is to the love of drink; that loneliness is to the social and domestic impulses; that solitude and self-communion are to remorse. It is all the losses and restraints of banishment, without one of its liberties. Nothing tempers it but the repentance and reform which it induces, and these temper it just in degree as they are genuine and thorough."

"And your actual results?" asks the visitor.

"Of those who come here for their first offense, a majority return to honest life."

"You have a model prison."

"No," says the warden, "not yet."

THE THEORY OF SELF-SUPPORT.

Now, the number of such prisons in America, we say, may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Communities rarely allow the prison its rightful place among their investments of public money for the improvement of public morals and public safety. Its outlays are begrudged because they do not yield cash incomes equal to their cash expenses. Legislatures, public schools, courts of justice, and departments of police are paid for by the people in the belief that they will and must be made to yield conditions and results necessary to be obtained, for whose absence no saving of public wealth can atone, and that ultimately, though indirectly, even on their pecuniary side, they are emphatically profitable. But when it is asked by what course of reasoning the prison is left out of this count, there is heard only, as one may say, a motion to adjourn. Society is not ready for the question.

The error is a sad one, and is deeply rooted. And yet it is a glaring one. A glance at the subject is enough to show that unless the money laid out in prisons is devoted to some end far better than the mere getting it back again, then legislatures, public schools, courts, and police all are shortened in their results, and a corresponding part of their expenses is rightly chargeable to the mismanaged prison. The prison is an inseparable part of the system; and the idea that the prison must first of all pay

back dollar for dollar, if logically pushed on through the system, would close public schools, adjourn courts of justice, dissolve legislatures, and disband police. For not one of these could exist on a "self-supporting" basis.

Often, probably, than from any other one source, this mistake springs from the indolent assumption that the call to make prisons what they ought to be is merely an appeal to public benevolence. It was so, in their earlier turn, with public hospitals and public schools; and the effect was similar. For only here and there, if at all, did they find their best efficiency or a true public support, until society rose to the noble modesty that recognized them not as public charities, but as public interests. The management of a State's convicts is a public interest that still waits for the same sort of recognition and treatment. In many directions this has been partly conceded; but there are few, if any, other State executives who would undertake to echo the lately uttered words of that one who said:

"In neither of the penitentiaries of this State has there ever been an attempt yet made to administer them on the vulgar, wicked, unworthy consideration of making them self-sustaining. In neither of them has it been forgotten that even the convict is a human being, and that his body and soul are not so the property of the State that both may be crushed out in the effort to reimburse the State the cost of his scanty food, and, at the end of his term, what then is left of him be dismissed, an enemy of human society."

The two dissimilar motives here implied govern the management of most American prisons. In a few the foremost effort is to make them yield, by a generous, judicious control, every result worth, to society's best interests, the money paid for it; that is, to treat them as a public interest. In a much larger number it is to seek such, and only such, good results as may be got without an appreciable excess of expense over income; that is, to treat them as appeals—and unworthy appeals—to the public charity. One motive demands first of all the largest results, the other the smallest net expense. They give rise to two systems of management, each of which, in practice, has its merits and drawbacks, and is more or less effectively carried out, according to the hands and minds under which it falls. These are known as the Public Accounts System and the Contract System. Each has its advocates among students of prison science, and it is not the province of this paper further to press the contrast between them. It is truly the country's misfortune that in several States there is a third system in operation, a knowledge of whose real workings can fill the mind of any good citizen only with astonishment and indignant mortification.

By either of the two systems already named, the prison remains in charge of State officials, the criminals are kept continually within the prison walls, and the prison discipline rests intact. All the appliances for labor—the workshops, tools, engines, and machinery—are provided by the State, and the convicts labor daily, prosecuting various industries, in the Public Accounts System under their official overseers, and in the Contract System under private contractors. In degrees of more or less excellence, these industrial operations, whether under official directors or contractors, are carefully harmonized with those features of the prison management that look to the secure detention, the health, the discipline, and the moral reformation of the prisoner, the execution of the law's sentence upon him in its closest and furthest intent, and, if possible, his return to the outer world, when he must be returned, a more valuable and less dangerous man, impressed with the justice of his punishment, and yet a warning to evil-doers. It is the absence of several of these features, and sometimes of all, that makes the wide difference between these methods on the one hand and the mode of prison management known as the Lease System on the other.

EVIL PRINCIPLES OF THE LEASE SYSTEM.

Its features vary in different regions. In some, the State retains the penitentiary in charge of its officers, and leases out the convicts in gangs of scores or hundreds to persons who use them anywhere within the State boundaries in the execution of private enterprises or public or semi-public works. In a few cases the penitentiary itself, its appliances and its inmates, all and entire, are leased, sometimes annually or biennially, sometimes for five and sometimes for ten or even twenty years, and the convicts worked within or without the prison walls, and near to or distant from them, as various circumstances may regulate, being transferred from place to place in companies under military or semi-military guard, and quartered in camps or herded in stockades convenient to their fields of labor. In two or three States the Government's abandonment of its trust is still more nearly complete, the terms of the lease going so far as to assign to the lessees the entire custody and discipline of the convicts, and even their medical and surgical care. But a clause common to all these prison leases is that which allows a portion, at least, and sometimes all of the prisoners to be worked in parts of the State remote from the prison. The fitness of some lessees to hold such a trust may be estimated from the spirit of the following letters:

"OFFICE OF LESSEE ARKANSAS STATE PENITENTIARY,
"LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, January 12, 1882.

"DEAR SIR: Your postal of request to hand; sorry to say cannot send you report, as there are none given. The business of the Arkansas State Penitentiary is of a private nature, and no report is made to the public. Any private information relative to the men will be furnished upon application for same.

"Very respectfully,
"ZEB. WARD, Lessee.
"Z. J."

"OFFICE OF LESSEE ARKANSAS STATE PENITENTIARY.
"LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, July 2, 1882.

"DEAR SIR: Yours of — date to hand and fully noted. Your inquiries, if answered, would require much time and labor. I am sole lessee, and work all the convicts, and of course the business of the prison is my private business. My book-keeper is kept quite busy with my business, and no time to make out all the queries you ask for. Similar information is given to the Legislature once in two years.

"Respectfully,
"ZEB. WARD."

The wonder is that such a scheme should not, upon its face, be instantly rejected by any but the most sordid and short-sighted minds. It is difficult to call its propositions less than an insult to the intelligence and humanity of any enlightened community. It was a Governor of Kentucky who, in 1873, justly said to his State Legislature: "I cannot but regard the present system under which the State penitentiary is leased and managed as a reproach to the commonwealth. . . . It is the system, not the officer acting under it, with which I find fault."*

This system springs primarily from the idea that the possession of a convict's person is an opportunity for the State to make money; that the amount to be made is whatever can be wrung from him; that for the officers of the State to waive this opportunity is to impose upon the clemency of a tax-paying public; and that, without regard to moral or mortal consequences, the penitentiary whose annual report shows the largest cash balance paid into the State's treasury is the best penitentiary. The mitigations that arise in its practice through the humane or semi-humane sentiments of keepers and guards, and through the meagerest of legislation, are few, scanty, and rare; and in the main the notion is clearly set forth and followed that a convict, whether pilferer or murderer, man, woman, or child, has almost no human right that the State is bound to be at any expense to protect.

It hardly need be said that the system is not in operation by reason of any malicious public intention. On the part of lessees there is a most unadmirable spirit of enterprise. On the part of State officials there is a very natural eagerness to report themselves as put-

*Quoted in "Transactions of the National Prison Congress, St. Louis, 1874," p. 325.

ting money into the treasury, and a low estimate of public sentiment and intelligence. In the people at large there is little more than a listless oblivion, that may be reprehensible, but is not intentional, unless they are to be judged by the acts of their elected legislators, a rule by which few communities would stand unaccused. At any rate, to fall into the error is easy. Outlays for the maintenance of police and courts are followed with a jealous eye. Expense and danger keep the public on the alert. Since neither police nor courts can pay back in money, they must pay back in protection and in justice. The accused of crime must be arrested, the innocent acquitted and exonerated, and the guilty sentenced to the penalties of the laws they have violated. But just here the careless mind slips into the mistake that the end is reached; that to punish crime is to deter crime; that when broken laws are *avenged* that is the end; that it is enough to have the culprit in limbo, if only he is made to suffer and not to cost. Hence the public resolve, expressed and enforced through legislators and executive officers, to spend no more money on the criminal than will promptly come back in cash—nay, worse, to make him pay in advance; and hence, too, a total disregard of all other results for good or bad that may be issuing from the prison walls. Thus it follows that that arm of the public service by whose workings a large part of all the immense labor and expenses of police and courts must become either profitable or unprofitable is handed over to the system which, whatever else of profound mischief its annual tables may betray or conceal, will show the smartest results on the cash-book. And thus we see, annually or biennially, the governors of some of our States congratulating their legislatures upon the fact that, by farming out into private hands whose single motive is money the most delicate and difficult task in the whole public service, that task is changed from an outlay that might have been made nobly advantageous into a shameful and disastrous source of revenue.

IN TENNESSEE—THE SYSTEM AT ITS BEST.

If, now, we are to begin a scrutiny of this evil, we shall do well to regard it first as it presents itself in its least offensive aspect. To do this, we turn to the State prison, or prisons, of Tennessee. The State holds in confinement about one thousand three hundred convicts. The penitentiary is at Nashville, the capital. On the 5th of December, 1881, its workshops were accidentally destroyed by fire, and those which have taken their place are, if we may accept the warden's judgment,

the finest south of the Ohio River.* An advertisement from the Secretary of State, in a New Orleans paper of June 14, 1883, invites bids for a six years' lease of the "Penitentiary of Tennessee and the labor of the convicts, together with the building, quarry-grounds, fixtures, machinery, tools, engines, patterns, etc., belonging to the State." It is there asserted that the penitentiary has been conducted on this plan already for a number of years. The State's official prison inspectors remark, in their report of December 30, 1882: "The Lease System, during our term of office, has worked harmoniously and without the least scandal or cause for interference on the part of the inspectors. Rentals have been promptly paid, and the prisoners worked in accordance with law and most humanely treated. . . . To our minds there can be no valid objection raised to the Lease System, under proper restrictions, especially if as well conducted as for the past few years." They add the one reason for this conviction, but for which, certainly, there would be none: "A fixed revenue is assured to the State every year under the lease plan, as against an annual outlay under State management." The advertisement shows one feature in the system in Tennessee which marks it as superior to its application in most other States that practice it: the lessees employ such convicts as are retained "in the prison building at Nashville (many of whom are skilled laborers and of long-term sentence) in manufacturing wagons, iron hollow-ware, furniture, etc." The terms of the lease are required to be "not less than one hundred thousand dollars per annum, payable quarterly, clear of all expenses to the State on any account except the salaries of the superintendent, warden, assistant-warden, surgeon, and chaplain, which are to be paid by the State."

Here, then, is the Lease System at its best. Let us now glance in upon it for a moment through its own testimony, as found in the official report of its operations during the two years ending December 1, 1882. At the close of that term the State held in custody 1,336 convicts. Of these, 685 were at work in the penitentiary, 28 were employed in a railway tunnel, 34 were at work on a farm, 89 on another farm, 30 in a coal-mine, 145 in another coal-mine, and 325 in still another. In short, nearly half the convicts are scattered about in "branch prisons," and the facts that can be gathered concerning them are only such as are given or implied in

* Unfortunately for this pardonable boast, the boundary given cuts off all State prisons that exclude the lease management, except one small institution in West Virginia.

the most meager allusions. It appears that they are worked in gangs surrounded by armed guards, and the largest company, at least,—the three hundred and twenty-five,—quartered in a mere stockade. As the eye runs down the table of deaths, it finds opposite the names, among other mortal causes, the following: Found dead. Killed. Drowned. Not given. Blank. Blank. Blank. Killed. Blank. Shot. Killed. Blank. Blank. Killed. Killed. Blank. Blank. Blank. Killed. Blank. Blank.* The warden of the penitentiary states that, "in sending convicts to the branch prisons, especial care is taken to prevent the sending of any but able-bodied men"; and that "it has also been the custom to return the invalid and afflicted convicts from the branch prisons to this prison"—the penitentiary. Yet the report shows heavy rates of mortality at these branch prisons, resulting largely from such lingering complaints as dropsy, scrofula, etc., and more numerously by consumption than by any one thing else except violence: rates of mortality startlingly large compared with the usual rates of well-ordered prisons, and low only in comparison with those of other prisons worked under the hands of lessees.

The annual reports (taken as they could be procured, one for 1880, three for 1881, and one for 1882) of five of the largest prisons in the United States show that, from the aggregate population of those prisons, numbering 5300 convicts, there escaped during twelve months but one prisoner. In all the State prisons of the country not kept by the Lease System, with a population, at dates of reports, of 18,400, there escaped in one year only 63. But in the one year ending December 1, 1881, there escaped, from an average population of about 630 convicts at these Tennessee "branch prisons," 49 prisoners. Or, rather, there were 49 escapes; for some convicts escaped and were recaptured more than once or twice. The following year they numbered 50. If the tables in the report were correct,—it will be shown they are not,—we should know that the recaptures in the *two* years were about forty; but that which is not known is, what public and private expense in depredations on the one hand and the maintenance of police on the other these ninety-nine escaped robbers, burglars, house-burners, horse-thieves, and swindlers, and these forty recaptures, have caused and are still causing. The superintendent of prisons, making exception, it is true, of one small establishment of

less than a hundred population, whence over a third of these escapes were made, says the deputy wardens in charge "deserve credit for the manner in which they have carried out his instructions." Such is one feature of the Lease System under an exceptionally good administration of it. What a condition it had but lately come out of may be inferred from three lines found in the warden's report of the Texas penitentiary in 1880: "I noticed in a recent Tennessee report that, from an average force of less than 600 convicts, there were 257 escapes in two years."

The convict quarters in the main prison, at Nashville, are three separate stone wings, in each of which the cells rise one above another in four tiers. The total number of cells is 352. They are of three sizes. According to modern sanitary knowledge, a sleeping-room should never contain less than 800 cubic feet of air to each occupant; but, of these cells, 120 contain, each, only 309 cubic feet of space; another 120 contain, each, but 175 feet; the remaining 112 contain but 162 feet each; and nearly every one of these cells has two inmates. Thus a majority of the inmates are allowed an air space at night less than the cubic contents of a good-sized grave. The physician of the penitentiary reports that the air breathed in these cells is "almost insupportable." He says of the entire establishment, "No amount of remodeling or tinkering can make it comfortable or healthy." The hospital he and others report as badly constructed and too small. "There is no place for dressing the dead except in the presence of all the sick in the hospital, or in the wing in the presence of more than two hundred convicts." Other details are too revolting for popular reading.

The female department of the prison "overlooks the prison yard in plain view and hearing of the male convicts." "No woman," says the warden, "should be sentenced to the Tennessee penitentiary until the State makes better provision for their care." "Had I the pardoning power, I would relieve every woman now in the penitentiary and those who may be sentenced, until the State can or will provide a place to keep them, in keeping with the age in which we live." The chaplain reports these women as having "abandoned all hope and given up to utter despair, their conversation obscene and filthy, and their conduct controlled by their unrestrained passions." He indicates that he has abandoned all spiritual and moral effort among them; but, it is to be regretted, does not state by what right he has done so.

The discipline of this main prison, as of the "branches," seems to be only such as pro-

* One might hope these blanks were but omissions of ditto marks, although such marks are not lacking where required in other parts of the table; but the charitable assumption fails when it would require us to supply them under "Sunstroke" and opposite the date of December.

vides for efficiency in labor and against insurrection and escape. The warden's report intimates that modes of punishment of refractory prisoners are left "to the discretion of wardens and inspectors." "When the labor is hired out," he says, "the lessee demands punishment that will not cause him to lose the labor of the man." Thus he lays his finger upon the fact that the very nature of the Lease System tends to banish all the most salutary forms of correction from the prison management. "Under the present laws and customs," says this warden, "the Tennessee penitentiary is a school of crime instead of being a reformatory institution. . . . There are now about fifty boys in the penitentiary under eighteen years of age. . . . Nineteenths of them leave prison much worse than when they came. . . . They are thrown into the midst of hundreds of the worst criminals the State affords, sleeping in the same cell with them at night, and working at the same bench or machine in the day. . . . The young and the old, the comparatively good and the vilest and most depraved, are thrown promiscuously together."*

Even that superficial discipline which obtains in the prison, addressed merely against physical insubordination, is loose, crude, and morally bad. The freedom of intercourse among the convicts is something preposterous. The State is actually put into the position of bringing together its murderers, thieves, house-breakers, highwaymen, and abandoned women, and making each acquainted with all the rest, to the number of about five hundred a year. In an intelligently conducted prison, each convict carries his food to his cell and eats it there alone; but in this one the warden recommends that a dining-room be fitted up for 1200 persons. Convicts are given duties connected with the prison management; they are "door-keepers," and "wing-tenders," and "roll-callers." In one year the number of escapes from within its walls, not counting those made during the fire, was more than half as great as the total of escapes for an equal length of time from the State prisons of all New England, with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, where there were over 12,000 convicts. One *woman* escaped twice, and another one three times, both within the same ninety days.

The incapable simplicity of the prison's disciplinarians is pointedly shown again in a list

of no less than 101 convicts recommended for executive clemency, some for having helped to put out the fire in December, 1881, some for holding mutineers in check on the same occasion, and some for running and telling on certain fellow-convicts who were preparing to escape in disguise. Reformatory discipline can hardly be imagined as reaching a lower degree of imbecility.

The chaplain's report is a bundle of crude generalities, marked by a serene ignorance of the badness of affairs, and by a total absence of any tabulated or other form of accurate or useful observation. Some spelling, some reading, regular Sabbath service, Sunday-school, — all is recounted in indefinite quantities, except the 33 admissions into the "prison church." No feature is lacking of that well-meant but melancholy farce which religious prison work always must be, when performed without regard to the unique conditions of life to which it is addressed. During the winter of 1881-'82, the chaplain preached sometimes to the convicts at Ensley's farm, where "they seemed to enjoy the services very much"; and this is all he has to say of the place where men were being "found dead," and "killed," and "drowned," and "——"ed. Nor was his silence a mistaken discreetness; for he writes:

"The objects sought by imprisoning offenders being the security of society and the punishment and reformation of the guilty, I am glad to say that these objects are certainly in a large measure being accomplished in many cases in the management of our State Prison."

Having thus claimed a proprietary share in this rotten institution, he wisely concludes with an expression of timid uncertainty as to how many of his "prison church" membership will finally reach "the haven of eternal repose."

But are these bad conditions necessarily chargeable to the Lease System? No, and yes. They have been dwelt upon to show with what a state of affairs the system will content itself, its inspectors, the State legislators, and the community at large. It has nothing in it to produce a knowledge of and desire for a correct and honorable and truly profitable prison management. Its interests make directly against both individual and institutional reform. The plea of self-support on which it rests, the price it pays for its privileges, whether corruptly intended or not, are a bribe to officials and to public alike to close the ear against all suggestion of better things. For example, see the report of the two inspectors of the Tennessee prisons. Excepting a letter from another hand, quoted by them, their whole biennial report is less than one hundred lines. A little over half tells of the fire and the new workshops. A little less than half is given to the praise of the Lease

* The roll of the Mississippi penitentiary shows, December, 1881, in a total number one-third less, seventy boys to have been received into the prison under eighteen years of age, some of them being but twelve and thirteen, sentenced for life and terms in their probabilities equivalent to a life sentence.

System, upon the lonely merit of cash returns, and to a recommendation for its continuance. For the rest, they content themselves with pointing the Legislature to the reports of the superintendent, warden, physician, and chaplain of the penitentiary, whom, they say, "we indorse most heartily as attentive to their respective duties, and alive to every requirement of the law [which the warden reports as painfully barren of requirements] and the dictates of humanity in the discharge of their duty." However true this may be of the executive officers, it is certainly not true of the inspectors themselves. They do not certify to the correctness of a single roll or tabulated statement, or imply that they have examined any one of them. They do not present a statistical figure of their own, or recommend the taking of a single record among all the valuable registries that should be made, but are not, because the facts they would indicate are either absent or despised. Indeed, their silence is in a certain sense obligatory; for the omitted records, if taken, would condemn the system they praise, and the meager records that are given swarm with errors. It would have been hard for the inspectors to say anything worse for themselves than that they had examined the reports. The physician's is an almost unqualified denunciation of the whole establishment; the superintendent's is three-quarters of a page of generalities and official compliments; and the warden's tabulated statements confusedly contradict each other. Even the numerical counts are incorrect. One convict, distinctly named and described, appears in the list of escapes but once, and among the recaptures three times. One, reported escaped twice, is not once mentioned among the recaptures. Four convicts (one of them serving a nineteen years' sentence) reported among the recaptures are not on the prison roll, nor are they reported as pardoned, discharged, transferred, died, blanked, or in any other way disposed of. A convict, Zach. Boyd by name, under life sentence, expected soon to die of dropsy and recommended by the warden for executive clemency, is enrolled neither among the dead nor the living. The inference is irresistible that the prison's officers do not know how many convicts they have or should have. In the list of "Commutations," names occur repeatedly that are not in any list of inmates on hand or removed or released. Several convicts are reported as white men when they escaped and as colored when recaptured, and one or two pass through two such transformations. All search by the present writer for occasion to lay these errors upon the printer has proved unavailing. The

fault is in the prisons themselves and the system on which they are managed. Such a condition of accounts might be excused in the rosters of a retreating army; but it is not to be believed, while there is room for doubt, that the people of an American State will knowingly accept such stupid and wicked trifling with their State's good name and the safety of society, or even such a ghastly burlesque of net revenue.

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

YET when we pass across the boundaries of Tennessee and enter any adjoining State, excepting only Missouri, we find the same system in operation, operating viciously, and often more viciously than in Tennessee. North Carolina, during the two years ending October 31, 1880, held in custody an average of 1090 convicts. The penitentiary proper and its interior industries were being controlled under public account. Shoemaking, brickmaking, tailoring, blacksmithing, etc., the officers report, were either already profitable or could be made so, and their detailed accounts of receipts and expenditures seem to verify their assertions. The statistics of the prison are given, not minutely or very comprehensively, but intelligently as far as they go, and are valuable.

So much sunshine of right endeavor an unusually restrained Lease System lets in: the Lease System itself exists only without the walls. Only able-bodied convicts may be farmed out. But just at this point the notion bred from a total misconception of the true profits to be sought—the notion that a penal establishment must live upon its income—begins to show its fruit. "Every enterprise that the board of directors," says its president, "have been able to devise for using the labor that was compelled to remain in the prison has been either summarily crushed in its incipency or seriously crippled in its progress by the fact that we had not the means to carry them to a successful issue. Attempted economy, we believe, has proven a waste, and . . . the State has suffered by a niggardly use of its resources. The [permanent] buildings, too, have been carried too far to be now torn down, and less costly ones erected in their stead. They must, therefore, at some time, be completed; and so long as they are permitted to remain in their present unfinished condition, they are subject to damage, from exposure to weather, that will often necessitate work to be redone that would have been saved had they been steadily pressed to completion. There would, too, be incalculable economy in the police of the prison, if the convenient and compact build-

ing in progress of erection could speedily take the place of the scattered and imperfect wooden structures now in use; and the suffering endured by the convicts in extreme cold weather, which is no part of their sentence, but has been unavoidable under the circumstances, would cease to be a source of anxiety to the board of directors and a reflection upon the power whose duty it is to relieve it."

The warden reports these temporary buildings as devoid of all means for warming them, badly ventilated, and entirely unfitted for use. A part, at least, of the inmates were, it seems, congregated in a stockade, which was "liable to tumble at any time." The prison physician pronounced these temporary quarters "the fruitful cause of many deaths." The population *within* this penitentiary was generally about three hundred. About eight hundred, therefore, were scattered about in companies under lessees, and in the two years 1879-80 were at different times at work on six different railways and one wagon road. What their experiences were at these places can be gathered, by one at a distance, only from one or two incidental remarks dropped by the prison officers in their reports and from the tabulated records of the convict movement. There is no hospital record given concerning them, nor any physician's account of their sickness. When they drop off they are simply scored as dead. The warden says of them that many had "taken their regular shifts for several years in the Swannanoa and other tunnels on the Western North Carolina Railroad, and were finally returned to the prison with shattered constitutions and their physical strength entirely gone, so that, with the most skillful medical treatment and the best nursing, it was impossible for them to recuperate."

But such remarks convey but a faint idea of the dreadful lot of these unfortunate creatures. The prison physician, apologizing for the high death-rate within the walls, instances twenty-one deaths of men "who had been returned from the railroads completely broken down and hopelessly diseased." And when *these deaths are left out* of the count, the number of deaths *inside* the walls, not attributable to *outside* hardships, amounted, in 1880, to just the number of those in the prisons of Auburn and Sing-Sing in a population *eight times as large*. Ten-elevenths of the deaths for 1879 and 1880 were from lingering diseases, principally consumption. Yet, year in and year out, the good citizens of Raleigh were visiting the place weekly, teaching Sunday-school, preaching the gospel, and staring these facts in the face.

Now, what was the death-rate among the convicts working at railroad construction? The average number of prisoners so engaged in 1879 and 1880 was 776. The deaths, including the 21 sent back to die in prison, were 178, an annual death-rate of nearly eleven and a half per cent., and therefore greater than the year's death-rate in New Orleans in 1853, the year of the Great Epidemic. But the dark fact that eclipses everything else is that not a word is given to account for the deaths of 158 of these men, except that 11 were shot down in trying to escape from this heartless butchery.

In the light of these conditions, the warden's expressed pleasure in the gradual decrease in prison population since 1877 in North Carolina seems rather ill grounded and not likely to last. It is certainly amazing that men of the sincerest good intentions can live in full knowledge of such affairs, or, at least, within easy reach of the knowledge, and not put forth their protest against the system that fosters and perpetuates it. The North Carolina prison, it may be repeated, is managed, within its walls, on the public account; but it is the Public Account System suffocated under the Lease System and stabbed by the glittering policy of self-support. In 1880 alone the *Lease System, pure and simple*, set free upon the people of North Carolina, from its railroad gangs, 123 escaped criminals. The prison added 12 more. The recaptures numbered 42. Ninety-three remained at large; just 5 more than the *total* escapes for an equal period in every State prison of every State in this country, excepting the other eleven managed in whole or part upon the Lease System. The moral effect of such a prison life on men herded in stockades may be left to the imagination; but one other fact must be noted. In the two years 1879-80 there were turned into this penitentiary at Raleigh 234 youths under twenty years of age, not one of whom was under sentence for less than twelve months.

It only remains to be asked, For what enormous money consideration did the State set its seal upon this hideous mistake? The statement would be incredible were it attempted to give other than a literal quotation. "Therefore it will be seen," says the warden at the bottom of his résumé of accounts, "that the convicts have earned \$678.78 more than the prison department has cost for the two years ending October 31, 1880."

IN KENTUCKY.

IN Kentucky the management of the State prison seems to be in a stage of transition.

Facts that need no mention here* make allusion to it a particularly delicate task. Yet the writer may not assume that any one would desire that the truth be left unsaid. Upon the candor and generosity not only of Kentuckians, but of all the communities whose prisons come under this review, must the writer throw himself, trusting to find his words received in the same spirit of simple good citizenship in which they are offered.

After long experience with the Lease System, there was passed in May, 1880, an "Act to provide for the government, management, and discipline of the Kentucky penitentiary," by which the prison passed back from other hands into those of the State's appointed officers. The Lease System was not discarded; but certain very decided modifications were made in it, leaning toward the Contract System. The report made by the prison officers and board, eighteen months later, bears a general air of the sad confusion that commonly belongs to a late and partial extrication from disaster. It affords a retrospective view of the old system extremely unflattering; but it also gives evidence that certain State officers, conspicuously the Governor, were making an earnest and sagacious effort to reform the entire penal system of their commonwealth. Yet it seems plain again that they are not a little handicapped by that false popular idea of the prison's place in the State's governmental economy, upon which the Lease System thrives while the convict falls into moral and physical ruin and society's real interests are sold for old rags. It may be assumed that there is a reserved determination on the part of those who have taken the matter in hand, to raise the work of reform to the plane it should occupy as soon as the general sentiment can be brought to require it; but, meantime, the State's penal system has risen, from something worse, only to the level of the system in North Carolina.

The officers whom the State, pursuant to its scheme of renovation, placed in charge, put that scheme into practice, to use their own words, "whenever the costs of doing so involved only a small outlay." The building that contains the prisoners' cells, found "infested with all kinds of vermin known to institutions of the kind," with bad ventilation and rat-eaten floors, was purged, by convict labor, with coal-oil, fire, whitewash, and tar. The grounds around the women's quarters, "low and marshy, covered with water, in rainy weather, ankle-deep for days," were filled up. "Long rows of shanties or sheds, . . . unsightly and inflammable in the ex-

treme," long used in the hackling of hemp, were torn away. The hospital and chapel were cleaned and kept clean. Religious services were regularly afforded by an official chaplain and at intervals by a Catholic priest, and Sabbath instruction gradually took shape with (let it be said to their praise) members of the Governor's own family in charge. The diminutive and dilapidated library was put into shape and new books were added. But from here on, the friends of the prison could only pray for aid and relief. The principal industry continued to be, as it had been for many years, working in hemp, under circumstances that made it a distressing and unhealthful hardship. On the 1st of last January, 350 men were working in that department without ventilation or bath, and, says the warden, "the dust so dense that it is frequently impossible to recognize a man twenty feet distant." "It is certainly an act only of common humanity that the evil created should be counteracted by good and ample bathing facilities." In the hospital, as a fit adjunct to the hemp department, there were, in 1881, 144 cases of inflamed eyes and 202 of acute bronchitis. The kitchen was not adapted to the proper cooking of the prisoners' food, and the hospital's response was 616 cases of acute disease of the bowels and 101 of impoverishment of the blood. There was an entire absence of an intelligent *trained* reformatory treatment, in accordance with a knowledge of criminal character, recognition of the criminals' forfeited rights, and proper prison discipline. In this shape stood matters at the beginning of the year 1882, as viewed from without. The inside history can only be conjectured; but we get one glimpse of the convict's sentiment toward his choking, blinding, life-shortening daily task in the fact that, within the eighteen months of the new régime, five men purposely mutilated their hands so as to compel the amputation of fingers, and two others cut off, each, a hand at the wrist. What the fortunes of the convicts leased out upon railroad construction were and are, we are given no clew by which to tell; the report contains no returns from them, and we have only the same general assurance that all is well that is given as to those in Tennessee and North Carolina.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

ANOTHER view of the Lease System under limitations is afforded in the "Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the South Carolina Penitentiary for the fiscal year ending October 31, 1881." The prison is not only under a full corps of State officers, but, like the North Carolina prison, it is conducted

* At Louisville, Kentucky, where the convention before which this paper was read was then enjoying the hospitality of the State.

on public account, the convicts only being leased, and of these only such as are sent beyond the prison's walls. Yet the overwhelming consideration of self-support makes the spirit of the Lease System dominant over all. The reformatory features are crude, feeble, and purely accidental. The records are meager. The discipline is of that poor sort which is vaguely reported as "administered only when necessary," addressed simply to the prisoner's safe custody and the performance of his tasks. The escapes, from an average population of 632, were 36; the recaptures, 21. Most likely, to the popular eye, the numbers are not startling; but, if we look around to compare them with the record of some properly ordered prison of the same population, we see the warden of the Maryland penitentiary, under contract management, admitting with full explanation and apology the escape of one prisoner, the first in ten years. The number of escapes reported from the South Carolina prison would have been forty, had not four escaped convicts been "found drowned" within two or three days after their escape. A report with which such numbers will compare favorably can be found only by turning to other leased prison forces. One reason why it may there be found is that, in South Carolina, almost alone, a penalty attaches to the lessees for each escape. "There is now due the State," says the report, "in penalties for the escape of convicts under contract [meaning leased convicts] about \$25,000." In the chaplain's report, as in all chaplains' reports under the Lease System, and probably in many under better systems, is seen the familiar conjunction of pious intention with a strange oversight of the inadaptability, to the incarcerated criminal, of the ordinary technical methods of religion in society. What response can there be but a weary smile to the complacent announcement that in this prison "there are now about one hundred men and women who can repeat the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the whole of Capers' Catechism." But the humor fades out when it is added, "We have also a Sunday-school, regularly conducted by *intelligent convicts*." "I regard the State Penitentiary, as designed by its originators, as a great reformatory school, and I am happy to believe, from personal observation, . . . that this prime leading object is . . . being faithfully carried out." So writes this evidently sincere and zealous divine, in the face of the fact that the very foundation principles of reformatory treatment were absent, and that constantly a larger number of convicts were kept beyond his reach than were left for him to preach to.

One of the peculiar temptations which the Lease System holds out to the communities employing it, as such communities are represented in the jury-box, needs a moment's careful notice. The States where this system is in vogue are now, and have been for some years, enjoying a new and great development of their natural resources and of other industries than that colossal agricultural system that once monopolized their attention. There is, therefore, a vigorous demand for the opening and completion of extensive public works,—mines, railways, turnpikes, levees, and the like,—and for ways and means for getting them done as quickly and cheaply as possible. Now, it is with these potent conditions in force that the Lease System presents itself as the lowest bidder, and holds forth the seductive spectacle of these great works, which everybody wants and no one wants to pay for, growing apace by convict labor that seems to cost nothing. What is the consequence? We might almost assert beforehand that the popular sentiment and verdict would hustle the misbehaving, with shocking alacrity, into the State's prison under extravagant sentences or for trivial offenses, and sell their labor to the highest bidder who will use them in the construction of public works. The temptation gathers additional force through the popular ignorance of the condition and results of these penitentiaries, and the natural assumption that they are not so grossly mismanaged but that the convict will survive his sentence, and the fierce discipline of the convict camp "teach him to behave himself."

But there is no need to reason from cause to effect only. The testimony of the prisons themselves is before us, either to upset or else to establish these conjectures. A single glance at almost any of their reports startles the eye with the undue length of sentences and the infliction of penalties for mere misdemeanors that are proper only to crimes and felonies. In the Georgia penitentiary, in 1880, in a total of nearly 1200 convicts, only 22 prisoners were serving as low a term as one year, only 52 others as low a term as two years, only 76 others as low a term as three years; while those who were under sentences of ten years and *over* numbered 538, although ten years, as the rolls show, is the *utmost* length of time that a convict can be expected to remain alive in a Georgia penitentiary. Six men were under sentence for simple assault and battery,—mere fisticuffing,—one of two years, two of five years, one of six years, one of seven, and one of eight. For larceny, three men were serving under sentence of twenty years; five were sentenced each fifteen years; one, fourteen years; six, twelve years; thirty-

five, ten years; and one hundred and seventy-two, from one year up to nine years. In other words, a large majority of all these had, for simple stealing, without breaking in or violence, been virtually condemned to be worked and misused to death. One man was under a twenty years' sentence for "hog-stealing." Twelve men were sentenced to the South Carolina penitentiary, in 1881, on no other finding but a misdemeanor commonly atoned for by a fine of a few dollars, and which thousands of the State's inhabitants are constantly committing with impunity — the carrying of concealed weapons. Fifteen others were sentenced for mere assault and assault and battery. It is to be inferred — for we are left to our inferences — that such sentences were very short; but it is inferable, too, that they worked the customary loss of citizenship for life. In Louisiana, a few days before the writing of this paper, a man was sentenced to the penitentiary for twelve months for stealing five dollars' worth of gunny-sacks.

IN GEORGIA.

THE convict force of Georgia, already more than once alluded to, presents the Lease System under some other peculiarly vicious aspects. For example, the State is bound by, and is now in the fourth year of, a twenty years' lease. The convicts, on October 20, 1880, were 1185 or 1186 in number (the various exhibits of the biennial report differ widely in some of their statements). They were consigned to three penitentiaries in three different counties, each of which had "several branch camps." Thus they were scattered about in eleven camps over at least seven counties. The assurance of the "principal keeper" is that in all these camps they are humanely treated. Every "permanent camp" has a hospital, a physician, and a chaplain. But there are other camps that have none. Reports from other officials and from special committees of citizens repeat the principal keeper's assurance in the same general terms. And yet all these utterances unconsciously admit facts that betray the total unfitness of the management for the ends it ought to have in view and its gross inhumanity. From the "General Notice to Lessees" the following is taken, with no liberties except to italicize:

"In all cases of *severe illness* the *shackles* must be promptly removed." "The convicts shall be turned off of the *chain* on the Sabbath and allowed to recreate in and about the stockade." Elsewhere the principal keeper says, "When a convict is sick, the chains are to be taken off of him." As to the discipline, he reports 35 escapes (7 burglars, 3 house-burners, 9

murderers and would-be murderers, 1 forger, 3 robbers, 7 thieves, and others whose crimes are best unmentioned), with no recaptures; and the surgeon reports nine men killed, three of them by fellow convicts. "You will observe the death-rate to have greatly decreased in the last two years," says the principal keeper; but the death-rate, when observed, was found to have decreased only to about twice the rate of properly planned and managed establishments of the kind. This, he reports, is one-half what it had been. His tabulated statements relating to the convicts, though lamentably scanty, reveal an amount of confusion behind them that is hard to credit. One table, purporting to show the whole 1186 convicts in confinement, classified by the crimes under which they were sentenced, has not a single correct number in it, and is an entire hundred short in its true total. The numbers, moreover, are so far out of the way that they cannot possibly be the true exhibit of some other date substituted in error. They report 184 under sentence for burglary, whereas the roll shows 467, and they entirely omit 25 serving sentence for forgery, and 23 for robbery.

THE PARDONING POWER.

WE have already noticed, in the prison and convict camps of this State, the feature of cruel sentences. Let us look at another; to wit, lavish pardons. It is but typical of the prisons under the Lease System, wherever that is found in unrestrained operation. Here may be seen a group of penal institutions, the worst in the country by every evidence of their own setting forth: cruel, brutalizing, deadly; chaining, flogging, shooting, drowning, killing by exhaustion and exposure, holding the criminal out to the public gaze, publishing him to the world by name and description in its reports when he goes in, every alternate year while he stays in, and when he dies or goes out; putting under foot every method of reform worthy of prison science, mocking such intelligent sense of justice and mercy as he may have, and doing everything that can be done to make his heart and conscience harder than the granite of his prison walls. Yet these prisons are sending forth from their gates a larger percentage of their populations, pardoned, than issues in like manner from all the prisons of the country managed on intelligent reformatory systems. Nor can the fault be confidently imputed, as is often hastily done, to political design or mere pliability in State governors. The horrors of the convict camps, best known to the executive, the absence of

a discipline calculated to show who is worthy of clemency, the activity of outside friends usurping this delicate office, are potent causes; and the best extenuation that can be offered is that a large proportion of these pardons are granted not because the prisoner has become so good, but because the prison is so bad.

IN TEXAS.

THIS is conspicuously the case in Texas. In the two years ending October 31, 1880, the Governor pardoned one hundred State convicts from the Huntsville (Texas) penitentiary. Over one-fourth were *children from ten to sixteen years of age*, and nearly another fourth, says the superintendent, "were hopelessly diseased, blind, crippled, or demented, . . . simple objects of pity, the sight of whom would have excited commiseration in hearts of stone."

For some years past Texas has had in custody about two thousand convicts at once. They are under the Lease System, some of whose features, at least, give dissatisfaction to the State's prison directors and to its Legislature. The working of convicts remote from the prison, though practiced, is condemned, and the effort is being made to bring the management into conformity with a statute that requires as many of the convicts as can be to be employed within the penitentiary walls. Two different reports of the directors, covering a period of four years, impress their reader as the utterances of men of the best disposition, sincerely desiring to promote humanity and the public good, but handicapped, if not themselves in some degree misled, by the error of making self-support the foremost consideration in all their estimates of prison methods. "To provide for their employment, so that they will cease to be a *burden upon the tax-payers of the country*," would be counted a strange proposition to apply to courts, schools, or police, yet is assumed by them, as a matter of course, to be applicable to prison populations, and so becomes the barrier from which they recoil, and which they have allowed to throw them back into the mire of the lease system. "This problem," they say, "has long engaged the attention of philanthropists and statesmen." But they mistake. The real problem that has engaged such is, How to procure the most honorable and valuable results, and to pay for them whatever is necessary and no more. It was, unfortunately, under the shadow of these mistakes that the Texas board went so far as to "consider very seriously as to whether it should not adopt the Public Account or the Contract System," only to reject the one and to fail to get bids on the other. As a result the State

stands to-day bound, for fourteen years to come, by the Lease System, the worst prison system in Christendom, a system that cannot be reconciled with the public honor, dignity, or welfare. The board intimates plainly that this Lease System is not its choice, or at least would not be but for the nightmare of self-support. As it is, they strive to make the best of a bad matter. How bad it has been and is, a few facts will show.

It is said of the Huntsville penitentiary, Texas (an additional one has just been built at Rusk), that it was built "on the old plan, looking altogether to security, and without any regard to proper ventilation or the health or comfort of the inmates, . . . the cell buildings . . . to a considerable extent cut off from light and air, and in constant danger of destruction from fire." The prison board erected a new cell building to take its place, in which each cell has a cubic content of 384 feet, and, says the board, "can comfortably accommodate two men." This gives each occupant an air space one-quarter of the minimum necessary to health. Yet this was a great improvement. It may be mentioned in passing, as an incident very common under the Lease System, that about the same time a lot of machinery, the property of the State, valued on the inventory of one lessee after another at \$11,600, was sold for \$681, and the proceeds laid out in fifty-one breech-loading, double-barreled shot-guns. The following is from the superintendent's biennial report of October 31, 1880: "The most usual mode of punishment practiced at outside camps is by stocks. . . . Most of the sergeants, in order to make it effective, have lifted the convicts on the ball of the foot, or tiptoe, . . . jeopardizing not only health, but life. The [present] lessees . . . abolished the use of stocks at their wood camps, and I rejoice that you [the directors] have determined to abolish them altogether. On many of the farms sergeants have been in the habit of . . . whipping, as well as permitting their guards to do so, without first obtaining an order from the board of directors, as required by law." Of illegal punishments he says: "We have been compelled to discharge sergeants and a great number of guards on account of it. . . . I am satisfied that many escapes have been caused by illegal punishments and by cursing and threats." The spirit of this officer's report does him honor throughout.

One can turn again only to leased prisons elsewhere, to find numbers with which to compare the ghastly mortality of some of these Texas convict camps. Men in large numbers, "who have contracted in the miserable jails

of the State incurable diseases, or whose systems have been impregnated with diseases from having led lives of debauchery and dissipation, are put to the hardest manual labor and . . . soon break down in health." "Sick convicts are crowded into the same building containing well convicts, and cannot have proper nursing and quiet, even if they have good medical attention." "Frequently sergeants, believing that convicts are trying to play off, have kept them at work when, in fact, they were seriously ill, . . . or have tried to physic them themselves." On railroad construction the average *annual* rate of mortality, for 1879 and 1880, was 47 to the thousand, three times the usual death-rate of properly managed American prisons; at plantation labor it was 49; at the iron-works it was 54; and at the wood-cutting camps more than half the entire average population died within the two years. So much as to the rate. The total *number* of deaths in the period was 256, of which only 60 occurred in the prison hospital, the rest in the camps. Nor was any considerable fraction of them by contagious diseases. They were from congestions of the brain, the stomach, and the bowels; from scurvy, dropsy, nervous fever, malaria, chronic diarrhoea, general debility, pneumonia. Thirty-five died of gun-shot wounds, five of "*wounds miscellaneous*." Of three, the cause of death was "not stated." Three were drowned, four were sunstruck, two committed suicide, and two were killed by the explosion of a boiler. And all was reported without a word of apology or explanation. The whole thirty-five who were shot to death were shot in attempting to escape "from forces at work outside the prison walls." "In nearly all these cases the verdict of a coroner's jury has stated that the guard acted in discharge of his duty." As to the remainder, we know not what the verdicts were, or whether there were any; nor do we know how many vain attempts were made to escape; but we know that, over and above the deaths, there were treated in the prison hospital—where so few of the outside sick ever arrived—fifteen others with gunshot wounds and fifty-two with "*wounds miscellaneous*."

We know, too, by the record, that four men did escape from within the prison walls, and three hundred and sixty-two from the gangs outside. In the interest of the Texas taxpayer, from whom the Lease System is supposed to lift an intolerable burden, as well as for society at large, it would be well to know what were the favorite crimes of these three hundred and sixty-six escaped felons (since unreformed criminals generally repeat the same crimes again and again), what moral

and material mischief one hundred and twenty three of them did before they were recaptured, and what the record will be of the two hundred and forty-three remaining at large when the terms they should have served have expired. These facts are not given; we get only, as it were, a faint whiff of the mischief in the item of \$6,900 expended in apprehending one hundred of them.

And yet this is the operation of the Lease System under a Governor who was giving the State prison and its inmates a far more rational, humane, and diligent attention than is generally accorded them by State executives, albeit such officers are not as negligent in this direction as they are generally supposed to be; under a warden, too, who, if we read rightly between the lines of his report, is a faithful and wise overseer; and even under lessees whom this warden commends as "kind and humane gentlemen." We have both the warden's and directors' word for it, that this disciplinary and sanitary treatment of the convicts was "a very decided improvement" on what it had been. The question remains, What may the system do where it is a State's misfortune to have a preoccupied Governor and unscrupulous prison lessees? It is a positive comfort to know that for two years more, at least, the same officials and lessees remained in charge, that a second prison was added to the old one and a third projected, and that the total mortality was reduced by the abolition of the wood-cutting camps.

But it is far otherwise to know by the report for 1881-82 that the Lease System continues; that the death-rate is still enormous, and has increased in the prison and in most of the camps; that the number of men committed to hospital with gunshot and "*miscellaneous*" wounds was fifty-two; that in the mortality lists are three suicides, six sunstrokes, and thirty-six victims of the breech-loading double-barreled shot-guns; that there passed through hospital fifty-one cases of scurvy; and that there were *three hundred and ninety-seven escapes* and but seventy-four recaptures.

It may be enough attention has already been given to chaplains' reports in these so-called penitentiaries, but the one for the Texas prison compels at least a glance. It makes sixteen lines of letter-press. White men's prayer-meeting on Sunday at one hour, colored men's at another, general Sunday-school at another, preaching at another. These services are believed to have been fruitful of good; it is hoped "that some will leave the prison reformed men"; but there is not the record of one positive result, or a single observation registered looking to the discovery of a result,

either intellectual, moral, or religious, concerning hundreds of men whose even partial reformation would be worth to the State—if it must be reduced to money value—tens of thousands of dollars. Two lines of the report are certainly unique: "We endeavor to enlist all the men in this service [the Sunday-school] we can, and try to suppress all differences of opinion which are calculated to engender strife."

A single ten thousand dollars is the State's annual share in what are called the profits of this system of convict control. Were the convicts managed under the Public Account System at an annual loss of a like amount (which need not be), making a difference of twenty thousand dollars, and were the burden lifted from the mass of the one million six hundred thousand inhabitants of Texas and thrown entirely upon the shoulders of one hundred thousand tax-payers, it would be just one dime a year to each shoulder. But it would save the depredations of nearly two hundred escaped convicts per year, whatever they might be; such reprisals as about four hundred others, annually liberated and turned loose upon society, may undertake as an offset for the foul treatment they have undergone in the name of justice, and the attendant increase in the expenses of police; and the expenses of new trials and convictions for the same old crimes committed over again by many who might have been in whole or in some degree reformed, but instead were only made worse. And two things more it would save—the honor of the State and the integrity of the laws and of the courts. For one thing, however, the people of Texas are to be congratulated: that they have public servants ready—let the people but give the word—to abjure the Lease System with all its horrid shams and humiliating outrages, and establish in its place a system of management that shall be first honorable and morally profitable, and then as inexpensive as may be.

IN ALABAMA.

SOMETHING like the same feeling was displayed by the Governor and some others in the State of Alabama in 1882. In the matter of its penitentiary and convict camps, it is not necessary to weary the eye again with figures. Between the dates of the last two biennial reports (1880 and 1882) a change of administration took place in the prison management, affording, by a comparison of the two reports, a revelation that should have resulted in the instant abolition of the Lease plan at any cost. Under date of October, 1880, the penitentiary inspectors reported to the Governor that the contractors (lessees) had "provided

strong prisons for the safe-keeping and comfort of the convicts"; that these prisons had "generally been neatly kept," and that they themselves had "required much attention to be given to the sanitary regulation of them." They admitted the fact of considerable sickness at one or two places, but stated that two of the inspectors had visited the convicts employed there and "found the sick in a comfortable hospital, with medical attendance, nurses, and everything needed for their comfort." They reported their diligent attention to all their official duties, and stated, as from their own knowledge, that during the two years then closing the convicts had "generally been well clothed and fed, and kindly and humanely treated; and that corporal punishment had only been inflicted in extreme cases." They closed with the following remarkable statement: "Notwithstanding our report shows a decrease of one hundred and fourteen convicts, . . . yet we think . . . the future of this institution is brighter than its past." There had been paid into the State treasury forty-eight thousand dollars, and the managers in general were elated. But a change in the prison's administration added a different chapter, and in 1882 a new warden wrote:

"I found the convicts confined at fourteen different prisons controlled by as many persons or companies, and situated at as many different places. . . . They [the prisons] were as filthy, as a rule, as dirt could make them, and both prisons and prisoners were infested with vermin. . . . Convicts were excessively and, in some instances, cruelly punished. . . . They were poorly clothed and fed. . . . The sick were neglected, inasmuch that no hospital had been provided, they being confined in the cells with the well convicts. . . . The prisons have no adequate water supply, and I verily believe there were men in them who had not washed their faces in twelve months. . . . I found the men so much intimidated that it was next to impossible to get from them anything touching their treatment. . . . Our system is a better training school for criminals than any of the dens of iniquity that exist in our large cities. . . . To say there are any reformatory measures used at our prisons, or that any regard is had to kindred subjects, is to state a falsehood. The system is a disgrace to the State, a reproach to the civilization and Christian sentiment of the age, and ought to be speedily abandoned."

Almost the only gleams of light in these dark pictures are these condemnations of the system by those whose official duties require them to accommodate themselves to it, but whose humanity, whose reason, and whose perception of the public's true interest compel them to denounce it. This is again pointedly the case in Virginia. There the State prison has been for a long time managed on Public Account; but the management was only a mismanagement and a neglect; and when this came to be known, those in authority, instead of trying to correct the needless abuses

of a good system, rejected the system itself and adopted the contract system. The report of the prison board for the year ending September 30, 1881, indicates that the change was made mainly, and probably only, on pecuniary considerations, and there seems to be reason to fear that this narrow view is carrying sentiment downward toward the Lease System itself. The board reports itself "pleased to discover, for the first time, that the general agent has reached the conclusion that the 'best way to make it [the prison] self-sustaining would be to lease the convict labor.'" At the date of this report the mischievous doctrine had already made its way through the Legislature and into the convict management; and the prison becoming overcrowded, a large company of prisoners were leased to certain railroad companies, beyond the control of the penitentiary superintendent. A glance at the surgeon's report shows one of the results of this movement. In the population within the prison, averaging about 600, the death-rate was $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; while among the 260 convicts on the Richmond and Alleghany Railroad it was nearly $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., even after leaving out of the count certain accidental deaths that legitimately belong to the perils of the work and really should be included in the count. Including them, the rate would be 11 per cent. The superintendent does not withhold his condemnation: "The system of leasing," he says, "as is clearly shown by the statistics of the few governments, State and foreign, where it prevails, is barbarous in the extreme, and should be discountenanced. The dictates of humanity, if no other consideration prevailed, should be sufficient to silence any effort to establish this system of prison management in Virginia."

IN ARKANSAS, MISSISSIPPI, AND LOUISIANA—
THE SYSTEM AT ITS WORST.

EVEN where the system enjoys the greatest favor from the State governments whose responsibilities in the matter it pretends to assume, it is rare that there is not some one who revolts and utters against it his all too little heeded denunciation. Such voices are not altogether unheard even in Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana, where undoubtedly the lessees are more slackly held to account, as they more completely usurp the State's relation to its convicts than elsewhere. It is here may be found a wheel within this wheel; to wit, the practice of sub-leasing. So complete in these regions is the abandonment, by the State, of all the duties it owes to its criminal system, that in two instances, Arkansas and Louisiana, it does not so much as print a report,

and the present writer is indebted entirely to the courtesy of the governors of these two States for letters and manuscript tables imparting the information which enables him to write. "The State," says the clerk of the Louisiana penitentiary, "has no expense except keeping the building in repair." "The State," writes the Governor's secretary in Arkansas, "is at no expense whatever." In Mississippi, the terms of the present lease make no mention whatever of any moral, religious, or educational privilege, or duty. "All convicts sentenced for a period of ten years or less, said lessees may work outside the penitentiary, but within the limits of the State of Mississippi, in building railroads, levees, or in *any private labor or employment*." One of the effects of such a rule is that a convict condemned to thirty or forty years' service, being kept within the walls, has fully three chances to one of outliving the convict who is sentenced to eight or ten years' service, and who must, therefore, work outside. Yet it is not intended to imply that the long-term convict inside the prison is likely to serve out his sentence. While among a majority of commitments on shorter periods, men, women, and children are frequently sentenced for terms of 15, 20, 30, 40, and sometimes even of 50 years, a prisoner can rarely be found to have survived ten years of this brutal slavery either in the prison or in the convict camp. In Alabama, in 1880, there were but three who had been in confinement eight years, and one nine; while not one had lived out ten years' imprisonment. In Mississippi, December 1, 1881, among 77 convicts then on the roll under 10 years' sentence, 17 under sentence of between 10 and 20, and 23 under sentences of between 20 and 50 years, none had served 11 years, only 2 had served 10, and only 3 others had served 9 years.* There were 25 distinct outside gangs, and their average annual rate of mortality for that and the previous year was over 8 per cent.

During the same term, 142 convicts escaped; which is to say that, for every four law-breakers put into the penitentiary, one got away; and against the whole number so escaping there were but 25 recaptures. The same proportion of commitments and escapes is true of the Arkansas prison for the year ending the 30th of last April. In Louisiana the proportion is smaller, but far from small. A surer escape in Louisiana was to die; and in 1881 14 per cent. perished. The means are wanting to show what part of this mortality belongs to the peniten-

* From the nature of the tabulated roll, the time served by those under life sentences could not be computed; but there is no reason to suppose it would materially change the result, were it known.

tiary at Baton Rouge and what to the camps outside; but if anything may be inferred from the mortal results of the Lease System in other States, the year's death-rate of the convict camps of Louisiana must exceed that of any pestilence that ever fell upon Europe in the Middle Ages. And as far as popular rumor goes, it confirms this assumption on every hand. Every mention of these camps is followed by the execrations of a scandalized community, whose ear is every now and then shocked afresh with some new whisper of their frightful barbarities. It is not for the present writer to assert, that every other community where the leasing of convicts prevails is moved to indignation by the same sense of outrage and disgrace; yet it certainly would be but a charitable assumption to believe that the day is not remote when, in every such region, the sentiment of the people will write, over the gates of the convict stockades and over the doors of the lessees' sumptuous homes, one word: *Aceldama*—the field of blood.

CONCLUSIONS.

THERE never was a worse falsification of accounts than that which persuades a community that the system of leasing out its convicts is profitable. Out of its own mouth—by the testimony of its own official reports—what have we not proved against it? We have shown:

1. That, by the very ends for which it exists, it makes a proper management of prisons impossible, and lays the hand of arrest upon reformatory discipline.

2. That it contents itself, the State, and the public mind, with prisons that are in every way a disgrace to civilization.

3. That in practice it is brutally cruel.

4. That it hardens, debases, and corrupts the criminal, committed to it by the law in order that, if possible, he may be reformed and reclaimed to virtue and society.

5. That it fixes and enforces the suicidal and inhuman error, that the community must not be put to any expense for the reduction of crime or the reformation of criminals.

6. That it inflicts a different sentence upon every culprit that comes into its clutches from that which the law and the court has pronounced. So that there is not to-day a single penitentiary convict, from the Potomac around to the Rio Grande, who is receiving the sentence really contemplated by the law under which he stands condemned.

7. That it kills like a pestilence, teaches the people to be cruel, sets up a false system of clemency, and seduces the State into the committal of murder for money.

8. That in two years it permitted eleven hundred prisoners to escape.

Which of these is its profitable feature? Will some one raise the plea of necessity? The necessity is exactly the reverse. It is absolutely necessary to society's interests and honor that what the lease in its very nature forbids should be sought; and that what it by nature seeks should be forbidden.

EXCUSES FOR THE SYSTEM.

THERE are two or three excuses often made for this system, even by those who look upon it with disfavor and protestations, and by some who are presumably familiar with the facts concerning convict management in other States and other countries. But these pleas are based upon singularly unfounded assumptions. One is that the States using the Lease System, in whole or part, have not those large prison populations which are thought to be necessary to the successful operation of other systems. In point of fact, much the largest population belonging to any one prison in the United States, in 1880, was in Texas, under the Lease System. The fourth in numbers is that of Tennessee, also leased. That of Georgia, leased, is more than twice that of Maryland, managed on the Contract System. The smallest State prison population in the United States, that of Rhode Island, numbering, at the close of last year, only eighty-one convicts, showed a loss that year, on the Contract System, of only eleven dollars. Missouri manages a convict population of the same size as that of Georgia, and boasts a cash profit, on the Contract System. Indeed the State prisons under the Lease System are, almost without exception, populous prisons, the average population among the whole twelve so governed being 920, while that of the thirty-three that exclude the system is but 560.

Another unfounded assumption is that the prisons working under the Contract or the Public Account System receive their inmates largely from the ranks of men skilled in trade. The truth is, the strongest argument in favor of teaching trades in prison lies in the fact that men with trades keep out of prison, or appear there only in decided minorities, in any community; and prisons everywhere receive especially but few acquainted with the two or three or five or six skilled industries that happen to be carried on within their walls. It is assumed, again, that the great majority of the inmates of our leased prisons are not only without mechanical training, but without mechanical aptitude. Yet, in fact, there is quite enough skilled work taught to

just this class in just these prisons to make void the argument. Within the walls of the Virginia State penitentiary in September, 1881, under the Contract System, tobacco, shoes, barrels, and clothing were being made with a force of which three-fifths were black men. The whole force of the Maryland prison is engaged, within its walls, under contractors, in marble-cutting and the manufacture of shoes, stoves and hollow iron-ware, and in November, 1881, consisted of five blacks to every three whites, and of the entire number not one in ten was previously acquainted with any handicraft that could be of any service to him in any of these occupations.

Moreover, on the other hand, there is no leased prison that does not constantly receive a sufficient number of skilled convicts, both white and black, to constitute a good teaching force for the training of the unskilled. The Texas penitentiary, in 1880, had on its rolls 39 workers in wood, 20 in leather, 50 in metals and machinery, 20 in stone and brick, 7 engravers and printers, and 11 painters.

The leased prisons, as it happens, have one decided advantage in this regard; the high average term of sentences affords an unusual opportunity for training the convicts to skilled labor, and making the best use, both pecuniary and reformatory, of their occupations. The South Carolina penitentiary is probably an exception; and yet it is in this prison that the manufacture of shoes, say its officers, might easily be carried on with cash profit. In the Georgia penitentiary, in 1880, there were 87 sentenced for life; 104 for terms above ten years and less than twenty; 101 for twenty years; 10 for higher terms up to forty years, and only 22 for as low a term as one year,—in a total of 1185 inmates. In the Texas State prison, in October, 1882, with a population of 2378, only *two* were under sentences of less than two years' length.* To increase the advantage, the long sentences fall with special frequency upon the class that is assumed to require an undue length of training. In the Georgia convict force just noted, for instance, only 15 were whites among the 215 under sentences above ten years.

But why need we linger to show that there is ample opportunity in these prisons to teach the inmates trades, if only the system were such as to permit it? The choice of a better system does not rest upon this. In the Contract and Public Account prisons, it is not at all the universal practice to make the unskilled convict acquainted with a trade. This is done only in a few prisons. Generally,—

much too generally,—he is set to some simple task, some minute fraction of the work of manufacturing some article, a task that he learns to do at most in a few days, becomes skillful in within a few weeks, and continues to do unceasingly from the beginning of his imprisonment to the day of his discharge. He works a lever or pedal that drives pegs into a shoe; or he turns down or up the rims of hats, or varnishes the heels of innumerable boots, or turns a small wheel that bottoms countless tin cans. He is employed according to his physical strength and his intelligence. It is no small misfortune to society that such industries leave the convict at last without a trade; but, comparing them with the tasks of the lessees' camps, it may be said they do not murder him, nor torture him, but are to those tasks what light is to darkness.

After all, these objections to the abandonment of the Lease System, even if they were otherwise well grounded, would fail at last when it comes to be seen that the system does not make good even its one poor profession; it does not, even pecuniarily, "pay." In flush times it hands in a few thousands,—sometimes even a few ten-thousands,—annually, into the State treasury. But its history is a long record of discoveries and rediscoveries on the part of the State that she has been the losing party in a game of confidence, with nobody to blame but herself. How much has thus been lost morally, baffles estimation; suffice it to say, enough ungodly gains have gone into the hands of lessees to have put every leased prison in the country upon a firm basis under Public Account. Every system is liable to mismanagement, but there are systems under which mismanagement is without excuse and may be impeached and punished. The Lease System is itself the most atrocious mismanagement. It is in its very nature dishonorable to the community that knowingly tolerates it, and in its practical workings needs only to be known to be abhorred and cast out. It exists to-day, in the twelve American commonwealths where it is found, because the people do not know what they are tolerating.

But is there any need for them longer to be unaware of it? There is none. Nor is there any need that the system should continue. We have heard one, who could give no other excuse, urge the unfavorableness of the Southern climate to prison confinement. But what have the reports of prisons in this climate shown us? That the mortality outside, among the prisoners selected (as is pretended, at least) for their health and strength, is twice and thrice and sometimes four and five times

* Some idea of the ferocity of these sentences may be got from the fact that 509 of these Texas convicts were under twenty years of age.

as great as among the feebler sort left within the walls. True, some of the leases still have many years to run. What of it? Shall it be supinely taken for granted that there is no honorable way out of these brutal and wicked compacts? There is no honorable way to remain under them. There are many just ways to be rid of them.

Let the terms of these leases themselves condemn their holders. There is no reasonable doubt that, in many States, the lessees will be found to have committed acts distinctly forfeiting their rights under these instruments. Moreover, with all their looseness, these leases carry conditions which, if construed as common humanity and the honor of the State demand, will make the leases intolerable to men whose profits are coined from the flesh and blood of human beings. It is safe to say there is not a lessee in the twelve convict-leasing States who,

were he but held to account for the excesses in his death-roll beyond those of prisons elsewhere in enlightened countries, would not throw up his unclean hands in a moment and surrender to decency, honesty, humanity, and the public welfare. But we waste words. No holder of these compacts need be driven to close quarters in order that, by new constraints, they may be made to become void. They are void already. For, by self-evidence, the very principles upon which they are founded are *contra bonos mores*; and though fifty legislatures had decreed it, not one such covenant can show cause why the seal of the commonwealth and the signatures of her officers should not be torn from it, and one of the most solemn of all public trusts returned to those official hands that, before God, the world, and the State, have no right to part with it.

George W. Cable.

KEATS.

ON the slope of a "peak in Darien," in the shadow of the very ridge where stood the Spaniard,

" . . . when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,"

my fellow-traveler captured a superb blue moth, of a species so rare and so difficult to secure that the natives sell one at the price of a day's labor. We took the beautiful creature with us on our transit, and delicately leashed it that night to the jealousies of our veranda on the plaza of the city of Panama. There, far within the old town, a mate was fluttering around it at sunrise,—to me a miracle, yet one predicted by my friend the naturalist. It is just as safe to predict that young poets will chance upon one another, among millions; "there's a special providence" in their conjunction and forgathering; instinct and circumstance join hands to bring this about. The name of Keats is set within a circlet of other names,—those of Clarke, Reynolds, Hunt, Charles Brown, the artists Haydon and Severn,—each of which is brighter for the fact that its owner gave something of his love and help to the poet whose name outshines them all. The name itself, at first derided as uncouth, has become a portion of the loveliness which once he made more lovely; it belongs to an ideal now so consecrate that all who watched with him, if but for an hour, have some part of our af-

fections. Among these, if last not least, Severn, who shut out his own fair prospects, relieved a comrade's agony and want, accompanied him along the edge of a river that each must cross alone, until, as sings the idyllist, the eddy seized him, and Daphnis went the way of the stream.

Cowden Clarke, Keats's earliest companion in letters, son of his head-master at the Enfield school, first put Spenser into his hands. At the vital moment, when the young poet had begun to plume his wings, Clarke also made him known to Leigh Hunt, of all men in England the one it behooved him to meet. Hunt, whose charming taste was almost genius, had become—and largely through his influence upon associates—the promoter of a renaissance; he went to the Italian treasure-house, where Chaucer and Shakspeare had been before him, and also, like them, disdained not our natural English tongue and the delight of English landscape—the greenest idyl upon earth. In many ways, since fortunate guidance will save even genius years of groping, he shortened the course by which Keats found the one thing needful, the key to his proper song. When the youth settled down for a real effort, he went off by himself, as we know, wrote "Endymion," and outdid his monitor in lush and swooning verse. But it was always Hunt who unerringly praised the finest, the most original phrases of one greater than himself, and took joy in assuring him of his birthright.

Shelley, too, Keats met at this time,—the peer who was to sing his dirge and pæan. Meanwhile, his own heroic instinct, the prescience of a muse “that with no middle flight intends to soar,” was shown by his recognition of the greatest masters as he found them,—Chaucer, Spenser, Chapman, Shakspeare, Milton,—and his serious study of few besides. One must have exemplars and preceptors; let these be of the best. Neophytes often are drawn to the imitators of imitators, the catch-penny favorites of the hour, and this to their own belittlement. The blind still lead the blind. Give an aspirant the range of English song, see the masters that attract him, and it is not hard to cast his horoscope.

Pity is akin to love, when not too self-conscious of good fortune and the wisdom that leads thereto. Keats died so young, and so piteously, that some writers, to whom his work has yielded profit and delight, naïvely regard him from the superior person's critical or moral point of view. Lowell, however, pays honor to the “strong sense” underlying his sensibility. When Mr. Lowell said that “the faults of Keats's poetry are obvious enough,” he plainly had in mind the faults of the youth's early work,—extravagances from which he freed himself by covering them in that sculptured monument, “Endymion,” with divine garlands and countless things of worth that beguile us once and again to revisit their tomb. Nor can we take him to task for careless rhymes thrown off in his correspondence. Of their kind, what juvenile letters are better, and who would not like to receive the letters of such a poet at play? Keats is the one metrical artist, in his finer productions, quite without fault, wearing by right, not courtesy, the epithet of Andrea del Sarto. Rich and various as are the masterpieces of the language, I make bold to name one of our shorter English lyrics that still seems to me, as it seemed to me ten years ago, the nearest to perfection, the one I would surrender last of all. What should this be save the “Ode to a Nightingale,” so faultless in its varied unity and in the cardinal qualities of language, melody, and tone? A strain that has a dying fall; music wedded to ethereal passion, to the yearning that floods all nature, while

“ . . . more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain.”

Then what pictures, echoes, immortal imagery and phrase! Can a word or passage be changed without an injury, and by whom? The “Ode on a Grecian Urn” is a more objective poem, molded like the cold Pastoral

it celebrates, radiant with the antique light and joy. Could Beauty speak, even thus might she declare herself. We term Keats a Grecian, and assuredly the English lad created, in latest-born and loveliest semblance, the entire breed of “Olympus” faded hierarchy.” But what of “The Eve of St. Agnes”? Is it not the purest mediæval structure in our verse—a romance-poem more faultless, in the strict sense of the word, than larger models of earlier or later date? In proportion, color, exquisite detail, it is comparable to some Gothic hall or chapel of the best period; and just as surely “Isabella” is Florentine, and equally without flaw. These poems are none the less charged with high imaginings, Keats being one of the few whose imagination is not lessened by technical supremacy. The sonnet on Chapman's Homer was, in this respect, a foretaste of the large utterance to which he afterward attained. “Hyperion,” with its Titanic opening and Doric grandeur of tone inviolate from first to last, was a work which the author, with half his power still in reserve, left unfinished, in the loftiest spirit of self-criticism, avowing that it had too many Miltonic inversions. The word “faults” is, in truth, the last to use concerning Keats. His limitation was one of horizon, not of blemish within its bounds.

As regards verbal expression, a close test of original power, he certainly outranks any poet since Shakspeare. Others are poets and something more, or less,—reformers, men of the world, or, like Körner and Chénier, aglow for heroic action. Keats had but one ambition; he was all poet, and I think he would have remained so. However possible the grotesque changes contrived for Byron and Burns in Hawthorne's fantastic draft of “P's Correspondence,” the romancer felt that Keats would never become transformed, and pictured him as still true to the ideal. Shelley worshiped Goodness and Truth in the Beauty to which he vowed that he would dedicate his powers. Of Keats, one may say that his genius was Beauty's other self. In “Wuthering Heights,” Catharine Earnshaw avows: “I *am* Heathcliff! He's always, always in my mind: not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself, but as my own being.” And Keats *was* Beauty, with the affinity and passion of soul for soul.

It is hard to hold him to account for an early death from inherited phthisis, aggravated by bleeding at the hands of an old-time surgeon, or for the publication, after sixty years, of his turbid love-letters to Fanny Brawne,—letters in which, though probably the recipient flattered herself otherwise, there



THE LIFE-MASK OF JOHN KEATS.

is less of the real Keats than in the most trivial verse he ever wrote. If you would know an artist's true self, you must discover it through his art. It was deplorable that these poor letters should be brought to light; let us at least give them no more than their true proportion in our measure of the writer's strength and weakness. Mr. Arnold is warranted in contempt for those who enjoy the one letter that he quotes, and who profess to consider it a "beautiful and characteristic production." It reveals, as he asserts, "complete enervation," and I own that for the moment Keats appears to be "passion's slave." Nevertheless, why yield one jot or tittle to the implication that the old taunt of Blackwood's is sustained by this letter of a "surgeon's apprentice,"—that anything "underbred and ignoble" can be postulated from even the entire series of these spasmodic epistles? A theory that such a youth as Keats was "ill brought up" cannot be thus deduced; the reverse, all things considered, seems to have been the case. Furthermore, it may be that the evolution of a poet advances quite as surely through experience of the average man's folly and emotion as through a class training in reticence, dignity, and self-restraint. In the first glow of ambition Keats inscribed "Endymion" to the memory of Chatterton, and gladly would have equaled that sleepless soul in fate, so were he equal to him in renown. Afterward, in his first experience of passion, he yielded to morbid sentiment, self-abandonment, the frenzy of a passing hour. It is not out of nature that genius, in these early crises, should be pitifully sensitive or take stage-strides. The training that would forestall this might, like Aylmer's process, too well remove a birth-mark. We can spare, now and then, a gray head on green shoulders, if thereby we gain a poet. Keats was a sturdy, gallant boy at school,—as a man, free from vices patrician or plebeian, and a gentleman in motive and bearing. No unusual precocity of *character* goes with the artistic temperament. It is observed of born musicians, who in childhood have mastered instrument and counterpoint, and of other phenomenal geniuses, that they are not old beyond their years, nor less simple and frolicsome than their playmates. But the heyday in the blood has always been as critical to poets as the "sinister conjunction" was to the youth of the Arabian tale. Shakspeare, Milton, Burns, Shelley, Byron, are not specifically apostles of common sense in their love-affairs, but their own experience scarcely lowered the tone or weakened the vigor of their poetry. Keats's ideality was disturbed by the passion which

came upon him suddenly and late; he clung to its object with fiercer longing and anguish as he felt both her and life itself slipping away from his hold. Everything is extreme in the emotion of a poet. Mr. Arnold does justice to his probity and forbearance, to his trust in the canons of art and rigid self-measurement by an exacting standard; he surely must see, on reflection, that such a man's slavery to passion would be a short-lived episode. Before Keats could rise again to higher things, his doom confronted him. His spirit flew hither and thither, by many paths: across each, as in Tourguéneff's prose-poem, yawned the open grave, and behind him the witch Fate pressed ever more closely. He had prayed "for ten years" in which he might overwhelm himself in poesy. He was granted a scant five, and made transcendent use of them. Had he lived, who can doubt that he would have become mature in character as he was already in the practice of his art? It is to be noted, as regards form, that one of Shelley's most consummate productions was inspired by the works and death of Keats. I doubt not that Keats's sensuous and matchless verse would have taken on, in time, more of the elusive spirituality for which we go to Shelley. As it was, he and Wordsworth were the complements of each other with their respective gifts, and made the way clear for Tennyson and his successors. Impressed by the supreme art and fresh imagination of the author of "Hyperion," not a few are disposed to award him a place on the topmost dais where but two English poets await his coming,—if not entitled there to an equal seat, at least with the right to stand beside the thrones as lineal inheritor, the first-born prince of the blood. His poetry has been studied with delight in this western world for the last half-century. One page of it is worth the whole product of the "aesthetic" dilettants who most recently have undertaken to direct us, as if by privilege of discovery, to the fountain-head of modern song. But

"The One remains, the many change and pass."

This prophesying in the name of an acknowledged leader is old as the Christian era. And even the pagan Moschus, from whom, and from Bion, Shelley took the conception of his starry threnody, declares of a dead poet and certain live and unwelcome celebrants:

"Verily thou all silent wilt be covered in earth, while it has pleased the Nymphs that the frog shall always sing. Him, though, I would not envy, for he chants no beauteous strain."

Edmund C. Stedman.



THE GRAVES OF KEATS AND SEVERN,

[IN May, 1879, Joseph Severn, the artist, was still living in the city where fifty-eight years before he had closed the eyes of the dying Keats. He occupied rooms in the heart of Rome, in that building against the side of which is piled up the florid sculpture of the famous fountain of Trevi. It was here that we had the pleasure of meeting, more than once, the then aged friend of Keats, and of seeing some of the relics he still cherished of the poet. Among these was the original drawing made by Severn himself of Keats in his last illness (see *THE CENTURY* for June, 1883), also a plaster cast of the life-mask of Keats, which was believed by Severn to have been made by Haydon, the painter. The life-mask (an engraving of which is herewith given from a cast now in this country) is the most interesting, as it is the most real and accurate portrait of the poet in existence. It is, of course, much more agreeable than a death-mask would have been; for it not only escapes the haggardness of death, but there is even, so it seems to us, a suggestion of humorous patience in the expression of the mouth. The eyes being necessarily closed, it is the mouth that is especially to be observed in the mask; here will be found a sensitiveness, a sweetness, and a hint of eloquence that one would look for in any true portrait of Keats. In this mask one has the authentic form and shape—the very stamp of the poet's visage. It may be added that the mask bears a striking resemblance to one of Keats's relatives now living in America, and that it especially recalls the features of his niece, Mrs. Emma Keats Speed, of Louisville, Kentucky, who died in the month of September, 1883. At one of our visits, Mr. Severn maintained that Keats's eyes were hazel, and he insisted upon this recollection, though it was contrary to that of some others of Keats's friends. He spoke of the drawing of Keats now in the Kensington Museum, and said that he made it one day when Shelley was present, and "Shelley liked it very much." Mr. Severn, in referring to Washington Allston, said that he brought Keats's poetry to his attention, and to that of seven or eight of his friends, though Allston was the only one among them who appreciated it.

Since the date given above (May, 1879), Trelawney has been laid in the grave, beside that which contains the heart—"cor cordium"—of his friend Shelley, and Severn has been entombed in the neighboring inclosure by the side of Keats. Though apparently in good health at the time of our visits, and humorously boastful of the many years that his physician still promised him, Severn died within a few months—namely, August 3, 1879. There they all lie now, with others of their countrymen and countrywomen, beneath the shadow of the Aurelian wall of Rome, and of that pyramid of Caius Cestius which is to-day rather the monument of the two exiled English poets than of the ancient and well-nigh forgotten tribune for whose tomb it was built. It is pleasant to record (we believe for the first time) that among those who bore the expenses of the carved stone erected to the memory of Severn (and the other necessary costs of the entombment) were several of our American poets, from among whom two—Longfellow and Holland—have since followed into "the silent land." The engraving here presented of the companion graves of Keats and his friend is from a water-color drawing by one of the sons of Severn—namely, Mr. Walter Severn, of London.

As we go to press, an American edition of "The Letters and Poems of Keats" is about to appear, in three volumes (Dodd, Mead & Company, publishers), under the editorship of Mr. John Gilmer Speed, a grandson of George, the brother of the poet. Besides the poems, including a sonnet not before published, and besides the letters already published, are given the letters written by John to George Keats, in America, none of which, it seems, have been hitherto printed complete and unaltered, and many of which "now appear in print for the first time." Among the illustrations are reproductions in color of original paintings by Severn of the three brothers, John, George, and Tom. Mr. Speed's introductions and notes throw new light on the history of the entire family.—EDITOR *CENTURY*.]



SNOW-BORN.

ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

SNOW-BORN.

WITH Autumn's latest breath there came a chill
Of brooding sadness, as o'er pleasures dead ;
And through the sunless day, with silent tread,
There seemed to pass, o'er vale and wooded hill,
The footsteps of some messenger of ill.
Through forest ways with rustling leaves o'erspread,
The pine-boughs whispered low of bodings dread,
And all the air a mystery seemed to fill.
But in the shadows of enfolding night,
From out the bosom of the frosty air,
Fell a baptismal robe of beauty rare ;
And when, at kiss of dawn, awoke the earth,
Each leaf and pine-bough, clad in vesture white,
Told of the peaceful hour of Winter's birth.

Henry R. Howland.

LOVE SONGS.

LOVE 'S EVER AT LOVE'S SIDE.

LOVE, you are in the hills,
And I am by the sea ;
But, ah, I know my loved one thrills
With touch of love and me !
No need to tell her why—
Where she is, there am I.
Whether
Together
Or apart,

I fold you, Love,
I hold you, Love,
Hard to my heart.

Love! Love! Its tears and smiles
Wing wide as sun and rain;
It reckons not the hours or miles
For gift of joy or pain :
Love, you can have no thought
My heart shall answer not.

Whether
Together
Or apart,

I fold you, Love,
I hold you, Love,
Hard to my heart.

Love, you are far away,
But naught my heart shall care ;
This place or that, go you or stay,
Where you are—I am there :
In spite of time or tide,
Love 's ever at love's side.

Whether
Together
Or apart,

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I fold you, Love,
I hold you, Love,
Hard to my heart.

EDEN.

EASTWARD love's garden lay,
In Eden, long ago ;
Eastward, lo, it lies to-day,
Before the gates of dawn.

It rests as still and fair
As the first lovers found it ;
And the flowers are blooming there,
The waters running round it.

The crystal fountains fill,
The golden glories play,
And the silver dews distill,
As on love's natal day.

O Eden, Eden bower—
Love's flower is still in bloom ;
Sweets of love's undying flower
The bower of love perfume !

Eden!—I know it well,
And thither lies my way ;
On my soul I feel its spell,
I see its splendors play.

Lo, one awaits me there,
Wondrous as Adam knew ;
Face and form as strangely fair,
And throbbing heart as true.

John Vance Cheney.

AN AVERAGE MAN.*

BY ROBERT GRANT,

Author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc.

VI.

REMINGTON and Stoughton found it very difficult to avoid burning the candle at both ends; for, with all the excitement of society, their days down-town were by no means idle. Even in the way of law they managed to pick up a little business. An aunt of Remington's, for instance, had employed him to obtain a divorce for one of her deserving poor, who was in straits; and he had so far acquired the interest—the sentimental, not the metallic article—of a money-lender, whose office adjoined his own, as to induce Shylock to intrust him with a small collection suit. This Remington had won,—but rather, as he believed, from the fact that the justice selected to hear the cause was a personal friend of his client than from the merits of the case. In like manner Stoughton managed to obtain an occasional fee toward the defraying of his office rent.

Remington was spending his clientless moments in the preparation of a treatise on Railroad Law, in which he fancied himself much interested. He had felt it necessary to find a substitute for kicking his heels in his office. Besides, it had always been an intention of his to write a book of some kind; and a successful publication in the line of his profession would be likely to give him a start. The subject was engrossing, he found, and he pegged away at it with a good deal of enthusiasm. The necessity of research in connection therewith obliged him to be absent from his office at times, and Stoughton, who was apt to call round to get his friend to lunch, would often find the door embellished with a bit of card-board inscribed: "At the Law Association,—back at 1.30." Stoughton was wont to laugh at this studying law in cold blood, as he called it.

"Why don't you put, 'At the Supreme Court,' Arthur? It would look a great deal better."

"Yes, but nobody would believe it."

"What if they didn't! They'd admire your enterprise. I tell you, my dear fellow, I've come to the conclusion you and I are too devilish conscientious. We don't advertise ourselves enough. There's a Hoosier, now, in

my entry who doesn't know quarter the law I do, and yet he has four times my professional income. I asked him one day how he got his practice, and he told me he began by begging it. He lived in a boarding-house, and interested the lodgers in his briefless condition. Fancy going about asking people to give you law business! Well, it probably never occurred to him that there was any objection to it. I suppose it's our misfortune that we see things differently."

Stoughton had himself been acting to a certain extent on his own theory. As has been said, this text-book writing did not appeal to him. He had had enough of mere study, he felt, for the present, and was ambitious to try his hand in practical fields. A good law-book would not help him on very fast toward either fame or fortune. He still kept up, to be sure, his old voracious habit of reading, but it rarely took the direction of legal inquiry. In one of the bottom drawers of his desk a supply of the latest publications in the line of philosophy, poetry, and fiction was to be found. His new interest, however, was politics, which he conceived might help him toward an introduction to the litigious portion of the community. His own acquaintance he had discovered to be exasperatingly pacific; or, if they ever did get into the meshes of the law, the interests involved were apt to be of the kind that require the services of eminent counsel. Those young lawyers seemed to flourish who had gained the confidence of the small tradespeople and mechanics. Such folks were always getting into difficulties.

Accordingly, he had begun to attend the caucuses in his ward and hobnob with some of the local politicians. He was aware that his manners were against him, so to speak, and that he wore too good clothes to attract the favor of those who handled the wires; but he did not permit himself to become discouraged. He had always been able at college to tell a story with effect, and his songs were still referred to by present undergraduates (he had been told) as something out of the common. A little sociability on his part, he felt sure, would win over those who looked at him askance. He had, of

* Copyright, 1883, by Robert Grant.

course, decided views regarding the necessity of improving political methods, but it would be judicious not to offend the managers at the outset. He tried, therefore, to be cordial with such of his fellow-citizens as he encountered at these gatherings, and to avoid anything that might suggest to them invidious distinctions. He even studied their methods in the way of etiquette, and, in pursuance thereof, invariably removed his glove before shaking hands—which was considered a badge of breeding in municipal circles.

On one occasion he made a speech which had the effect of turning the scale in a close contest for candidates for the Assembly. It happened that Finchley the broker, who was of the same political faith, spoke upon the opposite side, and was so much surprised at such an ebullition of intelligence on the part of one whom he had set down as "a gilded flat" that he greeted Stoughton with distinct cordiality on their next meeting, and gave him a valuable point on the stock market. Finchley was himself an aspirant for political preferment; and his bustling, business-like demeanor stood him in good stead. The knowing heads pronounced him likely to go to the Legislature in a year or two.

It was the habit of Remington and Stoughton to drop in at the broker's after luncheon. That had become quite as much a part of the programme of the day as the meal itself. Who that is familiar with the purlieus of Wall street has not been struck with the change that has come over the appearance and methods of that great money center within the past few years? Wide-spreading, massive buildings, towering with roof ornament, the uttermost parts of which—thanks to that modern invention, the elevator—are available, dwarf the unpretentious structures of yore. An air of exceeding prosperity pervades the throng that pours at noontide along the pavement toward the restaurants,—a throng denser than ever, and scarcely more at leisure than formerly, but better groomed. The traditional gaunt physiognomy is less frequently observable. In its stead, the eye falls on well-built, scrupulously dressed men, strongly allied, save for a freer bearing, to the upper-class Englishman,—on faces foreign in type, suggestive of the German, the Hebrew, and of a blending of the two,—suggestive, in fact, of every variety of nationality.

But, despite its motley composition, there is little of the Old World in the temper of this crowd. With the change of soil, they seem to have imbibed the peculiar restlessness that marks the American character. The feverish rush and hurry of our ancestors is still observable. One takes, to be sure, after the conti-

mental fashion, his coffee upon rising, and eats substantially at midday; but who, pray, lingers more leisurely over the repast because of its greater profusion? The long counter, with its row of high stools, favorite resort of gastronomic minute-men; the dense array of little tables, among which waiters bustle with scurrying slap-dash; the resonance of laughter, the clatter of crockery, and tramp of feet, falling on an atmosphere where the oyster-bed and brewery compete in full-flavored rivalry,—who is not familiar with the economics of a down-town restaurant?

In most of these resorts—which are, however, with all their turbulence, luxuriously furnished—a stock recorder, technically known as the *ticker*, a veritable symbol of Black Care at the horseman's back, plays its spasmodic tune in some conspicuous recess adjacent to the stream of life that comes and goes. It is, indeed, a monument well adapted to mark the temper of the age. Now and again some customer steps aside to pass the tape over his hand with a quick, jerky movement, but the mass move by without swerving. Nor, forsooth, is its presence needful to suggest to the lunching public the existence of a short cut to fortune. What is the use of examining the list where every one can see you, when J. C. Withington & Co. are just around the corner? The grave attorney, who passes this modern guillotine without a wink of the eyelid, has already posted himself regarding the quotations of the day, believing doubt as to the state of one's *margin* to be a poor table companion; and the two clerks who trot by so blithely arm in arm, as if their worry was but second-hand,—their master's business,—are on the way to the broker's.

Remington and Stoughton had each, as has been stated, some four or five thousand dollars; which is a sum ill suited to the purchase of high-priced or, as the envious style them, gilt-edged securities. One can buy outright but a very small interest in safe railroad properties with that amount of cash, and the return on the investment is correspondingly inadequate. Moreover, a man who purchases twenty, or even fifty, shares of stock, and pays for them, makes but a paltry profit in case of a rise of ten dollars in the market price, compared with him who carries a couple of hundred on a twenty per cent. margin. All this argues strongly in favor of the theory that *wild-cat*, and hence cheap, properties are the consolation of the impecunious who visit Wall street. Not only can one get two or three times as much stock with the same amount of money, but the chances for improvement are infinitely

greater; and if you buy on a margin, you can carry enough such stuff to make you comfortable for life in case things turn out as well as you expect. Of course, there are risks,—what is not attended with risk in this world?—and you may come to grief; that is, to quote the parlance of the street, *be sold out*. But, after all, it is nobody's affair if you are. The margin is your own; and so, vulgarly speaking, is the funeral. The broker will look after himself; trust him for that. There is no need troubling one's head on that score.

One cannot, it must be confessed, support this buying what one has not the means to pay for (despite all absence of concern regarding your broker) on any theory of ethics. But then, reasoned Stoughton, it is the custom of the country, and is getting to be the way of the world. In short, everybody does it; and as we grow older, we become much more content to travel in the same boat with everybody else. There is safety in numbers; and, moreover, we have the reflection to console us, in case we go to pieces in the process, that it will be all the same a hundred years hence. That is the *left bower* of our philosophy; and the *right bower* is the undeniable need of growing rich. It is a question of chances simply, and we are ready to take the risk. The steady humdrum road will probably lead us to competency in the end, if we live long enough; but we want the money *now*. He was young, and could enjoy to-day. Thirty years hence would find him nearly bed-ridden. He was prepared to take the risks.

And then, too, after all, will one come to grief? Statistics show, it is said, that ninety-nine out of every hundred men who frequent brokers' shops are ruined. Granted, perhaps; but who is to guarantee that we are not to be the hundredth man? Other fellows are rash and short-sighted, ignorant and unreasoning. They buy at fancy prices, and without careful investigation. It is playing with fire, of course; but if one is prudent, and goes into the thing systematically, there is no reason why one should not make a handsome thing out of it in a quiet way. Study up values, and post yourself on the actual condition of properties, and you have the key to the situation in the hollow of your hand.

Such is a coarse presentation of the reasoning that induced Woodbury Stoughton to sell out the disgustingly safe bonds in which his pittance was invested, and *locate*, as the newspapers delight to say, the proceeds elsewhere. The rumor reached him that Olney and Sageville—a Southern railroad, which, like the decayed genus of that cotton clime, had

known better days—was about to advance. He had the point from an *insider* (at least, his informant declared himself to be one); and a shrewd knowledge of whom to trust was one of the characteristics upon which Stoughton prided himself. He acted at once, and, buying at eighty-five, had the satisfaction of seeing within three days his purchase rise fifteen per cent. Finchley, through whom he had dealt, suggested the advisability of realizing such a handsome profit; but the young speculator thought otherwise. "It will sell at one hundred and fifty. I am advised to *cling on* to it," he remarked knowingly. This had been just after the speech at the caucus, and Finchley felt therefore less disposed to criticise his customer. The result proved the soundness of Stoughton's judgment, as the latter expressed it to Remington. He sold out, at the end of ten days, at one hundred and twenty-five. "Not bad for a *flier*," he remarked, with elation. And indeed it was not. He had bought two hundred shares, and put up his original four thousand dollars as a margin. His property had exactly trebled itself. Previous to this he had already made a few hundreds by his ventures in Northern Pacific and one or two other stocks. But then he had bought outright, and hence been able to hold only a few shares at a time. This other sort of thing was much more satisfactory, and just as safe if one only used judgment.

Remington, on the other hand, had been less fortunate. He had held off entirely for some time, merely sufficing himself with changing his bonds for an eight-per-cent. stock that was almost as unprofitably sound. Speculation was one of those methods that stuck in his ethical crop. He had been brought up with the idea that it was not quite reputable, and altogether unsafe. But then, to be sure, every one did speculate nowadays; and what Stoughton said was true enough, in a sense. The money was his own; and if he was shrewd enough to see a way of increasing it at a little risk, why shouldn't he? All business was attended with more or less risk, and it was the man who had the longest head who usually came out at the top of the heap. As to buying what you couldn't pay for, and selling what you hadn't got, that kind of thing was not confined to stocks. It existed in all departments of trade, —in grain, cotton, and the various raw materials; in fact, it was the principle of most modern business. And so Remington had, by degrees, got into the habit of taking *fliers* also. It was an easy way of making money, and his expenses were undoubtedly increasing. But Olney and Sagevilles are not to be found

every day; or, if one is fortunate enough to run across one, there is apt to be a corresponding drop in something else on the list which you hold. Remington's stocks hadn't gone up *for a cent*, to adopt a bit of financial slang. He had experienced hard luck, too, inasmuch as he had seen several ventures which he had tipped out, after holding them for a month without profit, jump up five points the day after. "You get scared too easily; you don't sit on things long enough," Stoughton would say, with the air of a connoisseur. "A man can't expect to make a fortune in a minute. Now, for instance, I bought yesterday a thousand shares in a Nevada silver mine—the Morning Star—that I shall very likely have to hold for a year. I got in at bottom prices, and I am going to sit on it. You haven't done badly as a whole. You're ahead on the entire *racket* for the year. What's the use in souring on your luck? If you only persevere and use judgment, you'll come out all right."

Thus, life down town was interesting enough. From one end of the week to the other there was very little chance for rest; and when Sunday came,—well, on Sunday most fellows slept pretty late. Remington did, however, usually manage to get to church about every other Sabbath. It was his intention to go always; but the arms of Morpheus are tenacious, when one has an opportunity of making up arrears. Still, Miss Crosby worshiped at the same sanctuary.

Sunday is not really much more of a day of rest in New York than any of the other six. Every one blessed with female acquaintances has occasionally to visit them; and frequenters of balls and dinner parties must call on their benefactors if they wish to be counted in next time. At least, Mrs. Fielding made it an invariable rule never to ask any one inside her house who had not acknowledged in person a previous invitation. She, to be sure, could afford to be select; and the same action on the part of a less admired hostess might have produced derision rather than consternation. But even the most lax and barefaced of youthful spirits are apt to bewail their negligence regarding visits. We would call if we only had *time*, they all cry; we never get up town in time. But then there is Sunday; and the truly conscientious young man reads the commandment: "Six days thou shalt labor and do all that thou hast to do, and the seventh day thou shalt *call*." Even Stoughton, who habitually cut church and spent his forenoon propped on the pillows, amid the penates of his own chamber, with the Sunday papers, always shaved himself in time to make one or two visits before dinner.

One Sunday afternoon, about three weeks after the Idlewilds' ball, Woodbury Stoughton dropped in upon Miss Crosby. He had intimated to her at a party a few nights before that he would try to do so.

Those who knew Dorothy well, and were familiar with the brilliant career and marriage of her sister, Mrs. Maclane, had, prior to her *début*, shaken their heads a little in private. She was bookish and quiet. She had ever evinced so much taste for more tranquil pleasures, that there might be a question as to whether she would become enthusiastic over society; and to be successful in the gay world, one must be enthusiastic. She was, of course, very pretty and lady-like and sweet to look at. But would she *say* anything,—would she talk? Were not her quiet ways likely to obscure her real cleverness, and deter prudent men from running the risk of stranding themselves for the evening by conversing with her? Balls are not or ought not to be charitable institutions; and girls who draw into their shells are apt to have a dull time. A few evenings of neglect are quite as sufficient to sour the feminine milk of human kindness as a thunder-storm the ordinary lactic fluid; and was not Dorothy just the sort of young person to set down society as hollow, because nobody asked her for the german?

Our nearest and dearest, however, prove sometimes quite mistaken in their predictions. What a miss of eighteen will develop into before the close of her first winter is beyond the calculation of parents. Mrs. Crosby, to be sure, had expended every penny that her income would allow to have her daughter well dressed; but exquisite clothes never yet made a girl a belle. Dorothy's air of good breeding and eloquent face had drawn to the small parlor in Washington Square, where she was wont to provide five o'clock tea, a goodly array of admirers ere many weeks of the winter had slipped away. Men liked to talk to her, for she was always so sympathetic, and ready to show interest in what concerned them. She was quick to catch the meaning of their various theories and pet ideas; and new lines of speculation were apt to call forth from her eyes that expression of intensity which was flattering to the speaker. She was a good deal of a belle; or rather, she would have been a tearing success had it not been currently known that she was comparatively portionless. As it was, she received much attention in a quiet sort of way; and the sight of occasional superb bouquets in her hand at parties, or cut flowers on the parlor table, filled with uneasiness the hearts of such of her admirers as could not afford these expensive tokens of devotion.

"No, thank you; tea always spoils my appetite for dinner," said Stoughton, in response to her proffered hospitality; and he watched Miss Crosby pour out a cup for herself with a graceful, undulatory movement of the arm, and her head on one side as if she were pondering the virtuous wisdom of his remark. She had, of course, no suspicion of the cocktail he would order some three-quarters of an hour later. She was fascinating,—no doubt about that. She would make a charming wife for a man. But what was the use of upsetting himself by thinking on impossible things? He couldn't afford to marry the girl. He had come here to have a quiet chat. It was a great pleasure to talk to her, for she always comprehended him so easily.

"I hope, Mr. Stoughton, you have brought with you the verses you spoke about the other evening at Mrs. Lawton's."

"Yes; I have them somewhere about me, I believe. They're only servile plagiarism, anyway," he said, fumbling in his tail pocket. "Ah, yes; here they are."

As he proceeded to unfold the manuscript, Dorothy leaned back in the big arm-chair and clasped her hands on her lap, prepared to listen. "What fun it must be to be able to write!"

Stoughton gave a little prefatory cough.

"I'd love thee, sweet, forever,
If I were not the child of fate;
No power our days should sever,
Could I but burst the gate
Which keeps our lips apart—
Keeps thy heart from my heart.

"But destiny, unbending
And ruthless as the sea,
Cries: Though love have no ending,
To love is not for thee!
And I——"

Just then the portière was drawn aside to admit a visitor. It proved to be Mr. Ramsay Whiting, whose attentions to Dorothy had become conspicuous of late.

"Hard lines," murmured Stoughton, under his breath; which expression, however, was intended to be typical of his luck, not of the verses.

"I hope I haven't interrupted anything," said Whiting, conscious of the pause which followed his reception by Miss Dorothy.

"Oh, no," she replied, naïvely; "Mr. Stoughton was just reading some poetry he had written. Perhaps he wont mind going on, now."

"Do. Don't mind me, really," exclaimed the new-comer urgently, but with a slight grin. Stoughton begged to be excused. The

verses were nothing, he said, but a condensation of a little philosophical discussion he and Miss Crosby had entered upon the other evening. The idea of reading them before Ramsay Whiting, who, good fellow as he was, had probably never opened a book of poetry of his own accord in his life, struck him as immensely humorous, and he returned the other's grin with interest. Whiting was going to devote himself to farming. He had some fine lands in the interior of the State, and his large fortune would allow him to sow without reaping for many years to come. He had set to work, however, most industriously, and the world were agreed that Dorothy would be just the wife for him.

"That black bull is dead," he observed confidentially, when Stoughton had taken his departure.

Dorothy sometimes got tired of agriculture as a topic of conversation; but Mr. Whiting was so kind and amiable that she managed in the end to excuse his lack of brilliancy.

"Yes," he replied, in response to her expressions of sympathy, "I would rather have lost any of the others. But, by the way, Miss Crosby, I told Hines to send down that bay mare I spoke to you about. She would just suit you, I'm sure, and I shall be delighted if you will ride her."

The eager manner of the young man made Dorothy blush a little. "You are very kind," she said, "but I'm afraid I shall not be able to ride this spring. What with society and my German and music lessons, I have all to do I can possibly find time for. Oh, how do you do, Mr. Remington?" She rose to greet her friend.

Despite the graciousness of his welcome, Remington was very formal in his behavior. Ramsay Whiting had been there lately whenever he called. There were roses on the piano, and she wore some in her corsage also. Whiting is rich, he thought, and she is going to marry him for his money. That's the way with girls nowadays—they are all so mercenary. He had supposed this one to be an exception.

He sat indenting the carpet with his cane, and saying but very little. For the sake of politeness he laughed in a sickly fashion when anything amusing was said by the others, who were now talking briskly. Dorothy seemed quite excited and interested. Apparently, she paid no attention to Remington's moroseness. When he arose to go, as he did soon under the influence of his mood, she bade him goodbye all smiles and quite indifferently.

Ramsay Whiting's attentions had given great satisfaction to Mrs. Crosby, who, as she often announced to her daughter, had heard

nothing but pleasant things regarding him. He had good manners, and was irreproachable in his habits; so every one said. "He isn't very bright, mamma," remarked Dorothy that evening. Mr. Whiting had staid nearly an hour, and had not been *especially edifying*, as Pauline Lawton would have said.

"I sometimes think, my dear," replied her parent, after a pause, "that you have too romantic ideas on some matters. I sympathize, of course, with your general views; but you must not forget, Dorothy, that, after all, life is practical. You cannot expect to find perfection in this world."

"No, mamma, I don't see many signs of it," said the daughter, a little wickedly. They were both busy with their work. Dorothy had in hand a large piece of canvas, on which she was embroidering flowers in floss. She glanced up for an instant stealthily at her mother, the click of whose large wooden needles was the only sound in the little parlor for some minutes.

"Why is not Mr. Ramsay Whiting, Dorothy, as attractive as Mr. Stoughton or Mr. Remington?"

"I did not say he wasn't, mamma."

"No, my dear; but I have noticed that you seem to have a partiality for young men who are without prospects. You must not misunderstand me, Dorothy. I do not wish to say anything against your friends, or to make mercenary suggestions. I believe them both to be most excellent young men; but they are neither of them likely to be in a position to be married for a long time to come."

"They are getting on very well in their practice."

"I dare say, dear; but it takes a large income nowadays to go to housekeeping with."

"I'm sure I don't want to go to housekeeping with any one. In the first place, nobody has asked me; and in the next, I wouldn't have them if they did," said Dorothy emphatically. "I don't see why you're in such a hurry to marry me off, mamma."

"When your father and I started life together," said Mrs. Crosby,—who, lost in a reflection on matrimonial wherewithals, scarcely heeded her daughter's remark,—“we had only fifteen hundred dollars a year. We kept only one servant, and put out the washing. I don't see how we lived exactly, but we managed to get along.” She shook her head mournfully in the fullness of her reminiscence, for those had been happy years she was recalling. "Girls to-day are not content unless they have everything their fathers and mothers left off with."

Dorothy made no reply. She was used to these discussions with her mother, one of

whose hobbies was the matrimonial question. "Mamma will never be quite happy until she has me off her mind," Dorothy was wont to remark. With all their affection for each other,—and they were extremely devoted, in a way,—Mrs. Crosby had not been able to establish that relation with her daughter which springs from a complete sympathy of tastes and ideas. They were much together, and Dorothy would have done anything in the world to please her parent; but somehow or other she had ceased to make of her a confidante,—to share with her the puzzling reflections that occur to every thoughtful girl. Why this was so, Dorothy scarcely knew herself. It had come about by degrees, as do all such partial estrangements, and was a frequent source of unhappiness to both. Mrs. Crosby complained in sour moments of being lonely, and at such times openly grudged the intimacy that Dorothy enjoyed with Pauline Lawton, a younger sister of the vivacious Florence. The daughter was apt to remain silent under such accusation. She recognized the truth of the statements. She *did* tell Pauline everything, and concealed her intimate self from her mother. Still, how was it to be remedied? That was the important point; and here it was that Dorothy realized, as it were, a certain hopelessness. "Mamma does not understand me," she would say to herself, as she lay recumbent on the outside of her bed, where she was apt to throw herself for reverie at night before undressing. "She does not care for the things that I do. My ideas do not interest her. We are different."

Mrs. Crosby was a plump, easy-going woman, between forty-five and fifty. She had retained much of the vivacity and quickness of wit which had marked her as a girl, as well as that peculiarly cordial manner which makes many Baltimoreans so charming. She wore habitually the air of a belle, as if wishing the world to believe that, though unlikely seriously to consider a second marriage, she was still able to control her destiny in this respect. She now rarely went into society on her own account; but her little parlor was a favorite resort for some of the cleverest men in town,—men who, like the hostess herself, were in the prime of middle life. She delighted to see people, and always had enough to say,—a circumstance which rather tended to put poor Dorothy, who had little of the maternal sprightliness before company, in the shade. Mrs. Crosby was every inch a lady, and bore the privations of a very moderate income with a perfect dignity. She had never wholly laid aside the mourning put on for her husband fifteen years ago. Black silk was becoming to her; but, apart from that, she es-

chewed gay colors out of sentiment. She spent much of her leisure in reading clever French novels.

Under the pressure of that propensity to analyze their parents which is a characteristic of American girls, Dorothy had often puzzled her mind as to what her mother had been like at her age. The romantic story of her parents' runaway match was of course familiar to her, and had shed, so to speak, a wake of poesy over her youth. There had been a time when mamma had seemed to her the very embodiment of genuine romance; but that was long ago. The change in the daughter's feelings had, as has been said, taken place gradually; but a sense of reluctant criticism had grown up in its stead within her heart. Her mother seemed to her, now, so indifferent to ideal considerations, so matter-of-fact, if not worldly, in her estimates! If she did not laugh at things which were sacred to Dorothy, she took no interest in them, or spoke of them as of secondary importance. It was perhaps, after all, not so much what Mrs. Crosby said as what she did not say that troubled the girl. It was the apparent diversity in their respective plans of life that oppressed poor Dorothy. Would she herself be like that some day? Was mamma once as much in earnest and as full of aspirations as she? How often would she ponder these questions, and the train of thought which they set in motion, in the solitude of her chamber!

She was, indeed, in earnest,—sweet, serious-faced Dorothy; and, hand in hand with her idealism, she had nourished a clear and penetrating intelligence,—an intelligence that, moreover, was analytic in its processes. With all her susceptibility to sentimental considerations, she was preëminently a seeker after truth. Her mind was a tribunal where she criticised her every action with rigid impartiality. She liked to sift things to the bottom and to flood them with light. Speculation and inquiry interested her, and she was ever alive to there being two sides to most questions. Her attitude was almost judicial, so deliberate did she strive to be in her judgments. She possessed a strong humorous perception (although, in common with all women, unable to appreciate a jest at her own expense) and a fund of irony, which she did not hesitate to employ against herself.

This habit of unflinching introspection was one of Dorothy's chief characteristics. Inherent in her disposition, which strongly resembled that of her father, it had been fostered by, or rather it had fostered itself upon, the excellent school training she had received. To be sure, it had had the effect of making her, during the last year or two prior to her

début, reserved and conscious, perhaps a little morbid. But she had acquired thereby a potent grasp over herself. Her shyness and self-absorption at that period had been a source of uneasiness to her mother, who had looked for a repetition of Mrs. Maclane's vivacity. Brimful as she was with feeling, Dorothy had been deficient in demonstrativeness; in fact, she was never superabundant in animal spirits. Mrs. Crosby, having, after diagnosis, made up her mind that her daughter was over-sentimental, had been prompted to present to Dorothy, with a greater force than she would have done otherwise, the desirability of being more like other people,—of being practical. Not even after the ugly duckling had lessened the maternal solicitude by force of a charming transformation, did Mrs. Crosby see any reason to alter her opinion. She thought she understood the girl completely, and flattered herself that her hints and *nagging*, as the victim called it, had done much to effect the evolution in question.

Dorothy had brought away from school beliefs that were simple and innocent. The scheme of ethics upon which her conscientiousness had expended itself was of a comparatively primitive order. The world, she had come to consider, was a place where men and women had been put to fit them for existence in a future state. To be unselfish, and eager to do all the good one could, seemed to her the most natural thing possible. Why men committed crimes, why they were sinful, or even idle, was quite incomprehensible to her. There was so much to do in life, and the time was so short in which to do it. Christ had died to save men from their sins; and were they not willing to live righteously for his sake? *She* would do so at least; *she* would prove herself worthy, so far as mortal was able, of the great atonement.

What she was going to do had not been precisely clear to her; but the doubt had never entered her mind but that the path would be evident enough. It might be beset with temptations; but were not faith and conscience proof against the subtlest snares? The way for men was simpler, perhaps; but woman's missions, if more humble, were none the less of service.

Side by side in her breast with these pure aspirations had nestled delightful hopes and imaginings regarding the social world where she was shortly to figure. She had grown to look forward to a brilliant career in society as a natural phase in a woman's destiny. The thought that she was only one of a small minority of the earth's inhabitants who spent their youth in such a manner did not occur to her; or if it did, she dwelt upon her good fortune,

and contrasted it pitiably with the general misery. The doubts and wonderings as to whether she should enjoy herself,—the vague but blissful dreams of conquests and adventures, of ideal admirers whose very suggestion caused her to blush in the dark,—had become her constant and absorbing companions. The thought of doing otherwise than those among whom she had been brought up never presented itself to her. To *come out* was a part of the ordinary sequence of a maiden's days.

So from guileless girlhood she had glided into real life; and the first experience of the same had been even sweeter than anticipation,—sweeter and yet different. The visions and fancies had scarcely fulfilled themselves in the ways she had imagined; but the entrancement of reality was an intoxicating substitute. The admiration of men of flesh and blood flattered her, even while she wondered at its diversity from what she had pictured in her maiden musings. She had been captivated by the delightful experience of becoming acquainted with her own powers, by the exquisite novelty of being sought and courted. With open, yet dazzled eyes, as in a delicious trance, she had let herself be swept along by the current of this strange, new existence.

But of late a sense of awakening had come over her,—not an abrupt and disagreeable experience, but, as it were, a slackening of the cord's tension, a gentle restoration to consciousness. The proportions of things were assuming more of a normal condition, and there seemed to be some chain of connection between the new life and the old. And yet, though painless, this coming back to reality was far from a return to the former status. In the past few months she appeared to have lived years, and, like the Sleeping Beauty in the fable, had awaked to find herself the same, and yet different. The mirror of fancy upon which she had breathed as a child, and traced with facile finger conceptions beautiful and fantastic as frost-work, had been wiped clean by the unfaltering hand of experience, and to-day she saw therein but the reflection of her own fair face. Puzzled and bewildered, uncertain and dismayed, she was confronting life's reality, and bending on its mystery the strength of her keen, honest intelligence and pure heart.

She lay on the outside of her bed that night, after the conversation with her mother, her head resting upon her clasped hands, thinking. Her mental glance sped, with the swiftness common to woman, wide over the field of human speculation, touching with thirsty inquiry on the dearest interests of mortality. What did it all mean? What was the purpose of it all? What relation was

there between the strange yearnings with which she thrilled at times and the bustling world that roared about her on every side? She, too, was one of the dwellers upon earth, and she must play her part in the struggle of life. Her part—what was her part? As she pondered, a vivid sense of the incongruity between the simple faiths of her childhood and the actual sphere of her activity came over her. Whisperings of such a kind had been heard by her often of late, and they would not be put aside, as she in the plenitude of her happiness perhaps would fain have put them aside. What was she living for? What was she trying to become—seeking to be?

She thought of her daily life—of the balls and thousand and one gayeties she enjoyed so keenly, of the constant round of pleasure and excitement. She delighted in them. Oh, yes; they gave her so much happiness. But what was it all leading to? What was the sense of it all? Was this the part she was put upon earth to play? What did she do in the course of the week that was useful—that helped to smooth the axle of the great world to which she belonged? She took a few lessons in music; she made an occasional flying visit to a sick friend; she tore from street to street to pay formal society calls; she went to lunch luxuriously with a bevy of girls; and at night she sallied forth to dinner and the german. There was the programme. On Sundays she went to church, and, kneeling, vowed at the altar of the true Lord to live “a godly, righteous, and sober life.” How grim a mockery, and how cruel a satire! Her thin lip curled with the biting consciousness of the irony.

Ah, yes! But what was she to do? Life was real. Life was practical. She had come to be what she was, and had been placed where she was, without her own agency or control. If she were to change her habits, and renounce all these pleasant things, what should she do? Society, after all, must exist, and calls must be made. Girls must be introduced to the world, and how except through the medium of entertainments? The ways were doubtless exaggerated, the methods mistaken; but what was she to do if she did not accept them? People always considered her romantic, and even peculiar. Her mother until lately had looked upon her as somehow deficient, and now that she was enjoying the triumph of success, was she to renounce it all? Ah, no! But still, was this the purpose of life? Was there no better aim or ambition than this?

With the fatality of her situation staring her in the face like a huge wall of granite,—or rather, like a dense mist, into which her aspirations plunged and lost themselves,—Dorothy, forced back to earth, turned

her reflections by degrees elsewhere. Together with these earnest, serious questionings, she was aware of a sense of dreamy pleasure that hovered about her and associated itself with this new life. What was it? What did it mean? Wherefore did all this admiration and attention excite her so greatly? It was marvelously agreeable. But what was the sense of it? Where would it end? It *did* excite her; ah, yes, it *did* excite her. And why? She closed her mental eyes and lulled herself for a moment in this sweet but unfamiliar consciousness. Then—slowly, and with the frightened side-way glance of the miser who goes to unearth his hoarded treasure, the existence of which he would, if questioned, indignantly deny—she opens her eyes to gaze upon a face that has glided half unbidden into her vision.

Turning her head first, as it were, to make sure that no one is looking, she darts a stealthy, frightened glance at her secret. Breathless and timid, she examines it with furtive scrutiny, as if she feared lest such inspection were not quite right, or some hidden peril attended her curiosity. Her heart beats mutinously, and, terrified at last by its very fascination, she shuts her eyes again, to banish the intruder. She has seen nothing,—oh, no! she has seen nothing. Even to herself she whispers, “I have seen nothing”; and she clasps her hands in the joy of her deliverance; or is it the unuttered, unacknowledged consciousness of her discovery? This is certain, at any rate, that Mr. Arthur Remington’s visiting-card—the one that accompanied the bouquet he sent Miss Dorothy Crosby for the Idlewilds’ ball—lies concealed in a secret corner of her writing-desk.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCES OF THE HOUSE OF ORLÉANS.

IN the tomb of the Comte de Chambord lies the last of the direct line of Louis XIV. possessing any claim to the throne of France; he descended from the eldest son of the Grand Dauphin, who was son of Louis XIV. The second son of the Grand Dauphin became King of Spain as Philip V., and from him descended the families known respectively as the Spanish Bourbons, the Bourbons of Parma, and the Bourbons of the Two Sicilies; but, by the Treaty of Utrecht, Philip formally renounced for himself and his descendants all claims upon the throne of France.

Upon the extinction of the elder branch of the French Bourbons—direct descendants of Louis XIV.—the younger branch, descended from the only brother of the Great King, has taken its place, and fallen heir to whatever rights or claims it may have possessed. That younger branch is known as the house of Orléans; it springs from Philip, Duc d’Orléans, second son of Louis XIII., and only brother of Louis XIV., and its head is Louis-Philippe-Albert, Comte de Paris. This title was borne by Robert the Strong, the stock whence the family of Capet sprang, and also by his son Eudes, the first king of that Capetian race to which belongs the house of Bourbon, now represented in France by the house of Orléans.

From the time of the divergence of the two branches of the royal house, their respective members have shown marked differences of character and natural endowments. After

Louis XIV., no head of the elder branch manifested any marked strength of intellect, or active force of character for good ends; wedded to the theory of Divine Right, hedged in by and holding fast to the traditions, etiquette, and formality of the past, excluded from all contact with the people, they were incapable of understanding the immense changes occurring around them in the present, and bequeathed to their successors a future made infinitely more difficult and dangerous by their own lack of energy, wisdom, and foresight.

With the house of Orléans it has been very different. Its princes have always shown positive traits of character, and the last three generations, at least, have in no case perverted to bad uses the qualities with which they were endowed. All have been men of intellect, and have shown great fondness for learning, a high degree of cultivation, and a desire to encourage and protect men of science and letters. Whenever occasion offered they proved themselves good and brave soldiers, capable of exercising high commands; and whenever authority passed into their hands they displayed the qualities of wise and patriotic rulers.

Take as one example the famous Regent, known to many only as a man abandoned to luxury and debauchery. In his early youth he showed such military talents as to excite the jealousy of his uncle, Louis XIV. Withheld from the army for many years, he

devoted himself to the study of the natural sciences. Created Regent upon the death of Louis XIV., he displayed many high qualities as a ruler, and during the eight years of his wise control the country rapidly recovered from the terrible exhaustion caused by the long wars of the Great King.

The Orléans Princes have always been on the liberal side, have mingled freely with men, have not been blind to the signs of the times, and are honest advocates of the system of constitutional monarchy. In replacing the extinct elder branch, it is impossible that they should adopt its peculiar principles and doctrines; they can never become advocates of the divine right of kings to govern as they please, but must remain true to the traditions of their family. That is to say, they recognize the right of the French people to determine their own form of government, and will honestly do their full duty as citizens under the government so organized, be it republic or monarchy. But they regard a constitutional monarchy as best suited to their country; and, should the people ever decide to replace the Republic by such a form of government, they stand ready to accept the responsibility and perform their share of the work as honest men and true patriots. Should this change ever be made, it will be found that France is still in essence a republic, with a permanent executive, guided by more conservative counsels, and pursuing a more stable policy in regard to internal and external affairs.

It is not my purpose to dwell upon the reign and character of Louis Philippe beyond the extent necessary to indicate his influence upon the surviving members of his family. He used the full power of his position and abilities to increase the prosperity of France, to reëstablish order, and, as far as possible, preserve peace at home and abroad; he reorganized and vastly increased the efficiency of both army and navy. Finding on his hands the war of Algeria, he prosecuted it with vigor to a successful termination; he gave every encouragement to the arts, literature, and industrial pursuits; under him, public works received a great impulse, and liberal legislation was widely extended. Faithful to the constitution until age began to impair his faculties, he yet, toward the close of his reign, seriously injured his position by a strong tendency to substitute his own will for that of his ministers, and committed grave mistakes in foreign and domestic policy which brought about the Revolution of 1848. At first determined to employ strong measures to preserve his throne, he suddenly gave way and abdicated rather than sully the soil of France

with blood shed in civil war; for it would be illogical and uncharitable to attribute to less worthy motives the conduct of the man who distinguished himself most highly at Quévrain and Valmy, and—a lieutenant-general at nineteen—rallied the broken column of Dumouriez by his personal exertions, and at its head carried the intrenchments of Jemappes, thus converting disaster into the victory which secured the triumph of his country. Departing from the old traditions of the divinity which “doth hedge a king,” he gained for himself the title of the “Bourgeois King” by his accessibility and the simplicity of his family life. A devoted husband and father, he brought to bear upon the education of his children all the efforts of his good sense and the results of the experience gained in his checkered career as a prince whose early life was passed amid the excitement of war and the most violent of revolutions, then in exile, wandering not only through Europe but among the wilds of our own country as well, and at last upon a throne.

Louis Philippe inspired his children with the highest sentiments of patriotism, gave them an eminently practical education, afforded them early in life the opportunity of gaining experience of affairs and of sharing the toils and dangers of war with their fellow-countrymen. The result was that such a man as Sir Robert Peel could truly speak of Louis Philippe as a Frenchman all of whose sons were brave and all his daughters virtuous. The sons of Louis Philippe were, in the order of age, the Duc d'Orléans, the Duc de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, the Duc d'Aumale, and the Duc de Montpensier; his daughters were the Princesse Louise, married to King Leopold of Belgium, the Princesse Marie, married to Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, and the Princesse Clémentine, married to Prince August of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

Ferdinand, Duc d'Orléans, was born at Palermo in 1810. When the revolution of 1830 broke out, he was colonel of a regiment of hussars. He took a prominent part in the Antwerp siege of 1832, commanding the advanced guard. In 1835 he was ordered to Algeria, and bore an active personal part in the campaign of that year. In 1836 he organized the Chasseurs de Vincennes, now known as the Chasseurs-à-pied,—picked battalions of light and active riflemen, who have often since more than justified their organization. He afterward served much in Africa, and always with distinction. He was killed in 1842, by being thrown from his carriage. He was immensely popular, and his death was regarded as a national loss; for he possessed all the qualities of mind and person which were calculated to endear him to the people,

and all felt that the nation had lost in him one who would have made an excellent ruler.

In 1837 he married the Princess Hélène of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, a Lutheran. She was in every respect a superior woman, uniting practical common sense with a brilliant intellect and a poetic temperament. Although she was very young when she left her native place, her memory is still cherished there with the tenderest affection. During the long years after her husband's death, she gave herself to the care of her children with a devotion and good sense which produced the happiest results. She had two sons, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres. The Count is now forty-five years of age, and was nearly ten when the revolution occurred which deprived his family of the throne and drove them into exile.

Many who read these pages will remember the impression made upon them at the time by the story of the young and widowed mother who, on the 24th of February, 1848, with her two children, in vain sought refuge in the Chamber of Deputies; driven thence by the mob, she with her elder child escaped with no little difficulty to Bligny, where, on the second day, they were joined by the younger boy, who had been rescued by a friend. Within a few days they crossed the frontier to Belgium, whence they repaired to Eisenach, remaining there until the summer of 1849, when they rejoined the rest of the family at Claremont, not far from London. Here the King died, and around this place the family clustered until the death of Queen Amélie, in 1866.

One of the most pleasant pictures of home life imaginable was that at Claremont during the last years of Queen Amélie. Her children gathered around her, and, wanderers as they were, always returned to her side. Having lost the country they loved so well, they seemed to find their compensation in the tender care and affection they lavished on this gentle lady, who, while preserving her royal dignity, never allowed those around her to forget that she was at the same time a loving and most lovable woman. Under the supervision of their mother and uncles, and with the ablest instructors, the two children of the Duchesse d'Orléans here passed their boyhood, and received an education which never lost sight of the former position of their family and the possibility of their return to France, clothed with the responsibilities of power. Both body and mind were highly cultivated.

Early in life the differences in their dispositions manifested themselves: the elder calm, reflective, and self-poised, the younger impetuous and full of fire; the one gradually

developing the qualities of a statesman and ruler, the other those of a soldier; both of excellent ability, each in his own direction. So far back as the time when they first crossed the channel from Germany to Claremont, their mother wrote in regard to their bearing under the horrors of sea-sickness: "One suffered in patience, thinking only of those who took care of him; the other exhibited an ill-suppressed fury against an illness whose inexorable power he was unwilling to accept."

Later in life, those who saw them in battle observed the same characteristics. One of their comrades during our war speaks of the Count as "a gentleman, in our sense of the word, imbued with the true sense of duty, with whom the motto, '*Noblesse oblige*,' meant something more than words. At the battle of Gaines's Mill, where I saw him under fire, he carried himself with perfect self-possession, and displayed courage of such an unassuming character that I remember being much impressed by his bearing. It was that of an earnest, gallant, God-fearing man, in a moment of trial." The young Duke was in those days a dashing sabreur, seeking danger for danger's sake, and never quite so happy as when under fire.

Until their mother's death, in 1858, the young Princes remained at Claremont, occasionally traveling in Germany, where the elder, especially, spent much time.

In the fall of 1858 the Count traveled in Spain, while his brother served in Italy; and in the following year the brothers traveled in the East, visiting Egypt, Mt. Sinai, the Holy Land, Syria, Constantinople, and Greece. They happened to be in Syria at the time of the Mt. Lebanon massacres, and in 1865 the Count published a work on that subject, under the title of "Damascus and the Lebanon."

In August, 1861, the two brothers, accompanied by the Prince de Joinville, sailed for New York. Toward the close of September they arrived in Washington, and the young Princes at once received authority from the President to enter the army as aides-de-camp, being permitted to serve without taking the oath of allegiance, and without pay; it was also understood that they should be permitted to leave the service should family or political exigencies require it. They were borne on the army register as Louis Philippe d'Orléans and Robert d'Orléans, additional aides-de-camp in the regular army, with the rank of captain, and were assigned to the staff of the Major-General commanding the Army of the Potomac. The Prince de Joinville accepted no rank, and simply accompanied headquarters, on the invitation of the general command-

ing, as an amateur and friend. The position held by these "young gentlemen" — as the Prince de Joinville always designated them — was not free from difficulties. Princes who might at any time be called upon to assume their places in the government of a great nation, yet serving in the army of a republic whose cause was not regarded with very friendly eyes by the existing government of their own country, they had many contradictions to reconcile, many embarrassments to overcome. Connected by family ties with so many of the royal families of Europe, always received by them as of royal rank, the elder regarded by so many in France as the rightful heir to the throne, they could never lose sight of the dignity of their position, while it was at the same time necessary for them to perform their duties in a subordinate grade, and to win the confidence and friendship of their new comrades, who were sure to weigh men by their personal qualities and abilities, not by their social position across the Atlantic. Their task was accomplished with complete success, for they gained the full confidence, respect, and regard of their commander and their comrades. From the moment they entered the service, they were called upon to perform precisely the same duties and in precisely the same manner as their companions on the personal staff of their commander.

In the dull routine of office work, in the intelligent analysis of reports in regard to the number and position of the enemy, in the labor of organizing the Army of the Potomac, in long and fatiguing rides with their general, whether through the widely extended camps around Washington, or from column to column in the field, in accompanying advanced guards and cavalry detachments, in carrying orders by day and night in storm and rain, in the performance of their duties on great battle-fields, they were excelled by none in the alacrity, tact, courage, and intelligence with which their work was done. Far from evincing any desire to avoid irksome, fatiguing, or dangerous duty, they always sought it, and were never so happy as when some such work devolved upon them, and never failed to display the high qualities of a race of soldiers.

Their conduct was characterized by an innate love for a soldier's life, by an intense desire to perfect themselves in the profession of arms by actual experience of war on a large scale, and by unswerving devotion to duty. Not only this, their heads and hearts were with us in our hour of trial, and I believe that, next to their own France, they most love this country, for which they so freely and so often exposed their lives on the field of battle.

Soon after the beginning of the peninsular campaign, the Princes were strongly urged by their friends at home to return at once to England, partly to receive the large numbers of their adherents expected to attend the Exhibition of 1862, and partly because the French expedition to Mexico had greatly strained the relations between this country and France. They persisted in remaining with the army until the close of the Seven Days, and left only when assured that the immediate resumption of the attack on Richmond was improbable. Had the prompt receipt of reinforcements rendered a new advance practicable, it is certain that no considerations would have withdrawn them from the field until the completion of the operations against Richmond. Although warmly attached to them and very unwilling to lose their services, their commander fully recognized the imperative nature of the reasons for their departure, and entirely acquiesced in the propriety of their prompt return to Europe.

In a letter accompanying his formal resignation, the Count wrote :

"I have the honor to inclose my resignation in the form you indicated. You know the imperious circumstances which recall my brother and myself to Europe. It is with deep emotion that we separate ourselves from an army whose destinies we have so long shared, and in whose ranks we have met with so cordial a reception. We are happy that we could at least delay our departure long enough to be present with you at the great events of the last few days. . . ."

The Duc de Chartres wrote :

"It is with the greatest sentiment of regret and sorrow that I feel myself obliged to tender you my resignation. . . . You know, General, all the numerous and important reasons which call us back to Europe, and I hope you do not doubt that, if it had been possible, I should have remained with you longer. . . . It is a sad feeling for a soldier to quit his general and his fellow officers when they are still face to face with the enemy, but I feel perfectly confident that every day new successes will enlarge the glory of the Army of the Potomac and the reputation of its commander. I am glad that, although I was sick, I remained some days more with you, and was able to witness all the important events of last week. I must also say that, leaving the army when the difficult movement of changing its basis of operation is finished, makes me feel much more safe as to the result of the campaign, and I feel perfectly confident that, if proper means are furnished to you, General, I will soon hear of your entering Richmond. . . ."

I have already referred to the presence of the Prince de Joinville with his nephews ; he remained with them until their departure. The Prince also brought with him to this country his son, the Duc de Penthievre, whom he placed at the Naval Academy, then located at Newport. The young Duke passed through the school with much credit, and, entering our navy, acquired the rank of lieutenant before he left it.

From their return to Europe until the Franco-German War of 1870, the young Princes occupied themselves with travel and literary pursuits. Soon after the termination of our war, the Comte de Paris undertook the difficult task of writing an elaborate history of that remarkable contest. He brought to the work an amount of literary skill, impartiality, good judgment, and patient labor which have, in the opinion of many competent judges, placed it at the head of the histories of the Civil War. In the collection of data he has spared neither labor nor expense. The arrangement of material, the opinions expressed, the literary composition are all his own, and it is, in the strictest sense of the words, his own work, and not that of another over his name. The first volume appeared in 1874; the sixth, which has appeared during the current year, includes Gettysburg and Mine Run. While preparing for this important work, he engaged in other literary labors of an entirely different nature.

On his return from this country he found the "cotton famine" at its height, and soon went to Manchester, where he carefully studied the vast system organized in aid of the suffering population of Lancashire. For the purpose of giving the information necessary to organize a similar system in France, he wrote an article entitled "Christmas Week in Lancashire." As the Imperial Government would not permit the publication in France of any article over the name of an Orléans Prince, the article was published in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," February 1, 1863, over the name of "Eugène Forcade."

His interest being aroused by this preliminary study of the condition of the working classes, he pursued the subject with great ardor, and in 1869 published an extended work on "The Trades-Unions in England." This book met with great success, and is remarkable for the abundance and accuracy of the information which it contains, the wisdom of its conclusions, and the candor, liberality, and elevation of its sentiments. The concluding chapter on "The Future of Trades-Unions and Political Liberty" is really a summary of the writer's views on one of the most important functions of government. He advocates the broadest political liberty, an entirely free press, and the unlimited right to form associations, to meet and to discuss all political, social, and economical questions, in the clear light of open day, as the best and only means of preventing those outbursts of popular passion which, fostered by repression and the natural tendency to seek refuge in secret societies, have so often proved fatal in Europe. He thinks that it is only by free

discussion that extreme views can be corrected and sound conclusions reached. This chapter—and in fact the entire work—will amply repay perusal on the part of any one interested in that great question of the present and future, the relations of capital and labor. In this book he also takes the ground that it would be right to apply, wherever possible, the system of participation in profits.

In 1867 he published in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" an article on "The New Germany," and in 1870 one on "The Spirit of Conquest in 1870." In these he clearly explained the then condition of Germany—a state of transition from a disunited group of large and small states, with differing laws, interests, and systems of government, into one vast concentrated empire. He argues that, having become a great military power, Germany must necessarily become also a great naval and colonial power, and that, to satisfy this new ambition and give scope to the mercantile aptitude of its people, it must eventually seek to gain control of Holland.

In 1868 he published an article on "The State Church and the Free Church in Ireland."

In 1864 the Count married his cousin, the Princesse Isabelle, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier and of the Princesse Marie, sister of Queen Isabella II. of Spain. This marriage has been in every respect a most happy one, for the Countess possesses a very high order of intelligence, and all the qualities necessary to insure the happiness of her husband and children, whether in private life or on the throne. They have four children, the Princesse Amélie, born in 1865, the Duc d'Orléans, born in 1869, the Princesse Hélène, in 1871, and the Princesse Isabelle, in 1878.

When the disasters of the war of 1870 began, the Count, like the other members of his family, sought permission to enter the French army; being flatly refused, he had no alternative but to wait, as patiently as he could, the termination of the war. At last, in 1871, the National Assembly revoked the decree of exile, and the Orléans family were permitted to return to their country. In a letter from Twickenham, dated March, 1871, the Count writes: "The curse of civil war has been added to our other misfortunes, . . . but all honest men are decided to uphold the authority of the government established by universal suffrage. . . . But we all ardently hope that the law of exile will soon be abolished, and we shall then return quietly to our native country, there to serve her according to our means, as the country herself may think best. I really do not know what our best friends could wish for us beyond that. What the future government of France will be is still a very obscure question.

We have to fear two dangers: Anarchy and Cæsarism. Whatever government will preserve us from them will be the one we should take and keep, be it Republic or Monarchy." Not long after their return from exile, the confiscation of the Orléans property was revoked and they reëntered upon its possession. The original confiscation was an act of spoliation, and a violation of the rights of private property.

Since 1871, the Comte de Paris has resided in France, often traveling on the Continent. For some years his residence has been the Château d'Eu, on the coast of Normandy, a few miles east of Dieppe. The present château was erected in 1578, by Henry of Guise—le Balafré—on the site of an older castle in which Harold of England visited William the Conqueror. It was enlarged and improved by Louis Philippe, who received Queen Victoria here in 1843. When the Comte de Paris recovered possession, the château and its grounds were in a state of dilapidation, for they had been completely neglected under the Empire. With the exception of three or four rooms, it was necessary to restore the whole interior. All the pictures and furniture have been brought back from England, and the long suites of galleries and apartments are once more hung with pictures and the portraits of the Guises and other historical characters, and decorated with fine old furniture, beautiful porcelain, and innumerable objects of art. The superb suite of rooms called the royal apartments is now hung with hundreds of Hispano-Moorish plaques, producing a very brilliant effect. The kitchens have been rebuilt, and are models of modern convenience; an artesian well has been completed, an ice factory established. The grounds have been largely extended and laid out with all the resources of landscape gardening,—presenting every variety of effect, from the somber grove of ancient beeches, historical from their association with le Balafré, and the heavy masses of trees shading the long line of the more elevated terraces, to the shrubbery, the brilliant masses of flowers, the little lakes and canals irrigating the rich greensward of the low ground bordering the Bresle. The stables at the château, the adjacent farms,—all in perfect condition,—with their kennels, model stables for hunters, farming animals and cows, barns and sheds, accommodation for farm hands, are worth study as examples of the most advanced improvement. All that money, taste, and skill can accomplish has been done, under the Count's direction, to make this one of the most pleasant and comfortable homes in Europe.

Adjoining the estate, and belonging to it,

there is a forest, many miles in extent, abounding in wild boar, which are hunted every autumn. The grounds of the château extend to the sea, close to the little watering-place of Tréport. Nothing could be more attractive than the home life in this château, where, surrounded by every comfort and by everything that can gratify the most cultivated taste, the utmost simplicity prevails in a family united by affection and mutual respect. The Countess, full of activity and kindness, not content with the cares inseparable from such an establishment, finds ample time to devote herself to the well-being of her poorer neighbors. The family have the love and respect of all around them, and as they pass along the roads all the people of the country—even the stanch republicans—halt as they meet, and, with a cordial smile of pleasure, salute "Monseigneur" or "Madame."

It is worthy of remark, that whenever the Orléans family are thrown in personal contact with Frenchmen, of whatever political bias, they seem to gain their respect and kind feeling, and are always received with the social deference due the former position of their family in the state. Their bearing is certainly admirable; for, while never encouraging or permitting familiarity, there is in their manner to the world in general a simple dignity and self-respect, with no touch of superciliousness, which permits them to exercise their natural cordiality without danger of being misunderstood.

The Comte de Paris holds the commission of a lieutenant-colonel of infantry in the territorial army, and conscientiously performs the duties of his rank.

THE Duc de Chartres is essentially a soldier; his bearing, his tastes, the character of his mind, all indicate that he was intended by nature for the profession of arms. In 1858 he entered the special military school at Turin, and when the Austrian war of the following year broke out, he was appointed sub-lieutenant in the cavalry regiment of Nice. On this occasion King Victor Emmanuel desired him to select a saddle-horse from the royal stables, and it is characteristic of the Duke that he chose an animal of pure white, which rendered his rider a most conspicuous mark for the enemy. His regiment bore its full share in the combats and battles of the campaign, and he won his way, step by step, to the grade of captain. After fighting by the side of the French troops, he gained the regard of his own countrymen as well as that of his Italian comrades, and such men as Cialdini and Fanti spoke of him as an officer who, instead of seeking a sinecure position under the pretense of witnessing great operations,

studied war in his place in the ranks, and gallantly did his duty under fire.

Leaving the Italian service at the close of the war, he came to this country and entered our army, as has already been related. Like his brother, he traveled much and engaged in literary pursuits. In 1869, under the title of "A Visit to some Battle-fields in the Valley of the Rhine," he published an excellent résumé of several noted campaigns in that region.

Toward the close of the same year appeared "The Campaigns of the Army of Africa, from 1835 to 1839, by the Duke of Orléans, published by his sons." For this the Comte de Paris prepared the preface, and the Duc de Chartres an introduction which in concise terms gave an admirable history of the events prior to 1835, when his father's narrative took up the thread of the story.

Immediately after the battle of Sedan, the Duke accompanied his uncles de Joinville and d'Aumale to Paris, where they in vain renewed their application to be permitted to serve in one of the French armies; failing in the effort, they were obliged to return to England. On the 25th of September de Joinville and de Chartres quietly disappeared from their homes, and a few days afterward a young man offered himself for enlistment as a private soldier in a battalion of Mables at Rouen; but being required to establish his identity, he departed. On the same day one Robert le Fort, recently arrived from America, was accepted as a captain of National Guards on the staff of the officer commanding the National Guards of the department. This le Fort was the Duc de Chartres, and his identity was confided to his commanding officer—a devoted friend of the family—only after the failure to enlist as a private soldier. He was at first assigned to the command of a small detachment of volunteer cavalry—"les *Éclaireurs de la Seine-Inférieure*." With them he performed such active and gallant service that his commanding general—Briant—obtained for him the commission of *chef d'escadron* in the General Staff corps of the regular army. While at Cherbourg his general was greatly inconvenienced by the total lack of maps of the country, whereupon de Chartres offered to obtain them if given thirty-six hours' leave of absence. This being granted by the general, who had no suspicion as to the real name of his staff officer, he crossed the Channel, went to his home near London, and returned within the specified time with a full collection of the General Staff maps. The secret of his identity was so well guarded that, in a spirit of well-meant kindness, the Prussian royal family caused inquiries to be made of the Duc d'Aumale as to the name under

which he served, so that, if he were taken prisoner, awkward mistakes might be avoided. To this the Duc d'Aumale replied: "Chartres is where he ought to be. If you take him prisoner, shoot him, hang him, burn him, if you choose. He is doing his duty, and we will not reveal the name under which he conceals himself to perform it."

Upon the signature of the preliminaries of peace, the supplementary corps were disbanded, and de Chartres returned to England. When the insurrection of the Commune broke out he went to France and offered his services to the Government, but was not received, because the great numbers of officers just returned from captivity in Germany were regarded as possessing a prior claim to employment. But, impelled by his adventurous spirit, he entered Paris, and was present at the bloody disturbance in the Rue de la Paix on the 22d of March, narrowly escaping the danger of falling into the hands of the Commune. About this time he was recommended by General Chanzy as a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, under the name of le Fort; which honor was, however, willingly awarded him under his true name.

Shortly afterward, subject to the ratification of the Assembly, he was assigned to the Third regiment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and commanded the three squadrons acting with the column of General Saussier, marching on Batna and against Bou-Mezrog. Here, as usual, he distinguished himself.

After two campaigns in the Sahara, in 1872 and 1873, he was finally confirmed in his rank as *chef d'escadron* by the "Commission des Grades." In 1875 he was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy in the Eighth Dragoons, and in 1878 to the colonelcy of the Twelfth Chasseurs. He was recommended by his superiors for the rank of general of brigade, and was regarded as one of the very best colonels of cavalry in the army, having brought his regiment to the finest condition. On the 23d of February, 1883, during the excitement caused by the ill-advised proclamation of Prince Napoleon, he was dismissed from his command in the most brutal manner.

Immediately after his removal, which he bore with great dignity and propriety, he undertook a journey through the Crimea, Persia, Astrakhan, and the Russian cities, from which he has just returned.

In 1863 he married his cousin, the daughter of the Prince de Joinville; they have two sons and two daughters.

THE Duc de Nemours is of a retiring disposition, but is regarded by those who know

him well as a man of excellent judgment and a sound adviser. In his youth he bore an active part in the siege of Antwerp and in the Algerian war, where he acquitted himself with much credit. It is no doubt due to his quiet temperament that he has been less conspicuous than his brothers. He bears a striking resemblance to the portraits of Henri IV. He married a Princess of Saxe-Coburg, who died in 1857, leaving four children. The eldest son, the Comte d'Eu, married the Crown Princess of Brazil, heiress to the throne, and commanded the allied armies in the final operations against Lopez in Paraguay.

The second son, the Duc d'Alençon, is a captain of artillery in the French army, and married a Bavarian princess.

THE Prince de Joinville was educated as a sailor. He first went to sea at the early age of thirteen, and, passing the greater part of his time on active service, worked his way up through the various grades, until in 1838 he commanded the corvette *Créole* in the attack on Vera Cruz. Here he not only distinguished himself in handling his ship during the bombardment of San Juan d'Ulloa, but when the columns of attack were landed he forced the gates of Vera Cruz at the head of his sailors, and, after a sharp contest in the houses, took General Arista prisoner with his own hands. For his service he was made a post captain and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. In 1840 he was assigned to the command of the frigate *La Belle Poule*, and charged with the removal of the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to France. After this he cruised on our coast, visiting Philadelphia and Boston, and thence to the coasts of Africa and Brazil, where, in 1843, he married the Princess Françoise of Brazil, sister of the present Emperor. In the same year he was made a rear-admiral, and thereafter took an active part in the labors of the Board of Admiralty. In 1845, in command of the squadron of evolutions, he cruised on the Morocco coast, bombarded Tangier, and carried Mogador by assault. In this attack he landed with his sailors and, with a riding-whip in his hand, led the men in the assault.

For his conduct here he was made a vice-admiral.

When the revolution of 1848 took place, he was in Algeria with the Duc d'Aumale, and, although he had foreseen and deplored the errors which induced this crisis, quietly gave up his command. From that period until his visit to this country in 1861, he spent much of his time in travel.

When he accompanied his nephews through the peninsular campaign of the Army of the

Potomac, he manifested the greatest interest in all that occurred; his observations were accurate, and his opinions always of weight. His amiability and accomplishments endeared him to those who enjoyed his friendship and his intellectual ability, extensive information, and sound judgment gained their respect. Always in citizen's dress, he wore a large felt hat which attracted the admiration of the men, who knew and liked him, but who would inquire occasionally for the name of his hatter, and not infrequently designated him as "the man with the big hat." His excessive deafness sometimes exposed him unconsciously to fire, and when his horse comprehended the state of affairs the Prince would quietly jog along out of the fire with a quiet, pleasant smile, which showed that he moved more out of regard for the horse than himself. But whenever there was any occasion for remaining exposed, the horse was obliged to sacrifice his own preferences for those of his rider.

He possesses remarkable power with the pencil and brush,—is a true artist,—and constantly employed this power during the campaign, so that his sketch-book made a complete and interesting history of the serious and ludicrous events of the war.

He is a forcible writer as well, and, among other things, has published remarkable articles on the Mediterranean Squadron, the Chinese Question, the Steam Marine in Continental Wars, the Army of the Potomac, the Navy in France, and the United States in 1865, "Another Word about Sadowa," etc.

When the war of 1870 broke out, he made every possible endeavor to obtain permission to serve his country under his own or an assumed name. Foiled in every effort, he wandered about the Army of the Loire, as the American Colonel Lutherod, and whenever occasion offered took part as an artilleryman, as a rifleman, as an attendant on the wounded,—giving good advice to inferior officers, and becoming at last well known to the men, and always welcomed as "the man with the big hat." At length he was arrested and sent out of the country by order of Gambetta. It was a most affecting story, this of an exiled prince, wandering heart-broken among the wrecks of his country's armies, seeking in vain permission to serve her, and gaining such comfort as he could in risking his life in aid of those who, more fortunate than himself, were permitted to discharge openly the debt of patriotism. After the termination of the war he was elected to the Assembly, and restored to his grade of vice-admiral. He has not received any command since his restoration, and has very recently been placed on

the retired list, on the completion of his sixty-fifth year. It is a misfortune for France that she has so long been deprived of the services of so thorough a sailor and so able a man.

Most highly favored in the gifts of nature and of fortune, the Duc d'Aumale has been perhaps the most conspicuous of the Orléans Princes. An accomplished and successful soldier in early youth, a finished scholar and spirited writer, with a fine person and fascinating manner, he, as heir of his relative, the last Duc de Bourbon and Prince de Condé, is possessed of great wealth and vast estates. It would be difficult to find a finer type of the best specimens of the old French noblemen, accomplished gentlemen, and gallant soldiers. After his long years of exile he is still a true Frenchman of the best type; he is still, with the added dignity of years, the same man who, when a youth, ordered his regiment to "present arms" when passing by the Clos Vougeot, where is produced the royal wine, so well known throughout the world, and who, upon meeting the ambassador of Napoleon III. at Naples, in response to the inquiry as to whether his health remained good in exile, quickly said, "Excellent, I thank you. Fortunately that cannot be confiscated."

Educated like his brothers, the Duke entered the army at seventeen, and became a captain in the Fourth regiment of the line in 1839. In 1840 he accompanied his brother, the Duc d'Orléans, in Africa as an aide-de-camp; was first under fire at Afrouar, was present at the combat of the Mouzaia defile, and returned to France in 1841, ill. In 1842 he returned to Africa as a major-general, and until 1843 commanded the subdivision of Médéah. During this period he conducted the brilliant expedition in which he captured the "smalah" of Abd-el-Kader, containing his family, standards, flocks, and herds, his treasure and all his correspondence, besides thirty-six hundred prisoners, thus virtually terminating the contest with the Emir. Now, promoted to be a lieutenant-general, he received command of the province of Constantine, and commanded in other expeditions, in which he uniformly displayed marked ability and daring. In 1847 he became Governor-General of Algeria, and, although only twenty-six years old, acquitted himself of the difficult duties of the position with the highest credit. Upon the abdication of his father he still held the position of Governor-General, and, resisting the temptation to avail himself of his popularity with the army, quietly acquiesced in the revolution, turned over his command to General Changarnier, and went into exile. In England his

large fortune enabled him to live in princely style, and to surround himself with the objects of art and the superb library so congenial to his tastes.

Like his brothers, he traveled much, and when at his home at Orléans House occupied himself with literature and with hunting. In 1870 he also used every effort to reënter the service, but like the others failed. After the war he was elected to the Assembly, and was soon restored to his grade as general of division. He presided over the court martial which tried Marshal Bazaine, and acquitted himself of that delicate task with the utmost dignity and ability. After that time he was assigned to the command of the Seventh army corps, at Besançon, and proved that the long years of exile had not impaired his military instincts and aptitudes, for he promptly brought his corps to a very high condition of discipline and efficiency. In 1874 he was removed from the command and placed on the list of those "waiting orders"; in 1883 he was placed on half pay. Some years ago he was elected one of the forty members of the French Academy. Among his writings are articles on the Zouaves and the Chasseurs-à-pied, the Captivity of King John, the Siege of Alesia, the History of the Princes of the House of Condé, and the famous "Letter on the History of France," which created such an excitement under the Empire.

In 1845 he married the daughter of the Prince of Salerno, by whom he had two sons, the Prince de Condé and the Duc de Guise. The mother died before the revocation of the law of exile, and the sons have followed her, so that the Duke is a widower and childless. His usual residence is the château of Chantilly, about twenty-five miles from Paris. This favorite seat of the great Condé was somewhat enlarged and rebuilt by his grandson, and partly destroyed by a mob during the great Revolution. The Duc d'Aumale has rebuilt it upon the old foundation, and has collected there the gems from his various châteaux. The gallery of *chefs-d'œuvre*, with its old stained glass, the relics of the great Condé, the pictures of his battles painted under his own directions, the superb specimens of old furniture and porcelain, the room decorated by the hand of Boucher, the magnificent dining-hall, and the unsurpassed library, form a whole of the highest interest.

THE Duc de Montpensier, youngest of the sons of Louis Philippe, entered the army in 1842, at eighteen, as a lieutenant of artillery. In 1844 and 1845 he served under the orders of General Bugeaud and the Duc d'Aumale, taking an active and distinguished part in the

severe fighting of these campaigns. In 1846 he was assigned to the command of the artillery school of practice at Vincennes, and continued in the exercise of those functions until the downfall of the monarchy. He married the sister of Queen Isabella of Spain, and took up his residence in that country. Through the various changes and revolutions that have taken place in Spain, his position has been one of great delicacy; but by his great tact, intelligence, and firmness, he has retained the respect and good will of all parties. His marriage has been a most happy one, save in the loss of his daughter Mercedes, the young queen of Alfonso, whose sad and premature death, in the flower of youth and happiness, excited the sympathy of the world. His eldest daughter is the Countess de Paris.

WHERE so many elements enter into the solution of a problem, and especially in a country where the unexpected is so likely to happen, it is impossible to foretell the exact form of the future government of France. The student of French history who understands the character of the French people in the past and present can, however, safely venture to predict this much at least: that, whatever may be the temporary result of any great crisis in the domestic or foreign affairs of France, the enduring establishment of either despotism or anarchy is impossible, and that its permanent government in future must be, in its fundamental nature, republican,—that is to say, established and constantly controlled by the people, conducted in their interests, and in accord with their will. It is less easy to foresee whether this government of the future will remain in name a republic, whose chief executive officer is elected for a term of years; or whether that chief executive will eventually be

chosen for life; or whether France will return to a constitutional monarchy, hedged in and guarded as a real republic by the force of that public opinion which, in modern times, has become omnipotent in all Christian nations which have attained a certain degree of civilization, intelligence, and personal freedom. Whatever the future may bring forth in this respect, it is fortunate for France that her most conspicuous family is made up of men who love their country above all things, who are animated by the purest motives of patriotism, who, whether in exile or at home, have proved that they are not drones, but energetic men of active lives, liberal in their political views, in full sympathy with the people and their needs, and in entire accord with the progressive spirit of the age; men who “are decided to uphold the authority of the government established by universal suffrage”; who, when in exile, only desired “to return quietly to our country, to serve her according to our means, as the country herself may think best”; who, during the twelve years that have elapsed since then, have fully proved their sincerity by serving the Republic honestly, ably, and faithfully, in whatever positions they were placed, as private citizens or holding civil or military offices; and who have abstained from all intrigue against the Republic, and, when most cavalierly and harshly deprived of their offices, submitted quietly and with dignity to an insult not justified by any act or word of their own.

Every true friend of the French Republic may hope that it will feel so secure and strong as at least to trust men who have given no just cause for suspicion, and whose talents, experience, and devotion to their country enable them to render great services, whether in the conduct of affairs in ordinary times, or in some hour of great tribulation.

George B. McClellan.

SUMMER HOURS.

Hours aimless-drifting, as the milk-weed's down
 In seeming, still a seed of joy ye bear
 That steals into the soul, when unaware,
 And springs up Memory in the stony town.

Helen Gray Cone.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Uses and Abuses of Trades-Unions.

"TRADES-UNIONS are regarded, not unjustly, by most workmen as the most effectual agency they can use to resist unjust exactions. If there never had been unjust employers, there would be no domineering trades-unions. The political economy which teaches that cheap production is always a great good, that no man is bound to consider his workmen's needs, that every man must look after himself, is largely responsible for the growing indifference on the part of employees to the interests of their employers."

So writes an intelligent and successful manufacturer in this city. The tone of his testimony is somewhat less severe than that which we sometimes hear from those who take the side of capital in its controversy with labor. He is able to see the workman's side of the question as well as the master's. He is not alone. The number of those who stand with him is not so large as it ought to be; but there is an increasing class of employers who decline to adopt the maxims of political economy quoted by him, and who are learning to put themselves in the places of their workmen. Such employers have ceased to use the sweeping terms of condemnation which were formerly applied, almost universally, to trades-unions, and have learned to speak of them with some discrimination.

It is not necessary to argue concerning the methods frequently employed by trades-unions. Whenever they resort to violence or intimidation they put themselves beyond the pale of good neighborhood. If the police cannot cope with such banditti, let the military be summoned, with grape-shot and bayonets; if they will not yield to milder arguments, let them be relentlessly put down. No man is under compulsion to join a trades-union, and no man in this free country, who obeys the laws and provides for himself and his own, must be forced by his neighbors to work when he does not like to work, or to desist from working when it pleases him to work. If labor is not free, to this extent, in this country, it is high time that we have another revolution to set it free. Whatever points the trades-unions can carry by fair argument, or by moral forces, they are entitled to; whenever they attempt to carry their points by the use of force or fear, they are outlaws, and should be suppressed in the sternest fashion.

It is also true that these societies often behave themselves as if they had been organized for the discouragement of industry. Their apparent object is to secure the largest amount of wages for the smallest amount of work; and a society of which this is the main purpose is a doubtful factor in the commonwealth.

When the trades-unions forbid men to work beyond a certain rate of speed, as they have sometimes done, and forbid the employing of apprentices, and ordain that the least efficient labor shall be paid as much as the most efficient, they are simply setting the interests of the members of their own particular group against the interests of society in general,—and the

interests of the least worthy among themselves above the interests of the most worthy; they are attempting to grasp for themselves advantages which they have no right to monopolize, and to distribute these advantages among themselves in such a way as to discourage industry and skill; they are acting, in short, in a manner extremely unsocial and injurious, and they cannot expect the countenance of intelligent and patriotic persons. The best that can be said about these practices of the trades-unions is that the wages system, as based on unmitigated competition, is a system of warfare, and that everything is fair in war. On no other assumption can such practices be justified.

These violent and selfish methods form no necessary part, however, of the life of a trades-union; and although they are still in use, there is a decided tendency to abandon them, and to rely on peaceful measures. Attempts to coerce non-union men are made much less frequently than formerly. The trades-unions are beginning to see a little more clearly what purposes are legitimate and what methods are expedient, and in working out this problem they are entitled to the sympathy and the aid of all intelligent employers. Unqualified denunciation of such combinations of workmen indicates not only unfairness but ignorance. There are no respectable writers on political economy of the present day who do not distinctly say that such associations of workmen are, under the present system, not only permissible, but indispensable. So long as the wage-system of industry continues without modification, and the rate of wages is determined by sheer competition, it will be necessary for workmen to combine in order to protect themselves. Capitalists combine in great companies and corporations, and the companies and corporations combine in associations that represent millions of money; such combinations are authorized and protected by law. The laborers have the same right to combine for the protection of their interests, and they ought to be encouraged by public opinion and authorized by law to do so.

Professor Sumner of Yale is, perhaps, the most thorough-going Ricardian economist in this country, and his theories of the workingman's rights and claims are certainly not over-sympathetic. Yet he insists, in his latest volume, that "trades-unions are right and useful, and perhaps necessary," and he goes on to give strong reasons for this assertion. "They may do much," he says, "by way of true economic means to raise wages. They are useful to spread information, to maintain *esprit de corps*, to elevate the public opinion of the class. . . . Especially trades-unions ought to be perfected so as to undertake a great range of important duties, for which we now rely on Government inspection, which never gives us what we need. The safety of workmen from machinery, the ventilation and sanitary arrangements required by factories, the special precautions of certain processes, the hours of labor of women and children, the schooling of chil-

dren, the limits of age for employed children, Sunday-work, hours of labor,—these, and other like matters, ought to be controlled by the men themselves through their organizations. The laborers about whom we are talking are free men in a free state. If they want to be protected, they must protect themselves. They ought to protect their own women and children. Their own class opinion ought to secure the education of the children of their class. If an individual workman is not bold enough to protest against a wrong to laborers, the agent of a trades-union might with propriety do it on behalf of the body of workmen." Here is surely a clear recognition of the right of workmen to form such associations, and a broad basis for their operation. Whatever they can do, by consultation, by discussion, by united action, without resorting to force or fear, to increase the rate or prevent the reduction of wages, or to promote their own welfare in any such ways as Professor Sumner has indicated, they not only may do, but are bound to do. The same enlightened public sentiment which denounces the abuses of the trades-unions should emphasize their uses.

The late Congress of the Unions at Paris seems to have been temperate in its action. An international convention for shortening the hours of women's and children's work was proposed and agreed to, and the following minute was adopted :

"The identity of the interests of the working classes in different countries renders international legislation in labor questions necessary. This legislation will be the outcome of class organization, and, above all things, tend to abrogate laws against trade combinations. It should, in the first instance, apply to the weakest and oppressed, to those least capable of protecting themselves, as women and children. Further progress should result from the development of the working classes."

The debates at the Congress are largely the utterances of moderate and fair-minded men, who have no revolutionary propositions to make, and who are cherishing no unreasonable expectations. Undoubtedly the affairs of the local unions are often managed by men of a different temper ; but the presence of a wiser element in their councils should be recognized and encouraged.

What has been said involves the rightfulness of strikes, when these are not accompanied by violence or intimidation. It is doubtful whether the rate of wages is ever materially improved by striking—whether the advance gained would not, in most cases, have come in due season without the strike, and without the serious loss which the strike occasions to workmen as well as masters. Nevertheless, this power of united action belongs to workmen, and should be frankly conceded to them ; it is only to be desired that they should learn to use it intelligently and effectively, in such a manner as not to inflict undue injury upon themselves and their employers.

It should be added that this discussion all proceeds upon the basis of the wage-system. So long as this system is maintained in its strictness, the considerations here urged will be valid. But there is another system to which this reasoning would not apply—a system of federation between workmen and employers ; a system in which private property would be fully recognized, and in which the captains

of industry would reap the full reward of their organizing power, but in which the workmen should have, in addition to their wages, a stipulated share in the profits of production, and thus be consciously and actually, as well as theoretically, identified with their employers in their interests. It is not likely that the labor question will ever be settled until some such method as this is in vogue. Its adoption would not render trades-unions superfluous ; they would still have a legitimate work to do ; but it would change their character, and correct their worst abuses.

Modern Catholicism.

THE recent celebrations of Luther's four-hundredth birthday have borne good fruit. They have given a distinct impulse to historical study ; and the results of this study, as spread before the people in elaborate addresses and in the public prints, have contributed not a little to popular education. The people who read are largely slaves to the record of petty passing events and the novel ; whatever delivers them, though it be but for a brief space, from this bondage, and leads them out into the wide realm of history, is a salutary influence. Moreover, the tendency of the present time to seek out the causes of the things that appear has led to a more careful exploration of the ages preceding the Reformation. It was the popular notion that the Reformation had its birth in the brain of Luther : the more profound and philosophical of the recent discussions have made it plain to multitudes that many political and intellectual causes had been long conspiring to bring on the crisis of which he was the hero. This fact is familiar enough, of course, to students ; but the great majority of the people, even of those who have been educated in the common schools, have but dim notions of the operation of those secular causes whose results are harvested in the great epochs of history : in their hero-worship they are apt to ascribe the uprisings and overturnings of nations to the men whose names are connected with them. Thus they get the impression that great reformations can be produced at any time to order ; and they are impatient of the delays which always attend the working out of important problems in church and state. Wherever the work of Luther has been adequately treated, much light must have been thrown upon this whole subject ; and we may hope that a few of the more rational of the modern reformers will learn from it an important practical lesson.

But the most significant feature of these celebrations is the reasonably good temper with which, in the main, they have been conducted,—the comparative mildness of the *odium theologicum* which they must needs arouse. The old battle between Papist and Protestant has been fought over again by some of the more strenuous partisans on either side ; and there have been those who have sought to make this anniversary an occasion for widening the breach between the two wings of the Western Church. But these have not been the only voices ; many of the discussions have been characterized on each side by justice and moderation. It is known by most of the eulogists of Luther that the Roman Catholic Church of this day and of this country is a very different Church

from that out of which Luther went ; that Leo XIII. is a far more exemplary and devout person than Leo X. and the popes who immediately preceded him ; that, in short, a constant reformation in discipline, if not in doctrine, has been going on within the Church against whose errors and abuses Luther recorded his protest. Doubtless, there is still much that needs to be reformed ; to this every intelligent Roman Catholic will consent ; but the moral condition of both the clergy and the laity of the Roman obedience is far better now than it was four hundred years ago. To what extent this improvement has been due to the counter-irritant of Protestant criticism and example, to what extent it has resulted from the increase of general intelligence, and how much of it must be traced to the vital and remedial forces that are inherent in the organism itself, it would not be possible to determine. It is enough to recognize, with gratitude, the truth that the religious reformation of the last four centuries has not been confined to the churches of the Reformers.

Some of the orators, while fully justifying the Reformation, and giving to Luther and those who wrought with him the honor due to them, have been sanguine enough to express the hope of a reunion in the future between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant bodies. Such a hope might have seemed altogether visionary twenty-five years ago ; but it cannot now be deemed irrational to entertain it. As the conflict with Materialism and Agnosticism has been waxing hotter and hotter, it must have become evident to intelligent Protestants that they have in the Roman Catholic theologians a strong body of allies with whom they ought to maintain friendly relations. It is not Protestantism, nor the Papacy, nor Calvinism, nor Trinitarianism, nor any other secondary Christian dogma that is now on trial ; it is the main question whether there is any such thing as religion — whether there is a conscious God, and a life beyond the grave, and a free will, and a moral law. Upon these issues Protestants and Roman Catholics stand together ; and their agreement, so far as it goes, ought to be recognized and emphasized.

In certain matters of discipline, vitally affecting the life of the family and of society, Protestant teachers gratefully acknowledge that the Roman Catholic Church takes high ground. The Roman Catholic doctrine and practice respecting divorce are much closer to the law of the New Testament than those of the Protestant churches have been ; and there is an earnest effort at the present time to bring the practice of the Protestant churches a little nearer to the Roman Catholic standard. In contending against the foes that destroy the family, Protestants and Catholics can stand together.

It is thus evident that there is much common ground for the two great divisions of the Western Church ; and it is to be hoped that the anniversary which has just been celebrated will have the effect of bringing the more moderate men of both sides into closer sympathy. Signs of this ironical temper are not wanting in recent literature. Two of the most successful books of the past season, "But Yet a Woman" and "The Story of Ida," exhibit a hearty recognition on the part of Protestants of the strength and loveliness of the Christian character as developed under the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Hardy has

not been accused of exaggeration in his pictures of the old priest and the two noble women of his story : he has painted what he has seen ; but his work gives evidence that a born Puritan is able to treat sympathetically the religious life of those in whom, not many generations since, no Puritan could have found a trace of good without incurring the suspicion of apostasy. As for "The Story of Ida," its transparent realism is irresistible. The grimmest Protestant will gladly acknowledge this young girl's saintliness, and will be grateful to Heaven for the faith that inspired and glorified her life.

In spite of all these practical and sentimental agreements, there are still vast differences between the Roman Church and the Reformers, — differences that reasoning cannot extenuate, and that good nature cannot set aside. There never can be unity between these separated churches until great changes take place in the beliefs of those who compose them. Is there any prospect of such changes ? So far as the Protestant bodies are concerned, there is nothing in their principles to hinder them from making any changes which increasing light may require ; and it is certain that the tendency among most of them is to minimize mere philosophical and ritual distinctions, and to put the emphasis upon those elements of character about which there can be no controversy. But what can be said of the Roman Catholic Church ? Is not that, by its very constitution and all its traditions, irreformable on the intellectual side ? Such may be the opinion of bigoted Papists and of bigoted Protestants ; but it is safe to predict that the Roman Catholic Church will not successfully resist the light of science and the genial influences of this new day. It has felt these influences already ; it is sure to feel them more and more. To realize how sensitive is Catholicity to its surroundings, one has only to compare the atmosphere of the churches in the United States with that of the churches on the Continent of Europe, or even with those of the French part of Canada. Many of the Roman Catholics in this country have the Bible in their hands ; it is not denied them, and there is light by which to read it. That mighty angel, the *Zeitgeist*, is abroad, and the rustle of his pinions is heard, now and then, under the arches of cathedrals and in the palaces of bishops. The growing intelligence of the people will make loud demands for reforms within the church. When the time is fully ripe for such reforms, the dogma of infallibility, as Dr. Dörner has suggested, may prove the engine with which to set them in motion. It was monarchy in the middle ages that brought in liberty on the Continent of Europe. The power of the king was strengthened, and he made common cause with the people against their feudal lords. The same thing may happen in the Roman Catholic Church. Some future pontiff, of a liberal spirit and a courageous temper, hearing the cry of the people for some lightening of their load of dogmas and ceremonies, and knowing that the time is at hand, may rise up and wield that supreme and unquestionable power which the Vatican Council has conferred upon him, in the reformation of many abuses, and in the great enlargement of the liberties of the Roman Catholic people. Such a movement, when it is once begun, is not likely to be arrested ; it may be long delayed, but its hour will come.

The Proposed Library Building in Washington.

ALTHOUGH the question of securing better accommodation for the Library of Congress has long been a burning one in Washington, it has not received as much attention from the outside press or from the people at large as is warranted by its great national importance. Few who have not personally inspected the present library can imagine the deplorable condition of the collection; few who have not read the reports of the librarian can conceive how rapid has been its recent growth or how inevitably this will increase in the near future; and still fewer, probably, know what steps have thus far been taken toward the erection of a new structure.

At the end of the year 1874 the library contained 274,157 volumes and some 50,000 pamphlets; while at the close of 1882 the aggregate was no less than 480,076 volumes and 160,000 pamphlets. All this immense and so rapidly growing mass of literature is now housed in a way which prevents its proper use and endangers its very existence. Long years ago the shelves were filled; supplementary ones—necessarily of wood—have been introduced wherever possible; and books are piled in great heaps all over the floor, allowing scarce space for the library attendants to move from point to point. The Toner collection of 27,000 volumes, a donation of the past year, is lodged in the crypts under the Rotunda. Every other unoccupied chamber in the Capitol has been pressed into service, and the very valuable files of domestic and foreign newspapers are stored in a garret partly of wooden construction. It is needless to say that the accommodation left for readers is ridiculously meager, and that there is not a place where a Member of Congress can work in even comparative quiet and privacy. A few more years and the librarians will be buried alive, and it will be physically impossible to introduce another volume. To this prospect must be added the unavoidable and ever-growing risk from a fire, which would be surely fatal if once started in these crowded rooms.

It has actually been asked more than once why, under these circumstances, are additions made to the collection? Such a question hardly merits a serious answer; but a sufficient one is furnished by the mere fact that here—alone in all the world—the functions of a copyright bureau are combined with those of the library proper. From this one source came, in 1882, 22,000 additional numbers into the collection. Of course there can be no pretense of affording proper accommodation for the copyright clerks, or proper storage for the specimen volumes furnished under the law. The fire which may occur in spite of the great watchfulness of the attendants would not only be a public calamity, but a great private injury to multitudes of authors and publishers. Every man who pays for the copyrighting of a book or print has therefore a special right to demand that Congress shall provide a place in which the records of the transaction may be preserved in a suitable manner.

Of course none of these facts are new to our legislators. It is many years since the necessity of further accommodation for the library was demonstrated, and no fewer than nine years since active agitation has been under way for its attainment. The first proposal was to enlarge the Capitol itself by means of a projecting

wing. This was seen, however, by every architect who was consulted and by every person who realized the rate of growth of the collection, to be a plan that would not only ruin the appearance of the Capitol, but afford only a temporary, makeshift shelter for the books. "But," many a Member of Congress has been selfish enough to say, "it is the Library of Congress, and as such must not be removed from under our roof. Better have it improperly housed here than properly in any other place." Such a theory is to the last degree mistaken. To say that Congress needs for constant reference all these half-million volumes of miscellaneous literature is palpably absurd. If the bulk of them were removed to another spot, the present rooms would give ample fire-proof accommodation to a library of some 50,000 or 60,000 volumes, which would be more than sufficient for the needs of our legislators, and more than are to-day included in the library of the English Parliament—which, nevertheless, does not seem to pine to have the British Museum collection brought in under its roof. It is time, indeed, that this sort of opposition at least should give way to the absolute and crying needs of a library which is national in fact, if Congressional in name.

Nearly ten years ago a public competition was opened to obtain designs for a new library. Many architects responded, though few whose names would now be cited as among those of our better artists. The prize—there was no immediate prospect of actual work—was awarded to a local practitioner. The "Joint Committee on Additional Accommodation for the Library of Congress" long afterward authorized three architects—among them the former prize-winner—to prepare competitive designs once more, and this gentleman again won the suffrages of the judges,—not in an unqualified way, however; for he has since been requested or allowed to alter and correct his essays and to draw new ones in several different styles, until no fewer than nine or ten now hang on the walls of the committee room. Two years ago a bill to secure an appropriation to buy ground east of the Capitol, and to begin work according to the premiated design, passed the Senate, but was postponed in the House. Last session—February, 1883—a similar bill was defeated in the House by a majority of eleven votes. Shortly after, an amended bill providing for the construction of a library building, in sections and limited to cost two million dollars, upon some "government reservation" to be selected by a commission composed of the Secretary of the Interior, the Architect of the Capitol, and the Librarian of Congress, received a majority of fifty-eight votes in the House, but failed to pass because of the necessity for a two-thirds vote.

The failure of the first bill was undoubtedly owing to the site named therein. This site, which lies east of the Capitol, just beyond its own grounds, is not a government reservation, but would need to be acquired by purchase. Immediately there arose the dreaded cry of jobbery, and Congress shrank before it. Yet it seems as though this were the best possible site, since it is near the Capitol, and yet far enough away—remembering that there are rapidly growing groups of large trees between—to obviate the necessity of adopting a style of architecture absolutely identical with that of the Capitol itself. The only other available site is on Government ground south of the Treasury

building and between it and the Washington Monument. This, however, offers a less fortunate opportunity for architectural treatment, since it is partly surrounded by buildings which are mean and yet are likely to be permanent, and since it lies lower than the level of the approaching streets. A site formerly recommended for the purpose — on Judiciary Square — has now been appropriated for the new Pension offices, and few indorse the suggestion that more of the too-contracted public ground lying between the Capitol and the Potomac should be built over for any purpose. Surely the people would not grudge the necessary expenditure to secure the best possible site for their national library, and any Member of Congress who will say this in the present session should receive the thanks of the public and the support of his colleagues.

Thus the matter rested at the close of the last session. The committee in charge lapsed with the dissolution of Congress, and a new committee has now been appointed, which may either indorse the old plans and measures, or advocate new ones, and must then in either case appeal again to House and Senate.

Much as one regrets on general principles the failure of former efforts, it is yet impossible not to hope that the new committee will not feel itself bound in any way by the action of its predecessor, but will start quite afresh from the beginning. It is true that some little time will be lost by this method of procedure, and that time is of vital importance, since the present condition of the library is a national disgrace, and may result in a national misfortune. But it would be a misfortune and a disgrace were we to be given a building inferior to the best that might be obtained, — were one more to be added to the long list of architectural monstrosities, put up under governmental control, which deform our cities and corrupt the public taste. Ten years ago it would have been possible to secure a respectable, dignified, and scholarly building. To-day it would easily be possible to secure much more than this. We have now not one architect, but several, able to erect a structure upon which we could look with contentment and with pride. But it is well within the bounds of truth and charity to state that none of the designs of the architect who has thus far been most successful in competition come within this category. Pressing as is our need of a new library, we might better wait for a long time yet than afflict posterity by the execution of either of his essays. It is not a mere matter of "taste" which is involved in this decision. It is many matters of *fact* which are not readily perceptible, apparently, to untrained eyes (since they were not perceived by the various committees), but which could be thoroughly demonstrated to any mind whatever, were the drawings at hand for illustration. The first proposed elevation shows a so-called Gothic structure, impossible to describe according to any recognized type or formula. Not that one would deny freedom to the modern builder, whatever the style he chooses, or the liberty to recombine his elements and innovate upon the grammar of his predecessors. Architecture is, if anything, a living art, and may grow as does a living language, often welding together elements from various tongues. But it is not growth, it is not liberty or originality, to plan an immense front without any expression of the building's purpose or internal structure, without proper distri-

bution of masses or consideration of proportions, and then to cover it from top to bottom with a wilderness of applied details drawn from many times and quarters, without relation to the building they cover, the places they hold, or the functions they might reasonably be expected to fulfill, and utterly inharmonious with one another. Many of the details of this drawing could hardly be executed in their given places unless made of wood; none of them serve to strengthen or adorn the building, but all of them to deform, if not to drag it down.

Another design shows the same general outline with "Renaissance detail." One instance may serve to show the author's capabilities in this direction. The upper range of windows is of a type commonly found in early Italian Renaissance dwellings, round-arched, and divided into two round lights, with a circle in the space above these — the design being, of course, a reminiscence of Gothic tracery. Such a window is quite complete in itself; but here the designer, in his mad desire for "ornament," has placed above each a straight cornice with a triangular pediment, having no connection with the forms below; and to show that it has no use, even as a protection from the weather, it may be added that immediately over it projects the heavy cornice of the building.

The design which received the latest indorsement of the committee is a simpler Renaissance essay, less objectionable by reason of being less ambitious, but not really more excellent. Any visitor to Washington may examine these designs for himself, or may look at the new part of the Georgetown college for an example of what their author can produce. It would be, we repeat, nothing less than a public misfortune should the erection of the great new library be a sister work.

But since better architecture is surely to be had, how should the committee go about the task of securing it? The first and most essential thing is that they should abandon the idea of sitting as expert judges in an artistic matter. In no other province does the average layman hold himself capable of testing and directing professional work; but in the art of building it is the unfortunate custom for such capability to be claimed. If it is desirable that the library building should be a good work of art, then no lay committee appointed on purely political grounds should attempt to guide its erection. If it is *not* desirable and necessary, then let all pretense in this direction be frankly given up. Let us have a plain brick warehouse, in which our books can be safely stored until such time as we realize more clearly our needs, and the way in which they should be satisfied.

The first thing to be secured, of course, is a good plan. For this, the advice of competent librarians is absolutely necessary. A committee of such might be chosen, and some design agreed upon as to general features and requirements only; for if the architect is in the least competent, he will be able so to modify it — in consultation, if desired, with them — that their ends will be better served than by their own inventions. For the selection of this competent architect, there is more than one way open. The plan most usually adopted at the present day, in England as well as here, is to invite certain artists to join in a competition, each, whether successful or not, to be remunerated by a sum which will pay him for his time and

trouble. A simpler, more economical, and at the same time more sensible and dignified plan would be to choose an architect out and out. Surely a man's ability may be as easily judged from structures he has already erected as from architectural drawings, especially as these may be among the most hieroglyphic, untrustworthy, and misleading of earthly things. Whichever course is decided upon — whether that of competitive or of immediate choice — the Congressional committee should not trust in its own wisdom. Its proper work would be to designate a disinterested and well qualified judge or judges whose decision should be final and untrammelled. It would not be difficult to find men amply competent for this task, — men (like Professor Ware of Columbia College, for example) who are educated architects and accomplished critics, able to understand both the artistic and the material requirements of the problem, but who, not being concerned with the actual practice of their profession, would be above all suspicion of prejudice or self-seeking. Indeed, Congress has such a man close beside it in the person of the Capitol architect. He has his hands so full of his own work, is so averse to personally directing this project, and is, moreover, so thoroughly acquainted with the necessities of the case and the course of former agitation, that no better acting representative of the Congressional committee could be chosen. By thus putting the artistic part of the matter out of its own hands, the committee would not accuse itself of ignorance. It would clearly show, on the contrary, that it had a wise appreciation of the dignity and difficulty of the problem, a wise judgment as to how it should be met, and a wise wish to shift from its own shoulders upon those better fitted to bear them the burdens of public criticism and possible professional jealousy.

It may be added that, with regard to the selection of a site, no commission could be better qualified than the one we have above named as already once selected for this purpose.

On the Reading of Dante.

WE doubt if there is any name in literature at the same time so familiar and so unknown to those who speak English as that of Dante. It is an evidence, indeed, of Dante's unique power, that his character, in its sterner aspects at least, has impressed itself so strongly upon the imaginations of men that his name, even where his writings remain unread, stands as a type of deep and awful insight. Even those who have not read a sonnet of the "*Vita Nuova*" or a single canto of the so-called *Divine Comedy*, know that this is the mortal who, in a certain real sense, has seen Hell. As a mere word, even as a typical and expressive word, Dante is constantly before our eyes; and yet there are comparatively few who have read, even in translation, anything but extracts from the world-famed trilogy. As a rule the "general reader," if curiosity leads him that far, seldom gets beyond the "*Inferno*." This is true in America at least, notwithstanding that American scholarship has long been especially occupied in translating, or otherwise elucidating, the life and works of the great Florentine, — as is attested especially by the writings of Parsons, Norton, Lowell, and Longfellow. And now, another de-

voted student of Dante, Miss Sarah Freeman Clarke, is about to make public (in the pages of *THE CENTURY*) the results of many pilgrimages undertaken with a view to identifying the places and objects visited by the poet in his wanderings. By way of preface to these chapters, a study of Dante by Miss Rossetti and a paper by Miss Clarke on the portraits of the poet are printed in this number.

It is greatly to be regretted that an exaggerated idea of the obscurity of the poem should lead so many who are well fitted for its enjoyment to neglect the leading work with which Dante's name is associated. It is true, however, that as culture extends a knowledge of Dante grows among us in a rapidly increasing ratio, owing partly to the interest reawakened by the Rossettis, and also to the labors of American scholars already alluded to. A good work is being done, moreover, by the Dante Society. Readers are learning not to stop with the first book of the *Comedy*, but to continue through the "*Purgatorio*" and the "*Paradiso*" to the proper ending. In no other way, of course, can the full beauty and compass of this extraordinary conception be comprehended. Certain of the former writers on Dante are partly to be blamed for the slight thrown upon the second and third books of the trilogy — a slight strangely undeserved. For the "*Inferno*" (though not without a certain completeness in itself) is, of course, but a prelusive part of the spiritual journey described in the trilogy. The climax of the wonderful story is not reached in this portion of the poem — or rather, neither of the two climaxes, for there are two. In the "*Inferno*" and in the "*Purgatorio*" Beatrice hovers unseen over the aspiring soul of her still earthly lover. As we read the "*Purgatorio*," we ask ourselves, can even Dante fulfill the expectations he himself has raised, when it comes to the actual meeting with Beatrice? But this he does in this second division of the poem, while to the third is reserved the still more difficult task of preserving the dramatic interest and bringing it to a second and higher culmination in the concluding vision. In describing Beatrice and glorifying her, how he marshals all history, all philosophy, and all theology! But the story rises ever upward, as it should, from Hell, through *Purgatory*, to Heaven, growing more and more ethereal, exalted, mysterious, till the final apocalyptic page is reached, and the poet comes at last to the central "abyss of radiance":

"O Light Eterne, sole in thyself that dwellest,
Sole knowest thyself, and, known unto thyself
And knowing, lovest and smilest on thyself!"

We cannot conclude this "advertisement for readers" of Dante better than by quoting the following from Dean Church: "The '*Divina Commedia*' is one of the landmarks of history. More than a magnificent poem, more than the beginning of a language and the opening of a national literature, more than the inspirer of art and the glory of a great people, it is one of those rare and solemn monuments of the mind's power which measure and test what it can reach to, which rise up ineffaceably and forever as time goes on. * * * It is the first Christian poem; and it opens European literature, as the '*Iliad*' did that of Greece and Rome. And, like the '*Iliad*,' it has never become out of date; it accompanies with undiminished freshness the literature which it began."

OPEN LETTERS.

The Silver Dollar: Is it Honest? and, if Honest, is it Expedient?

By the Constitution of the United States, we, the people, have wisely surrendered to Congress the power to coin money and regulate its value. We hold the fallacy lurking in the meaning of this word "value" responsible in a great measure for the criticisms issuing from many trustworthy and honorable sources against the honesty of our national legislation in remonetizing the old silver dollar. In 1873 our nation was enormously burdened with debts, which were solemnly pledged to be paid in coin, and it became a question of vital importance to select the metal of which the coin should be made.

The silver as well as the gold dollar was then, as now, a full, unlimited debt-paying coin of the country. As for more than twenty years preceding this time it required on an average over one hundred and three cents of gold to buy enough silver to make a dollar, it was thought to be a happy, economical stroke of policy to cease coining silver as full legal-tender money, and use gold alone, as it was the cheaper metal. In 1878 this rash financial mistake was rectified, and the silver dollar was again ordered to be coined. In the meantime the legislation of our country and of Germany against silver was one of the most potent causes in decreasing the demand for this metal, and consequently decreasing its intrinsic value, so that we find ourselves coining silver dollars out of a quantity of silver that we buy for about eighty-six cents in gold. Hence this dollar has received the libelous nickname of the "dishonest" or "clipped dollar," when it is well known that the quantity of pure silver contained in it has never varied since the first organization of our mints. It is equally well known that our Government in 1834 removed over six and a quarter per cent. of pure gold from the gold dollar. Whoever contends for the perfect honesty of this silver dollar strives for the honor of his nation just as effectually as if fighting her battles in a just cause at sea or on land.

When this word "value" is used in relation to money, no discussion can be precise unless qualified, either mentally or in words, by something to show its real meaning, and thus avoid being misled by one of the most seductive of word-fallacies. Money has at least three distinct kinds of value—debt-paying, intrinsic, and purchasing. The legal debt-paying value of money is a question of statute law, and is regulated only by this law. Its intrinsic value is a question of supply and demand, and is regulated only by this rigid economic law. Its purchasing or exchangeable value is a question of prices, and is regulated by the will of the people without regard to statute law. Thus, the silver dollar now worth intrinsically so much less than gold has a home debt-paying value equal to gold, and will purchase the same quantity of commodities or services from our people.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of

our marvelous age is the growth and magnitude of our private and public debts. Hence, this debt-paying quality of money is a question of commanding importance, and must not be seriously interfered with, unless in a great emergency. Congress has full power to fix permanently this debt-paying quality of money by maintaining the material, weight, and fineness of the coin. Whenever it changes these elements, existing contracts are violated. A legal debt is simply a contract or promise to pay at some future day a certain, definite quantity of the commodities, gold and silver, coined into full legal-tender money; or, if the promise is fairly settled by paper, it becomes a title to real money or its equivalent. We admit, however, that Congress has enacted that greenbacks are full legal-tender money, and that our Supreme Court has confirmed the law, and our people have indorsed these actions; yet this triple confirmation does not logically bridge over the immense chasm between real money and this fictitious paper representative. The civilization of the world would be paralyzed without the use of paper money in some of its various forms, and hence it is of inestimable utility; but we should never for a moment forget that it is not real money.

Gold and silver money is our measure of the exchangeable values of all other commodities. While this is true, let us examine if by any possibility the intrinsic value of either gold or silver in comparison with each other, or with the various exchangeable commodities in use in common life, can be maintained at a fixed point. All political economists without hesitation answer, No. The intrinsic value of coins, it matters not of what they are made, cannot remain fixed, but is continually varying from day to day, and from century to century. The supply and demand of the metals out of which they are coined, which are always variable, regulate this kind of value.

The assertion that the intrinsic value of gold remains comparatively fixed is almost as absurd in the science of finance as the Rev. John Jasper's astronomical assertion, that the earth remains fixed in position and that "the sun do move." Yet on this false theory how many of the arguments against the use of silver depend. As it is utterly impossible to have any standard of intrinsic value that will remain unvarying, shall we abandon the attempt to have one as steady in this quality as possible? The united wisdom of the commercial world for ages has given us this double standard of gold and silver as the most fit materials for money. We admit that this measure is a constantly varying one, but it is far more steady in this quality than either metal alone could be. Statisticians of the greatest reliability give us these two important facts, bearing on this case: Scarcely one-tenth of the people of the world now use gold as their sole legal standard, and about forty-six per cent. of the real money in use in the world is silver. Is it not then an immense stretch of the imagination to say that gold is "the money of the world"?

Should the world abandon the use of silver as a full

legal-tender money metal, does it require the mental caliber of a Newton to see that the demand for gold would be so great as enormously to increase its intrinsic value? It would approximately double all of our debts and decrease by nearly one-half the prices of all exchangeable commodities. It would cause a complete financial crash and revolution throughout the entire commercial world.

The demand for either metal for coinage increases its utility, and hence its intrinsic value; and if the civilized world would wisely make their principal demand for the cheaper metal (whichever that might happen to be) for coining full legal-tender money, the constant tendency would be to equalize the two metals at their old ratio in intrinsic value. The effect would be very marked should Germany alone change her unwise legislation of 1871 against silver, and should England again fully remonetize silver, as so earnestly advised by many of her most able financiers. This alternate use of these two precious metals is one of the most active forces in giving us money of comparatively great stability in this most essential quality of "intrinsic value."

It is a common but very captivating delusion to speak of a gold yard-stick, or of a silver yard-stick, when referring to coins as "measures of values." Nature has given us unvarying laws to test our "standards of weights and measures." Statute law may enact that the yard shall be reduced to one-third of its length, but this will not make the real height of a man who was two yards tall a single hair's breadth greater. We have no such unvarying natural laws to test the intrinsic value of our money standards. We can maintain the weight of the coins by accurate balances, their fineness by chemical analysis, their appearance by careful coinage, and their debt-paying value by statute law, but here we must stop.

The use of the phrase "standard of value," referring to the intrinsic value, is a mischievous delusion unless we conceive of a standard as being *elastic*. The phrase "agent of valuation," rather than "standard of value," will give a correct idea of this function of money.

By the adoption of the simple common-sense expedient, of leaving the coinage of silver entirely under government control, restricting it within reasonable limits, and of buying all of the metal needed at its market price, we have avoided the calamity of being overrun with the silver of the world. Notwithstanding our immense silver coinage, we have not met with the bankruptcy and ruin which it was foretold would result from this one cause alone; but, on the contrary, our national credit was never better than at present.

Coin is specially fitted for vault service, not for the pocket; and bankruptcy will not likely disturb us simply because our vaults are filled with real money and our pockets with its well-secured paper representatives.

John A. Grier.

COMMENT.

THERE is a difficulty in the way of answering or commenting upon Mr. Grier's article — the difficulty of knowing what he is driving at. There is nothing so discouraging as attempting to answer a writer

who has no clear idea of what he wants to prove, and who skips with bird-like freedom and unconcern from one branch of his subject to another, disdaining any continuous line of thought. For want of any other fulcrum to begin work upon, let us take the caption of his article.

"The Silver Dollar — is it honest?" This query is of a piece with the general slipperiness and uncertainty of Mr. Grier's argument, because it may be answered in two or three different ways. If it is meant to ask whether the silver dollar really weighs four hundred and twelve and a half grains, nine-tenths fine, as the law requires, it is undoubtedly honest. If the question is whether the silver dollar is worth as much as any other American dollar, standing on its own merits, everybody knows that it is not, and that, so far, it is a fraud. Bear in mind that the silver dollar purports to stand on its own merits and calls itself a dollar, differing in this respect from the greenback dollar, which makes no such pretensions, but calls itself a promise to pay a dollar. "But," says one, "even if the silver dollar, standing by itself, is not worth as much as some other American dollars, it nevertheless passes for as much." So does a counterfeit dollar until people find it out. The silver dollar and the counterfeit dollar are dishonest and misleading in this, that both pretend to be the equivalents, as metal, of the property they exchange for. The silver dollar is at par with gold up to the present time because the Government redeems it at the custom house, the tax office, and the land office. The Government has never said that it would give a gold dollar for a silver one at the Treasury, but its action, for the time being, has the same effect, since otherwise its collections of taxes and duties would be made in gold — exclusively. Silver has thus received a factitious outside support over and above its metallic value, and it is this support which, for the time being, veils its dishonesty. The dishonesty consists in the very fact of passing for more than it is worth — as metal. Whether we consider twenty-five and eight-tenths grains of standard gold, or four hundred and twelve and a half grains of standard silver, the more fit and proper unit of value, all must agree that if the latter passes for as much as the former it passes for more than it is worth, and that its extra value must be borrowed from some extrinsic and foreign source, which may or may not always continue to lend it the necessary support. This proposition has all the force and certainty of mathematics.

If, however, Mr. Grier intends to ask whether the reintroduction of the silver dollar into our coinage after its value had fallen below the legal ratio of sixteen to one was an honest act, — if this is the purport of the query which stands in the caption, its pertinence at this time is not perceived. The question was debated in the forums of law and morals, at great length and with great heat, more than five years ago. The vote taken in Congress upon it never convinced anybody, and it is hardly worth while to go over the heads of the discourse now. What the Government did at that time was simply to assert its right to pay its own debts in silver dollars of four hundred and twelve and a half grains, nine-tenths fine, which it could produce at ten per cent. less than gold dollars. It did not authorize private persons to pay their debts in the same way, because it held in its own hands the

right to manufacture silver dollars, and refused to sell them to the public for anything less than the price of gold dollars. Having asserted its own right in the premises, it has never yet exercised it. It continues to pay its debts in gold or gold value. Whenever it shall exercise the right to pay its bonds, interest, pensions, and current obligations at anything less than gold value, the question of honesty will come up afresh. At the present time it is not important. The only other right which the Government assumed in the silver act was to take two million dollars per month from the tax-payers to pay for silver bullion to be stamped with the figure of a spread eagle, and laid back in the earth from whence it came. Although the question of honesty is not of immediate importance, the \$24,000,000 per annum of public money spent upon silversmithing is of real consequence to those who foot the bills.

Is the silver dollar expedient? This again depends upon another question—viz., how many silver dollars are meant? One silver dollar would be expedient as a matter of curiosity. A few millions would be expedient for small payments, although the superiority of whole ones over halves for this purpose is not apparent. Fifty or sixty millions would be expedient if all notes smaller than five dollars were withdrawn, and the gold quarter eagle stricken from the coinage. Finally, it appears that under our very cramped and rigid national banking law and the operation of rapid debt paying and bond cancellation, room has been discovered for the circulation and use of ninety-nine millions of silver certificates—these being the only form of paper currency which could be obtained in haste in any desired quantity, of denominations as low as ten dollars. No virtue need be attributed to silver for all this, since it is gold, or gold value, which is invariably deposited at the Treasury in exchange for silver certificates. An equal number of new greenbacks would have circulated as readily, there being a real demand for them arising from the country's growth. An equal number of new national bank notes would have been provided, if bonds had been plentiful and the price not too high. It happened shortly after the silver certificates were authorized that a great development of agricultural and mining industry took place in the West and Southwest, and a heavy stream of immigration set in from foreign countries. This Western development called for a new supply of paper currency, and the silver certificates were the only available source. They were taken out for want of anything better. They are not legal tender except at the custom house and the tax office, but being received there they answer the purposes of currency. Copper or iron certificates under like conditions would answer as well.

Taking things as they are, however, and pursuing the inquiry *how many* silver dollars are expedient, we may admit that of the whole amount coined up to this time, viz. \$158,000,000, all except \$39,000,000 are in use somehow either as coin or as certificates: \$39,000,000 remain in the Treasury, an altogether dead investment, representing at 3 per cent. \$1,170,000 of annual interest lost to the tax-payers; and this stock is invested at the rate of \$2,000,000 per month. It is shown that the services rendered by the silver certificates might be much more easily secured in other ways, but for

the sake of argument we will assume that about 119,000,000 of such dollars are expedient. The only question open to intelligent discussion is, whether it is expedient to go on manufacturing a particular coin after the limit of its circulation, either in its original or its representative character, has been reached and passed. Upon this question Mr. Grier throws no light. He does not seem even to apprehend it.

Never before in the world's history has any government charged itself with the duty of making metallic money, either gold or silver, beyond the needs of itself or its people. The United States alone furnish this example of wasteful and ridiculous excess. The solecism, it is well known, came about in the way of a compromise between two sections or factions of the "friends of silver" in Congress, one of which desired unlimited coinage, while the other desired limited coinage. It would be nearer the truth to say that one side desired to give everybody the privilege of scaling his debts ten per cent., while the other side desired to confine it to the Government. The result of the compromise was a limitation of the monthly coinage, but no limitation of the total. The arrangement was based upon no principles of finance. It was a mere "back fire" started against the Bland bill. It had the effect of stopping Mr. Bland's fire, but is itself still burning. What it may destroy hereafter is a matter of conjecture, but it is certainly consuming two million dollars per month of the public taxes, and serving no purpose except to steady the price of silver for mine owners in all parts of the world, and still more for the treasury and trade of British India, for which service we have as yet received no thanks.

The question, "Is the silver dollar expedient?" has no significance except as an inquiry whether the continued coinage of two millions per month, after all demands for silver dollars have been more than satisfied, is expedient. It must, of course, be answered in the negative.

Horace White.

Artistic Help in Divine Service.

It was thought to be of sufficient interest to the public to be stated in the reports of the meeting of the American Board at Detroit, last autumn, that at the beginning of the first service the hymn, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come," was sung "as usual." Of course, most of us understand that the tune always employed is "Antioch." It is worth the inquiry, as a curious little speculation, whether the third verse was produced with the reduplication of those expressive syllables "Far as," according to the music requirement, "Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far *a-as*—Far *a-a-as* the curse is found"; and also whether the fourth verse is still loaded with the singular division which makes the people say: "And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And *wo-on*—And *wo-o-on*-ders of His love." That is the way it used to be in Monthly Concert.

It is difficult to conduct a sober discussion on the special point to which I have long been wanting to draw attention, as one of the singing multitude, without seeming to be in fun instead of in dead earnest. The simple statement of our embarrassment makes people laugh. Now above is the example: I want to insist

modestly that even the authority of Lowell Mason is not enough to fasten on the churches such an awkwardness as this, which is plain the moment it is mentioned; though it looks like a joke to show it up. Lately the attempt has been made to slur over the whole strain, and that is certainly an improvement. But one must be pardoned if in candor he asks whether a hymn shall be travestied forever in order to carry out what a composer calls his "musical thought."

Such a question is far-reaching in principle. Which is it that singing is to follow, the words or the tune? What is the real purpose of the American Board, or of any one of our churches, in the act of singing in divine services? Is it to render a "musical thought" adequately, or to give a poetic sentiment fitting expression? Take another case: Once when I was preaching in a church beside the Hudson River, in May, the busiest month of the fishing season, I gave out the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." The leader set it to a tune which, for the sake of some man's "musical thought," repeated half of the final line. When I heard the first verse, I shrank with consternation in frightful prospect of the second; for the movement ran thus: "Oh, receive—Oh, receive—Oh, receive my soul at last." That did no harm, it was simply unnecessary. But the next was awful. When I repeat it, it will be supposed a joke, although I am writing in sad earnest of a fact which almost destroyed my service: "Cover my defenseless head—With the *shad*—with the *shad*—with the *shad*-ow of thy wing." The whole congregation stirred with irrepressible laughter. Must we all be forced to stand this?

Somebody will have to give in, and it is dangerous for a modern clergyman to criticise his choir. A good man in New Jersey last year came very near losing his charge for saying that he did not agree with his quartette in their adoration of the Virgin Mary, which they had been singing just for the sake of a piece of music. Frequently the worship is fashioned in order to admit of what are deemed artistic effects. Once in the city of Boston I had taken my place to begin; there had been presented to me a printed programme as I reached the vestry, the whole of which was filled in except the place for the closing hymn: it was issued by the choir as they had arranged it. While the organ was playing, up the pulpit stairs came a stranger; taking his seat by me on the sofa, he announced that he was the leader of the music, "basso." He purposed to sing for the anthem that morning a solo from "The Creation," and he desired me to read as the lesson the first chapter of Genesis, as "the most appropriate introduction." I meekly replied that if this was customary in that congregation, I had nothing to say. So I agreed to read the chapter, but I added that I trusted it would not be considered an innovation if I should put in afterward a few verses from the New Testament which I had selected. He bowed assent gravely as he left the desk. But when the moment arrived for the genesis of my perturbation to begin, once more I was favored with a visit, this time from the sexton, who only came to hand me a piece of a fly-leaf from a music-book, on which was written the gracious information that the leader of the choir, "basso," had concluded not to sing the solo, and I might feel at liberty to read what I pleased. How

much of that sort of artistic help is an educated minister, of a religious turn of mind, expected to endure?

It is of no interest to me to make issue with such willful vanity and outrageous conceit as this manifests; the man apparently assuming that the order of worship was to be constructed or modified to bring his voice into a proper orchestral setting. My troubles have come oftener from such sources as that intimated in the outset, than from the mere carelessness which grows out of a misconception. One of the older philosophers has said, "Incongruity is the soul of wit." This suggests a reason why we are not heard in stating our grievances; the cases have so much of incongruity in them, that our complaint is laughed out of court. We are supposed to be telling witty stories, when we are trying desperately to put an end to the dreadful incongruities in the divine service which destroy the worship we seek to conduct.

I wish to make this distinct point, and I never was more anxiously sober in argument in my life: I think that our choirs choose their "opening pieces" and their anthems with a view to the musical necessity of the voices or the day or the position, as they see it, and with no proper regard to the needs or wishes of those who have come to worship God. I do not assert that all do it, nor that any do it always; but I insist that this is the rule, and anything else is the exception.

Years ago, when I sought to hold our first Thanksgiving service in the Paris Chapel, it may readily be conceived by every New England heart how I was thrilled with eagerness of anticipation. My enthusiasm swept the people swiftly on with me. The leader wished me a hundred congratulations; he was full of joy; oh, he would give me such a grand anthem; but would I only let him put it in the place of the second hymn just before the sermon, after the congregation should all have come in and become still? I suffered it; and that was not all I suffered either. When the time came, the piece rolled out, "Bow down thine ear, O Lord." Ah me! you should have heard that splendid bass voice saying, "Thy will, O God, be done—*thy-ee* will, O God, be done!" Thus, there in the strange land, we hung our harps on the willows that Thanksgiving day; we had to send our cheerful gratitude aloft in the subdued strains of the most plaintive submission imaginable, for the entire choir were vying with each other in a chase to say best and most: "Thy-ee will, O God, be done!"

These things are among the commonest of all mistakes which try our patience. We started once last year upon an anniversary celebration; we planned to awake ourselves with a song. The pulpit shone with flowers; the Sunday-schools were trained in; the air quivered with sweet bright sunshine, hearts were alive, and memories full of exhilaration. The choir opened with a set piece, slow and hushed in tone, to which were adapted the words which they whirled over and over as they pushed on before them the involutions of an intricate fugue: "I will both lay me down in peace, and *sleep*; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." I am not willing to call that artistic; I consider it nothing more than provoking; it was inartistic inappropriateness. The piece was chosen, I presume, because the music pleased somebody; no possible reference to the use to which it was to be put could have been had. I cannot argue

about an awkward destruction of the service like that; there was no sense in such a song then. If singers cannot see the point when the picture is before them, logic is useless—as useless as Simon Peter found it on the day of Pentecost, after he had told the multitude that men did not usually get drunken before the third hour of the day. We do not want our congregations to lay themselves down in peace and *sleep* in the morning of an anniversary day.

Then there is a most unphilosophical way of dividing up the verses in hymns which are personal and experimental. It is as much as congregations can do to sing such things at all with four parts in the music; but traditional use helps us a little. The moment, however, that the attempt is made to present them in the so-called "artistic" form of distribution among the performers, a challenge is forced, and we have to accept the office of critical estimate thrust upon us unawares. When a choir in effect says, "See how we will do it," we try to see. For example, it is not dramatic, nor artistic, nor philosophical, to divide the hymn, "Lead, kindly light," so that a bass voice of a man should say, "The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou *me* on"; and then an alto voice should say with a woman's register of pathos, "I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou shouldst lead *me* on." For that inevitably suggests two of them in trouble, and the illusion is destroyed; we have no distinct conception of a soul struggling with an individual experience; if we have any conception at all, it is of a quartette of souls comparing experiences in different octaves.

Let me show what I mean exactly: some things are not perfectly clear unless they become melodramatic and exaggerated. Once in Brooklyn our tenor began thus, "Jesus, lover of *my* soul"; then the alto said, "Let *me* to thy bosom fly"; then the soprano said, "While the billows near *me* roll"; and the next line slid off on the bass, who added, "And the tempest still is high." So the organ proceeded to conduct the tempest to a successful issue with tremendous stops, which shook the glass overhead in the windows. Now, what a common man would like to know is, how many vocalists at a time were engaged in that prayer. This sending an individual experience all around the choir to supply singers with words for "musical thoughts" is of no sort of edification to churches—of no sort of comfort to preachers.

It is not quite fair to assert that outsiders do not know the difficulties which composers and leaders and managers of music-people have to contend with. But let me say, modestly, that for one I have been told with great pathos, and that more than once, during the past twenty years. The conductor of our choir, the one we had long ago, said frankly, on the sad occasion when I had what New England people call a "to-do" with him for cause, that, after a most extensive experience in leading, he had found it impossible to keep the peace in his gallery unless he would apportion the solos carefully among the performers from Sabbath to Sabbath, so that each should have a chance; hence, he often chose for the sake of a voice, or two voices, a composition the rendering of which would bring down praise from "the house."

Now, just for a moment, I should like to quote from "Aurora Leigh":

"The artist's part is both to be and do,
Transfixing with a special, central power
The flat experience of the common man,
And turning outward, with a sudden wrench,
Half agony, half ecstasy, the thing
He feels the inmost."

After this fine burst of enthusiasm, Mrs. Browning explains and guards her meaning:

"Art's a service, mark!
A silver key is given to thy clasp:
And thou shalt stand unweared, night and day,
And fix it in the hard, slow-turning wards,
And open, so, that intermediate door
Betwixt the different planes of sensuous form
And form insensuous, that inferior men
May learn to feel on still through these to those,
And bless thy ministration."

Is art a "service"? Does the exercise of it in divine worship partake of the spirit of the inspired counsel, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant"? This thrusting forward of a personality of display does not look like it. Once our alto asked me, as I was entering the pulpit, whether I had any objections to changing the closing hymn, for she was expecting some friends that evening, and they could not come till late, and she wanted to sing a solo. And once, at a week-day funeral, our tenor crowded me even to my embarrassment with a request that he might be permitted to precede the arrival of the train of mourners with a vocal piece in the gallery, for he had just heard that two members of the music-committee of another congregation would be present, and he wished them to hear him, as he desired to secure the place of conductor there.

"Art's a service, mark!" But does it take the place of the rest of the service also? This entire discussion turns at once upon the answer to the question whether the choir, the organ, the tune-book, and the blower are for the sake of helping God's people worship Him, or whether the public assemblies of Christians are for the sake of an artistic regalement of listeners, the personal exhibition of musicians, or the advertisement of professional soloists who are competing for a salary.

In our travels, some of us have seen the old organ in a remote village of Germany on the case of which are carved in the ruggedness of Teutonic characters three mottoes: if they could be rendered from their terse poetry into English they would do valiant service in our times for all the singers and players together. Across the top of the key-board is this: "Thou playest here not for thyself, thou playest for the congregation; so the playing should elevate the heart, should be simple, earnest, and pure." Across above the right-hand row of stops is this: "The organ-tone must ever be adapted to the subject of the song; it is for thee, therefore, to read the hymn entirely through so as to catch its true spirit." Across above the left-hand stops is this: "In order that thy playing shall not bring the singing into confusion, it is becoming that thou listen sometimes, and as thou hearest thou wilt be likelier to play as God's people sing."

Charles S. Robinson.

Fielding.

WITHIN the past few months, a bust of Fielding has been placed in the vestibule of the shire hall at Taunton, Somersetshire. Both Old and New England may

be said to have united in paying this tribute to the great novelist; for the speech at the unveiling of the bust was made by the American Minister. No one needs to be assured that the address on the occasion was fitting and felicitous. Some surprise, however, has been excited by the view then and there expressed of the character of Fielding; for, whether correct or incorrect, it does not seem altogether to accord with either the contemporary or the traditional reputation of the man. Yet any false impression conveyed by it, if such there were, was probably not owing to the fact that what was said was untrue, but to the entirely different fact that all that may be true was not said. Let us not, however, scan too critically anything that comes from a quarter in which silence has never been a virtue. American literature has made to American diplomacy a gift it can little afford, when the published work of Lowell for six years would hardly fill six pages.

It is sufficiently appropriate that a recognition in this way of the Somersetshire novelist should be made in his native county. But the real monument which Fielding's memory most needs is one that does not ask for the chisel of any sculptor or the voice of any orator. It is, moreover, a memorial which it would neither be difficult to raise nor pecuniarily unprofitable. That memorial is a complete edition of his writings. Though one hundred and thirty years have gone by since his death, this act of justice to his reputation has never yet been performed. Apparently, it has never once been contemplated. A portion of his work — and, in a certain way, of work especially characteristic — is practically inaccessible to the immense majority of English-speaking men. We are the losers by this neglect more than he. The mystery that envelops much of Fielding's career can never be cleared away, the estimate of his character and conduct can never be satisfactorily fixed, until everything he wrote has been put into the hands of independent investigators pursuing separate lines of study. Equally essential is such a collection to our knowledge of the literary, the social, and even the political history of his time.

Fielding's collected works were first published in 1762. To them was prefixed an essay on his life and genius by Arthur Murphy — an essay more remarkable for what it did not contain than for what it did, and distinguished in particular for the lofty scorn it expressed of what it called the "cruelty of narrative" practiced by certain biographers who had no higher object than to pander to a depraved taste, seeking merely for information. Murphy's collection, or rather selection, remained for nearly a century the one generally adopted. Roscoe, however, added some pieces never before reprinted, and a still larger number of pieces of this class were included in the ten-volume edition of Fielding's works which was published in 1871, and especially in the supplementary volume which appeared in 1872. To this collection the ponderous *édition de luxe* of 1882 added a little. But it seems as yet never to have occurred either to publishers or editors that it was worth while to have all of Fielding's works reprinted. In one or two cases, this has been due more to ignorance than to design. It is pretty certain, indeed, that some of the novelist's miscellaneous writings have escaped the attention of most, if not of all, bibliographers and biographers. Reference, for instance, is often made to, and quotations

have sometimes been taken from, the unsigned preface which he prefixed to his sister's "Familiar Letters between the Principal Characters in David Simple," published in April, 1747. But it is certainly not generally known — I am not sure even that it has ever been observed — that five of these letters, extending from page 294 to page 352 of the second volume, were the work of Fielding himself, and not of his sister. Their style would betray their authorship, even were this not directly asserted. The first of these five, it may be remarked, has a certain special interest on account of its criticism of the stage during the season of 1746-1747, and its allusion to a certain actor, meaning Garrick, as one "who never had, nor, I believe, ever will have, an equal."

Without mentioning other pieces of Fielding's which have never been reprinted, there is one class of his writings that has been treated, not so much with neglect as with unaccountable caprice. These are his contributions to the periodicals with which he was connected. Fielding, during his career, was the editor of four papers, "The Champion," "The True Patriot," "The Jacobite Journal," and "The Covent Garden Journal." He was a warm partisan, he gave little quarter to his opponents, and he certainly received none from them. His attacks, however, were mainly directed against their intellectual flabbiness and political misconduct; theirs were directed against his morals and personal character. It is possible that they aimed at his vulnerable part, as he assuredly did at theirs. But these papers are not merely political; they are also full of references to the social and literary history of the times. Still, they have never been reprinted save in part. The meager selection made by Murphy, with little taste and less judgment, has until very recently been slavishly followed. The latest edition, though it has added something, is still far from complete; and this, too, when pieces much inferior in interest and importance have been carefully reprinted. It is perfectly safe to say that a complete set of the four journals above mentioned cannot be found in all the public and private libraries of the United States put together. It is even doubtful if there exists in this country a complete set of a single one of them. The essays from "The Champion" were, it is true, reprinted in two volumes in June, 1741, and subsequently republished in 1766. But these did not embrace anything written after June, 1740, and Fielding himself assures us that it was in June, 1741, that he ceased writing for that paper. In this respect, students of the period are doubtless far better off in Great Britain than in the United States. Yet it is a significant fact that, even there, Lawrence, in his "Life of Fielding," — a laborious though not altogether successful work, — confessed that he had never been lucky enough to meet with an original copy of "The Jacobite Journal." No genuine investigator would ever be satisfied with a selection from these essays: he wants them, for he needs them all. Moreover, little respect can be paid to the judgment which made the selection originally. Of the thirty-three numbers of "The True Patriot," Murphy published only ten. One of those that he did not publish was the twenty-eighth number, which appeared May 13, 1746, and was entitled "An Address from a Footman in a Great Family to his Brethren of the

Cloth on the Execution of Matthew Henderson,"—Henderson being a footman executed the preceding month for the murder of his mistress under peculiarly aggravating circumstances. In all of Fielding's writings, hardly a finer specimen can be found of the irony in which he excelled than in this essay, which will be sought for in vain in editions of his so-called complete works. This meagerness of selection is even worse in the case of "The Jacobite Journal," which was published weekly from December 5, 1747, to November 5, 1748. Of the fifty numbers belonging to it, two only can be found in any of the editions of Fielding's works.

It is certainly full time that everything produced by the first great English novelist should be gathered together and put where every man who wishes it can find it. A critical edition of Fielding's writings, in which every change of text made by the author during his life-time should be noted, would be nothing more than a just recognition of his claims as a classic. This may be too much to expect. But there is surely no reason, either literary or pecuniary, why we should be deprived of the possession of his complete works.

T. R. Lounsbury.

Trades-Unions.

I HAVE read with much interest the several chapters of "The Bread-Winners," as also the correspondence in "Open Letters" of the October magazine.

While I make no pretensions to an intimate knowledge of the methods advocated and pursued by trades-unions, yet I cannot help feeling that the trades-unionists have been misrepresented by the author of "The Bread-Winners."

The late unsuccessful strike of the telegraph operators was an ineffectual protest of underpaid labor against a gigantic and heartless corporation. So far from its being started by a "few conspirators whose vanity and arrogance blinded them to the plainest considerations of common sense," it was a national movement, advocated by nine-tenths of the operators, and had the sympathy of the vast majority of the American people, and which was deplorable only in its fruitlessness.

The members of trades-unions do not surrender their individuality, nor do they follow blindly the dictates of their leaders. They are principally intelligent and honorable citizens. Of course, it will be admitted by all that there is more or less destruction of property, etc., in most strikes. But the respectable should not be held accountable for the ill deeds of the rascals; the many should not be judged by the few. Labor, of course, has a perfect right to demand the highest price it can get, and so long as it leaves unmolested the property of others, it is entitled to the respect of the people.

Railroads, telegraph companies, and the like, as a general thing, pay immense dividends, the funds for which come out of the pockets of the people. The corporations force labor down to the barest minimum on which it can subsist, and when the laborers, like Oliver Twist, ask for more, the cry is raised that the security of society is threatened; and as in the novel, the request for more is denied, and the workmen are put upon a bread-and-water diet for their impudence. There is, I am happy to say, a growing sentiment in favor of the Government's taking control of

the railroads and telegraph wires. This done, transportation and telegraphing will be immeasurably cheapened, and labor in these departments will receive its full and natural reward.

The author of "The Bread-Winners" should bear in mind that "In union is strength" is as good a motto for laborers as for legislators. Men linked together for a common object, advising and counseling among themselves and accepting the views of a majority of their number, can always be more certain of success than if every one followed a policy of his own. Collectively, the workmen can accomplish wonders; individually, they can do nothing.

J. H. Loomis.

Petrography and the Microscope.

I TAKE pleasure in responding to your request for a brief description of one of the youngest of the sciences—petrography, or lithology, a science the delicacy and elegance of which, as well as its great economic importance, entitle it to rank with its sister science, spectroscopy, as one of the marvels of the age. The study is still in its infancy, being little more than twenty years old, and but few popular accounts of it have yet been written. The tool of the petrographer is the polarizing microscope, and his field of work the investigation of the intimate interior structure of rocks. The folk-lore tales have become true: we have magicians now who can look through the solid rock and tell you what lies hidden in its heart. Extremes meet in the new science; the rich pencilings of the spectroscope tell the atomic story of a star millions of miles away, and the translucence of the rock-shaving, as seen under the microscope, invites the eye to witness the solidifications and crystallizations that befell a million years ago.

To see what a vast new field of investigation is opened up, consider the old methods of identifying the mineral components of fine-grained and minutely crystalline rocks. These methods were two, the hand lens and chemical analysis, both rude and imperfect in the case of most rocks. To offer a chemical analysis of certain aggregations of minute minerals, and call it a complete account of the specimen, would be very much like trying to get an idea of St. Mark's in Venice from its ruins—reconstructing in the mind the infinite complexity of its patterns of colored marbles out of the heaps of dust and *débris* into which they had been shattered. For many rocks, differing widely in minute structure and mineral composition, yield identical results under mere chemical analysis, and there are numerous little interchanges in the composition and molecular arrangement of rock-aggregates which chemistry could never discover. There are building-stones which undergo disintegration when they should not, and there are rocks which ought to contain metalliferous lodes, but do not. Micro-lithology ought in time to solve these puzzles, and undoubtedly will do so. An instance of its practical application has come under my notice, *i. e.*, a microscopical study, by Dr. M. E. Wadsworth of Harvard College, of the iron ore, or peridotite, of Iron Mine Hill, Cumberland, Rhode Island, in which the metallurgical problems presented to the iron-master by that ore are for the first time practically solved.

It is difficult to give an untechnical explanation of

the methods of the science; but a general idea may be given of the working of the instrument and of the preparation of the rock-slices.

A polarizing microscope consists of an ordinary compound microscope, in which two Nicol's prisms of Iceland spar are placed at a certain distance apart. One of these prisms polarizes the light, and the other shows you that it is polarized. Theoretically, common light is looked upon as vibrations of the particles of attenuated matter, called ether, with which all space is supposed to be filled. While the motion is propagated directly forward in straight lines, the particles of the ether are supposed to vibrate in every direction at right angles to the propagated motion. Now, if in any way these vibrations can be forced to confine themselves to one direction only, the light thus modified is said to be polarized. To make the meaning clearer, let the reader imagine a cord tightly drawn between two points, one of which shall represent the source of light and the other the eye. Let that cord be struck at the first end, the motion will be carried forward to the other, but the particles of the cord will of themselves only vibrate from side to side. Now imagine that the cord has been so struck that it shall oscillate outward in every direction about its former place of rest, as water does about the point where a stone falls on it, and it will yield us an imperfect idea of the vibrations of common light. Now imagine this cord struck so that it will vibrate from side to side only, and we have the vibrations as in polarized light.

When a ray of common light enters, in certain directions, a crystal of carbonate of lime (Iceland spar), it is separated into two parts, and in both of these parts the light is polarized; but when they leave the crystal they unite again, forming common light. If, then, by any means, we can get rid of one of the portions into which the light-ray has been divided during the passage through the crystal, the other portion on its exit will remain polarized.

Nicol found that by cleaving a crystal of Iceland spar into proper shape, then sawing it diagonally through its longest direction and cementing the parts together again by Canada (fir) balsam, the balsam prevented one of the two portions of the light from passing through the crystal, but did not interfere with the other portion. These calcite prisms, known from their inventor as Nicols, usually have at the end a rhombic outline; and when the shorter diagonals of the two prisms are parallel, the field of the microscope is illumined; but when the diagonals are *crossed* at right angles, the field is dark. When minerals or glassy substances are placed between the crossed Nicols, they act differently upon it, according to the system in which they crystallize. Glasses and minerals belonging to the cubic (isometric) systems, like common salt, do not affect the light at all; but those belonging to the other crystallographic systems present more or less beautiful and brilliant colors, showing oftentimes the most surprising contrasts and effects, such as no art can imitate.

Interpose a strip of porphyritic pitchstone between the Nicols: the matrix, or mass, of the pitchstone itself is glassy, and therefore remains dark, but the feldspar or mica crystals imbedded in it instantly gleam out in the most brilliant colors in the polarized light.

In practical work, the lithologist uses his microscope, sometimes without any Nicol, sometimes with one only, and then again with both, according to the problem he has before him.

Besides the Nicols, there are other appliances used, like quartz, calcite, gypsum, and mica plates, specially constructed thermometers for measuring the expansion by heat of the liquids and gases inclosed in the crystals, etc., which the limits of this article prevent our describing. Petrography, as at present studied, enables one to ascertain the origin of a rock, the various vicissitudes its component parts have undergone, their relations to one another,—in short, it gives a more or less complete history of the rock, while it throws a flood of light upon points previously obscure. It gives information regarding the decay of building-stones, and points out the injurious materials therein. It determines the minerals in the rocks, and, however minute they may be, yields them up to chemical analysis. It enables one to read the history of those celestial visitants, the meteorites, as plainly as the spectroscope does the stars.

The rock-sections are prepared by first striking off a thin flake of the rock as big as the thumb-nail, and then grinding this flake down on a wheel with crushed corundum and emery till it is so thin as to be transparent, or at least translucent,—so thin, in fact, that a couple of turns more would entirely remove it from the little glass slide to which it is attached. When necessary, the slices are cut on the treadle machine by means of a soft iron disk charged with diamond dust. After being attached by its smooth side to the glass slide (Canada balsam being used to cement it), the section is then made still thinner by grinding down the other side; next, another glass is cemented to that other side, and a number is scratched on the glass with a diamond, a paper label being usually added for convenience of reference. All the processes are extremely delicate and elaborate.

The most eminent students of petrography are found in Germany. Rosenbusch, Zirkel, Cohen, and Von Lasaulx are among the great names there. The first-named seems just now to stand forth most prominent. Zirkel came over to this country in 1876 by invitation of the United States Geological Survey, and accomplished the first extensive micro-lithological work done in America. He examined twenty-five hundred thin sections, and the results of his labors are embodied in his report on "Microscopic Petrography," containing twelve beautiful colored plates. The late Dr. George W. Hawes of the National Museum, and Dr. M. E. Wadsworth, now professor of petrography in the Agassiz Museum at Harvard, were among the first American workers in the new science—the latter having taught the first advanced course in modern petrography ever given in this country. Harvard is the only American college employing a professor of petrography exclusively, and the present chair is maintained by the generosity of Professor J. D. Whitney, the geologist. There are already over two thousand mounted rock-sections in the lithological collection at Harvard. The only text-book of lithology in English written in the modern system is the inaccurate one of Frank Rutley.

Wm. Sloane Kennedy.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Valentine to an Anonymous Miss.

BALLADE.

GOLDEN locks in cunning curl;
Eyes like jewels set in rings;
Teeth, a row of polished pearl;
Lips, two rosy blossomings:
Spryly to my side he springs.
Pray, who is this fairy fine?
At my feet he coyly flings—
"Will you be my Valentine?"

Ah, my brain is in a whirl,
Thinking on such dainty things!
'Tis young Cupid; see him furl
At his back two tiny wings!
Just between, a quiver swings;
Dipt in love's delicious wine,
To each dart the flavor clings—
"Will you be my Valentine?"

Watching, I will see him hurl
Recklessly these sugared stings;
Shaped like lips of some sweet girl
Is the bow his shoulder slings—
Silken hair twined for the strings.
Snap!—What ails this heart of mine,
Clamoring with questionings?—
"Will you be my Valentine?"

ENVOY.

Muse, unto the maid who sings
For my ears this teasing line,
This reply the echo brings:
"Will you be my Valentine?"

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Valentine to a Man of Worth.

FAIR Sir! to you my maiden intuitions—
Shy but sincere—ingenuously incline,
And if I find you answer the conditions,
I'll take your bid and be your Valentine.

I know your worth—that is, your general merit;
But, when your mourned and wealthy father died,
Pray tell a simple girl, did you inherit
His virtues only—or—a bit beside?

Yes, I admire your lofty reputation,
Dear to my artless spirit as my own;
But tell me this—to still my trepidation—
Are you an owner in Bell Telephone?

Your learning, too, has bound my heart in fetters—
For you are wise, if street report be true;
I, too, a childish fancy have for letters—
I hope you're solid on "C., B., & Q."

Your noble presence—"dignified and stately"—
With inexperienced ardor I adore;
But those Villard stocks! Have you tried 'em lately?
And were you long or short on that Lake Shore?

So, gentle Sir, if you aright but read me,
And will with all your Bonds and Stocks be mine,
Then into Mutual Union you shall lead me,
And I will be—

Your booming VALENTINE.

The Indicator

OF THE GOLD AND STOCK TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

A SONG, a psalm, an upward note,
A rapid, joyous *click! click! click!*
And *click! click! click!*
As animated, full, and quick,
As any trill from thrush's throat,
And up the bubbles rise and float.

What song is this the siren sings,
That charms the fishes in the sea?
That from the fragrant meadow brings
The lambs that gambol friskily?
A tuneless song, but oh, how strong
To gather hearers short and long,
And fill the sails of yonder boat,
And make the bubbles rise and float!

The tide is rising, get on board!
The wind is blowing fair;
The crew are all of one accord,
To sail a glittering land toward.
Come, faithful souls, and get on board!
The dapper crew, so debonair,
Are very sure, extremely sure,
The pleasant weather will endure.

Oh, what a ship! Her silken sails
Are swept along by perfumed gales;
Her merry crew, the long day through,
Make much ado, and dance and sing;
For on a little way before
There lies a golden, glittering shore.
Clap hands, and make the welkin ring,
Ye merry crew, carouse and sing!
But saw ye not, oh blind, blind, blind,
The wolfish faces left behind?

A change of tone! a *click!—click!—click!*
Slow-dropping like a death-watch tick;
A dismal, gloomy *click!—click!—click!*
Whereat the radiant atmosphere
Assumes a livid, sickly hue,
And droops in ragged fringes blue;
A tone that scares the lambs at play,
And sends them scurrying far away
To safety on the upland lea,
And frights the fishes in the sea;
Then sullen waves their fronts uprear,
And bubbles break and disappear.

Ah, where the ship that sailed away
For golden shores, with streamers gay,
And merry crew that surely knew
That summer skies were always blue?
Ah, waves that roll, and winds that moan!
And broken spars that creak and groan!
And drowning men, on billows high,
Who turn white faces to the sky!

David L. Proudfit.

Dat Fretful Tilda Strong.

GOOD mornin', Missis Strong; I hope you'se well.
T'ank you; I will drap in an' set awhile.
Sebenty year is putty ole, my chile,
An' dough de heart is young, de years will tell.

Your life is hard? I guess no harder'n mine.
You'se berry poor? But, chile, you has your healf.
Don' scold de Lord becose you aint got wealf,
W'en out ob ten good tings he gibbs you nine.

Now, Missis Strong, I wants to ax you dis;
Jess len' an ear, an' let a ole man talk;
I'se lived so long dat I know cheese from chalk,
An' hev advice to gib you mussent miss.

Yes! put de dishes down, an' take a cheer;
Settin's better'n standin' w'en you kin;
Hang up de towel on de wooden pin,
For I've got sumfin dat you orter hear.

Dere! don' be offish; I'se a frien', you know;
Don' look so cross: I doesn't mean to scold;
I wants to ax, if I may be so bold,
W'at earlly use dere is in frettin' so.

It's nuff sight easier for to slip along
Widout dis peevish an' dis snarlin' way;
An' life don' go no smooover day by day
For findin' fault, now does it, Tilda Strong?

You can't untangle snarls by gittin' riled;
De more you yanks de freed, de wuss it is;
But coax de tangle, fust dat freed, den dis,
An' soon de t'ing is done, an' nothin's spiled.

I call your 'tention to de porkipine
Dat little Peter killed de odder day;
He's hangin' outen yander, an' I say
Dat he can preach a sermon better'n mine.

You stroke dat feller from de head to tail;
You don' git pricked, an' yet de quills is dere;
He seem so soft as dough dose quills was hair,
An' bleedin' fingers don' set up no wail.

But now, jess fetch your han' de odder way,
An' stroke de little beast from tail to nose;
Dere! don' git riled, becose it only shows
You tinks I mean a good deal more'n I say.

Now, Missis Strong, dat porkipine is life,
An' life is 'bout as full of quills as he;
Stroke up, an' t'ings is wrong as wrong can be;
Stroke down, an' you'se a cheerful, happy wife.

You kin broil bacon like a city cook;
You wash an' iron as no Chinese can;
An' w'en you has a possum in de pan,
Ole Pete look proud as any king could look.

But, Tilda Strong, you frets more'n you'se aware;
You specs dat eberyting go wrong, end fust;
Dat odders git de best, an' you de wust,
As dough de Lord had 'prived you ob your share.

Don' worry cos you hasn't all you wish;
A hearty laugh is better dan a groan;
An' if you hab enough to eat, don' moan
Becose you eats it from a broken dish.

Well, bless you, chile! No, no, I mussent stay;
I'll jess drap home agin wid dis remark:
W'en tings aint right, an' eberyting look dark,
W'y! stroke dat porkipine de odder way.

The Sequel.

(Respectfully dedicated to the author of "Nancy—An Idyl of the Kitchen.")

OH lovers, who fancy that if you are rich in
The love of a damsel who knows how to sew,
Who passes her mornings at work in the kitchen,
Your cake's in no danger of turning out dough,
Come listen awhile, as in mournfulest verses
A sufferer tells what you all ought to know,
And here for your benefit bravely rehearses
How his cake, alas! proved the heaviest dough.

My Prudence, although not possessed of a nickel,
Was raised by a notable mother; and so
There was nothing she could not preserve or else
pickle.

And her heart seemed as light as was always her
dough.

How often by chance, or by warm invitation,
I dropped in to tea, only lovers will know;
And though of my coming she'd no intimation,
She'd always fresh biscuits of well-kneaded dough.

"Ah, here," I exclaimed, "is the girl for my money:
It's not a great deal, but how far it will go
With a wife who makes bread that is sweeter than
honey,

And who isn't too grand, the dear thing, to knead
dough."

With a prospect like this, I'd no reason to tarry;
She owned that she'd loved me "a long time ago,"
And when I suggested that straightaway we marry,
She rose to the plan like her own lovely dough.

And what is the sequel? My home is perfection,
No doubt you will think. Oh, how much you all
know!

My wife is fatigued with a daily inspection,
And firmly declines the least contact with dough!
My little appeals to her conscience are slighted;
She's deep in a novel when not on the go,
And asks, with a smile, if I'm quite so benighted
As to think her fit only for kneading my dough!

To a slight explanation she once condescended:
Her life was a burden, she hated work so;
And she thought, when she married, her troubles
were ended,

And vowed never more to lay finger to dough.
With satins and laces I'm forced to adorn her;
She yawns over Ruskin, says Irving is "slow";
We deal with the baker who lives round the corner,
Although he puts alum, I'm sure, in his dough!

I offer, in meekness, a single suggestion.

A marriage may last fifty years, as we know;
Things beside heavy bread sometimes cause indi-
gestion:

Don't marry a girl just because she kneads dough.

Margaret Vandegrift.

Aphorisms from the Quarters.

DE blackin'-bresh don't half-sole de busted shoe.
Little flakes make de deepes' snow.
De lame horse can't tell when de road good.
De fros' dat kills your crap sometimes thins out
your frien's.

Red is de wrong culler for a patch.
Knot in de plank will show froo de whitewash.
A short yard-stick is a po' thing to fight de deb-
bul wid.

Dirt show de quikes' on de cleanes' cotton.

James A. Macon.

The Wooing O't.

A LAWYER once, unlike most of his class
 A modest man, fell dead in love. A lass
 He worshiped quite, but still his secret kept
 Till up the scale his cautious courage crept,
 And, well assured no one his purpose knew,
 He started out with this sole aim in view—
 To wit, to woo.

His way led through a wood, the shadows fell,
 His waning courage shadowy grew as well,
 Until he asked himself, disheartened quite,
 "Why am I here at this time of the night?"
 An answer from a tree-top loud and clear,
 In legal language couched, fell on his ear—
 "To wit! to woo!"

He fled in fear, although he no one saw;
 For fear, like many a lawyer, knows no law.
 The bird of wisdom perching overhead
 Slow flapped his wings, winked warily, and said:
 "Why should this be? Such haste I never knew.
 He sure an unwise purpose had in view—
 To wit! to woo!"

ENVOY.

Take well to heart this text drawn from the wood:
 Your modest wooer never comes to good.
 Though all the world your secret clearly knows,
 And through unheard-of shades your pathway goes,
 Let not your courage fail whate'er you do;
 Your wit keep always clearest when you woo.

William Howard Carpenter.

Leisure Lines

FROM A POET TO HIS FRIENDS.

[MR. AUSTIN DOBSON has the pleasant habit of writing kindly verses in the books he gives his friends. We have been permitted to collect five of these little poems. Four of them were written in copies of "Old World Idylls" (substantially identical with the American edition of "Vignettes in Rhyme"), and the fifth was prefixed to a copy of Mr. Dobson's monograph on Fielding.]

FOR H. C. B.

WITNESS my hand (and seal thereto),
 All ye who wrong, by word or sign,
 This unprotected Muse of mine:
 I wish you—something else to do.
 May all your bills at once be due!
 May she, whose grace you seek, decline!
 Witness my hand!

But you, acute, accomplished, true,
 And *candid*, who in every line
 Perceive a spark (or sparks) divine,
 Be blessed! There's luck in 'store for you.
 Witness my hand!

FOR —.

OLD friends are best! And so to you
 Again I send, in closer throng,
 No unfamiliar shapes of song,
 But those that once you liked and knew.
 You surely will not do them wrong,
 For are you not an old friend too?
 Old friends are best.

Old books, old wine, and Nankin blue,
 All things, in short, to which belong
 The charm, the grace that Time makes strong,
 All these I prize, but (*entre-nous*)
 Old friends are best!

TO L. H.

THERE is no "mighty purpose" in this Book.
 Of that I warn you at the opening page,
 Lest, haply, 'twixt the leaves you careless look,
 And, finding nothing to reform the age,
 Fall with the rhyme and rhymers in a rage.
 Let others prate of problems and of powers;
 I bring but problems born of idle hours,
 That, striving only after Art and Ease,
 Have scarcely more of moral than the flowers,
 And little else of mission than to please.

FOR J. B. M.

IN vain to-day I scrape and blot:
 The nimble words, the phrases neat,
 Decline to mingle and to meet;
 My skill is all foregone, forgot.

He will not canter, walk, or trot,
 My Pegasus. I spur, I beat
 In vain to-day!

And yet 'twere sure the saddest lot
 That I should fail to have complete
 One poor (the rhyme suggests) "conceit"!
 Alas! 'tis all too clear I'm not
 In vein to-day.

TO E. C. S.

PLEASANT to get one's book from press
 After a month (or more or less)
 In something like a decent dress;
 And pleasant, too, to sit and guess
 Whether the world will ban or bless
 Out of its Great High Mightiness;
 But pleasantest—I must confess—
 To post it off to E. C. S.

Austin Dobson.

A Sonnet by Browning.

MR. RAWDON BROWN, an Englishman of culture well known to visitors in Venice, died in that city in the summer of 1883. He went to Venice for a short visit, with a definite object in view, and ended by staying forty years. An incident of his death is recorded in the following sonnet, which is here printed by Mr. Browning's permission, and that of the lady at whose request it was written.

"Tutti ga i so gusti e mi go i mii."*
 (*Venetian saying.*)

SIGHED Rawdon Brown: "Yes, I'm departing, Toni!
 I needs must, just this once before I die,
 Revisit England: *Anglus* Brown am I,
 Although my heart's Venetian. Yes, old crony—
 Venice and London—London's Death the Bony
 Compared with Life—that's Venice! what a sky.
 A sea, this morning! One last look! Good-bye.
 Cà Pesaro! no lion—I'm a coney
 To weep! I'm dazzled; 'tis that sun I view
 Rippling the...the...Cospetto, Toni! Down
 With carpet-bag and off with valise-straps!
 "*Bella Venezia, non ti lascio più!*"
 Nor did Brown ever leave her; well, perhaps
 Browning, next week, may find himself quite
 Brown!

Robert Browning.

Nov. 28, '83.

* "Everybody follows his taste, and I follow mine."



VON MOLTKE.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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THE NEW WASHINGTON.

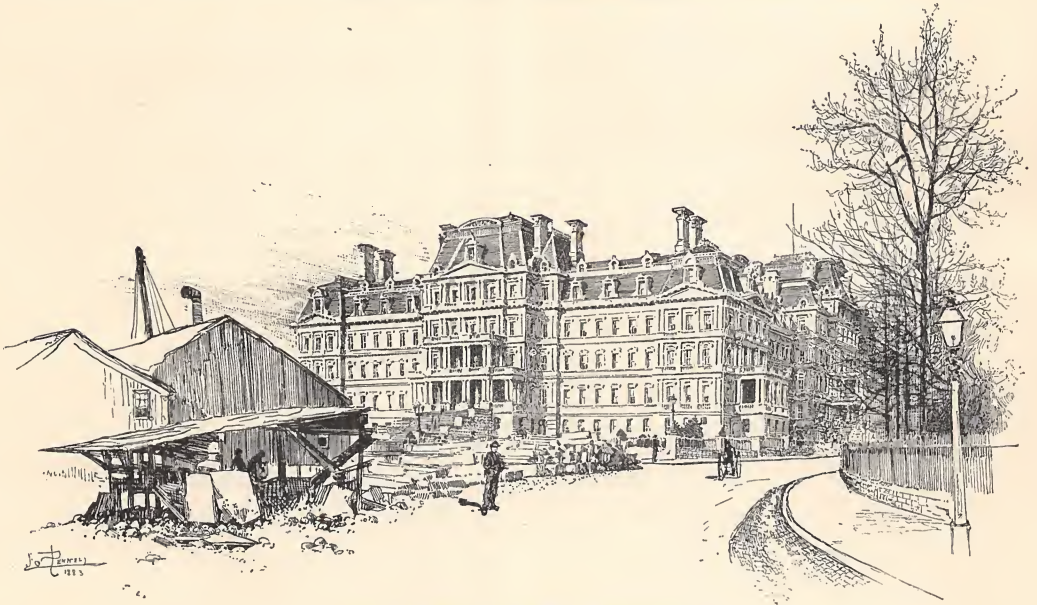
WITHIN the past ten years Washington has ceased to be a village. Whether it has yet become a city depends on "the point of view." It has no elevated railroads, no palace hotels, no mammoth elevators, no great commercial establishments; it has no opera and but indifferent theaters, and for a park it borrows the grounds of the old soldiers of the army. In short, it has none of those evidences of commercial prosperity which are proudly shown to the traveler in every thriving town, all the way from New York to San Francisco. On the other hand, it has large public buildings and monuments and numerous statues; it has a mild climate, clean, well-paved streets, and no "local politics"; its chief inhabitants are those persons who guide the action and control the interests of fifty millions of people—so far as they are guided or controlled at all in a nation which so largely governs itself. Washington is thus a place quite out of the ordinary run; whether city or no, it is certainly unlike other cities. Its origin and inception were novel and unusual in character. Other cities have originated in the necessities of trade, and have grown in proportion as that trade increased. Washington, on the contrary, was made to order on a map; and so far from extending its limits as its population increased, its population has not yet grown up to the limits which were originally laid out. It found its origin in the rivalry existing among the various States after the Revolution, all being jealous of the increased importance which would result to any one of them from having the federal city established within its limits. This feeling was increased by the mortifying spectacle which occurred at Philadelphia, in 1783, when Congress was insulted in its own halls and driven across the river by

a handful of mutineers from the army,—the State and local authorities being either powerless or unwilling to protect them from injury. Many of the members of that Congress were delegates to the Constitutional Convention four years later, and the recollection of this indignity was so fresh in their minds that they determined that Congress should itself make the laws for the place where it met. The result was the well-known clause in Section 8 of Article I. of the Constitution, which conferred on Congress the power "to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever" over such district as might be ceded by the States and accepted by Congress as the seat of government. The selection of such a district was one of the very first questions which arose in Congress. As soon as laws had been passed organizing the various departments of the government and putting the new machinery in motion, the question of the location of the government came up, and it gave rise to long and acrimonious debate. Not only was it claimed by the large cities, like New York and Philadelphia, but each of the middle States, from New York to Virginia, inclusive, was ready with a piece of territory on which to found an entirely new city. It was finally settled by a curious compromise—the first recorded instance of "log-rolling"—in this manner. Hamilton was then (1790) engaged in his projects for funding the debt, all of which had passed except the final one assuming the debts of the States. This was a popular measure in the North, but somewhat unpopular among the Virginians. He needed some votes from the South in order to carry the measure through. Jefferson had then but lately returned from France, and, as he claimed, was not very familiar with the funding projects, which he subsequently opposed

so violently. He was, however, greatly interested in locating the new capital in the vicinity of Virginia. Hamilton was a foreigner by birth, accidentally settled in New York by reason of his marriage, but quite devoid of any feeling of local or State pride. He cared nothing for the location of the capital, but was anxious concerning his financial projects, which he considered of vital importance. It was therefore arranged—at a dinner-party—between himself and Jefferson, that the latter should persuade the Virginia delegation to vote for assumption, while Hamilton was to induce the New York delegation to yield their preferences concerning the capital. The two measures were thus carried, one on the 16th of July and the other on the 4th of Au-

lots were to be sold and the money applied to opening and improving the streets and erecting the public buildings. With these commissioners there was associated, for the purpose of making plans and surveys, a certain French engineer named L'Enfant, who had served under Washington's notice during the Revolution. His plans were as comprehensive and far-reaching in their way as was the Constitution itself. He planned for centuries, and for a population of half a million of people.

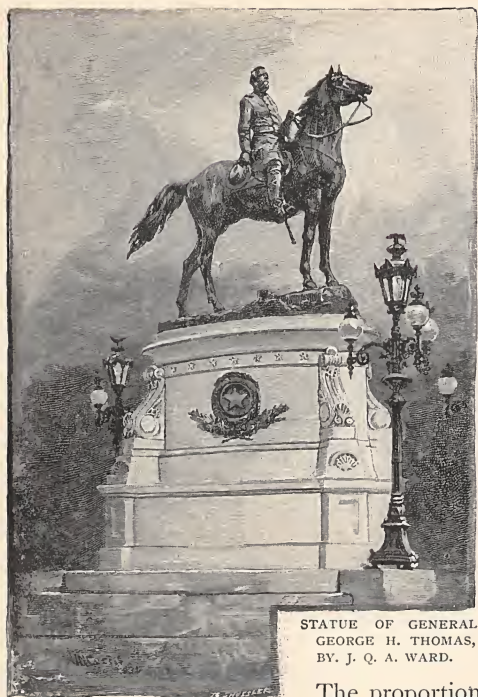
The plan was simple in its general outline, though its details were very elaborate. Three principal points were selected for the legislative, executive, and judicial buildings respectively; from two of these points ave-



THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY DEPARTMENTS.

gust, 1790. The former prescribed that the permanent seat of government should be in the district ceded by Maryland and Virginia on the banks of the Potomac, and that the Government should be moved there in the year 1800. President Washington had remained neutral during the discussion, but he was much pleased at the selection made; and he gave his personal attention to the matter with unflagging interest throughout his administration, and, indeed, to the day of his death. Commissioners were at once appointed to acquire the land, which was obtained on the most liberal terms, the owners giving to the United States the fee of all ground necessary for streets and public buildings, and one-half of all the building lots in addition; with the understanding that these

nues radiated like the spokes of a wheel, affording short lines of communication to all parts of the city and forming numberless little parks at their intersections; a rectilinear system of streets was added, running north and south and east and west, the first being designated by numerals and the second by the letters of the alphabet. The avenues were named after the States of the Union, with much care and discrimination in guarding their respective susceptibilities by giving to those which were intended to be most important the names of the principal States. Everything was on a scale of large proportions, the avenues being grand boulevards of one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty feet in width, and even unimportant streets being ninety or one hundred feet wide.

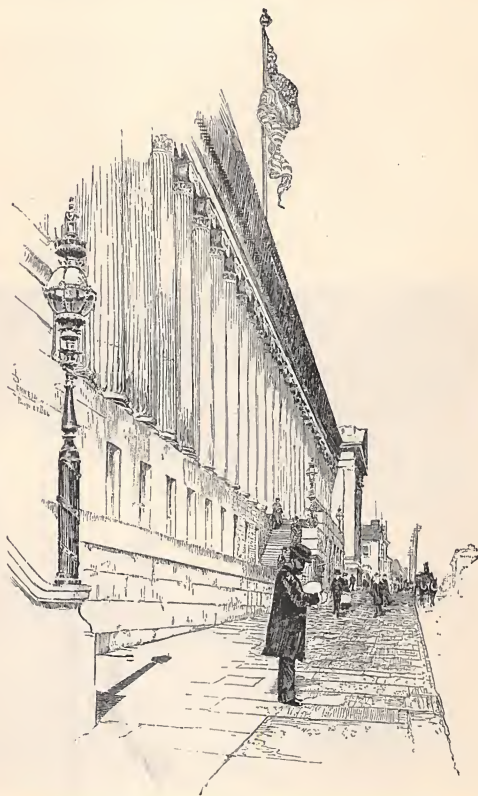


The proportion
of streets and

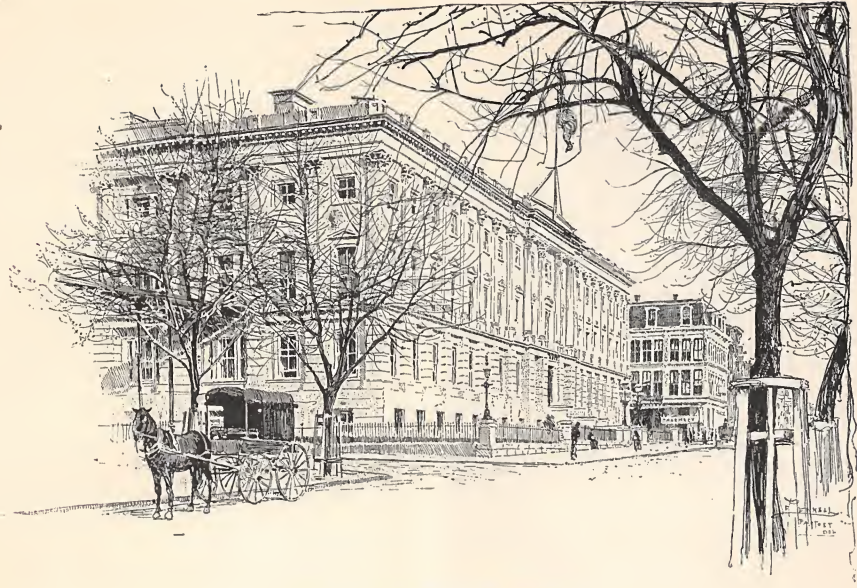
open squares, which in most cities is about one-fourth, was thus laid out in this capital city at more than one-half of the whole surface. It was to be the capital of a mighty nation, and no one was to be pinched for space in it.

The plan was thus drawn on paper, and nothing remained but to fill up the uninhabited fields through which the imaginary streets ran. This was not so easy. The Government came there in 1800, and great expectations were formed, but they were not realized. For more than half a century the place remained a straggling Southern village, giving rise to much ridicule as a "city of magnificent distances." The diaries and chronicles of the first third of the century give curious accounts of the uncomfortable and dreary life in such an uninviting place; it was particularly amusing to the members of the diplomatic corps, and the contrast to London and Paris and Vienna must certainly have been very great. It was originally intended that the city should grow to the eastward on the broad, high plateau beyond the Capitol, and that the President's house and other executive buildings should form a sort of suburb like Versailles. But the lots on Capitol Hill were all bought up by speculators, and held at such high prices that people were forced to turn in the other direction, and the city thus took a course which it has never been possible to reverse. Its growth, however, was

extremely slow. The commercial advantages which were expected to result from the navigation on the Potomac and the transportation routes to the westward proved to be delusive. Commerce went to other cities. It was a city of office-holders simply, and at first these were not numerous. Gaunt rows of "six buildings" and "seven buildings" were erected here and there, principally as boarding-houses to accommodate the members of Congress and those who had business with them during the winter. But no one came there who did not have urgent business, nor did any one stay longer than was necessary. Its character changed but little down to the period of the war, and at that time—sixty years after it had been founded, and when the country had grown to contain thirty-two millions of people—it had attained a population of only sixty thousand inhabitants, who were scattered over a territory of several miles; its streets were so filthy and ill-kept that they were a by-word of contempt; none of its citizens were rich, and there were no handsome dwellings or other indications of private wealth; it had the usual government of a mayor and council, which had neither the means nor the disposition to beautify the



THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT—FIFTEENTH STREET FRONT.



THE U. S. POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

city; the General Government had neglected its godchild, and while it spent lavishly for its own public buildings, it paid little or nothing to improve the general appearance of the city.

With the resumption of prosperity in the period following the war, the place first began to change; the business of the Government had greatly multiplied, and the number of its public servants had correspondingly increased; the population of the city had nearly doubled between 1860 and 1870, and among the new-comers were many energetic Northern men. It began to be realized that it was a

disgrace to have such a city for a capital, and that the General Government and the citizens must all unite in efforts to improve it. The result was the formation, in 1871, of a territorial government, with a Governor and Legislature and a Board of Public Works. The master-spirit of this government was Alexander Shepherd, a native of the city, who, though still young, had raised himself by his energy and talents from the apprenticeship of a manual trade to a position of means and importance in the community. The results of his government are too recent and too well known to call for fresh comment. Vast plans

were again matured, founded, as in the past century, not on the actual necessities of the moment, but on the requirements of a generation hence. Costly improvements were undertaken and prosecuted far beyond the limits of habitation. Miles upon miles of expensive pavements and other works were laid across swamps and streams, and through waste places where nothing but frame shanties and government stables of the war period had as yet penetrated. In less than three years Shepherd plunged the city into a debt which, for the numbers and wealth of the population, has no rival in all the world. No



THE OLD CARROLL MANSION ON CAPITOL HILL.

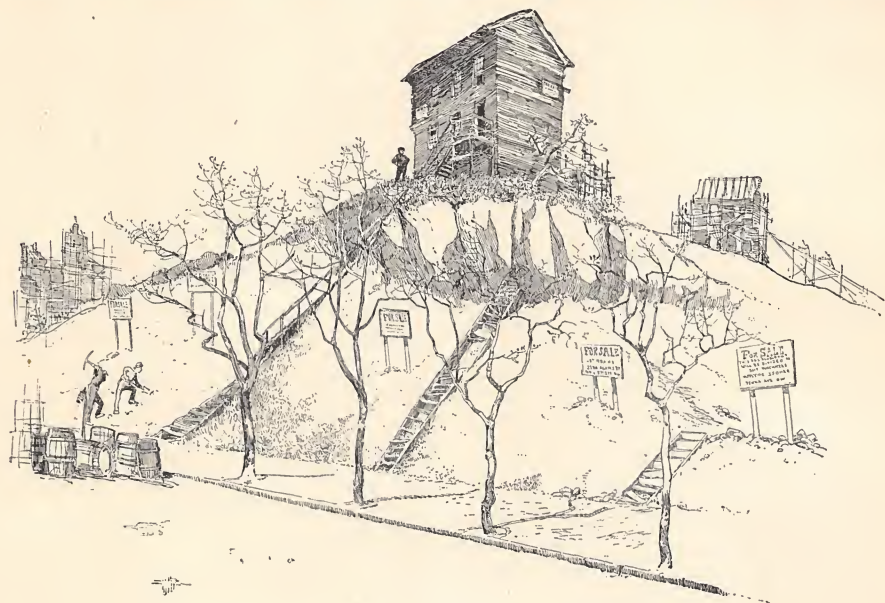


PLAN OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

A. Executive Mansion. B. State, War, and Navy Department Building. C. Treasury. D. Patent Office. E. Post-office Department. F. Washington Monument. G. Bureau of Engraving and Printing. H. Department of Agriculture. I. Smithsonian Institution. K. National Museum. L. Market. M. Congressional Cemetery. N. Washington Observatory. O. Annapolis Island.

personal dishonesty has ever been proved against him, but the recklessness and extravagance in the expenditures were extraordinary. The streets were torn up in every direction on a "comprehensive plan" of improvements, which was estimated at six millions of dollars and cost twenty; the rights of property-owners were disregarded, and they were assessed for "improvements" when their property was ruined. The result was a crash in 1874,

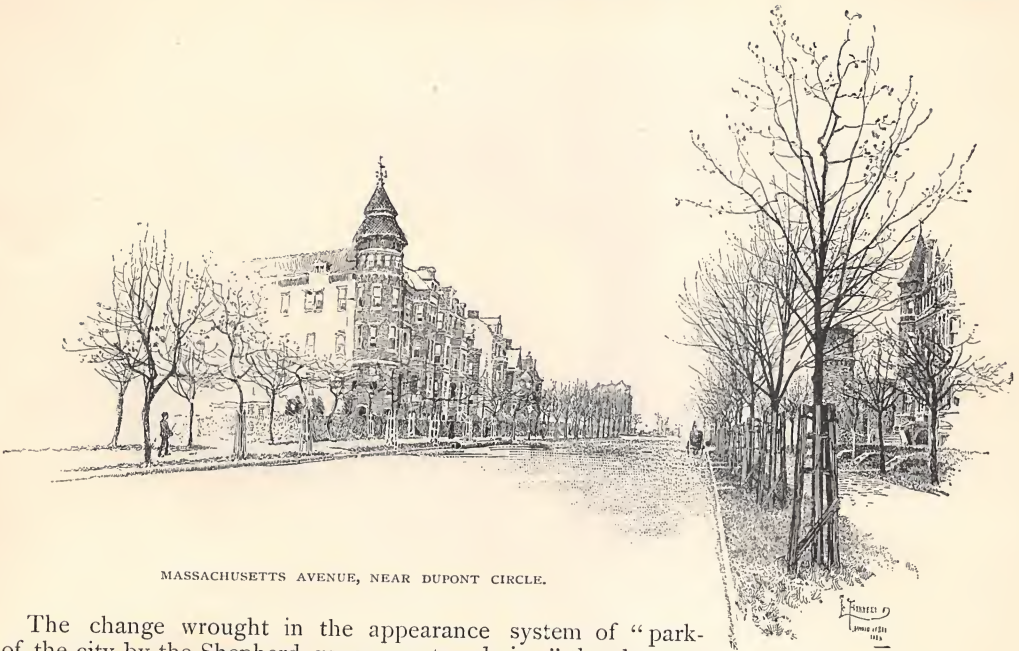
maintained wholly with Congress, which also assumed one-half of all the annual expenses, including interest on the debt. The taxes were to be covered into the United States Treasury and form one-half the revenue, the other half being provided by the General Government; and the entire revenue was to be disbursed on specific appropriations by Congress, the accounts being passed upon by the accounting officers of the Treasury. This system



"ABOVE THE GRADE."

when Congress abolished at one stroke the territorial government and everything connected with it, and appointed three Commissioners, in the nature of receivers, to take charge of the municipal affairs and straighten them out. These Commissioners remained in office for four years. The work of reconstructing the city had been so thoroughly begun that there was no option but to complete it. This was cautiously and carefully done, and the net result was stated to be a debt of twenty-three millions, resting on a community whose entire property was valued at less than eighty millions. Congress then determined to exercise directly, instead of delegating, its constitutional power of legislative control over the Federal district; and in 1878 it framed an act to provide "a permanent form of government for the District of Columbia." This act provided for three Commissioners, appointed by the President and Senate, who were to exercise all the executive functions necessary for the city, and who were to appoint and remove, and be responsible for, their own subordinates. The legislative power re-

is still in force, and after nearly six years' trial it is, in the main, quite satisfactory to all concerned. It would appear at first to be fundamentally opposed to the spirit of American institutions, for the people have no direct voice in the choice of their public officers. But while this is true as far as the citizens of Washington are concerned, it is to be remembered that the Federal city is the creature and protégé of the Federal Government, and that the interests of that Government are overwhelmingly great in comparison with the interests of the citizens. It is the seat of government, and the fact that persons reside there who are not connected with the Government is a mere incident. As a fact, a large portion of the population retain a residence elsewhere, and there is only an inconsiderable minority which is not directly or indirectly dependent on the Government. Were its official character to be lost, Washington would sink into utter insignificance. The city thus exists for the people of the whole country, and the people govern it through their elected representatives in Congress.



MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, NEAR DUPONT CIRCLE.

The change wrought in the appearance of the city by the Shepherd government and its successors was fundamental and revolutionary. It might have been done more cheaply, but it was better to have it done extravagantly than not at all. Possibly, it never could have been done at all but by some man of Shepherd's intolerant energy, which sacrificed individual rights for the future benefit of the whole community. Had it been attempted prudently and cautiously, these individual rights would have defeated the whole scheme, for the community was not wealthy enough to compensate the injury done to them.

Fortunately, during all the years that the place had remained a wretched village, its grandiose plan had never been intrenched upon in any way; and when the work of development was taken in hand in earnest, it was at once manifest what immense possibilities the plan contained. The great boulevards, or avenues, were three times as wide as was necessary for purposes of communication; it was determined to use a portion of them only for a roadway, another portion for foot-walks, and to devote fully half of the street to lawns in front of the houses. The idea was not novel, for it had been carried out to a limited extent in many cities of Europe and America, where, on a few streets, the houses are built well back from the front line of the lot; but, as a general rule, city real estate is too valuable to allow such a luxury. In Washington, however, the streets were wide enough to permit this without sacrificing any private property, and the

system of "parking" thus became the rule, and not the exception. At the same time, the city was torn up from one end to the other, and regraded, filling up here and cutting down there, without regard to the existing positions of houses. Many were banked up to their windows, others were left high in the air; but the general result was a system of streets with such gradual slopes that there is hardly a place where an ordinary carriage cannot proceed at a trot.

The roadways being narrowed and the streets graded, the next step was the planting of trees, forming miles on miles of shade. This was systematically done, the trees being carefully selected by experts, certain varieties for certain streets, planted with great care, and protected by boxing. They have been wonderfully successful, fully ninety-five per cent. having thriven. The quick-growing maples and poplars were principally used, but there are large numbers of elms, lindens, box elders, and buttonwoods, besides other varieties, amounting to more than twenty. One feature of the tree-planting project was a continuous drive of several miles under lindens; a part of this extends for over three miles on Massachusetts Avenue, where there are four rows of the lindens, two on each side of the road-way, already of sufficient size to unite with their summer foliage in an arch over the sidewalk. In this matter of trees, Washington is unrivaled among all the cities of the world. Other cities have trees in their parks and here and there on



THOMAS CIRCLE.

a few streets, but nowhere else has it been attempted to plant trees systematically and thoroughly on every street, except those devoted exclusively to business purposes. Nowhere else are there one hundred and twenty miles of shaded streets. The effect of this planting is not yet fully developed, the elms and other slow-growing varieties being still quite small; but the quick-growing maples and poplars are now seven and eight inches in diameter and forty feet high. The view in the spring and early summer of the streets thus shaded, and flanked by lines of lawn or terrace or flower-garden, is novel and beautiful. Its beauty is increased by the flowers and vegetation of great numbers of little triangular spaces, which have been formed by the intersection of the avenues with the streets, and which have all been tastefully laid out, according to their size, either as simple lawns or flower-beds, or as parks, with walks, fountains, etc.

As the trees were the most successful and the most inexpensive of all the works of the Shepherd government, so were the pavements the most costly and the most unsuccessful. They were principally of wood, and they went to pieces very quickly, leaving the streets for some time almost impassable. Year by year the wood has been replaced with asphalt, which now covers a length of fifty miles, and is a great luxury for all who

use the streets, whether with cushioned carriage or heavy express wagon. By far the greater part of the streets used for residences are covered with these asphalt pavements, which are somewhat similar to those in Paris, but cover an extent three times as great.

It was but a short time after the city had been thus remodeled, when the natural result came in a new class of houses. And here again the French engineer's plan was found to be full of possibilities which hitherto had not been thought of. In a city laid out like New York and most other cities, in monotonous parallelograms, all the lots are of the same pattern. What can an architect do with the unvarying 25×100 feet? He may double it, and make it 50×100 , and he may expend vast sums upon it, but it is still the same. The streets of Washington, however, with its various intersecting avenues, afforded building lots of every conceivable variety of shape; and the architects were not slow to cover them with every conceivable variety of houses,—square houses and round houses, houses with no two walls parallel, with fantastic roofs and towers and buttresses and bay windows and nameless projections. Some of them were good and some bad, but hardly any two were alike. Even after making all deductions for the mistakes and failures, the result of this variety is certainly pleasing. The two miles of Fifth Avenue in New York between Washington

Square and the Central Park present an imposing manifestation of wealth; one may visit many cities without finding its equal. But in the whole length—excepting a few recent structures—there is not a house which has any individuality. So similar are they that they might all have been made on a machine, and one cannot but be oppressed by the interminable monotony of the long vista of brown-stone walls on either side, with gray-stone flags underfoot, and very little sky overhead, and no trace of vegetation of any kind. In Washington there is no such wealth—and no such monotony. As the eye wanders along

handsome avenues. Everywhere there are superb residences looking out upon fields of red clay and weeds, and flanked on either side by such shanties as perch on the rocks in the upper part of New York. This incongruity reaches its height on the principal street of the town, Pennsylvania Avenue, which is of unrivaled width, beautifully paved both for vehicles and pedestrians, flanked at either end by the magnificent Capitol and Treasury buildings, and possessed of every requisite for a famous boulevard—except buildings. There are, perhaps, a dozen large structures in its length of more



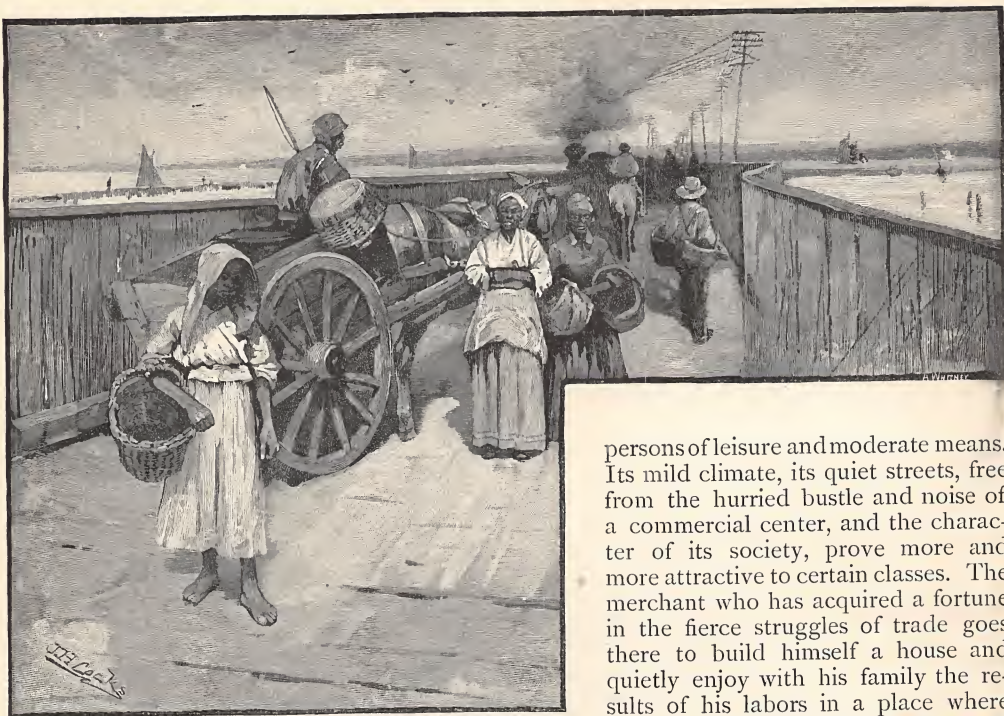
PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

the street, it constantly finds some new shape, some odd design, some strange combination in color. Many of these alleged "Queen Anne" houses, with their rooms cut up into all sorts of angles, are reputed to be most uncomfortable places to live in; but they serve an admirable purpose in street decoration. With streets, however, laid out for more than double the actual population, one has a wide range in which to choose a lot. This option has been freely availed of, and there are, consequently, three vacant lots to one which is built upon. The new buildings have clustered about the Scott Square and Dupont Circle, and the other little squares and circles, forming small settlements, separated from each other by long distances of vacant fields, unbroken except by the asphalt roads and the lines of trees. This scattering of the new building forces has given a very incongruous and ludicrous appearance to some of the most

than a mile, which tower high in the air, and are suited to the character of the thoroughfare. All the rest are dilapidated and wretched little houses of ancient date, which look singularly out of sympathy with their surroundings.

This is naturally to be expected in a place which was first planned, and subsequently improved, out of all proportion to the requirements of the moment. It grows in spots, which, like the settlements in the Far West, form each a little center of development, radiating and extending toward its neighbor, until finally they will all join and form a civilized whole. When this process is completed in Washington, it will be, among cities, the wonder of the world.

Such is the outward appearance of the Federal city. What sort of people live in it? It has no commerce, no great merchants, no powerful corporations, none of the classes



LONG BRIDGE.

which form the controlling elements in other cities. Its one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants are, roughly speaking, the families of office-holders, or of persons who supply office-holders with food, clothing, shelter, and the other necessities of life. It is hard to realize to what extent the Federal business has grown. The official register contains the names of nearly fifteen thousand persons, beginning with President and ending with "cuspadorians," who serve the United States in the city of Washington. Perhaps one-half of these are clerks and writers, busy in settling accounts and claims; nearly one-fourth are employed in mammoth establishments like the Printing Office and Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Others are engaged in the various scientific departments under Government control. Finally, a number, small in amount but large in importance, comprise the prominent men in public life—the Senators and Representatives in Congress, the great lawyers on the Supreme Bench, the members of the Cabinet and chief bureau officers, the most prominent officers of the army and navy, the representatives of foreign governments. These form the ruling element in what is called "society" in its restricted sense. But they do not form the whole of it. Every year Washington becomes more and more a winter residence for

persons of leisure and moderate means. Its mild climate, its quiet streets, free from the hurried bustle and noise of a commercial center, and the character of its society, prove more and more attractive to certain classes. The merchant who has acquired a fortune in the fierce struggles of trade goes there to build himself a house and quietly enjoy with his family the results of his labors in a place where there is no business talk. The retired army or navy officer finds nowhere

else so many friends or so much consideration, —in fact nowhere else can he live on his pay with any comfort. The man of science goes there because he can find nowhere else so many men engaged in his own specialty, no matter whether it be in the domain of physical or biological investigation, and nowhere else can he prosecute his studies to such advantage. The man of letters finds there more than one distinguished author, and a library which has no equal on this continent. Other cities have probably more scientific and literary men, but they are relatively insignificant among the vast numbers engaged in commercial pursuits. They form their little societies apart, and are almost unnoticed in the great current of affairs; but in Washington they form an important part of the whole. Finally, during the winter all the world and his wife goes there for a visit—some for sight-seeing, to see what Congress and public men are like; some because it is the fashion to go to Washington in winter as to Newport in summer; some because they have cases to argue in the Supreme Court; some because they have their little measures to look after in Congress. The society is thus ever changing and kaleidoscopic; it is perforce completely revolutionized every four years, and partly so every second year, while every winter brings its fresh supply of mere temporary

residents. The "old-resident" element which, in the days of Southern supremacy before the war, ruled Washington society, is becoming every year more and more in a minority, buried out of sight in the avalanche of Northern wealth and numbers. It is this thoroughly cosmopolitan character which gives to Washington society its characteristic feature. It is the common meeting-ground of people of different tastes and different habits, representing communities and ideas as wide apart as

and, although they figure in the police court more numerous than the whites in proportion to their numbers, yet the offenses are nearly all trivial, most of them being petty larceny and sneak-thieving. Crimes of any magnitude are extremely rare among them, and they are not inferior to the whites in morality or in freedom from the lower vices. They know their legal rights, and are quick to enforce them if imposed upon, but if treated fairly they seldom give trouble. They



OUTSIDE THE MARKET.

the poles, but truly representing them, and all men of mark in their own localities, even though their importance dwindles when exposed to a national glare.

Not the least interesting among the features of Washington is the opportunity which it affords to study the results of emancipation. These results can there be seen at their best, as in South Carolina and Mississippi they appear at their worst. The war brought into Washington a large influx of negroes, principally refugees, who came tramping over the Long Bridge after each successive battle, hoping to find the promised land after they had crossed the Potomac. Their numbers are given in the last census at sixty thousand, or one-third of the whole population. They are as a rule industrious, sober, and orderly;

find employment as laborers in the various public and private works, as household servants (for which they are admirably adapted), as hucksters and purveyors for the markets. Others have improved their condition, and have learned trades as masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc. Many are sufficiently educated to carry on a small business or become messengers and clerks in the departments, and a few have held offices of importance, and have discharged the duties of them in such a manner as to gain the respect and esteem of all with whom they are brought in contact. Unlike the plantation negroes of the South, they are provident and economical, accumulate their savings, purchase comfortable homes for themselves, build expensive churches, and conduct a great number of

coöperative and benevolent societies with marked success. Even the poorer laborers are not without food and lodging, for which they are ready to work hard and long, and professional beggary is almost unknown among them. Good schools are provided for their children and filled with thousands of pupils. Those who have the means attach great importance to their dress, and although fond of gaudy colors, they are usually neat in their appearance.

Altogether, the negroes, as seen in Washington, form a very useful and unobjectionable portion of the community, incomparably superior in every respect to the low foreign element which forms the dregs of Atlantic cities. When one sees the intelligence and prosperity of those who have been educated, and the industry and good order which characterize the uneducated laboring class, it instills new hope for the future of their race. The dark past of the ante-bellum period, when slaves were herded in pens on the grounds now used as a botanical garden at the foot of the Capitol, and when the voice of the auctioneer, as he sold them, could almost be heard in the halls of Congress—these days seem to be separated from the bright present by centuries rather than years.

The society of Washington has of late years been the subject of much discussion and not a few novels. It was cleverly satirized three years since by the author of "Democracy." His book was hardly noticed in his own country, save by a few who imagined that they identified the originals of the types so baldly presented, and were amused to see the faults of their acquaintances thus made sport of. But in due time the book traveled to England, and was there gravely considered as an analytical thesis upon the results of a century of self-government. The "Quarterly Review" moralized at great length upon the remarkable spectacle thus presented of a mighty people rushing to self-destruction for lack of a ruling class. People at home then began to inquire for a book which excited such profound interest abroad, and the demand was met by a cheap edition, which all the world has now read.

The society represented in this book centers around a widow of an "assured position in society," who, having traveled everywhere and exhausted everything, comes to Washington in search of a new sensation; to whom court is paid by two men intended to form an antithesis—one a Senator from the West, distinguished as a leader in his party and a Presidential candidate, and the other a Southern gentleman ruined in fortune by

the war and now practicing his profession as a lawyer. Incidentally, there is a President who is a mere puppet in the hands of the Senator, a cynical diplomat, a historian who clamors for a foreign mission, a young miss of startling freedom of manner, and a host of constituents who throng the gaunt lodgings of the Senator, spitting tobacco juice on his floor and pressing their "claims" for office. The slender thread of the story hangs upon the rivalry of the two suitors for the heroine's affections, and the climax is reached after the Southern gentleman is disposed of by sending him off to Mexico as counsel for some sort of claims commission, and the Senator is about to win his suit—when the heroine discovers that he had formerly sold his vote in Congress on a bill for a steamboat subsidy. He tries to explain this, while admitting the fact, by saying that he used the money solely for political purposes in the crisis of an election on the result of which he believed the safety of the country to depend. But she scorns his sophistries and flies a place where no one is free from corruption.

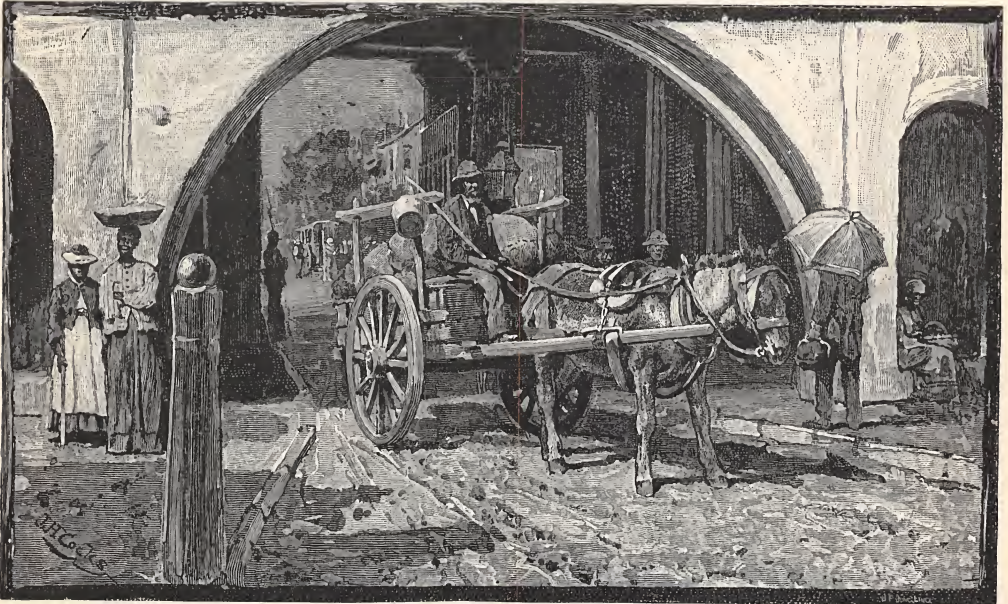
The story is full of hits which, though local in their character, are cleverly made, and it is altogether an amusing little satire; yet no one but a ponderous reviewer would ever find in it any adequate justification for its comprehensive title of "Democracy."

It cannot be denied that certain measures in Congress have been tainted with corruption; the *Crédit Mobilier* and other investigations have distinctly proved it. But neither can any one deny that cupidity is the ruling vice in the nature of most men the world over; nor that in a place where the public business of fifty millions of people is planned, enacted, and conducted, there should be manifold opportunities for dishonesty of every shade, from open bribery to the most remote indirect benefit. But in spite of cupidity, human nature is not wholly bad; and in spite of its temptations, Washington society is not wholly, nor even principally or mainly, corrupt. There are professional lobbyists who go there in numbers every winter; their doings and their methods, with their restaurant dinners, their hotel life, their intrigues, and their secret conferences, can be traced by the aid of a detective reporter; and the spectacle is by turns exciting and repulsive, instructive and indecent. But the lobbyist and his companions are no more to be found in good society than the social outcast among decent people. The most that is known about the lobby and corrupt bills is derived from the principal newspapers, and one may live in Washington for years and never meet a live lobbyist. It

is highly probable that the amount of legislative dishonesty is at least not greater in Washington than in London or Paris. The difference lies in the amount of publicity given to it in America, and to the public craving for that sort of news which stimulates the supply of it, to an extent far exceeding what is warranted by mere truth.

Nevertheless, the lobby and corruption are legitimate subjects for satire. But the satire

ton are the prominent men of the country at large, and their morals and their character, their honesty and dishonesty, are a faithful reflection of the tone of public sentiment in regard to morality throughout the country. Those who believe that the people in general are corrupt will believe the same of their representatives; and those who believe that the prevailing sentiment in America and elsewhere throughout the world is in favor of



ENTRANCE TO NAVY YARD.

must not be accepted as a well-proportioned picture. If one should write a book and call it "Commerce," in which the principal character should be a notorious stock-jobber who amassed a great fortune by assiduously circulating lies which affected the value of the property he bought and sold, and in which the other characters should be a chief municipal officer and a judge who were mere hirelings of the stock operator, a minister of the Gospel who was a gross libertine, a merchant who made false returns of his income and false invoices of his goods, and a host of idle young men who scorned the trades in which their fathers gained the fortunes they were spending, and whose principal occupation was to assemble every night in a club to talk scandal and play cards—who would accept it as a faithful picture of New York society? and what would be thought of the foreign philosopher who should gravely discourse upon it as showing the inevitable results of engaging in commercial enterprises?

The prominent men of society in Washing-

ton will find the same sentiment in public men.

Leaving aside the question of political morality, few people who have passed a winter in Washington will deny the charm of its society. Acknowledging all its faults, its crudeness—narrowness, perhaps—and its lack of form, it must yet be acknowledged that it differs from all other American society in the fact that it is not founded on wealth. It is the only society which is really republican, though it has little resemblance to the "republican court" of the first administration,—the only one in America which has a well-defined basis. And that basis is public station, temporarily conferred, whether directly or indirectly, by the expressed wishes of fellow-men. The holding of such public station necessarily implies intelligence, and thus it is intelligence, as distinguished from lineage or wealth, which is the fundamental basis in Washington society. Such a society does not feel obliged to adopt certain customs because it is reported at second hand that they are

good form in London. Its opinions are robustly independent, its information is extensive, and its subjects of conversation are many and varied.

It is not to be imagined that such a society is well defined, or that its rules are clearly es-

President, where the doors are thrown open that every person in the street may enter them in a crush, and stand in a slowly moving procession for two hours, in order that during half a minute of that time the President may be seen and his arm may be wrenched.



STREET SCENE NEAR NAVY YARD.

tablished—though it is true that the “Etiquette of Social Life in Washington” has been most elaborately formulated in a little pamphlet, of which a fresh edition is perennially produced, and which is said to sell in great numbers. It is, undoubtedly, open to the criticism of being raw, to the same extent—but no more—that society in London is subservient and snobbish, and in New York illiterate and commercial. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the public levees of the

But this is not peculiar to Washington alone. Such “public receptions” are inflicted upon presidents in all cities which they visit. Hardly less incongruous are the Wednesday afternoon receptions of the wives of Cabinet officers, when their doors are also thrown open and hundreds of strangers tramp through their parlors “to pay their respects.” The wives of Judges and Senators and Representatives have to endure the same thing on other afternoons of the week. It has come



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

to be considered as part of the price of public station. But, no matter what office a man may hold, no one may come to his dinner table without an invitation. And it is in dinners that Washington society excels. Diplomats and travelers from every part of the world; men distinguished in political life, on the bench, and in war; men of science and men of letters; women of intelligence and culture, with the native grace and beauty for which American women are justly celebrated—there is no such wealth of choice in any other American city, and there are no other dinner-parties so entertaining as those of Washington.

Of great balls there are not many. Few people have the means, and still fewer have the disposition, to incur the expense and domestic nuisance of a ball at home. But those who think that society exists only for dancing have ample opportunities for their amusement in the constant number of balls given by the different german clubs in public halls.

Of evening parties, where there is occasionally dancing, but which can hardly be dignified as balls, there is an incessant round night by night, from Christmas to Ash Wednesday. There are perhaps two score of houses where people are at home one or two evenings in every month. As the society is still so small that there is but one set in it, one meets everybody, *i. e.*, some four or five hundred

persons, at these different houses. It would be absurd to say that these affairs are the equals in brilliancy of the salons of the famous French women of the last century, but they are of that type, and will gradually approach that ideal. A considerable minority—often a majority—of the company is composed of distinguished men and brilliant women; and it is the constant reunion of such people at dinners and small evening parties which makes up the most agreeable part of Washington society.

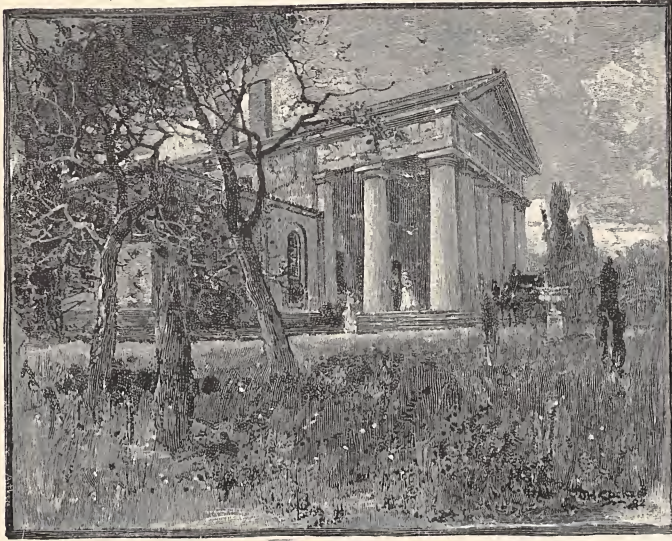
What, then, to sum up, are the attractions of Washington? It has a climate which is mild in winter and unrivaled in spring and autumn. It is a cleanly and convenient place to live in. It has many things to interest the curious. At the Capitol one may see in the Senate the most orderly and dignified legislative body in the world; in the House one may watch a debate of such turmoil and confusion that it seems an unintelligible Babel; in the Supreme Court one may hear the most profound legal argument, and study the proceedings of a court which has no equal in the extent of its jurisdiction and powers. Going up the avenue, there will be seen at the White House a building rich with memories of everything that is prominent in American history for the past seventy years, and in it the curious spectacle of a man performing the chief executive business of the nation in a small office where there is less ceremony than is usual with the president of a bank. On either side of this building is a vast aggregation of granite containing each many hundreds of rooms filled with busy



THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

clerks. In the one which is devoted to the State, War, and Navy Departments, there can be seen the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, much correspondence of Washington and others dur-

a quarter of a mile to a new brick building on the banks of the Potomac, under the shadow of the now nearly completed Washington monument, one may see this paper money and bonds and stamps in every stage



GENERAL LEE'S HOUSE, ARLINGTON.

ing the Revolution, and the original draft of every law which has been passed and every treaty which has been made since the foundation of the Government. On the walls of one of the rooms are the photographs of the successive Secretaries of State, and their faces are worthy of study. Beginning with Jefferson, Randolph, Pickering, and Marshall, the collection goes on with Madison, Monroe, Adams, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Everett, Marcy, and Cass, and ends with Seward, Fish, Evarts, and Blaine. Few offices can show such a famous list of occupants.

Crossing over to the other great pile of granite, one comes into an atmosphere of money and the evidences of wealth which probably no other building contains. Here are between two and three thousand people, men and women, busy with figuring and settling accounts. In the vaults there are a hundred and fifty millions of hard cash; this is not shown to visitors, but must be accepted on the faith of the monthly Treasury statement. But in the safes of the National Bank division there are over three hundred millions of dollars in bonds, deposited there to cover the circulation of the banks. They are piled up in brown paper parcels, and visitors who are properly accredited sometimes amuse themselves by holding five millions or more in one hand. Going down

of its manufacture—the making of the paper, the mixing of the inks, the engraving of the plates, the printing, numbering, cutting, and counting. It is like any other four-story factory, yet even to the most philosophical mind there is a certain interest in the wholesale manufacture of money—or its representative.

Just across the street from this building, in the midst of a park most elaborately laid out, is the Department of Agriculture, where the theoretical farmer can learn all the processes of the latest experiments in agriculture, from the culture of expensive tea to the improvement of the common potato. In the continuation of the same park are seen two large buildings, side by side: one a graceful Gothic structure of dark sandstone, and the other a modern heap of red, blue, and yellow bricks. One is the Smithsonian Institution and the other the National Museum. The latter building covers five acres under one roof, and is the best stocked museum in this country, though it is yet far behind its foreign rivals.

And so the sightseer can go on, inspecting Washington's old clothes and camp chest, surrounded by countless models of machines at the Patent Office; penetrating the mysteries of weather predictions at the Signal Office; looking at pictures in the Corcoran Gallery; examining skeletons at the Army Medical



SOLDIERS' GRAVES, ARLINGTON.

Museum; driving out northward to the Soldiers' Home to get a bird's-eye view of the city from the hills which form its northern boundary; and finally, riding across the Potomac to Arlington to see the beautiful home which Lee left after so long and painful a struggle between his duty to his country and to his State, where now his majestic oaks look down on long lines of white headstones, covering those who laid down their lives in the great war with no reward save that

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their snowy tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

To such sightseeing there is no limit, so long as curiosity and physical strength remain unabated. But after all it is the people which form the chief attraction of any place. And Washington is the place of all others to study America and the Americans. It has no local types of its own; it is simply cosmopolitan and representative of every type, from Michigan to Texas, and from Maine to California.

Here these types meet every year in closer fellowship, every year broadened by mutual intercourse and a better knowledge of each other's characteristics, and ever more and more mindful of the great destiny which binds them all together into one mighty whole. Here one may gain faith to believe — what is usually disputed — that America has an individuality of its own, not Anglo-Saxon, but distinctly American, as different from that of England as France from Italy; to perceive the slow but incessant process by which this individuality is losing its angularities and its dissimilarities and becoming shapely and homogeneous; to realize that the New World, having risen to might and power, is ceasing to consider

"This Western giant coarse,
Scorning refinements which he lacks himself,"

as its highest type, and is gradually evolving a society of its own, not founded on caste or wealth, yet not lacking in grace or refinement. It is different from other society, and is well worth study.



HENRY IRVING.



HENRY IRVING AS "HAMLET." (ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY, FROM THE STATUE BY E. ONSLOW FORD.)

THE object of this article is twofold: to discover the position to which Mr. Henry Irving is entitled among his contemporaries on the English-speaking stage, and to examine the qualifications, natural or acquired, which have enabled him to attain that position. The task is more difficult than it would be in the case of almost any other living actor of eminence, on account of the

peculiar circumstances attending Mr. Irving's career: his sudden elevation to the topmost heights of popularity by his own countrymen, the extraordinary diversity of critical opinion concerning him, and the prejudices naturally arising therefrom; his disregard of physical limitations in his selection of characters, the wide range of his work, and the strange confusion of the old and new styles of acting

which, in conjunction with innumerable mannerisms of his own, constitutes his present method. The only way to reach an honest verdict is to dismiss from consideration all that has been written about him in the way of praise or detraction, and to treat him as an artist unknown here before that memorable evening when he made his first bow before an American audience in the character of *Mathias*.

In this first performance, it was most interesting to observe how the personal fascination of the man—that subtle attribute commonly called magnetism—gradually asserted its power over his hearers, compelling their attention and controlling their sympathies, in spite of their disposition to be critical. There were few persons in that great assemblage, which was largely representative of the taste and culture of the metropolis, who had not heard of those extravagances of speech and gesture which have been the occasion of so much bitter denunciation, and who were not eager to detect them. Little knowledge or discrimination was needed. The actor had not been upon the stage five minutes before he had justified many of the accusations of his most vehement assailants. When *Mathias*, after divesting himself of hat and cloak, strode across the stage, with lounging gait and heaving shoulders, and hailed the village gossips at the supper-table with a series of dislocated syllables, each shot from the throat like balls from a vocal catapult, the spectators sat in blank amazement, as if uncertain whether some monstrous joke had not been played upon them, and Mr. Irving was not an actor of burlesque, mimicking the heroes of the Old Bowery. Had a census of opinion been taken in the middle of this act, the verdict would have been that the foremost player of the English stage was an insolent pretender, offering as the most precious outgrowths of modern art the mouthings, stridings, and grimacings of a century ago. But this impression was as fleeting as it was false. In every player who has won public distinction there is some marked, if often indefinable, quality which exercises its influence upon the audience, independent of the histrionic methods employed. It soon became apparent that there was in Mr. Irving's work something far more potent than audacious extravagance and eccentricity. As the action of the play proceeded, evidences of resolute purpose and elaborate design began to reveal themselves. As the eye became accustomed to the excessive gesture and the ear to the curious mode of delivery, it was possible to discern beside the coarser outlines the delicate coloring of the true artist, and to appreciate

the laborious skill with which the progress of the struggle between conscience and will was portrayed. Here plainly was a man of subtle thought and keen perception, who had carefully traced the whole process by which a man of strong will and brain might be harried by the hidden torture of remorse and dread to despair and death, and who had carefully studied the physical symptoms by which the gradual advance of the mental malady ought to be portrayed. From the moment when, at the end of the first act, he was confronted with the apparition of the murdered Jew, and fell prostrate, with a half-suppressed shriek of agony, infinitely more expressive than any louder cry, he riveted the attention of his hearers, and his success was thereafter only a question of degree. The results of constant and intelligent study, aided by a keen comprehension of the full scope of the character, were manifested in a hundred different ways in the second act. The growing physical exhaustion, the haggard, weary face, the quick suspicion of the restless eye, the nervous petulance in the scene with the wife and daughter, the whole treatment of the episode of the counting of the dowry, the miserly weighing of the suspected piece, and the horrified recognition of the coin which came from the fatal belt; the rigid watchfulness with which he listened to *Christian's* theory regarding the disposition of the Jew's dead body, and the hysterical burst of laughter with which he declared that he too kept a limekiln in those old days; his feverish anxiety during the ceremony of signing the marriage contract, and the frantic outbursts of hilarity with which he sought to drown the fancied sound of sleigh-bells in his ears during the betrothal dance,—demonstrated beyond all doubt his possession of a rich imagination, true dramatic instinct, and thorough mastery of stage resource. The most notable feature of the impersonation up to this point was the extreme skill by which the rapid approach of *Mathias* to a condition akin to absolute mania was indicated. There was apparently, whether intended or not, a suggestion of positive insanity in the momentary and desperate assumption of recklessness in the murderer's solitary dance in his barred bedroom as he listened to the music of the revelers without. This assumption of what may be called a species of horrible nervous exaltation, conveying as it did an impression of almost insupportable strain, was a fitting prelude to the vivid terrors of the dream scene which followed, and which brought the impersonation to a most striking, pitiful, and imaginative climax. There has been small divergence of opinion touching the actor's

interpretation of this episode. It was a veritable picture of despairing guilt at bay. His breathless protestations and contradictions; his incessant cry for *Christian*; his demand for proofs, and his petrification of fear when confronted with the bloody robe; his terror of the mesmerist, and his desperate resistance to the mysterious fluid which was to rob him of his one defense; his mechanical recital of the preliminaries to the murder; his startling pantomime of the manner of the deed itself; the bold and picturesque attitude depicting the horror of the murderer at the glare of the dead man's eye, and the realism of the actual death, with the suggestion of the strangling noose,—were all triumphs of execution, and dispelled all doubt as to the genuine power of the performer.

The limits of this review will not permit detailed consideration of the various points of excellence in each of Mr. Irving's performances; but the play of "The Bells" is so intimately connected with his fame, and, as is now proved, furnishes so satisfactory a test of his artistic resources, that it is worth while to examine this representation with some minuteness. The chief emotions involved in the character of *Mathias* are remorse, suspicion, dread, greed, and cunning, all curiously blended with a capacity for warm family affection. The nature of it is complicated, but the portrayal of the different elements composing it, as will be seen upon reflection, does not call for the manifestation of genuine passion. In other words, the character has in it no attribute that is either great or noble, and is not, therefore, capable of great or noble treatment. Its phases, either individually or collectively, can be interpreted by means distinctly mechanical, without the aid of inspiration. If, indeed, the part was raised by the glow of genius above the level of ordinary humanity, it would cease to be *Mathias*. It is the humanity of Mr. Irving's impersonation—apart, of course, from his inhuman mannerisms—which gives it its true significance and value. There are few, if any, really broad strokes in the portrait. There are rigid angularities which only mar the beauty of the outline, but none of those bold masses of color which the painter of the highest type dashes in, as if by instinct. The effect is created by innumerable devices wrought with the utmost premeditation, although the execution is so neat, firm, and free that it has much of the effect of spontaneity. These devices represent the sum of artistic attainment. They signify a vast amount of physiognomical research, a control of the facial muscles which could only be acquired by patient practice, an artistic per-

ception of the picturesque in pose, and a knowledge of the principles of gesture as dogmatically taught by Delsarte; but they do not necessarily indicate the existence in the player of any faculty greater than a comprehensive intelligence. When a dramatic crisis is ennobled and illumined by the fire of genius, the observer is too greatly moved by the effect to be able to analyze the means by which it is created. Can any one ponder on the mechanism employed by Salvini in that piteous death-scene in "La Morte Civile"? There the sense of acting is entirely lost, and the spectators sit in motionless awe, even after the curtain has fallen, as if in the presence of actual dissolution. In the *Mathias* of Mr. Irving there is no such supreme moment. The illusion is never quite complete, and the attention of the spectators is sustained, not by engrossing interest in the fate of the mimic personage, but by admiration of the executive skill displayed by the performer.

The selection of *Charles I.* as the second character in the series of his performances was clever policy, the contrast to *Mathias* being so extreme as to raise the presumption of the rarest versatility. And Mr. Irving is undoubtedly a most versatile actor, in spite of the mannerisms common to all his assumptions, although in this particular instance the test was by no means so severe as at first sight it seemed to be. It may be granted at once that there is no similarity between the two characters, but it is nevertheless true that the actor possessing the qualifications necessary to a successful embodiment of the first would find little difficulty in playing the second. To put the case in a different way, the emotions of *Charles* are far less varied and far less acute than those of *Mathias*, and are far less exacting in the demands upon the actor's powers of intellectual conception. Neither part rises to the altitude of true passion, to say nothing of tragic intensity. The chief characteristics of *Charles* are gracious dignity, a courtly mien, aristocratic repose, an air of gentle melancholy, and the tenderness of a loving, indolent, but frank and noble nature. It is the king of the play, not of history, who is to be considered. There were beautiful little touches of paternal tenderness in *Mathias*, and Mr. Irving's treatment of the family scenes at Hampton Court was charming in its careless grace and unaffected tenderness, although he effectually shattered the illusion at one time by his vicious eccentricities of elocution in reciting the story of *Lear*. The whole episode was managed with the finest sense of pictorial effect. Every detail of pose, of gesture, of

color and grouping, had been most zealously studied, and the eye was constantly delighted by some striking change in the living picture. The work of the actor, in short, was subordinate to that of the artist. As the play proceeded, however, some of the most delicate expedients of the accomplished actor were used with admirable skill. In the scene with *Ireton* and *Cromwell*, for example, the variety and significance of Mr. Irving's facial expression were uncommonly fine, the more so because the actual movement of the features was the slightest possible. Given a mobile face like that of Herr Schultze, and an actor of average ability may create vivid effects by means of grimace, but it is only the genuine artist who can express the workings of the brain by methods almost as delicate as the processes of thought itself. The slightest exaggeration, either of gesture or expression, would have robbed the impersonation of its most artistic quality—a serene and lofty composure at a dangerous crisis, which was essentially royal. The disdain expressed in the question “Who is this rude gentleman?” was superb, and there was genuine majesty in his delivery of the line, “Uncover in the presence of your king”; but the effect in both instances was clearly due to art rather than inspiration, and could be wrought without any natural dramatic power. Where dramatic power was really needed, where *Charles* returns defeated from the field of battle to the queen's tent, he failed completely for the first and only time in the play, his manner being theatrical and artificial to a degree. The situation is almost tragic, or might be made so by an actor of real emotional fervor; but Mr. Irving struck no sympathetic chord. There was no ring of honest feeling in his voice, no suggestion of heartfelt impulse in his gesture, which was conventional, stilted, and unimpressive. Here was an opportunity for bold and imaginative treatment of a noble theme,—the portrayal of a regal nature in the first shock of crushing calamity,—and his acting was devoid alike of force and of imagination. At such a crisis, the mere cleverness of the player could not atone for the absence of genius. It recalled to memory the candle of *Colonel Sellers* which collapsed when it was asked to do duty for a fire. Fortunately, this was the one point in the play which required an exhibition of passion. Thereafter the story is purely pathetic, and the pathos, moreover, is of a kind which depends upon resources easily within Mr. Irving's control. Thus far he had shown himself much stronger in the suggestion than the manifestation of emotion, in intellectual appreciation than in physical delineation; and after the surrender

of the king, the tone of the play is one of repressed and dignified suffering. The natural refinement of Mr. Irving stands him in good stead in these closing scenes. The rebuke to the traitor *Moray*, a really fine bit of blank verse, was delivered with a dignity and pathos worthy of the highest praise, and the “repose” of the actor was a triumph of training. This was the loftiest achievement of the performance, because the effect was wrought by himself alone. In the last act, in the final farewell to his wife and children, the circumstances and the assistance lent by other players contributed greatly to the establishment of an illusion, and the absorbing interest of the situation devised by the author could scarcely have failed to stir the profoundest sympathies of the audience, even if the interpretation had been far less picturesque and touching than it was.

In “*Louis XI.*,” which was the play selected to follow “*Charles I.*,” Mr. Irving won the greatest personal success of his engagement, and justly, for a more brilliant example of elaborate and harmonious mechanism has rarely if ever been witnessed upon the stage. The personal appearance of the actor as the decrepit old monarch was a triumph of the dresser's art as well as of artistic imagination. The deathly pallor of the face, with its sinister lines; the savage mouth, with its one or two wolfish fangs; the hollow cheeks, surmounted by the gleaming eyes, whose natural size and brilliancy had been increased by every known trick of shading; the fragile body on the bent and trembling legs,—presented a picture of horrible fascination. It was as if a corpse, already touched by the corruption of the tomb, had been for one brief hour galvanized into life. The conception was exaggerated to the verge of grotesqueness, but the thrilling effect of it was indisputable; and, after all, a little exaggeration in the depiction of a character bearing few traces of ordinary humanity is not a grievous fault. As has been already pointed out, Mr. Irving's sense of the picturesque is very keen, and it is plain that he intended this impersonation for the eye and the fancy more than for the judgment. If tested by the rules of probability or consistency, it would be seen to be radically false and incoherent. Innocence herself could never be cozened by so palpable a hypocrite as this, and it is preposterous to suppose that so groveling a coward could by any chance become a ruler of men. In the veritable *Louis* there were, in spite of his hideous vices and despicable weaknesses, certain elements of greatness which in this portrayal are never even dimly suggested. The actor has simply out-Heroded

Herod by bringing into the strongest relief the theatrical side of the character so vividly sketched by Sir Walter Scott. For the historical personage he cares nothing, for the theatrical everything. It is worthy of remark that this impersonation has been pronounced a masterpiece by most of the actors of note who witnessed it. Now actors, as a rule, are not good critics, inasmuch as their professional habit leads them to study the mechanical rather than the imaginative or creative powers of the performer. They are apt to estimate a work, not by the soul which animates it, but by the executive detail which gives it a good surface finish. When the "business" is minute and neat, the grouping varied and effective, the exits and entrances picturesque, and the meaning of every line illustrated by a great wealth of intricate gesture, their ideal of dramatic expression is satisfied. Inspiration is a quality with which few of them have any intimate dealings; and when they happen to encounter it, they are likely to regard it with a feeling akin to contempt, if it does not happen to be in accord with that bane of the modern stage—tradition. Of mechanism, however, pure and simple, they are necessarily excellent judges, and their verdict in this respect on Mr. Irving's *Louis* is of positive value. It is, moreover, in accord with that of critical amateur observers. The cleverness of the whole performance is extraordinary, and the effect of it is all the greater, because the very exaggeration of the outlines in the picture drawn conceals effectually the mannerisms which mar all the rest of Mr. Irving's impersonations. It would be difficult, however, for the most ardent admirer of the actor to mention a point where absolute greatness is displayed. There is no opportunity, of course, for pathos, and there is assuredly no manifestation of passion. The exhibition of craven fear, in the interview with *Nemours*, is perhaps the nearest approach to it, but there is no effect in this which could not be wrought by theatrical device. The great merits of the performance lie in the wonderful manner in which the fanciful and grotesque ideal is sustained, and the skill with which the weaknesses of the actor are converted into excellences. There is not an instant which does not afford its evidence of deliberate calculation and assiduous rehearsal, and there are little bits of masterful treatment here and there which will long live in the memory. Among them may be noted the picture of the king warming his wizened and wicked old carcass by the fire in his bed-chamber, mumbling excuses to his leaden saints for the one little sin more which he hoped to commit on the morrow; the

scene with the peasants, with its ghastly suggestions, and the final death episode, the horrifying effect of which was due not only to the rare skill of the acting, but to the startling contrast between the wasted, bloodless body and the splendor, in texture and color, of its habiliments. The portraiture throughout was a marvel of detail, most cunningly devised and most beautifully executed. It failed only, as the preceding impersonations had failed, at the crises where the glow of true passion was essential to vitality. Emotion was indicated with unerring certainty and with infinite variety of resource, but it was never fully expressed. The obvious deductions to be drawn from the performance were that Mr. Irving excels in eccentric acting, that he is deficient in physical strength, and that he can depict the workings of the brain with much more certainty than the emotions of the heart.

The correctness of this judgment was strongly confirmed by his performance of *Shylock*, which, for an actor of his reputation, was absolutely bad, although it had, it is almost unnecessary to say, many admirable points. It is needless to consider it at length. In appearance it was a most attractive figure, dignified, intellectual, and thoroughly Oriental. But the promise to the eye was not fulfilled to the other senses. The most fatal objection to the impersonation is its inconsistency, a fault which Mr. Irving is generally most careful to avoid. In the earlier scenes, in fact all through the play up to the trial scene, *Shylock* is presented in his most forbidding colors. Those elements in his character which involve the pride of race and religion and the love of family are mainly disregarded, and the grosser attributes of sordid greed, supple servility, and malignant hate are brought into the boldest relief. Without entering into any discussion as to whether or not this view is the right one, it is clear that when it is once adopted it ought to be persisted in to the end, whereas Mr. Irving's *Shylock* at the crisis of the play undergoes a complete transformation. It may be willingly conceded that his interpretation of the last half of the trial scene is most picturesque, dignified, and pathetic, but it is wholly irreconcilable with what has gone before, and therefore false. The technical execution from the moment of the Jew's overthrow is very fine. Here, as always, the finest qualities of the actor are displayed in repose. The forlornness of a misery so deep as to be proof against all further trial could scarcely be more touchingly rendered, while the manner of the final exit would have been masterly if it had not been so incongruous. Previous to this there had been little to praise.

Apart from the question of conception, Mr. Irving's performance lacked force. There was not one single note of true passion, or one touch of genuine pathos, while the lines were often made almost unintelligible by the vilest of elocutionary tricks. His gesture, too, was excessive and not always significant, and in other ways his performance was distinctly below the standard which his previous achievements had established.

Mr. Irving's next appearance was in the double characters of *Lesurques* and *Dubosc*, in Charles Reade's melodrama, "The Lyons Mail." The descent from Shakspeare was somewhat abrupt and long, but the piece afforded him abundant opportunity for the display of some of his most noteworthy characteristics, especially his power of supplying natural deficiencies by the resources of artifice. The distinction between the two men, so much alike and so much unlike, was boldly drawn and ably maintained; but the true significance of his acting, as in several previous cases, was in its suggestiveness more than in its accomplishment. *Lesurques* was a comparatively easy task. It called for no serious outburst of emotion, and the actor had already proved his capacity of representing patient and tender fortitude under unjust suffering in the part of *Charles I.* He used the same methods with complete success in *Lesurques*, the less complicated character. It was in the second act, where *Lesurques* is charged with the murder, that he did his best work. His gradual change from a mood of amused incredulity to puzzled apprehension, and finally to indignant protestation, was uncommonly clever, and afforded one of many proofs that he can act with the utmost simplicity when he pleases. In *Dubosc* he was less happy, although this assumption bore far more convincing testimony to the scope of his resources as an actor. The ideal which he had pictured in his mind was admirable, but his equipment was too limited to reproduce it in fact. To melodrama of this kind certain physical qualifications are indispensable. Mr. Irving has not the thews or the bulk of a typical bravo. His very voice is a symptom of physical weakness, and his features are cast in too delicate a mold to signify a nature of bloody, brutal violence. He knows this, and, with the instinct of the true artist, seeks to hide these irreparable defects by stirring the imagination of his audience. His *Dubosc* is a pygmy in avoirdupois, but he has the swagger of a Hercules. To conceal the weakness of the voice, he speaks in the husky, liquorish monotone of the sot, and for animal ferocity he substitutes dogged, sodden callousness. All this is very clever, even brilliant; but the

extreme ingenuity of the expedients which he employs more or less defeats its object, and inevitably, because the device somehow becomes an attribute of the assumed character, and imparts to it a certain intellectual elevation which is foreign to it. All these expedients, moreover, fail at the supreme moment when *Dubosc*, in a brandy-born delirium, watches from his garret the preliminaries of the execution of his victim. No mere attitudinizing, or staggering about the stage, or demolition of a "property" chair, or originality of attitude, in lying prone on his belly on the floor and kicking his heels in the air, could compensate for the absence of that ferocious passion and muscular strength which give plausibility to the conception. This is the one scene in the play which provides a test of melodramatic power, and it would be ridiculous to pretend that Mr. Irving passed the ordeal successfully. He proffered the shadow for the substance; and it is probable that the majority in an audience of average mental capacity might be beguiled by the extraordinary adroitness of his simulation into believing that they had witnessed the real thing. They would not cherish the delusion long if they could see this scene interpreted by an actor of real melodramatic energy. Who, for instance, would dare assert that Mr. Irving, in such a character, could endure comparison with E. L. Davenport, J. W. Wallack, or Charles Fechter?

The two other parts in which Mr. Irving appeared in New York were *Doricourt*, in "The Belle's Stratagem," and *Richard III.* They may be dismissed with very few words, not because they were uninteresting, but because they added nothing to the previous knowledge of the actor's abilities. The *Richard* was a fragment, exhibited in one act only, and that the first. It would therefore be presumptuous and unjust to speak confidently of it; but from the specimen given, it would appear that the conception lies about midway between the old-fashioned *Gloster*, embalmed on this stage by John McCullough, and the cynical tyrant of Mr. Booth. It seems to combine a large part of the staginess of the one with the intellectual elaboration of the other. That it possesses tragic force is not likely. The *Doricourt* is chiefly valuable on account of its furnishing one more proof of Mr. Irving's mastery of all stage accomplishments. He has acquired all the traditional methods of the old English comedy, and reproduces them with that air of courtly and measured elegance which the younger actors of to-day strive in vain to imitate, and which was the stamp of the fine gentleman a century or two ago. In other respects, the

impersonation lacked sparkle and volatility, savoring too much of the tragedian in disguise; but it is only fair to add that there is probably no other living tragic actor who could play it half as well.

From *Mathias* to *Doricourt* is a wide range; but none of the characters thus far considered are of the highest dramatic rank, with the exception of *Richard*, which was not played in its entirety. Nor in Mr. Irving's performance of them was there anything to encourage the hope that he could give adequate expression to the great characters of tragedy. It is generally understood that he wished to make his first appearance here as *Hamlet*; but it is fortunate that this experiment was not tried, as his engagement would in that case have begun with a severe shock to his reputation. As it was, he had established his claim to admiration when he essayed the part of the melancholy Dane in Philadelphia, and had partly disarmed criticism by demonstrating the extent and limitations of his abilities. It is not easy to understand why this impersonation should have excited so fierce a storm of controversy in England, for there is not room for much difference of opinion about it. It exhibits all the virtues and weaknesses which would naturally be expected by all observers of Mr. Irving's acting, and would only create astonishment in persons unacquainted with the eccentricities and affectations of his style. These vices, grievous blots as they are at all times, become almost unbearable in Shaksperian tragedy, and could nowhere be more offensive or anomalous than in *Hamlet*. There is not, moreover, sufficient originality in the conception, except in the matter of minute details, to atone for the frequent violation of elementary principles. In this, as in every other part undertaken by him, he labors to increase the pictorial effect to the utmost, and the over-elaboration of artifice in the illustration of particular scenes often results in mental confusion. It would puzzle an expert in insanity to determine positively whether Mr. Irving's *Hamlet* is actually mad or not. Generally he is a natural personage enough; at times, his madness is clearly feigned; at others, as at one point in the interview with *Ophelia* and during parts of the play scene, it is, to all appearance, real. The question is not of particular importance, for the entire absence of tragic passion effectually relegates the performance to the second class. In the great scenes of the play—in the meeting with the *Ghost*, in the closet scene with the *Queen*, in the challenge to *Laertes*, and in the death scene—there was not a gleam of tragic fire; and it is scarcely

too much to say that the tragic side of *Hamlet's* character received no representation at all. The action was spirited, picturesque, dramatic, and incessant, and would have been most eloquent and impressive to an audience of the deaf and dumb; but in the delivery of the lines there was no thrill of passionate emotion. In other words, the actor was incapable of executing the design which his intellect had elaborated. In the quieter conversational passages of the play he was entirely successful. Here his fertility in all expedients of gesture and expression stood him in good stead. His scenes with *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, with *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*, with *Polonius*, and with the *Players*, were almost wholly admirable, and were acted with a naturalness and simplicity which made his extravagances at other times all the more noticeable. His treatment of the scene with the *Grave-diggers* was perfect, the spirit being one of gentle and philosophic melancholy, lightened by a tinge of amusement. The impression gained from the impersonation as a whole was one of elaborate study, rather than subtlety. Most careful thought had been expended, evidently, upon the possible significance of lines and words, and upon the invention of illustrative business. An instance of this minute care was furnished in the case of the *First Player*, who had been instructed apparently to wave his arm in a particular manner, to enable *Hamlet* to make a clever point later on, when instructing him not to "saw the air too much with your hand, thus." Again, in the beginning of the play scene, *Hamlet* possesses himself of *Ophelia's* fan and retains it to the end, for the sake of giving pertinency to the words, "A very, very peacock." Other similar examples might be quoted, but these suffice to show the extraordinary care which the English actor bestows upon what less conscientious men would call insignificant details. It is by this patient forethought that he maintains the interest in his performances. Even so hackneyed a play as "Hamlet" is, under his management, transformed into something like a novelty.

It is this thought which is the key to the secret of his success. The stepping-stones to his triumph have been experience, study, taste, and resolution; to which qualities must be added a strange degree of personal fascination. In analyzing his different performances in this country, the intention has been to judge him in the most kind and liberal manner, but the result cannot be held to justify the claim of greatness which his friends make for his acting. It is plain now, not only that he cannot be included in the first

rank of living tragedians, but that he has scarcely any right to the name of tragedian at all, beyond the fact that he appears in tragic parts. Nature has opposed an insuperable bar to his progress in this direction by withholding almost every attribute necessary to tragic expression. His frame is slight, his voice is weak in volume and restricted in compass, and his features, although they are most refined, intelligent, and mobile, are cast in too delicate a mold to give full expression to the higher passions. Garrick and Edmund Kean were small men, to be sure, but their voices were of great flexibility and power, and both were filled with the might of genius. Of this most precious gift Mr. Irving has shown no trace here. His most fervent admirers declare that he has it; but if so, it is difficult to account for his failure to manifest it during the twenty years of constant acting which preceded his first successful engagement. Genius is not likely to remain hidden under a bushel or anywhere else, when it has every chance to declare itself. It may be a paradox, but it is nevertheless probable that Mr. Irving would never have attained his present undisputed pre-eminence in England had he possessed the genius which his worshipers are so ready to accord him; for, in that case, it is extremely unlikely that he would ever have acquired the fullness of culture which distinguishes him and has enabled him to win fame in a two-fold capacity. His career would not be half so interesting, instructive, and honorable as it is, were it not for the courage and resolution with which he has faced and overcome all obstacles. Throughout all the best years of early manhood, he acted in the provincial theaters in every variety of play known to the stage. It is a curious reflection that, not very many years ago, the present accepted representative of *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth* was only known in London as a player of eccentric light comedy and farce, who delighted by his grotesque portrayal of such characters as *Jeremy Diddler* and *Alfred Jingle*. All through these humble, laborious, and unremunerative days he was gradually acquiring that mastery of stage technique in which he probably has no superior. There is nothing unnatural in the supposition that he may have contracted some of his most curious mannerisms in those old days when he moved his audiences to uproarious laughter by the agility of his contortions and his representation of comic starvation. This sort of work could never have been congenial to so ambitious and intelligent a man, but he performed it with all the earnestness and care which he now expends upon his masterpieces of stage production.

Almost everything that he undertook was marked by originality and purpose. His execution was always bold, prompt, and precise, as if each mechanical detail had been carefully arranged beforehand, and nothing was left to chance or the inspiration of the moment. This mechanical precision is one of the most noteworthy features of his acting now, and is carried to such a pitch of perfection that it is almost impossible to detect any difference between two or more of his performances of the same part. Premeditation of this kind is an infallible safeguard against slovenly performances, but also tends to act as a clog to inspiration, and may possibly have had a bad effect in Mr. Irving's own case. Whether or not his persistence in certain ungainly gestures during this early period of his career, when he dealt largely in burlesque exaggeration, is the cause of the curious mannerisms which are such terrible disfigurements now, is a question which it would be interesting to settle. It is scarcely credible that any intelligent actor, especially with that keen artistic sense which Mr. Irving possesses, would ever deliberately adopt them as appropriate to every stage character. Charity, therefore, demands that his sins, in the way of walk and gesture, should be ascribed to unconscious habit. For his unaccountable system of elocution some other explanation must be invented. That it is not physical misfortune is happily demonstrated by the crisp and simple method of delivery which he employs when he chooses. Whatever his theory may be, it is a bad one. Nothing could be much more distressing to the ear than the gasping ejection of syllable by syllable in a dolorous monotone, which he tries to pass current for honest elocution, but which is fatal to rhythm, melody, and often to sense itself. But, after all, this is only one of the contradictions in which Mr. Irving's work abounds. His scholarly taste does not prevent him from violating the laws of proportion; he is a master of gesture, and yet descends to mere contortion; he is capable of creating the finest effects by the strength of artistic repose, and yet sometimes ruins a noble scene by inexcusable restlessness.

What is the charm which enabled this man, without genius and with all these faults, to outstrip all competitors? The puzzle is not insoluble. He first attracted public attention as *Digby Grant*, in "The Two Roses," by the originality and audacity of the conception and the brilliancy of his execution. This triumph made him the talk of the town and emboldened him and his manager to venture a step further and try *Mathias*. The success of this was immediate and splendid, and Mr. Irving, after twenty years of neglect, rose to

a pinnacle of fame. Presently he essayed another character, and the critics began to talk of mannerisms. The critics were right, but the battle was won. The mannerisms counted for little in "The Two Roses" or in "The Bells," and Mr. Irving, having reaped fame and fortune almost at a stroke, turned manager and began to reveal the extent of his abilities. The persons who abused him most went the oftenest to see him. His audacity excited sympathy, his sincerity and self-confidence compelled respectful attention, and the greatness of his technical skill challenged admiration. His enemies meanwhile increased his popularity by vehement abuse and insistence upon his faults; whereupon his friends, unwilling to admit and unable to defend them, decreed that his artistic vices were virtues and his whole system the product of genius. While the battle raged, Mr. Irving steadily pursued his course and began to show the fruits of his long and arduous apprenticeship. His stage soon became noted for the beauty and completeness of its appointments. Years before, he had been an admirer of that sterling actor and accomplished artist, Samuel Phelps, who for more than a quarter of a century made the lowly Sadler's Wells famous as the home of the legitimate drama. What Phelps, without influence, had accomplished in the East, Mr. Irving, already a favorite of fortune, resolved to do in the West. He had learned that the whole is greater than the part, and that if one good actor can bring prosperity to a theater, twenty good actors are likely to bring still more. He collected the best company in London, and became his own stage-manager. His varied experience was applied to every detail. Where his knowledge failed, he applied to the best available authority. Famous archæologists, antiquaries, royal academicians were sought out, that every detail of scenery and properties might be correct. Where there was a good precedent, he copied it; where there was none, he set the example. The critics still assailed his mannerisms and weaknesses, and most justly, but his reputation as an actor was no longer his one bulwark. As actor and manager, he had achieved a position never occupied before by any theatrical personage; and in raising himself from obscurity to fame, he had elevated the art and the profession to which he had faithfully devoted the energies of his life.

When it is said, therefore, that Mr. Irving is not a tragedian, as he assuredly is not, that he failed in the only pure melodrama which he produced in this city, and that his proper sphere is eccentric comedy and character-acting generally, so long as no display of genuine passion is involved, there is no intimation

that he is occupying a position on false pretenses. He is, on the contrary, most justly entitled to the honors conferred upon him and to the gratitude of all lovers of the stage. It is said that he has profited by the labors of others; that he reproduces effects created long ago; that he has stolen lightning from Macready, thunder from Phelps, and other munitions elsewhere. It may be so, probably is; and the only comment necessary on the subject is, that the sooner American managers indulge in larceny of the same description, the better. They will be comforted, perhaps, by the assurance that Mr. Irving's system is a cheap one in the end. Judicious expenditure will generally insure profitable returns. But liberal management means a good deal more than the mere spending of money. Taste and knowledge are more potent even than the check-book. Within the last ten or fifteen years there have been a dozen productions or revivals in this city which cost more money than any of Mr. Irving's representations, but when or where have there been such vital and fascinating stage pictures as he has given us? Where, within the last ten years at least, has any Shaksperian play been produced with a cast in which it would be hypercritical to pick a flaw, except in the case of the chief actor? When has a legitimate actor in New York been surrounded by supernumeraries who behaved like sentient and intelligent human beings? When was it that a legitimate play was presented in which every detail of scenery, external or interior, every bit of property, every costume was absolutely correct? The scenery which Mr. Irving used here was old; after months of service in London, it had been shipped across the Atlantic, and was erected on a stage which it did not fit; and yet, in tone of color, in fidelity to fact, in quality of drawing, etc., it excelled anything of the kind seen here in recent days. The pictures in "The Merchant of Venice," with their wealth of color, wonderful movement, and general verisimilitude, were revelations in the arts of stage decoration and management. The scene at Hampton Court, in "Charles I.," was photographic in its accuracy, as were the interiors at Whitehall. The interiors of "Louis XI." were marvels of taste and correctness; and the night scene in the first act, with its massive towers standing out in relief against one broad band of light in a dark and stormy sky, was extraordinarily effective. The solidity of the masonry in the first act of "Hamlet," the weird landscape with its expanse of rock and sea, which forms a background for the *Ghost*, and many other instances of exquisite artistic taste, might be cited.

A reference to these matters is indispensable in any review which professes to estimate the true position and influence of Henry Irving. He is a reformer of the stage and an educator; and were his faults as an actor ten times more flagrant than they are, his advent here would be a fact of the highest importance. It will undoubtedly affect the whole tone of reputable and capable criticism, for it has set a standard which cannot be ignored. The more bitter the assaults upon Mr. Ir-

ing's abilities as an actor, the greater the rebuke to American managers. He has proved beyond dispute that fine plays will be popular if they are properly represented. If they cannot be made popular in New York, it is either because New York has no actors equal to Mr. Irving and his company, or no men capable of scholarly, tasteful, and liberal management. There is the dilemma; the choice of horns is free.

J. Ranken Towse.

THE IDEAL.

"Das Dort ist niemals hier."
(The There is never here.)

Schiller.

O DREAM of Beauty ever hovering round me—
Now almost mine, now far and far away;
My longing when the slumber-chain has bound me,
My day's intenser day!

So near—so far! now close beside me glistens
The white robe, and the breath has warmed my brow;
And now—it sweeps the immeasurable distance,
The deserts part us now.

The organ song, that through the aisle rejoices,
The star-isled midnight, shoreless sea serene,
Are forms that clothe the Formless—are the voices,
The whispers of the Unseen.

The mid-noon sunbeam, flooding earth with splendor,
Is but a veil that shrouds light more intense;
And wordless feeling, thrills of rapture tender,
They spring to being—whence?

O beauty infinite! the sparks are shaken
From off thy vesture of celestial fire;
They fall, they kindle in the soul, they waken
The unquenchable desire—

The yearning, and the restlessness that lonely
Seeks through Creation for thy face alone,
And in material loveliness sees only
Thy shadow downward thrown.

The finite to the infinite aspireth,
The unbounded ever stretcheth on before;
The spirit's white wing pauseth not nor tireth,
Nor draweth near the shore.

Constantina E. Brooks.

THE NEXT PRESIDENCY.

It is a remarkable fact, and probably this is the first time it has occurred in our history, that, within a few months of the meeting of the nominating conventions of the two great political parties which divide the suffrages of the country between them, the only interesting feature of the political situation is the general indifference which prevails in all sections and among all classes, both as to the platforms and the candidates which will be presented in the struggle for the next Presidency of the United States.

All thoughtful observers of our politics have noticed for some years past a gradual but steady increase in political apathy, and many explanations of it have been offered. Some have lamented the decay of statesmanship and the absence from the scenes of political strife of great political leaders who gathered to themselves the confidence and the admiration of the parties which followed them; while others have given undue importance to the fact that we are living in an era of peace, after the exhaustion of a great war, and when the statesmen who dealt with the problems presented by the war have so recently passed away that, possibly, others competent to deal with existing problems have not yet taken their place.

Upon reflection, the truth, however, will be found to be that the average American citizen cares very little about politics at present, because the government under which he lives touches his life very rarely, and only at points of very little importance to him. From his rising up until his lying down, the vast aggregate of his interests and his activities are entirely beyond its scope, and there is hardly any serious interest of his life which is affected by it. He selects and pursues the occupation of his own choice. He worships in the church of his own choice. He educates his children in schools and according to standards chosen by himself. No compulsory service is demanded of him in his youth, and no burdensome taxes oppress him in his old age. The newspapers, as free as air, bring to him such news, and such comments thereon, as the proprietors suppose he desires to read; and, so long as he behaves himself fairly well, he is assured that his freedom to say what he likes and to do what he likes will not be abridged. Even the great inequalities of fortune, which often seem to him to be both unjust and unsafe, and

which are likely to appeal to the evil passions of the less fortunate, he knows are due either to the possession of less scrupulousness or more energy and capacity by their possessors, or to some of these qualities favored by causes beyond the domain of law. Indeed, the average American citizen is at present without a serious political grievance or a serious political sentiment of any kind, and he believes that his rights will be equally respected, and the interests of the country perhaps equally protected, whether one political party or the other controls the Government. He therefore concerns himself, if a man of business, about business; if a man of religion, about religion; if a man of letters, about letters; if a man of art, about art; if a man of leisure, about his leisure; and he does not feel called upon to concern himself about politics at all, except possibly to the extent of voting the ticket of his party.

Of course, such a state of feeling can exist only in a time of peace, and when no great and exciting question is agitating the public mind; but that is the present, and is likely to be for a considerable period the future condition of this country, and it must be expected, therefore, that the great mass of our citizens will not take any very active interest in the conduct of politics or in the strifes of parties. This condition of things is no doubt very undesirable, for it certainly tends to leave the management of our politics in the hands of persons who make it a profession, and expect therefore, directly or indirectly, to make a livelihood and perhaps a fortune by it. Indeed, very much of what is known as "machine politics" is due to this political apathy, which is in turn reproduced and strengthened by such politics.

A great city presents the best illustration of this truth. One finds there large numbers of active and competent men of business who, if they possessed adequate public spirit, could and, if they believed there was an adequate business necessity, doubtless would administer the affairs of their municipality with the same directness, economy, and fidelity with which they conduct their own business affairs. Unfortunately, many of them do not possess any public spirit worth considering, and, as a matter of business, they know that their share of the amount taken from the municipal treasury, in the various forms of abstraction in which the professional

politicians of our large cities have become such adepts, is insignificant when compared with their annual income, and that they can make more money by attending to their business and disregarding politics than they can save by giving a portion of their time to the government of the city in which they live. As a natural consequence, the professional politicians soon come to understand the power thus given to them, and they begin their career by assaults upon the municipal treasury.

When, however, they have succeeded in perfecting their system of municipal politics, it soon becomes an almost resistless tyranny to which many aspirants for places, honorable and humble, surrender their convictions and their honor; for the same organization which controls the city wards extends itself over the Legislative and Congressional districts, and the successful candidates for Legislative or Congressional honors, as well as for municipal offices, are the servants of the same men, for they are the men who are found to have control of all the nominating conventions.

The same power, "as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on," soon aspires to name also many of the delegates to the State and national conventions of the party. Perhaps the scene of the most effective activity of machine politics is in these conventions, for there the compact and disciplined delegations from the cities, under their astute leaders, are often able to exert a controlling influence. The delegates from the rural districts compare with them as militia compare with regular troops. It must be remembered also that the ambitious politicians throughout the State, looking forward to the office of Governor or Senator, or a place in the cabinet, or to some State office of less distinction but greater emolument, naturally desire to stand well with persons having it in their power, perhaps, to make or mar their future. Seekers after office throughout the State are generally found to be staunch supporters of the city politicians, and do not hesitate when occasion offers to flatter them as steadfast and noble-hearted defenders of "the grand old party." All this tends inevitably to consolidate their power and to widen the circle of their baleful influence; and it happens, therefore, that there are active and influential members of such conventions whom their fellow-delegates, who know them at all, know perfectly well ought to be "in durance vile." It is true that a good many of them get there sooner or later, but they are generally the smaller offenders. While State conventions were permitted to select delegates to national conventions, and to instruct them how to vote, it was apparent that a vast and far-reaching

power was vested in a few city politicians. Even when such authority is denied to State conventions, their right to select and instruct the delegates at large, when added to the natural desire of each State delegation to act with as much harmony as possible, so as to secure to itself the greatest possible weight in the deliberations and result of the convention, gives to a few men controlling the politics of large cities a very great power in shaping the nominations for the Presidency itself.

It would be amusing if it were not sad to reflect that by a kind of irony of fate these evil results, upon the stage of State and national politics, are largely due to the blindness which prevents our seeing that the administration of the affairs of a municipality is wholly a question of business, and has no proper relation whatever to partisan politics. The city of Philadelphia, for instance, possesses scarcely a single function which can properly be called political. There is scarcely a penny of her vast revenues which can be expended for any object, or in the discharge of any duty, which can properly be called political. To gather water into reservoirs and distribute it, to manufacture gas and sell it, to pave and repair highways, to extinguish fires, to provide watchmen to prevent as far as possible the commission of crime, to furnish schools for the education of children, to provide homes and food for the helpless poor: these are fair examples of the functions of a municipality. Is there one of them as to which there is the slightest propriety in dividing ourselves into Republicans and Democrats? Nobody seriously pretends there is, and the only consequence of continuing partisan strife in municipal affairs is to maintain in their power the machine politicians who divide the plunder of the city among themselves and their dependents, and thus gradually secure for themselves great weight in State and national politics also. One of our most urgent political needs to-day is the absolute divorce of questions of municipal administration from questions of partisan politics. And when the citizens of our cities, without regard to party, take the management of their municipal affairs into their own hands and treat them as matters of business, a brighter day will begin to dawn for our public life and our public men, and possibly not until then, so interwoven and interdependent are the grosser evils of our public life and our habit of treating the municipal offices of great cities as the spoils of partisan politics.

It would be no doubt a very instructive lesson, if some person having the requisite patience would show how, just in proportion as the general interest in political questions and struggles diminished when the civil war

was over and the safety of the Government was assured, the growth of the machine in politics steadily progressed from day to day. As good citizens, having no interest in public affairs but the welfare of the country, gradually relinquished active participation in them, a class of professional politicians slowly in each city emerged from their obscurity, and, securing the drinking saloons of their respective wards as their base of operations, grew day by day in audacity and in power. Their growth was mainly due to the fact that the great mass of their fellow-citizens were blind partisans, satisfied to repeat party cries long after they had ceased to have any real meaning, proud to follow party standards long after they had ceased to represent the same principles, and not ashamed to boast of their partisan fealty when they knew it was being used by unworthy men to enrich themselves at the public expense. The partisan fealty of the Democrats of New York survived the unparalleled crimes of the Tweed ring in the city and the infamy of the Canal ring in the State. It is true that many Democrats rose in insurrection against both these bands of organized plunderers; and whatever else may be said of Mr. Tilden, it is to his lasting credit that he was courageous enough and capable enough to do better work in the overthrow and punishment of such men than has been permitted possibly to any other American citizen; but it is also true that the partisan fealty of the Democrats of New York in general survived these severe trials of their faith, and they still permit Mr. Kelly to decide not only how the revenues of their metropolis shall be administered, but also to select the persons who shall administer them. It is even alleged that he is able to barter the vote of the State of New York to his political opponents, whenever it is necessary to do so in order to retain his hold upon the city.

The partisan fealty of the Republicans of Pennsylvania has withstood tests as severe. They have allowed their State and municipal treasuries to be the plaything of machine politicians, and to be prostituted time out of mind to their personal advantage. They have allowed their metropolis to be the prey of men who in themselves or in their chosen subordinates have exhausted almost the entire calendar of crime, while they masqueraded in the name of the Republican party and protested that their crimes were necessary to its preservation. They have stuffed ballot-boxes. They have forged election returns. They have stolen the taxes. They have stolen the water rates. They have stolen the receipts for gas. They have stolen the moneys appropriated to the repair of the highways. They have even descended to steal the moneys appro-

priated to the relief of the insane poor. And they have done all this in the name of the party whose first great historical achievement was the election of Abraham Lincoln, a name which has become a synonym, wherever the English language is spoken, for plain, downright honesty. These accusations are not rhetorical expressions. They are in substance extracts from the indictments and recorded judgments of courts of criminal jurisdiction, where the accused parties were tried by juries of their countrymen and were entitled to every presumption in their favor, and where they could only be convicted when no reasonable doubt could exist of their guilt.

Politicians, whether in city or country, are therefore abundantly justified in their belief, and they are safe in acting upon it, that the vast majority of the voters of each party will continue to vote the ticket labeled with the old name without very much regard to any other consideration; and when to this general party fealty of the great mass of voters is added a general apathy on political subjects, the political situation is undoubtedly grave; for the nomination of candidates to all places of profit or of honor, including the Presidency of the United States, is relegated to a considerable extent to men who follow the business of politics for plunder or for office. What kind of candidates such men are likely to consider it will be to their interest to present this year becomes, therefore, a very important question.

As to the platforms, it is likely both parties will substantially agree in their enunciation of what they are pleased to call their principles, with only such changes of phraseology as may give an appearance of difference to them. They would seem to be invited to this course by the lack of any important principle of governmental action upon which they radically and honestly differ. The war is over, and nobody but now and then an editor in need of a flaming leader thinks of abusing the South as a section, or of insisting that the civil government of great industrial States, such as the Southern States are rapidly becoming, could be wisely intrusted to the least intelligent of their people. It is not likely, therefore, that the Republican convention will declare strongly against the South. They will, of course, throw a tub to the whale in that respect in some general phrases; but they will have no vitality in them, and the chairman of the committee, when he reads them, will do so with his tongue in his cheek.

Even the repudiation of the debt of Virginia will not be commended, because Mahoneism, failing in everything else, has at last succeeded in compelling its opponents to accept its policy in that respect, and to approve

repudiation now would be to approve the position of both the Democrats and the Readjusters. It is to be hoped that the Republicans who assisted to secure this result are satisfied with it; certainly, those of us who protested against this dishonesty from the beginning are glad they made their protest.

On the other hand, the Democratic convention is in no danger now of denying that we are a nation, or of refusing to the National Government any of the powers or attributes inherent in a great sovereignty. If they differ from the Republican convention in any degree upon that question this year, it will only be whether the word Nation should bespelled with a capital letter or not; and that is a difference upon which angry passions cannot be aroused.

As to the tariff, in view of the surprising support Mr. Carlisle received from the Northwest and of the doubts which are now known to exist as to the policy of a high protective tariff in some of the Stalwart Republican States of that section, it is not improbable that the difference in the platforms of the two parties upon that subject may, in the end, be reduced to a declaration by the Republican convention in favor of a protective tariff with incidental revenue, and to a declaration by the Democratic convention in favor of a revenue tariff with incidental protection. If these identical phrases should not be used, other phrases equally ambiguous and elastic doubtless will; and care will be taken that it shall not be difficult for the Democrats of Pennsylvania to continue to be good Democrats, or for the Republicans of Iowa to continue to be good Republicans. Persons who suppose that the two parties will take positions of absolute antagonism on this subject are likely to suffer a severe disappointment. When the smoke clears away, it is not probable anybody will be found clamoring for less protection to our industries than will represent the actual difference in wages here and abroad, and nobody will be vigorously demanding any duty on raw materials if the duty has to be deducted from the wages of American labor. It would not be at all surprising if both platforms and the letters of acceptance of both candidates were found substantially in accord with the views presented in the letter of Mr. Hewitt, recently published. Indeed, that eminent and able statesman offers in himself the example of a happy compromise: as a leading manufacturer, he needs the fact of protection to American labor, and as a leading Democrat, he needs the cry of revenue reform; and he takes excellent care to retain both.

The currency question is now practically out of politics. We shall not be humiliated again

by the melancholy announcement to which we were treated for so many years by shining lights of both parties, at first as to our duty to pay the national debt in paper promises, to pay it only when it suited our convenience, and then only in other paper promises, and afterward as to our duty to pay it in silver coin of considerable less value than our promise. No trace of such dishonor will be discoverable in the platform of either party this year. By common consent we have recurred to the simple, plain rule of regarding a dollar as meaning neither more nor less, but precisely what our laws declared it to be when we used it in our bonds and in our notes—a certain number of grains of gold of a certain fineness. It is mortifying but instructive to remember how much Congressional and platform eloquence would have been saved if our politicians had done the people the justice to believe that, sooner or later, their sturdy good sense and honesty would bring them to that very obvious standard of duty in measuring the obligations they had assumed.

It is very likely that both parties will pronounce very vigorously in favor of civil service reform. Some of those who witnessed it still remember with shame the applause with which the last Republican national convention greeted a delegate who denounced it as a humbug, and declared that the object nearest the heart of the convention was the continued division of the public offices as spoils of war, according to the will of the bosses in their several grades. This year the convention will be more circumspect. It will "point with pride" to the law recently enacted by Congress and approved by the President, but it will forget to state that it was only so enacted and affirmed after the party and the President had suffered such a disastrous and humiliating rebuke by the people that the advent of the Democratic party to power seemed assured.

The Democratic convention will probably add a touch of humor to its treatment of the subject. It will give us a ringing declaration in favor of a radical and thorough reform, but it will insist that the first step in such a reform is "to turn the rascals out." It will forget to add that its definition of a rascal would be found to be any Republican holding an office. And if brought to book for trifling with a grave subject, the Democrats will assert that we set them the excellent example, that we delayed the reform for fifteen years and until we believed we were about to be turned out, and that then we had recourse to it only to retain our hold upon the offices. And then they may proceed to ask some awkward questions, as, for instance, why General Burt was dismissed from

the Naval Office at New York, in view of his long and invaluable services to the cause; what member of the present cabinet has ever spoken a word in its favor; why Commissioner Evans was allowed to dismiss competent officials from the Internal Revenue service to make way for men like Horton, "recommended by Governor Butler"; why the offices of Virginia were turned over to Senator Mahone; and why the organ of the Administration, owned by the friends of the President and edited by his Assistant Postmaster-General, has never ceased to indulge in sneers at the reform, and continues to publish advertisements offering to purchase influence in appointments to office. And Democratic orators will probably not forget to mention the recent action of the Republican Senate. The gentlemen elected are doubtless excellent and capable officers, but the changes were made on partisan grounds only; and the proscription extended even to the chaplain, as if the prayers of a Christian minister were likely to be better or worse by reason of the political party to which he happened to belong. The mischief of such an action is double. It encourages the belief that Republican protestations in favor of civil service reform are insincere, and it makes a precedent sure to be fruitful of evil.

It is not improbable, therefore, that the voter who does not acknowledge a blind partisan fealty which forbids his looking further than the name by which his ticket is labeled may have to decide his vote by a consideration of the past careers of the respective candidates. He will know, whether he finds it in any platform or not, that the Presidency of the United States is, in the hands of a strong, capable, and aggressively honest man, an office of very great opportunities, and therefore of very grave responsibilities; and if he has made himself conversant with the recent history of his country and the tendencies of its public life, he will also know that there is at this time great and noble work awaiting a President able and willing to do it. It goes without saying that he must be absolutely untrammelled when he takes his solemn oath to defend the constitution and to execute the laws. He must not have sought the nomination, nor must he have shown after his nomination what President Woolsey so aptly called "a most uncommon anxiety" for his election, for he must be without friends to reward, and without enemies to punish. In the present state of affairs at Washington, he must not only be an honest man, but he must be *a cause of honesty in others*. He must really hate every form of thievery, and must be able to dedicate himself to the solemn work of

reforming not only the administrative service of the National Government, but the very atmosphere itself of the national capital.

Four years of administration of the National Government by such a man would transform the public life of America. He would recognize the just limitations of true civil service reform, and know that all political officers in the Executive Department, all such officers representing in any degree the political action of the Government, ought to be in harmony with it, and that his Cabinet—his official household—ought to be composed of men possessed of his entire political and personal confidence, and in earnest sympathy with him in the work he proposed to accomplish.

His Secretary of State would take care not to vex foreign nations with requests which he knew ought not to be granted, and which, if made to us under precisely similar circumstances, would be indignantly repelled; but while avoiding such requests, he would keep vigilant watch over the rights of every American citizen in the world, and maintain not only the dignity and honor, but the interests of the country, in every quarter of the globe. Our foreign missions would be regarded as political offices, but they would be filled so as to reflect only credit upon the country; while our consuls would be regarded as commercial officers only, and be selected not because of their friendship with politicians, or with the President himself, but because of their knowledge of the people with whom they were to live, and of their ability to advance the interests of American commerce.

His Secretary of the Treasury would be able to devote all his time to the great fiscal problems which concern that department, and would not be obliged to waste it upon Senators and Congressmen, or deputations of local political magnates, in listening to their appeals for the appointment of a pensioner upon the Treasury. In giving to his subordinates the assurance of a permanent tenure while they discharged their duties effectively, he would inspire them with new zeal for the public service, and secure a larger measure of fidelity to the interests committed to their charge.

His Secretary of War would be able to secure punishment for the men who are now in such numbers tarnishing the fair name of their noble service, and thus bring the army back to its earlier and better state, when conduct becoming an officer and a gentleman was not supposed to include what, in the language of the capital, is by a delicate euphemism called "duplication of accounts," but elsewhere is called swindling.

His Secretary of the Navy would cleanse that department of its rottenness in contracts

and in navy yards as well as in ships, and the country would gladly accord him whatever moneys were necessary to place the American navy upon a footing creditable alike to the gallant and illustrious service it represents and the great country whose flag it carries in the waters of the world.

His Secretary of the Interior would so administer that vast department as to cleanse it of the agents of the Indian ring, the Pension ring, and the Land ring; and it would then be possible only for honest contractors to furnish the Indian supplies, honest agents to represent claimants for pension, and honest settlers to obtain titles to public lands. Congress would then possibly no longer hesitate to vote the money necessary for the proper treatment of the Indians, as the wards of a rich, civilized, and Christian nation.

His Postmaster-general would place the entire postal service upon a basis of absolute honesty and economy. Defaulting postmasters would not only be dismissed, but punished; and men convicted by the country of robbing the department would not be allowed to secure new contracts while they were being prosecuted for fraud in old ones.

His Attorney-general would be able to secure the selection of judges, marshals, and commissioners upon the ground of their fitness by character and ability to represent the administration of justice in their several communities; and the country would no longer be scandalized by the prosecution of unworthy officials who ought never to have been appointed to the places they have dishonored. Of course, it is not intended to suggest that many of the incumbents of these offices have not illustrated the qualities mentioned, but only that such a President, surrounded by such a Cabinet, would be able to do more to purify and elevate the public service in a term of four years than can possibly be done in any other way in the life-time of a generation. The corrupt and corrupting lobby which now infests Congress and the departments would recognize in such an administration an enemy which would only be satisfied with its immediate dissolution and dispersion. Its members would recognize that their calling and occupation were gone, and that any attempt to pursue them further would not only be accompanied by slight prospect of gain, but also by great probability of punishment. Then, too, the mere advent of such an administration would stop very much of the plundering possibly now going on. If any officer of the Signal Service, misled by Howgate's example, were tempted to obtain the public moneys by forgery, he would know that such an administration intended to reclaim Howgate

and restore him to the jail from which he was released without even the mockery of a trial. If anybody contemplated breaking into the Treasury and stealing bundles of notes, he would be deterred by the knowledge that such an administration would not enter into a compromise with him, whereby he should be allowed to depart in peace with a portion of his plunder. If a conspiracy were in process of formation to rob the Government by fraudulent proposals, fraudulent bonds, and false pretenses of services rendered, the conspirators would know that such an administration would be a unit in their prosecution, and not divided; so that, if one cabinet minister was exerting all his energy and ability in prosecuting them, everybody would feel sure that no other cabinet minister was exerting himself to shield any of them from prosecution. The detectives of the national capital would agree to resume the work of detecting crime in order that the criminals might be punished, instead of devoting themselves, as they have done for a considerable time past, to arranging with the criminals that their crimes should not be detected, upon condition that they divided their booty; for the detectives would understand that such an administration would pursue them even more relentlessly than the professional criminals. And still another inestimable benefit would be the relief of the clerks in Washington, of both sexes, from any danger of a recurrence of the abject dependency upon their patrons which they have felt so long, and which has gone so far to demoralize their lives. The historian of this country will find it difficult to induce his readers to believe that it was until a year ago, and may be again next year, a part of the recognized system of things that not only men, but women also, should be dependent for their appointment to clerical offices and their retention in them upon senators and representatives in Congress; that, no matter how honestly and faithfully they performed their service, the privilege of continuing to earn their bread by doing so depended upon the good pleasure of the man who had secured their appointment. In other words, each senator and member was offered the privilege of pensioning men or women upon the National Treasury; and in many cases the men to whom this privilege was offered, and the women upon whom appointments were conferred, were living away from the restraints and the protections of home. Such an administration as has been mentioned would find no difficulty, in a very brief time, in placing the subordinate civil service of the country upon a basis at once consistent with the

best interest of the service itself and with the highest self-respect of every man and woman engaged in it, no matter whether the recent law remains or is repealed, for it would need no laws but such as have long existed and its own resolute purpose to do its plain duty without fear or favor. The law recently passed was only needed to prevent a President from doing wrong; it was not needed to enable him to do right.

The city which is honored by bearing the name of the father of his country would then soon cease to be the paradise of lobbyists great or small, of conspirators in office or out, of adventurers of the one sex or the other, of prosecutors who do not prosecute, of jurymen who follow the profession of acquitting the guilty and thrive by it, of tradesmen who grow rich by corrupting the purchasing agents of the departments and are respected for it, of seekers after contracts and subsidies who seem to think even more meanly of the men they purchase than of themselves, and of all kindred spirits who have combined to call good evil and evil good, until honesty walks the streets ashamed and robbery is blatant and bold.

It is, of course, difficult to discover how many voters in the United States are now willing to try to secure a President of the character which has been indicated; but it is safe to say that there is a considerable number of them, and that they will not be imposed upon either by ambiguous expressions in platforms or by death-bed repentance in candidates. It may be assumed that no man will be nominated for the Presidency who has not been for a considerable time in the view of his fellow-citizens. They will accordingly judge him not by what he says or does in expectation of his candidacy, but by the general course and tenor of his public life. They will not expect him to agree with them in all things, but they will insist quite strenuously that the general drift and purpose of his career shall have been in accordance with the highest standards of public honesty and purity. As the time for the national conventions grows nearer, the influential politicians of each party will become more and more sensible of the wisdom of yielding to a considerable extent to this demand of the independent voter. They know that party ties sit now much more loosely than ever before, and that the next contest is likely to be very close, —so close that even a small handful of brave and independent men in a single State may be able to decide it. They will therefore make considerable sacrifices of their own preferences in order to give their party the best chance of success at the polls. It is not at all likely that any candidate will be nominated on

partisan grounds only, or because he is a reliable, steadfast party man; and it is much less likely that any man will be nominated by either party whose political career on its moral side has ever been the subject of serious criticism, or whose political methods and standards have been objectionable to any considerable section of his party. Then, too, the Democratic party will be sure to avoid nominating any man who can be shown to have been in active sympathy with the rebellion; and the Republican party will be equally sure to avoid nominating any man whose candidacy would re-open, on the one side or the other, the controversy which was waged so fiercely against President Garfield, which resulted so fatally to him, and which did not cease when he was in his grave. That controversy and the awful tragedy which followed it are still painfully remembered by very many Republican voters in other States besides Ohio, and any nomination made in contempt of the opinions entertained upon that subject would be equivalent to a surrender before the battle began.

The only real danger lies in the possibility of each party presenting a candidate who has never been bad enough to provoke active hostility, and never good enough to offend "the baser sort" of his own party, and who, if elected, would form an administration of discordant elements and "unrelated parts," going possibly to the bench for one cabinet minister and to the lobby for another, and selecting the rest at haphazard, or for reasons of locality, or because they were out of a place, or because they desired to show the country they were "not so black as they were painted," or for some such reason.

Until such a misfortune actually happens, however, we will hope that one party or the other, if not both, will offer a candidate whose politics are positive, not negative, and who is really fit to be the President of fifty millions of free men; a man and not a name only, a statesman and not a politician only, of greatness of mind, an ardent lover of his country and her free institutions, resolute to defend the right and assail the wrong, and without spot or stain in his connection with politics, or suspicion of any such thing. Each party possesses many men answering these requirements, and it is very likely that one party or the other will ask the suffrages of the people for such a man. Possibly the good fortune awaits us of witnessing a contest for the Presidency in which both candidates will be strong, pure, brave men, willing and able to do the good work which is waiting to be done, and which only such a President can do.

Wayne MacVeagh.

OLD PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN AMERICA.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, FROM CHURCH STREET.

As "Old New York and its Houses" * proved to be a subject hardly less interesting to the readers of the article so entitled than it was to the writer, he is led, not unnaturally, to the consideration of a kindred theme, the

public buildings of colonial and immediately post-colonial times—led thereto, as before, by the sight of tempting sketches of such subjects. There may be some pleasure in this direction, and certainly there will be some profit, if we consider the style of the

* See THE CENTURY for October, 1883.

buildings in which the grandfathers and the great-grandfathers of those living Americans, whose Americanism did not begin within the last half century, worshiped and legislated. The existing representatives of these structures are unhappily very few; for in most cases they have been ruthlessly destroyed, with blindness to their beauty and indifference to their associations; yet often, it must be admitted, because there seemed no practicable way of preserving them. Enough, however, remain to tell us what manner of men they were who did our public building in this period—so little thought of and so little known.

The rows of unhomelike and even unhouselike dwelling-places which are generally spoken of as “brown-stone fronts”—phrase unlovely, and therefore most fitting—may properly be regarded as manifestations and embodiments of the spirit of our domestic architecture in the second and third quarters of the present century. In them the fatuous frivolity and obtrusive vulgarity of that period found complete expression. As geologists designate the various stages of the earth's formation as the Eozoic and the Paleozoic, and the Eocene and Pliocene periods, and the like, so we may well designate the stage of house-building through which we have lately passed—and from which we are slowly emerging, but with struggles and lingering throes of adhesion—as the brown-stone period of American architecture. How firmly imbedded we have been in this stratum of old red sandstone, thin laminæ of which seem to have cropped up out of our soil, through our very souls, as veneering to our “stylish” domiciles, may be inferred from a two-part story, as dual as a pair of trousers, which reached me through two architects.

A certain very costly mansion in one of the principal avenues of New York was designed by its architect to be built of a light-colored, grayish stone; but the client, although he accepted the design, rebelled against the proposed material, and insisted on having his house in brown stone, “like other people.” Then another projector of a “palatial mansion,” a dweller in California, but a native of New York, astonished his architect by declaring that his house must also be built of brown stone, although the country around him abounds in stone more beautiful and in every way better for building,—assigning as his reason that he “wanted to have a brown-stone house like Mr. —’s, on — Avenue, in New York,”—the elaborate structure before mentioned; wherefore, poor building material for a house in San Francisco was transported from New York. This disposition to copy New York has been deplorably in-

jurious to the architectural as well as to the moral aspect of the whole country. No sooner is the “Interocean City” of some farthest Western frontier of civilization out of the log-cabin period, than it has at once a Broadway, a Fifth Avenue, and an Academy of Music; and in the two former parallel passages through its desolation, where “saloons” and “dry” goods stores—the wet dispensaries outnumbering the dry in the proportion of three to one—alternate with stump-dotted clearings, its ambitious citizens begin to erect shapeless, roofless houses, with heavy sham cornices of the regulation New York model, which, brown stone being unattainable, they paint as nearly as possible brown-stone color; the object in view being not convenience, nor comfort, nor beauty, nor fitness, but “style,” in cheap imitation of the style of New York—rich New York, big New York, ever richer and ever bigger New York; and when at last a house is built with its front of veritable brown stone, it is looked upon with a feeling as nearly approaching veneration as the Interoceanites are capable of, and is hailed as a blessed harbinger of coming metropolitan splendor.

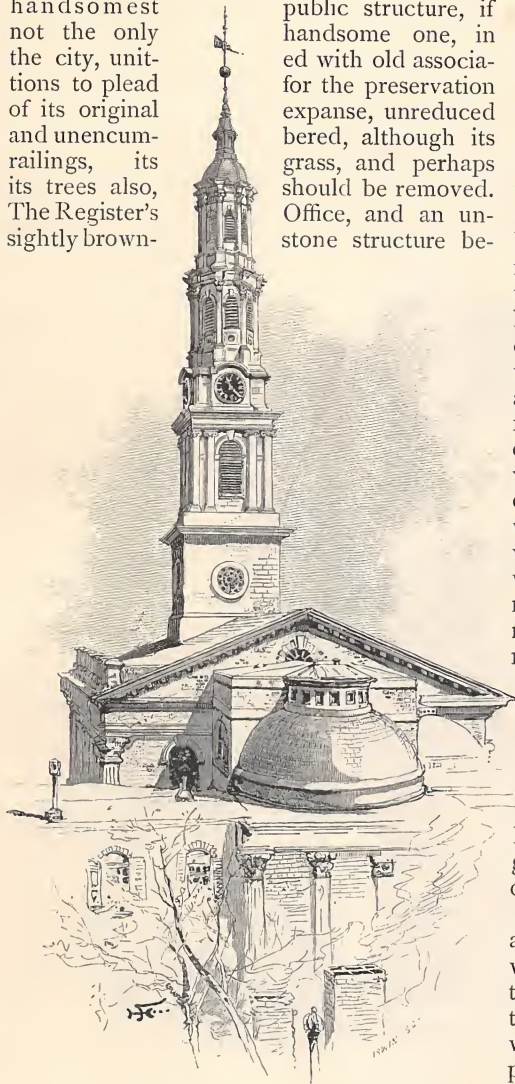
The place which the brown-stone-front house fills in the history of our domestic architecture, is filled in that of our public architecture by a sort of building of which the Post Office and the new City Hall of New York are perfected types and oppressive examples. The very presence of the Post Office on its present site is an insult to good taste and a defiance of common sense. It may safely be said that in no other country, hardly in any other city in the civilized world, would such a fine open place as the old City Hall Park, being the property of the city and almost coeval with it, have been destroyed. Some modification of its former condition was made necessary by the increase of population and of traffic. But the indications pointed very plainly to a change the very reverse of that which has been made. That triangular piece of ground which has become the center of the business part of the city was of no account as a “park.” It was much too small for such a name, or for any use indicated by the name. Many years ago it had fulfilled its function as a place of recreation, of lounging, or of intramural verdure. But as an open *plaza* it would have been respectable, and could have been made admirable. In size it would have equaled many such ornaments and breathing-places in the capitals of Europe. Its position at the junction of the two great thoroughfares of the city, and the fact that it contained the building which was at once the City Hall and the

handsomest not the only the city, unit-ions to plead of its original and unencum-railings, its trees also, The Register's

public structure, if handsome one, in ed with old associa-for the preservation expanse, un-reduced bered, although its grass, and perhaps should be removed. Office, and an un-stone structure be-

the old Park was filled with wooden barracks ; and when at last the time happily came for these to be pulled down, the spirits of greed and corruption had taken possession of New York, and of all the imitation New Yorks in the country ; and 'nothing, public or private, under our skies was looked upon but as a means of getting money by fair means or by foul. Therefore it was that, a new post office being required, the site of it, by selfish, roguish intrigues, the history of which remains unwritten, was cut ruthlessly out of this fair little expanse of earth and air, in which every citizen of New York had an interest, and which might have been made for the future, as it had been in the past, a sightly, healthful, honored ornament and landmark of the city. Bright open space and pleasing urban vistas gave place to gloomy restriction ; the old Park was destroyed forever ; and traffic was increased and concentrated upon a point which should have been relieved. And this was done simply and solely that some men might get money, and that others might save money. That like motives directed the planning and building of the New City Hall, it is needless to say. It stands a fitting monument of the political and social condition of which a Tweed is the natural, if not the inevitable, product ; a sign and a token to all peoples and all generations that, in the course of less than half a century, New York attained a pitch of combined vulgarity and corruption unequalled in the records of municipal history.

The old City Hall in New York, handsome as it is with a handsomeness of the kind that we call elegant, does not quite do justice to the design of its architect. That design sought to give the building a becoming dignity. This was attained in part by its elevation upon a paved plateau. I suspect that few people, except those who frequent this building, know that it does not stand upon the level of the surrounding land, and that to reach the plane from which its entrance stairs ascend there is a rise of two steps to a large semicircular plateau paved with square stones, which have not been disturbed for three quarters of a century. In justice to the architect, Mr. John McComb, it should be said that the city corporation obliged him to modify his original plan by reducing its ground-plan proportions in certain directions. The lines and proportions of the detail were preserved. The design is of a character which lends itself to such modification with a facility hardly possible in other styles ; yet the loss was material, although not destructive, for it probably made just the difference between respectable elegance and imposing dignity, in which



ST. JOHN'S, NEW YORK.

hind it, should have been taken away, and the accommodation needed for the city court-rooms and bureaus provided by the extension of the City Hall at right angles about an in-closed court. The result, if the style of the old building had been conformed to and harmoni-ously developed in a structure of larger prop-ortions, might have been a public building of admirable beauty and of ample size for all re-quirements, so situated as to be at once con-venient to business and an imposing object when viewed from any quarter. Such a building could hardly be better placed. And this was the modification of the old Park and the Hall which a few public-spirited citizens, of culti-vated tastes, projected some twenty years and more ago. But then came the Civil War, and



OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

elegance would not have been lacking. The reason of this change was, of course, economy of material and of work,—simply of cost. The same motive caused the north side, or rear, of the building to be built of sandstone, although the front and sides are of white marble. When the Hall was built, in 1803, so small and so comparatively unimportant was that part of the city on the north of "the Park" (as it was called) that sandstone was supposed to be good enough for what would be little seen. Briefly, then, when New York was so small that its business and its dwell-

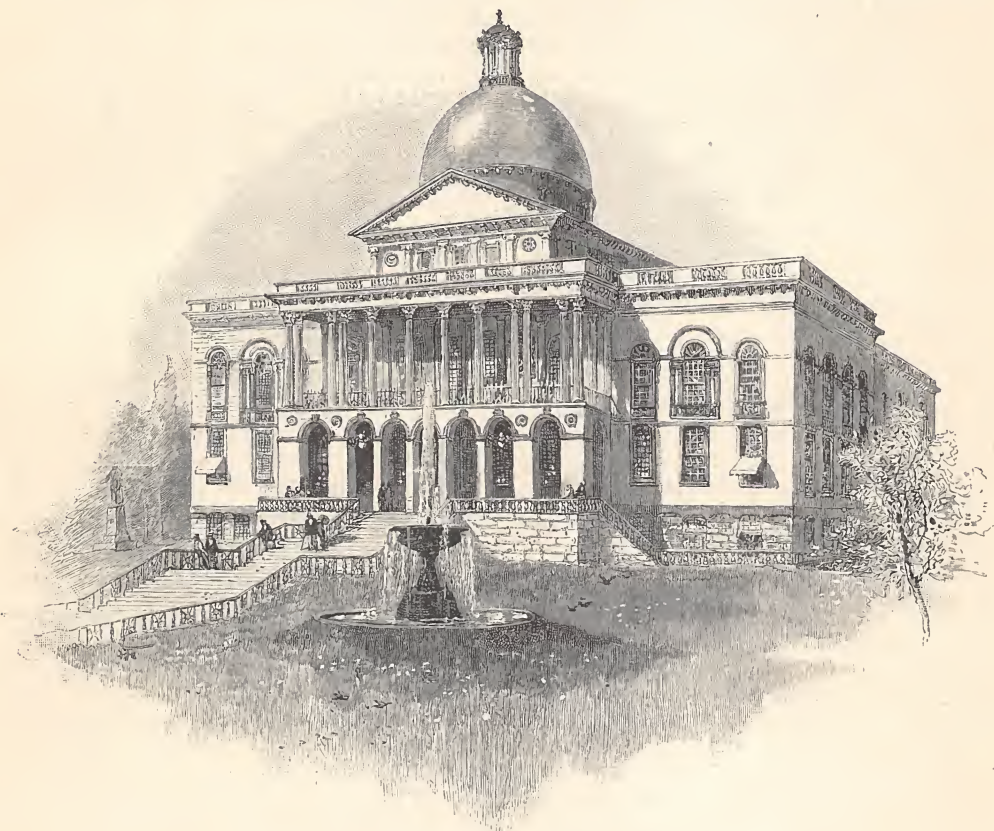
ing parts together did not extend much above Chambers street, its citizens erected the handsomest public building that to this day is to be found within its new immensity, and one of the finest to be found in the country.*

The cheap sandstone of the north side provoked more animadversion thirty years

* The plans of the Hall, and a commonplace book or diary written by the architect during its erection, still exist; and we hope at an early day to present to our readers selections, with comments by a member of his family.—EDITOR.

ago than now, because then it was more observed than it is now by city people and by sight-seeing strangers. When New York had marched solidly up beyond Bleeker street, and was stretching on to Union Square, the pride of the prosperous up-town Gothamites found one of its vents in sneers at the blindness of the fathers of the city, who thought that sandstone was good enough for "up-town." This well-known feeling led to a

ordered social evolution, entered one Saturday afternoon two serious gentlemen, white of face and unexceptionable in appearance, who announced themselves as emissaries of the Common Council, which had resolved that New York should no longer be disgraced by a City Hall white on three sides and brown on the fourth, and that therefore the fourth side should be whitewashed. Would he undertake this important job, in earnest of



THE BOSTON STATE HOUSE.

laughable practical joke on the part of two wags. At that time whitewashing was as much practiced in houses as it has been since in politics; and the trade was almost exclusively in the hands of the colored inhabitants of the city, who were of much simpler minds, although hardly of less exuberant manners, than their brethren, or rather their children, of the present day. At that time the negrominstrel was not a black-faced singer of sentimental songs and propounder of satirical conundrums, but a man (Dan Rice) who sang and jumped Jim Crow, alternating this *chanson de geste* with "Clar de Kitchen" and other genuine plantation songs. To a boss negro whitewasher, in this stage of col-

which a deposit of five or ten dollars was tendered? Indeed he could and would, and he not only jumped at the prospective profit, but rose some hundred feet or more in his own estimation. Sunday was passed in preparation for the great undertaking; and early on Monday morning an array of sable laborers, armed with pails and brushes and ladders, appeared, and the great work (typical of an inward moral necessity soon to be developed) was begun. It did not continue long, although long enough to attract an admiring and jeering crowd; and it was with some difficulty that the eager and simple-minded sable artist was convinced that his services were not required by the city, and

that the money which he had already received (probably quite enough to secure him against loss) was all that he was likely to get by his contract.

Close by the City Hall stands another building of the same period, but somewhat older, and of equal architectural merit,—St. Paul's, one of the finest Wren churches now existing, if not the very finest. In all my walks about London and through other cities in England, I saw not one at all equal to it. The spire is remarkable for its lightness, its fine gradation, and its happy combination of elements which are in themselves so little suited to spire treatment that the eye protests against them, even while it admires the triumph of the constructor over his reluctant materials. The spire of St. John's Church, which stands on the eastern side of the square now covered and oppressed by "Commodore" Vanderbilt's big freight depot, is little inferior to it; but St. Paul's springs more lightly from its tower, and rises to its vanishing point with a gradual grace which St. John's does not attain. The Broadway end of St. Paul's is hardly less admirable. Its pediment and lofty Ionic columns are beautifully proportioned, and are worthy of far more attention than they receive, except from well educated architects, who show little reserve in their admiration of this building and of its neighbor, the old City Hall. It is true also that in construction these churches, and other buildings in this country of that period, are much superior to those in England of the same date. This I say upon the advice of competent professional men; for I pretend to approach architecture only as a dilettante and on its æsthetic side.

The interior of the churches, of which St. Paul's and St. John's are the best existing types, were not without a certain kind and degree of beauty. They were, indeed, not truly ecclesiastical in spirit. They lacked entirely the sublimity and the mystery which the architecture strangely called Gothic expresses with such natural facility. For them no soaring nave and dimly lighted clear-story. But they were better than most of the little sham Gothic tabernacles which succeeded them. They were genuine; good of their kind; well suited to their purpose. In them respectability and decorum were so happily expressed that they were raised with an embodied grace. If people must assemble in large bodies to worship in pews, and take part in a ceremonial of which the most important part is the listening to a sermon, it is difficult to see how it could be more conveniently, comfortably, and appropriately done than in one of these old Wren parish

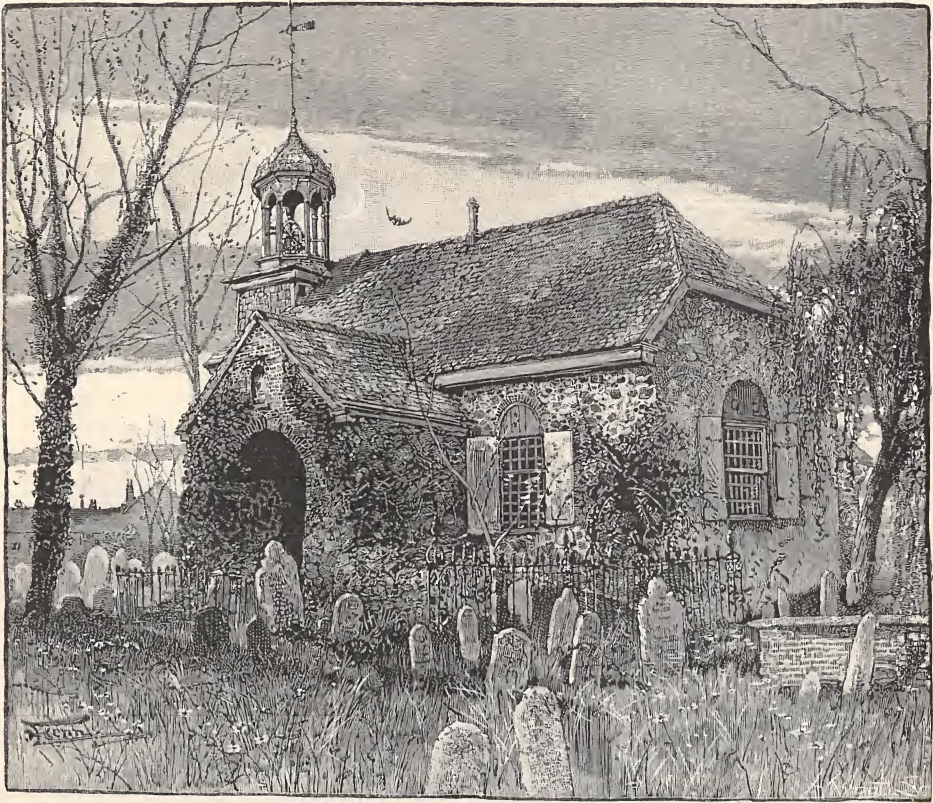
churches. The chancel ends of these churches, in which both the pulpit and the reading-desk were usually placed, were in some cases dignified by rich drapery, the fitness of which to a Protestant house of worship is, I am inclined to think, greater than that of the chromatic mural decorations by which it has been succeeded in the imitation Gothic city churches of to-day. Some of them were lighted by rows of chandeliers entirely of cut glass, splendid with pendent prisms; and when these churches were lit up for service at night the combined effect of the interior and the mass of worshippers on the floor and in the galleries (for churches were then apt to be thronged) was imposing and thoroughly expressive of the Protestant and modern spirit of the service. It may be questioned whether in going back to the mediæval style we have not made a vain attempt to defy congruity. Good examples of such interiors are those of King's Chapel, Boston, to which I shall again refer, and Christ Church in the same city—the latter however being, I believe, much more modern.

The style of architecture, however, in which Wren attained his eminence, although it is not without a happy fitness to small Protestant town-churches (for in the country its mien of artificial urbanity seems strangely foreign and impertinently obtrusive), falls very short of the higher needs of ecclesiastical architecture upon a larger scale. What is admirable in the small is not admirable in the large: a magnifier discovers defects and emphasizes deformities; we tolerate in a statuette what would be intolerable in a statue; and that which is well suited to a parish church like St. Paul's in New York only attracts attention to its own deformity in a cathedral church like St. Paul's in London. The Wren style, not a natural growth, not a development like the Grecian, the Gothic, the Byzantine, or the Moorish styles, but a composite fabrication, an outcome of the school of Palladio, is wholly lacking in religious expression. It has not a single element of ecclesiasticism. Moreover, it is without any individuality of its own, and expresses nothing but the spirit of conventional respectability and a kind of solid, decent convenience. Such a style in a great cathedral church, in which utility and convenience are not the needs to be supplied, but the function of which is to unite the influences of awe and mystery and beauty, is wholly out of keeping. Wren's style has no elevation, no charm, and only an inferior middle-class sort of dignity.

The London "Builder," in commenting upon "England Without and Within" in terms which certainly should satisfy the crav-

ing vanity of any author, finds yet one grievous fault in that heartily written book—its expression of a very positive non-admiration of St. Paul's (London) and of the modern part of Hampton Court Palace. "Where,"

but would point its irreverent finger at a more celebrated building, which the eminent architect of St. Paul's, in designing it, had in mind, and upon which, in some respects, he improved. It would even venture to say of



CHURCH AT WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

it asks, "is Mr. Grant White's reverence?" And subsequently a contributor to the same publication points out that this irreverent writer, in finding fault with Wren's work, is condemning some of the most important buildings in his own country. Well; and what of that? Criticism which asks not what a thing is, but where it is or whose it is, and which fails to emulate charity in beginning at home, is little to be trusted. And as to reverence for Christopher Wren; as reasonably ask for reverence for the wren without Sir and without Christopher! Nevertheless, Wren commands respect as a man of great knowledge, of great skill, of notable mastery, within certain limits, of the resources of his art, and, chiefly, as a great constructor. But he was an architect without a spark of creative genius, without a touch of poetic feeling, without a sense of the higher beauty. He was the greatest of architectural manufacturers. Moreover, this criticism does not stop at St. Paul's,

St. Peter's at Rome that, magnificent in many respects as it is, as a cathedral church it is a magnificent mistake. The impressiveness of St. Peter's is in its vastness and its splendor; but the gorgeous hemisphere of its mighty dome is wholly void of religious feeling. Buonarroti stole the dome of Bramante, and by the herculean force of his brawny genius he heaved the Parthenon into the air, and its vast Olympian curve dominates not only the city but the surrounding country, as if the soul of Cæsar had passed on through the centuries to find at once a monument and an expression in visible form and substance. But that expression is purely material, mundane, heathen. Within, too, this is even more manifest than without. He who gazes upward into that colossal concave feels no elevation of soul, no humility of heart, no hushed awe, no mystery, no aspiration; only the wonder which always accompanies the consciousness of a vast inclosed space, with

a vague admiration of the forms and the decoration which themselves lose by their remoteness. For in this respect Wren improved upon his model. His double dome, by which he gained inner beauty without

bodies and the details of both these great basilicas have little which commands intelligent admiration—any admiration except that cheap sort which is easily provoked by bigness, bombast, and blazonry.



ÉGLISE DE NOTRE DAME DE BONSECOURS, MONTREAL.

losing external grandeur, was a triumph of his great constructive talent. But both St. Peter's and St. Paul's are chiefly domes, and in St. Peter's, except the dome, not much of what we see is Michael Angelo's: the

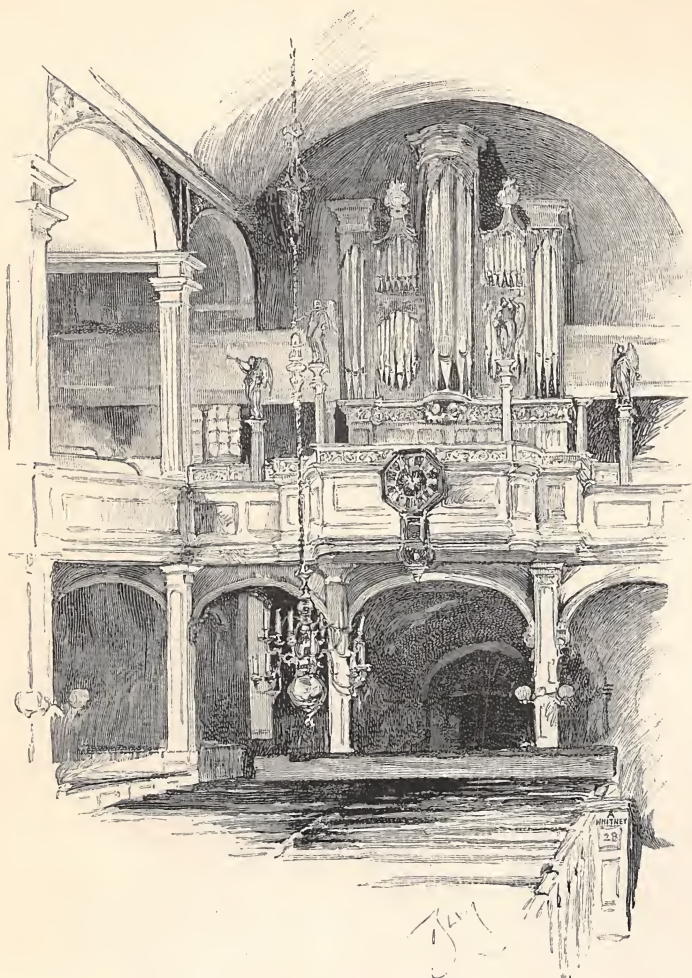
There are no such domes as these in the United States. The nearest approach to them is that huge mechanical hollow which fitly crowns the Capitol at Washington. But the State House at Boston furnishes, on a much



OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON.

smaller scale, a far better example of the sphered dignity with which this pompous architectural form can rule a region of surrounding country. The dome of the Boston State House is the revered sign and token, seen from afar, of the only true capital city—that is, a seat and center of government, of society, of literature, of art, of commerce—in all “America.” It is indeed a mere protrusion

heavenward of the hub of the universe; the globed and gilded tip of that axis around which all that is best in our Western world revolves, ever has revolved, and it seems ever will revolve, *sæcula sæculorum*. Here this style of architecture has its fit and becoming place. The Boston State House is not a wonderful nor a very beautiful building; but it is worthy of admiration for its expression of dig-



CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

nity, decorum, and eminent respectability. Far be the time when it shall be displaced; but I confess that I myself could spare it more willingly than I could its old predecessor. Compare the two, and see in the elder—smaller, less costly, more provincial, if you will—a character which is not to be found in its grander, gilt-domed, hill-crowning successor. You could imagine the new State House designed according to a formula at any time, by almost any clever, thoroughly educated architect; the old one seems to be the natural product of a period. We need not to be told that Holmes's "Last Leaf" must have fluttered gayly about it in the spring of his life, and probably drooped near it in the autumn, to be borne past it, withered and lifeless, to mingle with earth from which it had sprung. If I should live long in the neighborhood of that old State House, I should come to love it dearly. I cannot imagine the new one as

the object even of a Platonic attachment.

Of like lovableness, and of even greater charm, is the little old stone church at Wilmington, in Delaware, with its great welcoming side porch, its truncated gable, and its open belfry, in which a dainty decency and fitness attain to prettiness and almost to beauty. A railway deforms its neighborhood, and the engine roars and shrieks within the sound of the preacher's voice, just as another does in London (Southwark), past that beautiful relic of the old priory of St. Mary Overy, which is now St. Saviour's Church, where is the tomb of John Gower, Chaucer's contemporary, with his effigy lying, stone-canopied, in many-colored state, and where, too, Fletcher and Massinger and Shakspeare's brother Edmund were laid to final rest. Even this parish church, made out of a mere transept of the priory, was venerably old long before the Wilming-

ton church was built; but there is a spirit common to the two, so remote from each other in time and distance,—an expression of stability, of religious feeling, of sober, still decorum, which is wholly at variance with the presence and the action of the "rapid transit" machinery that now disturbs their solemn vicinage.

Somewhat like this Wilmington church, but quaint, daintier, primmer, is the little Église de Notre Dame de Bonsecours, which, with bare, sharp gable, surmounted, but not mitigated, by its double open belfry, cleaves the air at the end of Bonsecours street in Montreal—a genuine bit of unpretending work. Its modest door-way is really beautiful; and seen through its vista of sound, respectable home-looking houses, it has the air of a demure, sweet-natured old rustic spinster, fully conscious of a lack of grace and elegance.

Eminent among the very few of our old sacred edifices which have not been (like the whooping aborigines—the real “Americans”—who once roamed over their sites) improved off the face of the earth, are the King’s Chapel and the famous “Old South Church,” in Boston. The former—a stone structure rich in the soft and somber harmonies of hue which are found only upon the palette of Old Time, that prince of colorists—is elegant, and,

in peril? It would seem that its days are numbered. But there should be mourning in Boston when the “Old South” is taken away; and I verily believe that some genuine tears will be secretly shed on that sad occasion. It is the perfect model of a New England “meeting-house,” of the highest style in the olden time. Bare of the beauty of architectural detail, it delights the eye by its fine symmetrical proportion; and its oc-



KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON.

although small even for a city parish church, has true dignity. Standing in its well populated church-yard, an historical link between the orthodoxy of the last century and the free thought which the close of that century first awoke in the general mind, it is perhaps the most interesting, as it is certainly one of the most pleasing, of our few ecclesiastical monuments. It should never be removed, and it probably never will be; for it is in Boston, where there is still some capacity of love, some remnant of reverence, for what may be lovable and reverend, except money and the signs of money.*

And yet is not the life of the “Old South”

* King's Chapel was built for Church of England (Protestant Episcopal) service; but its congregation gradually drifted into Socinianism, and modified their Common Prayer Book into what is known as the King's Chapel Liturgy. This pretty church is the cradle of Unitarianism in the United States.

tagonal spire, springing from an airy, eight-arched loggia, is one of the finest of its kind, not only in this country, but in the world. Nothing more light and elegant and graceful can be found, unless in the finest Gothic work. Not a “Wren” spire (indeed an architect would scout the notion), it yet suggests Wren to the unprofessional eye; but I have never seen a spire of Sir Christopher's which equaled it in grace and lightness. A peculiar interest attaches to it because it is of home growth. It is not a copy nor an imitation of anything else. It is the conception of a Yankee architect—the outgrowth and development of the steeple-belfry of the rural New England meeting-house. New England may well be proud of it. Needless to tell here of the connection of this church with Boston's part in the struggle, at first for freedom and at last for independence, more than a century ago. No one building in the country so

unites religious and patriotic associations. Its removal would not be a sin (for it may become a necessity), but it would be a grievous misfortune that would be felt by every son of the scattered New England stock between the world's two great oceans.

The interiors of these old meeting-houses, the very best of them, it must be admitted, are devoid of all semblance of beauty. In them the hard, utilitarian, unsentimental spirit of the old New England life and the old New England Puritanism was fully expressed; but intuitively, and without purpose. There no charm of color, there no grace of form, there no monuments of departed notability were allowed to divert the eye and mind from religious business. They were bare, galleried halls, in which mass meetings were held for worship. In our day many of them have been modified, softened, and enriched, and most of them, indeed, have given place to structures the comfort of which would have offended the ascetic souls of the "Fathers," not less than their pleasing forms and colors would, or the profane "box o' whistles" which has taken the place of the bleating pitch-pipe of the old chorister. Better, indeed, that they should be taken down with solemn and reverent hands, and become mere memories, like old St. George's in Beekman street, New York, than that they should have the fate of two famous churches in the same city, Orville Dewey's Unitarian chapel and the Murray street church, known to our grandfathers as "Dr.

Mason's," in which that celebrated divine, whose fame reached Europe, thundered the denunciations of Calvinistic theology when New York was a "Sabbath"-keeping town, in which chains were stretched across the streets on each side of every considerable church, in order that no passing vehicle might disturb either the devotions or the slumbers of the worshipers. Both these somewhat famous churches have become theaters of the "variety show" sort. The Dewey Theater stands (with a new brick façade hiding its massive stone masonry) on its old site in Broadway, opposite Waverley Place. Dr. Mason's church was taken down carefully and carried up-town, where it was rebuilt so carefully, stone by stone, in Eighth street, opposite Lafayette Place, that it seemed to have been transported upon Aladdin's carpet. Abandoned by its congregation, it passed into the hands of the Roman Catholics. Abandoned in turn by them, it became the property of Mr. A. T. Stewart, who used it as a factory of upholstery. Now it is a theater, in which all the young rascals of the upper Bowery region who can compass fifteen cents see male jugglers and female jigglers, and listen to dramatized penny dreadfuls and dime novels. Its history is characteristic of the city of which it was once one of the respected landmarks—a center whence radiated truth and purity, and of which it is now one of the pestilent nurseries of vulgarity.

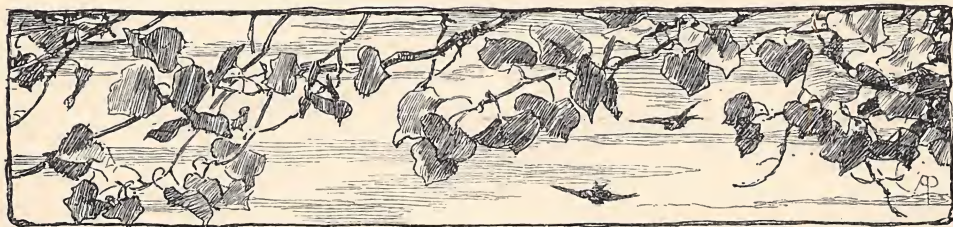
Richard Grant White.

SONG.

THE sunset light is on the sail,
The water all aglow,
And on the billows up and down
The boat rocks to and fro.
The birds float upward to the sky,—
Oh, how I long for wings to fly!

The boat has wings,—the birds have wings,
But none remain for me;
But wings of kind and loving thought
And wings of memory.
On these I come, and still repeat,
I love, I love, I love you, sweet.

Mary L. Ritter.



COUNT VON MOLTKE.

THE ancient Hindoo idea of the world represents it as resting upon three mighty elephants. In like manner the German Empire appears to rest upon the shoulders of three mighty men; and seeing that they are old as well as mighty, it is impossible not to wonder what will become of the edifice they have artificially reared and upheld when Nature shall demand her dues and remove them. Of this trio,—the Emperor, Bismarck, and Moltke,—we feel tempted, when we name the last, to echo the words of David, when speaking of his generals: "Was he not the most honorable of the three?" "The Great Taciturn," as he is familiarly called in Germany, is an attractive figure; and though, owing to his excessive modesty and his dislike of all noisy notoriety, Bismarck seems to overshadow him, it is doubtful whether Germany would have existed for Bismarck to rule, if Moltke had not welded her together by force of arms. In any case, the one is as great as the other, while Moltke's is by far the more refined and attractive personality.

It is no mere coincidence that the words of David have sprung to my pen. In reading the history of Prussia, and that of Germany since she has become Prussianized, the mind almost inevitably recurs to ancient Biblical history—there is so great an analogy. Here, too, we encounter as firm a faith in a God of battles as among the Israelites. Emperor, generals, ministers, subordinates—all echo the language of Israel in asserting loudly that the Lord fights only for them, is only concerned about them, that they are his chosen people. Their motto is, "Gott mit uns." Only if read in the spirit of the Old Testament can a foreigner comprehend the spirit that animates modern Germany. But while Israel was a theocracy, Germany is rather a stratocracy, if I may coin such a word. Neither in America or England—countries that are rapidly outgrowing the love of war for war's own sake, in which respectively an Emerson and a Herbert Spencer have preached that this sentiment is one allied to barbarous times—is it possible fully to conceive that, at our very doors, in this later nineteenth century, there exists a people strangely like the ancient Israelites—educated, yet combative, advanced in many directions of thought, yet left far behind in one of the most essentially civilizing. In Germany the army is the darling of the nation. The people will suffer any privations,

make any sacrifices, for its sake, not knowing or not caring that this military spirit depresses their culture, prevents them from cultivating to their fullest extent the arts of peace, and keeps their manners rude and boorish. A military atmosphere has of late years pervaded all things in Germany. Military rigor is enforced already in the school-room, and the unquestioning spirit of military obedience bids fair to quench all individuality of character. All this must be borne in mind, if we would comprehend the deification by Germans of their military heroes. No wonder that above all others Count Moltke is worshiped, for to him in great part are due the efficient state of the army and its late splendid victories.

The career of this great military genius is probably unique in one respect. There is, perhaps, in all history no other man who rose so high and yet had attained his sixty-sixth year without attracting the notice of the world. It was not till after Sadowa that the name of this silent, retiring officer became familiar as a household word over the entire globe.

Count Moltke's life has not been an eventful one. It has been spent more in thought than in action. When asked to supply some details of his history, he said: "You are very much mistaken in coming to me, if you think my life will furnish any of those brilliant descriptions dear to poets and the general public. My life is so poor in episodes that it would be considered quite tedious, and I do not see how my biography should contain anything but dates." Moltke here underrates the natural curiosity felt by all the world in a man who has distinguished himself, but he is right when he speaks of his life as poor in episodes. Outwardly his career until he had nearly reached the appointed span of men's years is tranquil enough; and since to be silent is one of Moltke's marked peculiarities, he has not even furnished ana for the anecdote monger. "The man that holds his tongue in seven languages,"—so the people call him, referring to his taciturnity and his linguistic powers. Perhaps, like the Scotch, he holds that "it's canny to say nowt." But one thing is certain: when Moltke speaks, whether by word of mouth or of cannon, he speaks to some purpose; with force, clearness, and directness. His speeches in the German Reichstag are models of their kind.

This man, whose life forms a page of no small import in the history of Germany, was, like General Blücher, of Mecklenburg birth and origin. The Moltkes are an old aristocratic Mecklenburg family, who were closely allied with their neighbor, Denmark; indeed, they are more Danish than German. Moltke's father had married a wealthy Hamburg lady, and was living on his estates, having retired at her wish from the army; for from all time the Moltkes had been a military family, and there was never a question as to the sons' careers. On October 26, 1800, was born at Parchim, in the house of his uncle Helmuth, where his parents were then visiting, Carl Bernhardt Helmuth von Moltke. Born with the century, all the great historical dates of the century mark events in his own history. At his birth Napoleon's star was in the ascendant; in his childhood Bonaparte began to rule the whole Continent with his iron hand; and it was partly on this account that for some years the Moltke family led an unstable life, now residing in one spot, now in another. In 1803 they settled for awhile in the quaint old Hansa town of Lübeck. "My earliest recollections," says Moltke, "are connected with that old city and its gates and towers, and I recognized our house in the 'Schrangen' after many long years, in spite of its altered surroundings." It was here that he became early acquainted with Germany's hereditary foe. In 1806 the French stormed the town, into which Blücher had retreated. They sacked and plundered it, and treated the inhabitants with much barbarity. The Moltke house suffered much, and the incident made a lasting impression upon the boy. From this moment misfortunes thickened about the family. Their country house was burnt down just as the harvest had been gathered in. The Hamburg grandfather, from whom they had expectations, died, leaving nominally a large fortune, but one so heavily weighted with legacies that when the whole was realized, in those troublous times, owing to the heavy and unforeseen losses entailed by the war, it proved that the Moltkes were seriously out of pocket, and it became needful to retrench. In 1811 Helmuth and his elder brother, Fritz, were placed for two years under the care of an able and kindly tutor, Pastor Knickbein, who held a living at Hohenfelde, near Horst. These two quiet years in the country are counted by Moltke among the happiest of his life. He was a favorite with the pastor, who early recognized his rare genius and believed in him long before all others. "My dear master and friend, to whom I owe so much,"—so Moltke spoke of him

in after life. The favorite pastime of the two brothers was playing at war, and a characteristic anecdote has happily been preserved of this time. The two brothers loved to gather together the peasant boys and place themselves at their head as commanders of rival armies. On one occasion, when Helmuth was heading the weaker section, his troops were put to flight and some taken prisoners. His brother called on him to surrender. He would not. "All is not lost," he said; and, quickly rallying his men, he marched them straight to a pond in the pastor's garden, and bade them hurry on to a little island, accessible only by a draw-bridge made of a single plank. The embryo field-marshal then turned on the enemy with a few of his strongest men and kept him at bay, while the rest of his forces made their way into this island fortress. When all had entered, Moltke himself being the last, the draw-bridge was raised and the victory complete. This island in the pond had been made by Moltke with great labor out of materials collected from all directions; he had borne in view its possible utility in their mimic warfare. It so happened that his father and the pastor beheld this scene, which delighted the Freiherr and confirmed him in his belief that Helmuth would make an able soldier yet, the tutor having asserted that he was more of a bookworm, and having urged the father to permit his son to embrace a studious career. This island, christened after his favorite pupil, was planted and cared for by Pastor Knickbein; and though he is long gathered to his fathers, it exists to this day in the grounds of the village parson, still cherished, visited by strangers and pointed out with pride by the villagers.

The years that followed those at Hohenfelde were not happy ones for Moltke, and it is probable that he then first contracted that habit of excessive taciturnity that has earned for him his nickname. The family affairs had gone from bad to worse. Economy was imperative. Freiherr von Moltke moved his two sons to Copenhagen, that they might attend the school for cadets. As there was no vacancy for them at first in the school-house, they were boarded with a General Lorenz, an easy-going bachelor, who took little heed of them, but left them to the tender mercies of his virago of a housekeeper, from whose violent temper the two boys suffered much. Helmuth, in especial, had a sensitive nature, and the change from the love and care at Hohenfelde to the lovelessness and loneliness here told on him. Nor did matters mend greatly when ultimately they were removed to the academy, where they received board, lodging, and an allowance of fifty thalers

each. At General Lorenz's it had been an existence of perpetual bickering; here it was the soulless monotony of barrack life. To this day Moltke cannot speak without a shudder of those joyless years. "Our boyhood in a foreign city, without relations or friends, was truly miserable. The discipline was strict, even severe; and now, when my judgment of it is quite impartial, I must say that it was too strict, too severe. The only good this treatment did us was that we were early obliged to accustom ourselves to privations of every kind." It must be borne in mind, too, that Danish was an unfamiliar language, and that in this speech all their studies were conducted. This obstacle, however, weighed little with Helmuth; after six years, a much shorter time than the usual curriculum, he passed first class in his officer's examination. He had particularly distinguished himself in all the literary and scientific branches of military study. This was in 1818. He was now ripe for his lieutenantancy; but before getting this he had, according to a rule of the school, to fill for one year the post of court page, this being deemed a mode of acknowledgment for the free education accorded by the state. A school-fellow thus describes Moltke at this period: "He was a slender young fellow, with fair hair and good-humored blue eyes, with a quiet courtesy of manner, an open and genial countenance, clouded at times by an expression of deep melancholy. There was no difficulty, however great, which his indomitable industry and firm will did not overcome. His comrades had a great respect for him; but though he knew this, he never abused it in the smallest degree. In social intercourse he could be talkative and communicative; on duty or at work he was sternly reserved. An untiring devotion to his duty and an almost unexampled conscientiousness distinguished him."

In 1819 Helmuth von Moltke was appointed lieutenant in a Danish regiment stationed at Rendsburg. His father, who had reëntered the service, owing to his losses, had already attained in Denmark the rank of lieutenant-general. But he had a large family and small pay, and could not assist his son, who was forced to live upon the scanty pittance of a Danish officer. Nor were his prospects more brilliant than his pay. When by the peace of 1815 the powers obliged Denmark to cede Norway to Sweden, Denmark saw herself obliged to reduce her army; but as she retained her large staff of officers, chances of promotion were slender for the younger ones. Moltke, who felt in him the strivings of genius, longed for a wider sphere, a larger army. Very naturally his thoughts

turned to Prussia, which had so distinguished herself in the War of Liberation; and, undaunted by the knowledge that if he entered that army his four years of service in Denmark would count as nothing, that he would have to begin afresh and undergo the Prussian examinations, to the regret of his commanding officer he tendered his resignation and left the Danish army. From this time forward Moltke was to live almost entirely alone. At Berlin, whither he turned his steps, armed with high testimonials, he passed the needful entrance examination for the army, and passed it so brilliantly that he was at once gazetted as second lieutenant in the Eighth infantry regiment, then stationed at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. The regiment is one that boasts noble traditions, yet to-day its officers are prouder of nothing than that the great Moltke once served in its ranks. At that time, however, he was unknown. Still, his superiors soon noticed him, because of his serious application to his work and the rare ability he displayed in its execution. After a year with his regiment, Moltke returned to Berlin and remained there till 1826, studying closely at the great military academy. He studied not only the art of war, but its history, also mathematics, physics, geography, everything that bore, however indirectly, upon the one theme that was the passion of his life. Already, then, his peculiarly scientific method of regarding and conducting warfare evinced itself: a method so far removed from — so much more intellectual, if we may so call it, than — the mere butchery of earlier times. Hard work, privations of all kinds, marked those years at Berlin. Moltke did not lead the gay, careless lieutenant existence. He was poor, and he was eager for knowledge. His scanty pay hardly sufficed for his livelihood, much less to defray the cost of lessons. Still he contrived, by means of pinching and self-denial, to save enough to enable him to take private lessons in foreign languages—an essential in his eyes to a soldier's career, and one he has encouraged since he has had the control of the German army.

Speaking of this period, Moltke says:

"The first part of my career was destitute of the joys of life. I entered the *Kriegs-Schule* at Berlin at a time when my parents had lost almost the whole of their property, owing to war and a series of misfortunes. Not one penny could they allow me, and it is scarcely possible to imagine how I had to economize. And yet, in spite of this, I contrived to save enough to get instruction in foreign languages. But truly, the lot of a poor lieutenant is not an enviable one."

In 1827 Moltke rejoined his regiment at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and how highly his

superiors thought of him may be gathered from the fact that he was appointed to the direction of the military school there, a school that had fallen into disorderly ways. He entered upon his post with such courage and energy that in a year the school was well conducted and well regulated. Moltke's conduct of this by no means easy task earned him high commendation. No longer needed there, he was attached to the topographical department of the General Staff, then engaged on a survey of Silesia. General von Müffling was at the head of this department, and to this kindly and able man Moltke loves to acknowledge his obligations. Under him, Moltke studied practical and theoretical tactics, a branch of knowledge in which it is demanded that all members of the German General Staff should be proficient.

"The examinations in tactical exercises," says Moltke, "used to excite us younger officers greatly. We knew that not only a correct, but a terse and precise solution was required from us. It was demanded that we should imitate the concise and logical style of our chief."

It was upon the language of this chief that Moltke modeled his own pithy, laconic style, which rightly commands admiration. Never a word too little, never a word too much: what could be more desirable for military dispatches and commands? That Moltke, while always being direct and simple, can still expand, be copious and discursive in private intercourse,—to that his letters to his friends bear testimony.

For three years Moltke served on the staff, his powers of combination and organization developing under the scientific and exact nature of his studies. In 1833, he was formally enrolled in it, a distinction that is only accorded to men that are decidedly above the average. He also received his captaincy. It was then that Moltke first paid attention to the yearnings that had long agitated him to enlarge his knowledge of the world. His youth and early manhood had been spent in hard struggles and severe application; holidays had been unknown. He now longed for one, but he wished that it should also combine profit with pleasure; and hence, while his desires turned toward classic Greece and romantic Italy, they also turned to Turkey, then as now the center of all European complications, the crux of all diplomatists. He wanted to see with his own eyes the country whence any day a war involving Europe might arise. In 1835 Moltke therefore applied for a so-called royal leave of absence which would permit him to be away some months. He little dreamed it would

be years before he again set foot upon his native soil.

It was to Turkey that Moltke first wended his way. The journey thither was at that time one of no inconsiderable difficulty, difficulties graphically described by Moltke in his letters home. Indeed, with no period of Moltke's life is the world so fully acquainted as with that of his Turkish sojourn. He addressed long letters about it to his sister, the only member of his family with whom he remained in constant intercourse. This sister, who had married an English widower, Mr. John Burt, was settled with her husband in Holstein. To her were written at every spare moment detailed accounts of his experiences, the only mode of expansion and expression the silent man found or needed in a strange land. These letters have since been published, and ought to be translated into English. They are delightful reading, for their graphic power, their vivid coloring, the wide and general knowledge and sympathy they display, as well as for the side-lights they throw upon their author. Moltke's visit to Turkey was in the reign of Mahmoud the Second, the Sultan who seriously desired to restore the Sick Man to health, and who broke his heart in the vain endeavor. When he learnt of Moltke's presence, he requested the Prussian Government to lend him this officer for awhile, that he might have his aid in reconstructing his army on the Prussian model. Moltke's proposed holiday resolved itself into very hard work, for he could not learn Oriental apathy and lethargy. He drew up a scheme of military reform; he planned bridges, fortifications, and water-works; he made topographical surveys of the country; on horseback, on foot, by cart, boat, raft, and carriage, he explored the whole empire, which he pronounced lovely, but neglected beyond all conception. The more he grew acquainted with Turkish affairs, the less hopeful he was of their reformation. "The kingdom is rotten," he exclaimed, and he regarded this rottenness as even more likely to cause Europe trouble than the conquest of the country by a foreign power. Turkey, he said, had fallen under a ban, and this ban is the Koran, which teaches so warped a doctrine that its laws and decrees must of necessity oppose all social progress. Moltke did all that a single man could do to carry out the high trust the Sultan had reposed in him; but what could one man do against Eastern indolence, indifference, and dishonesty? He was about to demand his leave, when there broke out the conflict between Turkey and Mehemet Ali, the Egyptian Viceroy. The Sultan desired Moltke to join the troops that were placed

on the frontier of Asia Minor under Hafiz Pasha, that this general might profit by his advice. The story of this campaign, as told by Moltke with some caustic humor and much descriptive force, is highly interesting. It is perhaps almost needless to say that the Turkish commander would not listen to Moltke's counsels, and consequently met with a disastrous defeat, that would have been yet more disgraceful and calamitous but for Moltke's coolness and judicious conduct of the retreat. And yet, though he could not bring himself to obey him, Hafiz Pasha really felt high esteem for Moltke's knowledge and energy. Once, when reviewing his artillery that had anything but distinguished itself, he said to them, "There was a time when our artillery was considered the finest in the world, and now we can scarcely execute the simplest manoeuvre. We have daily to thank the Padi-shah for having provided us with an officer who has our interests more at heart than even we ourselves, and who works whilst we are sleeping."

After this defeat Moltke returned to Constantinople to explain the disaster to the Sultan, and once more to request that he might return home. He crossed from Asia in an Austrian steamer. Writing to his sister, he said: "With our foot once on the Austrian steamer, we exchanged Asiatic barbarism for European civilization. The first thing we asked for at Samsoun, on the Black Sea, was potatoes, which we had not tasted for eighteen months, and then for some champagne, wherewith to drink our king's health, here on the waters of the Black Sea. In our tattered Turkish dress, and with haggard faces and long beards and our Turkish servants, they scarcely allowed us to go into the cabin until we had spoken to the captain in French. You can't think how comfortable everything seemed there, with chairs and tables and a looking-glass, books, knives and forks,—all luxuries of which we had almost forgotten the use."

Moltke was chafing at the Turkish inaction and restlessness; he was proficient in Turkish; he knew the country far better than the Turks themselves; there was nothing to retain him longer in the East. The Sultan, too, under whom he had served, was dead, for Mahmoud had expired six weeks before Moltke again entered the Golden Horn. He had died a victim to the failure of his life's aim. His young and incompetent successor readily granted the demission Moltke craved, and in September, 1839, he once more turned his face homeward.

Without much delay Moltke resumed his post on the General Staff, his energies quick-

ened, his intellect sharpened by his travel. The four years in the East had been of great value to his development: they had taught him independence of action, quickness of perception, promptness and precision in forming a correct estimate of the strategic advantages of a position. He has ever delighted to recall his Turkish experiences, and to say that he was the first European who penetrated to the Mesopotamian desert, and that his immediate predecessor in observing the Euphrates, where it forces its way through the Kurdish mountains, had been Xenophon. In this statement, however, Moltke is mistaken, for it would appear that General Chesney visited both the Kurdish gorges and the Mesopotamian desert some few years before him. It seems strange that Moltke should not have known this, or should not have seen General Chesney's work, which contains a map of the route of Xenophon for comparison with his own. After Moltke's return he published anonymously an account of the Turkish campaign, also maps of Constantinople, the Bosphorus, and Asia Minor.

In 1841 Moltke perceived that the exertions and privations he had undergone had given a shock to his nervous system. He once more applied for leave of absence, and visited Heligoland and his sister in Holstein. The German writer Adolf Stahr, who met Moltke at the watering-place there, describes him at the time: "In figure he was tall and spare, his face gaunt and weather-beaten, with clear-cut features, the taciturn earnestness of his thin-lipped, compressed mouth in nowise corresponding with the vivacity and occasional sly humor which we meet with in the clear and fluent pages of his book. At that time he was only forty years old, though, from his appearance, one would have taken him for close upon fifty. What was specially noticeable about him was the simplicity and naturalness of his whole person, his reserved demeanor appearing only to spring from a mind of innate reticence." Indeed, nothing is more remarkable about Moltke than that he has at all times been free from that supercilious, arrogant manner that has made the Prussian officer an object of dislike and a by-word to all Europe.

Stahr was not the only person whom Moltke charmed at this time. His letters to his sister had been eagerly read by the whole household, and none had read them with more eagerness than Frau von Burt's step-daughter, who had been a mere child when Moltke went away. She was prepared to like their writer; how well she liked him and he her may be gathered from the fact that they soon became engaged, and were married in

1842, shortly after Moltke had been gazetted major. As the Turkish voyage was the romantic episode in Moltke's life, so his marriage was the poetic. It was a union of rare happiness, concord, and sympathy, despite disparity of years and nationality, for Frau von Moltke, it must be remembered, was an Englishwoman. After his marriage Moltke continued to labor ardently, but unobtrusively, at his post until, in 1845, he was appointed adjutant to Prince Henry of Prussia, then living in Rome. The position being a mere sinecure, Moltke had much time on his hands; but, since to be idle was impossible to him, he employed his spare hours in making the peaceful conquest of a desert hitherto unexplored from a scientific point of view. Accompanied by his wife, an intrepid horsewoman, Moltke daily rode out at early dawn to the Roman Campagna, armed with theodolites and other instruments of exact measurement, and thus drew up the first map of the Roman environs that had been based on actual survey and made with instruments of mensuration. He had intended to accompany the map with an itinerary, of which five historical sketches remain in a fragmentary form. What there is of them is interesting, displaying Moltke's accurate classical knowledge, his acquaintance with geology and physics, his power of picturesque and graphic expression. His descriptions are as sharply defined, as definite, as the choicest etchings; with a few touches he delineates the landscape. Even when technical, he is never dry. Among other matters, he wrote urging the repopulation of the Campagna by agricultural laborers. That his work remained a fragment was owing to the circumstance that Prince Henry died in the summer of 1846. Moltke, however, remained in Rome just long enough to hear the exultant cries of "Evviva Pio Nono!" that greeted the newly elected Pope, in whose liberal promises the Romans had yet faith. Then he hastened to Berlin to acquaint the King with his uncle's death. He was appointed to return to Rome and superintend the removal of the body to Prussia. On his return, he notes: "I saw how rapidly the enthusiasm had subsided as soon as the new Pope had convinced himself that he would have to halt upon the liberal path which he had chosen." The corpse was taken by sea to Hamburg. Moltke landed at Gibraltar and pursued his journey by land, taking this opportunity of gaining a general idea of Spain. His letters thence testify to his power of turning every moment of his life to account, and of rapidly mastering the characteristics of a country and its inhabitants.

Once more in Prussia, Moltke was appointed to the staff of the Eighth army corps, then at Coblenz; and in 1848 he became chief of the staff of the Fourth army corps, then at Magdeburg, which post he held seven years. Advancing by degrees, he became lieutenant-colonel in 1850, and full colonel in 1851. In 1855 his staff duties were interrupted for a time by his appointment as equerry to the Crown Prince, whom he accompanied in this capacity in journeys to England, France, and Russia. He thus made acquaintance with the principal European capitals and their chief dignitaries. In a series of clever, picturesque letters written to his wife, he sketches his surroundings; and mingled with much caustic humor there is much shrewd wisdom, much accurate observation. In 1856 he went with the Prince to Russia to be present at the coronation of Czar Alexander. His letters from Russia, of which an English translation is extant, reveal his ideas of the national character of the Russians. They show, too, as usual, his talent of turning all opportunities to account. He made some valuable military notes, studied the Russian fortifications, the Russian army, and gauged their efficiency. The outcome of his remarks is that Russia has a great future before her, but that this future cannot be realized until her officials become more honest. "Honesty among Russian officials," he writes, "can only be brought about by many years of iron severity." A few weeks after his return, Moltke went with the Crown Prince to Scotland, and in 1858 he again accompanied him, to be present at his marriage with the Princess Royal of England; 1861 was to see him again in London, at the funeral of Prince Albert. His English letters have unfortunately not been made accessible; hence we do not know what Moltke thought of the native land of his wife, nor how he was impressed with the atmosphere and institutions of a free country. In the French letters written in 1856, when the Empire was at the pinnacle of its glory, Moltke once more evinces acute penetration; he was not wholly blinded by the glitter and glamour of the gay Tuileries Court. For the Emperor he conceived a genuine respect, which was not abated even after the Sedan disaster, which Moltke lays to the charge of the French people rather than to that of their monarch. While entertaining him, Napoleon little knew or guessed that in the person of this taciturn, unobtrusive officer he was welcoming the man who at no distant date should pull his gay throne down into the dust.

Returned to Berlin, Moltke once more resumed his staff duties, and continued to lead

his life of modest obscurity. It was in the following year that an important change in Prussian affairs called him to the front. The King's at-last-acknowledged dementia made it needful that his brother should become Regent. This change meant that less attention would be paid to art and letters, and more to the army, for Prince William was then and ever nothing more than a soldier. The military force was at once to be strengthened and enlarged, and at General von Manteuffel's suggestion Moltke was appointed chief of the general staff. Manteuffel had long observed the diligent, intelligent, quiet officer, and felt assured that Moltke was fitted for this high post.

He was not to find himself mistaken. Moltke entered into his new duties with heart and soul, and among other matters he drew up a plan of a general system of defense for the German coast. As the Germanic Diet was then still determining the affairs of the various states, the plan had to be submitted to its approval. After three years' hesitation and foolish objections the Diet rejected it, though Moltke and other efficient military men had shown how urgently it was required. This done, Moltke and his master, recognizing that nothing was to be looked for from Austrian and Hanoverian indifference and the mutual jealousies of all the little states, resolved to concentrate their efforts and their attention upon themselves, and to reorganize, strengthen, and improve that which was under their own control, the Prussian army. These efforts were supported by Von Roon, the Minister of War; and while he and Moltke were thus quietly, unobtrusively, but surely laying the foundation of Germany's military power that should one day unite her by force of arms, another man, who had also learned to despise the sluggish action of the Diet, was scheming how, diplomatically, to bring about the same results. This man was Bismarck, who, long Prussian representative at the Diet, was at this moment living quietly as Ambassador at St. Petersburg. No wonder these three men, when they became acquainted, became sworn friends and allies. Bismarck, recalled by King William on his accession to the throne and appointed Prime Minister, in his favorite autocratic manner soon made an end of the opposition the military reorganization scheme had met with in the Prussian Parliament. When Parliament refused to vote the supplies for this purpose, Bismarck dissolved the Parliament and governed without it; and as he was upheld by his sovereign, and as parliamentary institutions in Germany are feeble, he of course carried the day. Moltke was, there-

fore, able to work on unhindered. The minor points concerning the army he left largely to the King, who loved to occupy himself with the petty details of military millinery. Moltke concentrated his own energies upon the more intelligent section and upon the staff, which he gradually worked to that pitch of excellence that has made it the wonder and the admiration of Europe. As yet, however, no one, not even the King or Bismarck, knew that Moltke was not only a great organizer, but the greatest of strategists. They were soon to know it, however. Scarcely was the reorganization of the army completed, when storms loomed over Prussia, successively from the north, south, and west. The first to break out was that which came from Denmark in 1864. The feud between the Diet and Denmark concerning the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies, long continued, now broke into open rupture; and, to the amazement of Europe, Austria and Prussia for a time suspended their bickerings and joined issue against the common foe. Moltke went with the Prussian army as chief of the staff, and now for the first time displayed his marvelous coolness and foresight. He was convinced from the outset that the most rapid and effective method to coerce the Danish Government was to take possession of Fünen and Alsen, the two islands lying opposite North Schleswig. The Austrians were not inclined to second him; but Moltke felt convinced of the justice and efficacy of his plan, and he forthwith ordered the Prussians to put it into execution. Alsen was secured, and Fünen, too, would have been seized in a like way, had not the Danes, overwhelmed by this *coup de main*, sued for the armistice that proved the first step to the subsequent peace. The plan upon which this campaign had been formed was like in essentials to that on which Moltke had beaten his brother in the pastor's garden at Hohenfelde,—a curious coincidence enough, as also that Moltke's first strategical honors had been won in a campaign against the country in which he had learned his first military lessons. It was a plan as wonderfully conceived as it was calmly, effectually executed. To be slow, cautious, careful in planning, bold, daring, even seemingly reckless in execution, is Moltke's method of action, true to his self-chosen motto, "*Erst wägen, dann wagen*" (First weigh, then venture). From this time forward the army looked with confidence to the chief of the staff. The country, however, still did not know him; but the time of his universal recognition was approaching. Scarcely was the war ended when Austrian and Prussian bickerings were resumed, the

victors adding squabbles over the war spoils to their other points of contention. In 1866 there broke out that war between Prussia and Austria that proved of such vast import to both countries, giving to the former the ascendancy in German affairs, and forcing the latter to abandon the proud position she had held for centuries. The events of this seven weeks' war are too fresh in all memories to need recapitulation here. It was the crowning success of Sadowa (or Königgrätz, as the Germans prefer to call it) that brought to the light of day all Moltke's genius; to him it was due that the war was so short and so entirely successful for Prussia. The difficulties with which he had to cope were enormous: ignorance of the enemy's exact whereabouts and strength; ignorance as to the exact position of his own troops, that had been divided into three armies. Calculating for all possibilities, all emergencies, Moltke saw at a glance how his troops should be distributed, how concentrated. His clear intellect not only apprehended everything needful, but he had also the power of making others see with his eyes and believe in the probability of his conjectures, the justice of his conclusions. As chief of the staff, Moltke never led the troops to battle; he had to arrange how and where these troops should march; he is the brain of the machine of which the commanders are the arms. His plans are formed, his orders issued often, far from the scene of action. Thus Sadowa partook of the character of an impromptu. At the last moment there came to head-quarters dispatches that altered the whole state of the case. Moltke was not flurried; he did not hesitate; he had long been ready with schemes to meet all emergencies. Late on the night of July the second, in his tent, before a table strewn with maps, on which were placed colored pins indicating the different armies, Moltke played as on a chess-board the game of war before his King, explaining why he desired to issue certain orders. The King gave the requisite sanction, and Moltke then sent to the leaders of the armies his pregnant directions,—directions that display his peculiar qualities, and are half the secret of the Prussian successes. For Moltke issues no hard-and-fast orders, such as lead to disasters like that of the charge of the Light Brigade. He outlines his scheme; he holds it the secret of good strategy that the will of one man should direct the whole, that there should be no clashing views of action; but to the discretion of those in command he leaves the nature of the execution, rightly comprehending that something must be left to the man who is in action, to the changeful exigencies

of the moment. The Prussian generals are therefore no mere wire-drawn puppets, as many imagine. Each must think and act for himself, and is responsible for his actions. When all the orders were issued, long past midnight, Moltke retired quietly to rest. At five he was up again, superintending everything with an iron calmness. He knew that it was a hazardous game that was about to be played, but he felt so certain that he had calculated all chances and mischances that no doubts tormented him. The whole day was spent by him on horseback, watching at different points the movements of the army. At the most critical hour he was calmly smoking a cigar. When the news of victory reached him, he was neither elated nor astonished, but at once issued dispatches directing how it should best be followed up. To strike before he could be struck was Moltke's method, and that he always knew how and when to act is the secret of his genius. Concerning this war, he tells us in his own modest words: "Two points only were decisive in the attainment of our object, together with God's help and the bravery of our men. These were the primary distribution of our forces upon the different theaters of war, and their concentration upon the field of battle. Austria, fully prepared as she was, was manifestly our most formidable opponent. If she were crushed, the bond which held Prussia's other enemies together would be burst asunder; for, though banded together by their enmity to us, they were without any natural unity between themselves. The only course to success was a bold one—namely, to move our whole nine corps simultaneously toward the center of the Austrian monarchy." "I have but done my duty," was his reply to the praises and congratulations that came to him from all sides. It was a real annoyance to him, on his return to Berlin, to find that his name was in every mouth, his praises sung in all quarters. In the course of a speech relative to the campaign, he took the opportunity of saying publicly: "I have a hatred of all fulsome praise; it quite unsettles me for the whole day. Ay, the Bohemian campaign is a great and deathless page in the world's history,—an event, the importance of which it is impossible now to fathom. In this campaign I but did my duty; my comrades did theirs too. God's omnipotence led on our banner to victory. He alone lent strength to our army, vigilance to our generals, success to my plans. And thus, when I listen to all the exaggerated flattery which the public see fit to bestow upon me, I can only think how it would have been if this victory, this triumph, had *not* been ours. Would not

this self-same praise have changed to indiscriminate censure, to senseless blame?"

Pursuing the subject, he said of Benedek, the Austrian general: "Alas! a vanquished commander! Oh, if outsiders had but the faintest notion what that may mean! The Austrian head-quarters on the night of Königsgrätz—I cannot bear even to think of it! A general, too, so deserving, so brave, and so cautious."

Still Moltke, though he disclaimed all excessive laudation, was not indifferent to his successes. Soon after his return from the seat of war, he said: "How beautiful it is that God should have thus lit up the evening of a man's life as he has done that of our sovereign and many of his generals! I, too, am now sixty-six years old, and for my duties in this state of life I have had such splendid reward as can fall to the lot of few. We have conducted a war of immeasurable importance to Prussia, to Germany, to the world. God's mercy has crowned our honest endeavors with the glories of victory; and we elders in this campaign, in spite of the rough battles of our earlier years, may yet boast ourselves to be seemingly still the darlings of fortune." In public acknowledgment of his services, the Prussian Landtag voted him a gratuity of thirty thousand pounds, and with this he purchased an estate in Silesia that has become his Tusculum.

Some outwardly quiet years followed, though those that were behind the scenes knew full well that the relations between France and Prussia were strained and that an ultimate outbreak was inevitable. Moltke, therefore, worked quietly at a plan for a French campaign, making himself acquainted with all the needful minutiae and being careful to see that the army was kept in its high state of efficiency. He knew that king and country put supreme trust in his strategy, and that he should be looked to when the political horizon had once more darkened with the clouds of war. Before this storm broke, there fell upon Moltke the great sorrow of his life. His dearly loved wife, his constant companion, his friend, his helpmate, was taken from him on Christmas Eve, 1868, leaving him childless and alone. It was fortunate for him that the political cloud grew darker and darker, that he was forced to work and could not wholly abandon himself to his grief. In order that he might not be quite alone, the King of Prussia by a graceful and thoughtful action appointed as Moltke's adjutant his only and dearly loved nephew, the son of Frau von Burt, his sister. Thus Moltke secured a constant companion; and when, soon after, his sister was widowed and

came to keep house for him, he once more had a home circle—a matter of inestimable value to one of the most retiring and domestic of men.

The storm from the West finally broke quite suddenly upon Europe, not prepared for the foolhardiness of the French, in rushing into war before they were ready. Moltke, however, had long been ready. The news was brought to him at Kreisau late one night; he had already gone to bed. "Very well," he said to the messenger; "the third portfolio on the left," and went to sleep again till morning. From that hour till the end of the campaign he was incessantly active. Once asked at Versailles whether, at his advanced age, he did not feel the effects of all the privations and hardships, he quietly answered, "I should if I were old." War is his element. We have it on Bismarck's authority that the mere prospect of war makes Moltke look ten years younger, while the reality takes from him twenty years of life.

The Franco-German war proved the crowning evidence of Moltke's marvelous gifts of combination and foresight. An event like that of Sedan, when a whole army was made to surrender to the enemy, has no parallel in the history of the world. The nearest analogy is the brilliant successes of General Grant at Fort Donelson and Vicksburg; but, notwithstanding that there is considerable likeness, Sedan was the more remarkable operation. Moltke's powers were now revealed to all Europe, and all Europe united to laud them. But that his art cannot be taught—that a tactician, like a poet, "*nascitur non fit*"—is Moltke's firm persuasion. Strategy, as he conceives, is not so much a science that can be learned as an inborn genius which enables its possessor to form plans bearing upon a certain situation, which, though it may alter hourly, may not interfere with those plans, nor with the calmness and decision which must regulate their execution. In all Moltke's campaigns it would almost appear as if he must have foreseen the plans of the enemy, so surely did he counteract them.

On his return from France, all Germany vied in showering honors upon him. The Emperor created him Count and General Field-Marshal; the chief cities bestowed on him their honorary citizenship; his statues and busts were multiplied. But as little as he had cared before for praise, so little did he care for it now, and he shrank as far as possible from all public and private demonstrations.

The following little anecdote is highly characteristic of Moltke's simple tastes as well as of his decision. The regiment in which he had served on entering the Prus-

sian service had just erected new barracks at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and were going to open the building with some ceremony. In honor of the event, they were anxious that their oldest surviving as well as most distinguished officer should grace the occasion with his presence. Moltke assented to their wishes, but stipulated that he should be in no wise distinguished above the other officers, and very specially begged that there might be no public reception at the railway station. The officers agreed; but when the moment came, they could not bear the thought that the general should not at least have some extra conveniences. Frankfort-on-the-Oder boasts few carriages. A rich burgher, however, is possessed of one, and on him a deputation of officers waited, begging the loan, which was readily accorded. At the appointed hour, therefore, an officer appeared at the railway station with this carriage, of which he asked Moltke to avail himself. To his dismay, and to the astonishment of the bystanders, Moltke simply thanked him, but declined, and, beckoning to a modest cab that stood close by, he entered it together with his nephew and drove off.

Moltke's life is passed in busy regularity; for, notwithstanding his advanced age, he does not abate his labors in the least. His time is divided between Berlin and his home at Kreisau. At Berlin he occupies a wing of the General Staff building, a fine roomy dwelling that looks out upon the monument commemorating the three wars whose extraordinary successes were mainly due to Moltke. His time is marked out with military exactitude, never broken except when he attends the sittings of the Reichstag, which is only on occasion of a military debate. Moltke is a staunch conservative, but not an ardent politician. That department of the German Empire he leaves with absolute confidence in the hands of his colleague, Bismarck.

Winter and summer, Moltke enters his study at the stroke of seven A. M. Here he drinks his morning coffee, smokes a cigar, and writes until the stroke of nine, when his business letters are brought to him, which he reads and dispatches. He then exchanges his dressing-gown for his uniform, and is ready at eleven to receive his adjutants, to hear their reports, and issue his orders. While at work he partakes of a simple lunch, and when his adjutants are gone resumes his writing until the stroke of two, when the work is pushed aside. He then receives the higher officers of the staff and listens to their reports. This ended, which may be longer or shorter according to circumstances, Moltke goes for a walk. It is no infrequent thing to encounter him in the

busy streets of Berlin, peeping into the shop windows which appear to have an attraction for him. At four he takes a frugal dinner in company with his family, and the hour of dinner is for them the happiest of the day. Then the taciturn man becomes loquacious, and delights his hearers with his charming, cheerful talk. From five to seven he again devotes himself to writing; from seven to eight the newspapers are perused. At eight he once more rejoins his family at the tea-table, after which follows a game of whist, in which the great strategist is naturally a proficient. The game over, the evening is generally ended with music, to which Moltke is devoted. At eleven he retires to rest.

At Kreisau he allows himself a little more leisure. He is attached to his little farm, and spends the early morning hours superintending his laborers. The garden, too, receives the benefit of his personal attention; and, above all, his nursery of young trees, which he musters as strictly, tends as carefully, as though they were a regiment of recruits. With his own hand he prunes weakly or dead branches. In matters great or small the Field-Marshal hates all that is incompetent, unfitted to its task and purpose. As long as his wife lived, she generally accompanied him on these expeditions, and it is her memory that attracts him to Kreisau. For it is on an eminence in his park that Moltke has erected, after his own designs, a modest chapel, in which reposes the body of her he loved above all things in the world. The exterior is red brick bound with sandstone; the interior is lined with black and white marble. In front of the altar stands the simple yellow coffin, at all times covered with wreaths; while in the apse is a fine sculptured figure of the Saviour, his hands spread out in benediction. Above Him are inscribed the words of Saint Paul: "Love is the fulfillment of the law." The key of this chapel Moltke always carries about him. When at Kreisau, his first and last walk in the day is up the gentle eminence to commune with his own heart and his dead wife. Often and often, when business retains him too long away from his country home, he will pay it a rapid visit, merely going to the chapel, and returning after a few hours' stay.

Outwardly stern though he seems, Moltke has a warm and tender heart. Of this, alone, his undying affection for his wife is a proof, while innumerable stories of unobtrusive, thoughtful acts of kindness to friends and perfect strangers still further testify to his amiable disposition. Strange that a man with so gentle a spirit, so loving a nature, should be utterly devoted to a profession so cruel and ferocious, regarding it not merely as a

sad temporary necessity until mankind shall have further advanced out of the barbarous state, but as a divine and divinely appointed institution. "War," he wrote to the Swiss jurist Bluntschli, who had pleaded in favor of gentler measures, "war is an element in the God-ordained order of the world;" and he added that, though he could sympathize with efforts to alleviate its horrors, he regarded it as an unthinkable proposition even to contemplate its possible suppression. Moltke thus gave his adhesion to the sentiment expressed by another gentle spirit, Wordsworth, "Carnage is God's daughter."

"Caute et candide" is the ancient motto of the Moltke family, and one to which their youngest descendant has remained faithful. It is a fine life to look back upon,—that of this veteran soldier who has never swerved from the service to which he has devoted his life and energies with a self-sacrifice and fidelity as rare as it is admirable. The outer aspect of the man is true to his character. His spare, tall, upright figure, which the burden of fourscore years has not bent, seems born to command. His features convey the impression of being cast in bronze; and since his face is beardless, every line and wrinkle is distinctly to be seen. The iron firmness of his will is written in deep lines

upon his face. Of his heart the evidence can only be found in his eyes, that look out upon the world with an expression of deepest melancholy. It is a singularly immovable face; even when he speaks, it does not alter, brighten, or darken. His mode of speaking, too, is slightly colorless and monotonous; but when he does break his habitual silence, all ears wait upon his words, for these Moltke never wastes.

Moltke is the ideal impersonation of a German officer, in his rectitude, his unquestioning devotion to his sovereign, his narrow-visioned patriotism, his want of imagination, his self-negation, his stern, unbending, unelastic devotion to his profession and the duties it entails; a man who, taken as a whole, is rather the representative of an elder day, when life was more circumscribed, the intercourse of humanity more inimical, before that advance had been made toward a fulfillment of the angelic greeting, "Peace on earth, good will to men," toward which we fondly hope mankind is tending. But, judged from the elder platform, he is a splendid figure. Of him, when Nature shall claim her dues, Germany may well say, in the words of Hamlet,

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

THE VOYAGER.

Down stormy seas our straining bark
By whistling gales is onward blown;
The tackle shrills, the timbers groan,
The rack is wild and dark.

No land we sight, no bark we see,
The ice makes in the forward shrouds.
The blast that curls the scudding clouds
Is cold as cold can be.

Sometimes the moon is red as blood;
Sometimes the air is white with snow;
Yet care we not, but on we go
Across the hissing flood.

The swift flaws darken on the lee,
The salt sea-spray is flung behind,
The canvas bellies in the wind,
The north wind whistles free.

And sometimes, on still southern seas,
We feel the freshening of the gale,
That leaves behind our path a trail
Like swarming, silver bees.

The bell sounds in the quiet night;
Through driving clouds the full moon plows;
The shadow of our plunging bows
Doth split the wan moonlight.

Yet still we sail and sail and sail
Through many circles of the sun;
Sometimes into the dawn we run,
Sometimes through twilights pale.

And though the wild wet waste is round,
We cannot sail for evermore;
There is no sea without a shore,
Some port will yet be found.

L. Frank Tooker.

THE SUPPRESSION OF PAUPERISM.

It has been for some time apparent that the people of this country were not to be exempted from the social evils that have so long plagued their European ancestors. The breadth of fertile acres that fell to us, a heritage unequaled in history, has not availed, in spite of all our boasting, to maintain plenty in the homes of our citizens. It has not availed that we entered upon it at an era when liberty of thought and liberty of action were, for the first time, coming to be recognized as the inalienable rights of mankind, or that we have developed it in the light of all the amazing discoveries of modern science. All our wealth of advantages and opportunities has not averted the fate that is common to nations as well as individuals. To the most richly endowed of mortals, that sobering moment some time comes when the first wrinkle or the first gray lock awakens the consciousness that youth is not perennial; and, though a community may not die, it cannot escape the infirmities of increasing years.

That happy equality of condition for which our people were once distinguished is gone. The independent, self-respecting citizen is fast giving place to the truculent yet slavish employee. The rich are separated from the poor by higher barriers than in many an ancient aristocracy, while the kindly bonds of mutual obligation and respect, the redeeming feature of that form of society, have here no existence. There are more rich than of old; but there are infinitely more poor. Not that the material condition of the common people is now much worse than formerly, for this is not true. But the immense additions to the wealth of the nation have been so ill-distributed that the poor man of to-day is probably no better fed, not so well clothed, and little better housed than the poor man of twenty-five years since, and the number of poor to be cared for by charity has frightfully increased. There are no statistics of pauperism for the country at large that are of value,—statistics when incomplete being greatly given to misleading those who put their trust in them. But we know that the expenditure for the relief of the poor is now far greater than formerly. From 1850 to 1880 the population of the city of New York increased 134 per cent., while the payments for charitable purposes increased 539 per cent. These payments do

not now fall much short of three million dollars per annum. We cannot tell definitely how much is expended by private charitable societies, but it is probably about four million dollars, rather more than less. This does not include the charities connected with the individual religious organizations, of which there are some five hundred in the city. It is a moderate estimate to put the churches and private individuals down as contributing at least one million dollars annually to the poor, making a total of eight million dollars. Roughly speaking, the expenditure in London is perhaps six times this amount for a population nearly four times as great. At the rate at which we are advancing, the New World promises to beat the Old in pauperism as well as in other things.

If we distrust the evidence of these figures, we shall not fare better with certain others. There are more than two hundred charitable societies, exclusive of branches, church societies, and public institutions, now in operation in the city of New York. In 1850 only forty-five of these were in existence, and their expenditure was less in an even greater proportion. It would seem as if there were hardly so many human needs as would afford scope for all these organizations. There are societies for the relief of the poor of the different nations that have contributed to our population. There are societies for the different sexes and ages and for all sorts and conditions of men. There are societies for the relief of sickness in general and of the different sicknesses in particular. There are societies for the comfortable ushering of the pauper into the world; for his aid during early youth; for his education in certain rudiments of learning, and for the prevention of his education in certain other rudiments of learning whereto he is prone; for his assistance in transferring his superfluous presence to other regions; for supplying him with medical advice, medicine, and food in his own abode or in special hospitals provided for his use; for his maintenance at the public expense when he cannot make shift for himself; for the supervision of this maintenance, and for the supervision of these supervisors; for keeping him out of prison; for looking after him while in prison and when he emerges; and, finally, for his assistance in decently leaving a world which seems never to have wanted him, to have done as little as it could for him at

the greatest possible expense, and to have gotten back from him in service and gratitude perhaps even less than it deserved.

This immense body of charitable institutions is certainly an impressive monument of the generosity of our people, but it is also, unfortunately, a proof of the vast growth of the evils with which these societies contend. It is even maintained, by some persons well qualified to judge, that the labors of these societies in relief of suffering have actually ended in increasing its amount. One of the wisest and noblest of the workers for the uplifting of the London poor grimly remarks: "Our object, *i. e.*, my rector and self and some others, is to put a stop as much as possible to all benevolence"; and those who have had the widest experience seem generally the most inclined to adopt this view. To understand the reason for this opinion, it is necessary to consider the manner in which charitable enterprises are carried on. The general aim being to better the condition of the poor, we may say that all benevolent labor is directed either to the relief of suffering or to the removal of the causes of suffering. The relief of suffering is simple, intelligible, and naturally delightful to every one. To feed the hungry and heal the sick are the first impulses of the heart; but to ascertain the reasons for the hunger and sickness, and to form and carry out plans for their prevention—these are difficult and tedious labors, the mention of which is generally enough to check the benevolent impulses at the very outset. The heart is here, as always, the motive power, but the demands upon the judgment and the patience are too severe for such charities to be popular. Hence the immediate relief of suffering, although merely palliative in its effects, has always constituted by far the largest part of all benevolent work, and has in fact monopolized the name of charity.

Among those charities that are devoted to relief rather than prevention there is still an important distinction to be observed. There are two great sources of suffering—accident and misconduct. That is to say, we can generally find some one who is to blame for the suffering, or we cannot. Either the individual sufferer, or some one connected with him by family ties, has brought about the suffering by improvidence, vice, or other misconduct; or the suffering could not have been prevented by ordinary human virtue or forethought.

Benevolent people, acting under the desire to give immediate relief to suffering, have not been much disposed to ponder upon this distinction. The result has been sufficiently deplorable. The distribution of charitable relief, without regard to the origin of suffering, has

had about as satisfactory results as would follow from administering the same antidote in all cases of poisoning. The Elizabethan poor-law was designed to relieve the poor, and came near pauperizing the English nation. Yet no profound reflection is needed to discover that the effects of relieving suffering caused by accident may be, and must be, greatly different from those of relieving suffering caused by choice. It is obvious enough that, besides the immediate relief, there are remote effects upon the individual relieved and upon the community that knows of his relief. When suffering is the result of accident, we may say with reasonable certainty that to relieve it will not tend to increase it. Men do not habitually expose themselves to accident or loss, more than they otherwise would, because they know that their sufferings may be lessened by charity. It is true that such charity may have some remote effect in encouraging improvidence; a man may not be at the same pains to save money for life insurance if he believes that his family will be cared for by charity in the case of his accidental death; but we cannot say that public opinion really considers a laborer improvident who does not invest in life insurance. On the other hand, it is plain that relief of this kind can have no effect in removing the causes of suffering. Accidents are not prevented by the existence of ambulances, and hospitals, and orphan asylums.

But, when we undertake to relieve suffering caused by misconduct, it is evident that a fundamental and, doubtless, beneficent provision of nature is interfered with. When we suffer in consequence of our own willful acts, the natural effect is to deter us from repeating those acts. When this suffering is relieved by others, the natural effect is to encourage us to repeat those acts. The mass of mankind will repent of their sins, whether of omission or commission, only under the influence of actual present pain—either felt by themselves or most clearly set before their eyes. Take away this pain, and they will go on sinning and to sin until the day of judgment. Moreover, all those who are tempted to sin, observing that if they yield they shall not surely die, feel their power of resistance thereby greatly weakened. The testimony is conclusive in repeated cases that, where relief has been most generously bestowed, there has been a permanent increase of vice and poverty. As a London missionary said, after a winter when the sufferings of the poor had been unusually severe and alms-giving correspondingly profuse, every gift of a shilling ticket had done four pennyworth of good and eight pennyworth of harm. The fourpence

represented the food that went into the stomachs of the wretched population; the eightpence, the premium given to their wasteful and improvident habits.

It is sometimes hastily said that it is the truest benevolence to leave people to suffer the consequences of their own misbehavior. Granting this, the real difficulty of the problem is untouched. Altogether, the most harrowing perplexities occur when we consider cases of suffering caused, not by the misconduct of the individual sufferer, but by that of those with whom he is connected by family ties. The most profound social questions are here involved and presented in the most distressing concrete forms. The appeals to compassion are sometimes so irresistibly touching, that it is not surprising if clear views on these subjects are not prevalent: The calm calculations of reason as to what may result in the remote future have little chance of being listened to when the ears are filled with the wails of sick women and starving children. Nevertheless, experience sternly teaches that even here the hasty yielding to sympathetic impulses only multiplies suffering. What is more repulsive to contemplate than an ill-assorted marriage? Life cannot seem worth living when the future offers only long years of quarrel, neglect, and disgust. But to enable those who are dissatisfied with the result of their contract to dissolve it at will, is to loosen the bonds of society. It means the destruction of the family,—the institution, above all others, upon which the happiness of mankind depends.

But what is to be done when we find a wife suffering from the idleness or improvidence of her husband? If her sufferings are relieved by charity, the result is, almost certainly, to encourage the husband to continue in his bad habits. Not only this, but other husbands in like circumstances are encouraged to believe that charity will relieve them from the difficulties in which they have involved themselves. Even more must be added, for those who are contemplating matrimony without any assured income will be encouraged to carry out their intentions. Difficult and painful as such cases are to deal with, they are far less so than those where children are involved. Marriage is not contracted until the parties have reached what are called years of discretion. They may be presumed to have contemplated the natural results of their deliberate action. But the doctrine of original sin, in its most extreme form, never went so far as to maintain that infants were consciously present in the deliberations of Adam and Eve, and common sense instinctively refuses to hold human beings responsible for what they never had

anything to do with. Nevertheless, it is undeniably true that, if charity undertakes to do the work for children that the vice and improvidence of their parents have left undone, parents will furnish charity with more work of that kind than it can attend to. Such relief is not only an encouragement to reckless marrying, but, what is still more deplorable, to illicit unions. The enormous mischief wrought by the great founding institutions of Paris and Vienna has long been notorious. The inhabitants of New York City are required by law to support similar institutions, and to extend their influence as widely as possible by paying a certain sum for every infant and every mother to which those institutions may afford shelter!

There is probably no charity more widely known or more generally beloved than that conducted among the poor children of New York. It has so recommended itself that it receives donations from all parts of the country. It has undoubtedly saved thousands of children from death and tens of thousands from degradation. It has removed vast numbers from conditions which would, in all probability, have converted them into criminals, and distributed them throughout the land so that they are subjected to wholesome and reformatory influences. It has given a modicum of education to those who would otherwise have had none, and has at least alleviated an enormous amount of misery that it could not wholly remove. It seems reasonable to give credit to the statements of its agents, that those children who have been removed from the city have almost without exception done well. It is therefore open to no strictures, so far as its influence upon these recipients of its bounty is concerned. Nor can it be doubted that its influence upon the children that have received its aid and have remained in the city has been highly beneficial.

Yet, what is the significance of a fact like this? In a single room in a cellar, in the city of New York, almost destitute of furniture, destitute even of bed-clothing, there lived last winter a family of seven—father, mother, and five little children. Poor as they were, they had shared their wretched shelter with a family still poorer than themselves, although they had no food to share with them. The children, being without shoes and almost without clothing, were, of course, unable to attend the public schools; and when an industrial school was suggested the mother approved, saying that she herself had attended one before her marriage. Obviously, the parents could not care for five children. They were not vicious nor lazy. They were honest, well-meaning, ignorant people, who were glad to

work when they had a chance, but who could find no work to do. The man was a common laborer, earning a dollar and thirty-five cents a day during that part of the year only when outdoor labor is not interfered with by frost. He had been without work for four months. The average income of the family, including what the mother could earn by occasional washing or scrubbing, was probably not a dollar a day. The rent of their cellar was seven dollars a month, so that the daily allowance to each member of the family for food, fuel, clothing, furniture, etc., was about ten cents. The father was advised to answer an advertisement calling for men to clean old brick. He was too late. The men previously employed in this work had struck for an advance upon the dollar and a half that they had been receiving. Their places had been immediately filled by Italians at a dollar a day.

There is nothing peculiar about this case. It differs happily from many others in that it is not complicated with sickness. But it suggests the query whether this society that cared for the mother twenty years ago and that is now to care for her five children, will not stagger under the burden when these children's children in their turn need relief. Thirty years ago the population of New York was about five-twelfths what it is now; that is, since that time it has somewhat more than doubled. The number of poor children sent out of the city in 1854 was about eight hundred. Last year it was four thousand. The expense of caring for poor children in 1854 was about \$10,000. Last year it was \$236,000. What will these figures be thirty years hence? Noble as the aim of the society is, honorable as its management has been, and fruitful as are its labors, the evils with which it deals have a capacity of increase greater than any palliative agencies. The supply of friendless children will keep pace with the demand. As parents find that others will care for their children if they do not, the sense of parental responsibility, already deplorably weakened, will still further diminish, and with it there will disappear all those qualities that lift man above the brutes. The godless, soulless, reckless, hopeless life of the Parisian *canaille* is fast becoming the life of the populace of New York.

As matters stand now, we are met with a horrible dilemma. Either we may harden our hearts to the cries of innocent children, homeless and starving—at which humanity revolts; or we may relieve their suffering, well knowing that present relief but increases the future evil—whereat reason rebels. But there is no need that matters should stand as they now stand. It is entirely practicable to administer so much relief as mercy demands, and at the

same time to let suffering have its wholesome effect. As to confirmed wrong-doers, their sufferings are their own choice, and it is vain for charity to interfere. As to wrong-doers who may be capable of reformation, a noble work may be done, but not by charitable corporations. The saving influence must come straight from a human heart. Soul must speak with soul, the watchful guidance of friendship must be ever at hand, or relief will surely bring more harm than good. As to those whose suffering is caused by the misconduct of others, they must indeed be relieved; but at the same time the misconduct that has caused them to suffer must be sternly punished. What maudlin charity is this that encourages parents to drop their helpless offspring into the cradle of a foundling asylum, to be cared for at the public expense! What imbecile legislation that compels the public to pay for the farming out of the care of these wretched infants! It is impossible to conceive a system more depraved than that which practically offers to parents who will desert their children a bounty of ten dollars a month, provided they again assume their care. Yet such is the system that now prevails in New York. A single institution, founded scarcely a dozen years ago, now draws from the public treasury about \$240,000 per annum, has under its care about 2500 infants, and annually receives about three per cent. of all the children born in the city of New York.

It seems the plainest dictate of common sense that parents who would desert their offspring should have their way made hard and not easy. If they are reduced to poverty by causes beyond their control, they should be encouraged and assisted to maintain their homes. If they are able to support their children, and will not, they should be compelled to set apart such portion of their wages as will suffice for such support in the various children's homes, under penalties severe enough to insure obedience. If they are so improvident, so vicious, so dead to parental affection, that they will not work for those whom nature has made dependent on them, if they will not display so much feeling of responsibility as the humblest of the brutes show to their young, they should be punished as criminals, that their example may be a warning to all that stand in need of such teaching.

Without such restraining measures, most of our existing charities have a future entirely without hope. Their labor is as vain as that of working the pumps of a leaky ship. The vessel may be kept for a time afloat, but the leak is widened by the very efforts to undo its effects; the water is pumped back to its

source, and the crew are worn out with their Danaïdean task. The alarming nature of our situation has happily aroused the intelligence of the charitably disposed to the need of action, and considerable attention has recently been directed to preventive work. The names of the more recently organized societies themselves indicate the change, their general aim being to keep people from falling into a condition where they will need relief. It is too soon as yet to expect any considerable unanimity as to the methods to be employed, or even any very distinct views as to the true purpose of these efforts. Nevertheless, it may not be unprofitable to state some of those conditions, upon compliance with which success depends.

The great need of our modern civilization—at least in those communities where a military organization is unnecessary—is to maintain the highest possible standard of living among those citizens who are supported by their daily toil. To bring about this end, influences of two distinct kinds must be employed. On the one hand, people are to be taught to do as well as possible with what they get; on the other, it is to be provided that they get as much as possible. Into this great field of future labor we can do little more than glance; but if, as we maintain, the State should punish parents for not bringing up their children to habits of industry, it should certainly do its best to deprive them of excuse for their negligence. Free education has not a pauperizing tendency. The knowledge that children will be educated at the public expense has an entirely different effect from the knowledge that they will be supported at the public expense—at least, when parents are compelled to support their children while they are receiving education. There is no encouragement to either idleness or vice in such a system. But the education given in our primary schools is merely rudimentary, while that of the higher schools is to a great extent of value to the pupils only as fitting them to teach what they have been taught. It may seem a startling proposition, but it is nevertheless true, that if, instead of spending a quarter of a million dollars annually in the indirect encouragement of illicit unions, the city of New York should spend the same sum in giving instruction in working in wood and metal, in cooking, in dress-making, in drawing, even in washing and sewing, much more suffering would be prevented than is now relieved. But so long as a majority of our citizens are of the opinion that a foundling asylum is a more beneficent establishment than the Cooper Institute, there will be no surplus revenue to devote to such purposes.

Under this head must be classed those enterprises, now rapidly growing in number, that are directed to the improvement of the homes of the poor, and to the removal of the causes of vice and improvidence. The resulting legislation has unquestionably had an immense effect in improving the condition of the tenement-houses of New York and in checking the spread of disease. There are not wanting those who regard with apprehension the effect of the paternal legislation by which these changes have been brought about, as tending to undermine the spirit of independence, which under our form of government it is so important to maintain among the poor. However it may be in the future, the immediate result has been to better the conditions of living.

As to the second of these great ends, the maintenance of a liberal reward for labor, there is one difficulty so formidable as to dwarf all others. We shall therefore not dwell upon the fact, which has been proved in London and is susceptible of proof elsewhere, that a liberal distribution of alms has, in addition to the effects already mentioned, two others that are seldom thought of. One is to lower the rate of wages, the other—which amounts to the same thing—to raise rents. Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together. Where the soup-kitchen is established, there the poor will swarm, underbidding one another for work and outbidding one another for shelter. The remedy is here so obvious that there is nothing discouraging in the situation.

But there is an evil, vast and far-reaching in its effects, that defies all charitable labors, and nullifies every effort for the elevation of the poor. If, with infinite pains, the lowest stratum of society be raised somewhat, a vacuum is created into which all Europe stands ready to pour her degraded population. If, by miracles of legislative wisdom and prodigies of charitable zeal, our present poor should have their self-respect so far developed as to scorn the vile living that may be had out of the refuse of the rich, and for a season the ash-barrels and garbage-pots of New York should stand in peace, straightway a new brood of harpies would scent their food and fly to these shores to renew the disgusting feast. The poor that we have with us may be uplifted, but we cannot uplift the poor of the world. Whosoever lifts upon that which exceeds his lifting power by but a pound weight moves it not at all, only converting his energy into useless and uncomfortable heat. In the end nothing has been gained; rather, ground has been lost, for the average condition of the poor is lowered. In any

society, the rate of wages depends finally upon the standard of living set for themselves by the common laborers. Bring in upon them a host of strangers used to lower wages and poorer fare, and an influence is at once set at work to reduce the prevailing rate of wages and therewith the standard of living.

It may be fortunate that a considerable feeling has been expressed—perhaps, too, really exists—upon this subject of the competition of foreign with American labor. Certain of the community have demanded protection to our laborers and got what passes for such. Whether laborers can be protected,—that is, whether their high wages can be maintained by duties upon imported goods,—is a question which it is needless here to ask or answer. But that their wages can be reduced by importing foreign laborers is not to be denied, while importations of this kind are made for this avowed purpose and with this actual result. It should seem that those who sincerely desire to secure to American labor a generous reward would heartily support measures to check both the immigration of paupers and the importation of debased and ignorant laborers, while those whose sincerity may be questioned could not consistently oppose such measures.

What is needed is a provision of the following character: Every person not a citizen entering the United States should be required to produce a certificate of deposit in his own name, or exhibit funds owned by him, to the amount of at least one hundred dollars, suitable arrangements being made for the representation of families by their head, and for the exception of first-class passengers and temporary visitors. It would be a harsh measure to impose a tax upon immigrants, as it would be necessarily collected at a time when its payment would be most onerous to them. But if a foreigner wishes to become a citizen of this country, it is not only a mercy to him, but an act of justice to ourselves, to require him to come provided, either by his own ex-

ertions or through the aid of friends, with such a capital as will enable him to make advantageous shift for himself, and render it improbable that he will become a charge upon the community. In this way we should draw to ourselves only such thrifty and provident material as good citizens can be made of, for the amount named would seldom be saved without the exercise of some virtue. The competition of such laborers need not be dreaded, for the standard of comfort implied by the possession of such a capital is not a low one. The degraded, the beggars, the incapables, would be excluded; and those foreign communities that have shrewdly reasoned that it costs them less to pay the passage of their paupers to our shores than to support them at home would find their calculations seriously disturbed.

This is not a matter in which the city or the State of New York is alone interested, although they are primarily liable for the support and assistance of five or six thousand wretched wanderers every year. New York is the great organ of distribution, not only of merchandise, but of men. Whatever improves the quality of either is a very direct benefit to the vast interior of our country. But, unless something can be done in the direction suggested, the burden upon the charitable people of that city will become greater than they can bear. The rates of ocean passage will never be higher and are likely to be lower. There is no end to the supply of foreign poor. It is not lessened by any draughts that can be made upon it. New sources are continually opening,—Italy, Bohemia, Poland, Russia, have recently been added,—and in these countries there is a wealth of poverty that is perennial. Population presses hard on its bounds, and any relief from emigration is quickly followed by a corresponding increase. It is not a hopeless task, considering the charity and intelligence of our people, to provide for our own poor. It is otherwise if we have to deal with the paupers of the world.

D. McG. Means.

BYRON AT THE CELL OF TASSO,

ST. ANNA'S HOSPITAL, FERRARA.

THOSE tears become thee, Byron! Wandering free
As wind and sunlight over Italy,
O'er every land of beauty and renown,
Yet stamping oft a satyr's hoof-mark down;
How could'st thou view the cell where, undefiled,
Impassioned, pined the sun-god's elder child,
And not weep for lone Tasso? Woe for thee,
In seeming freedom, heavier chained than he!

Mary Stacy Withington.

AN AVERAGE MAN.*

BY ROBERT GRANT,

Author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc.

VII.

LENT had come, and the back of the winter and the winter's gayety were broken together. There was no visible alteration in the external aspect of the great city; but in certain hearts were to be found signs of a profound veneration for the season, evidenced by a careful discrimination between dining out and going to the german,—or, indeed, dining out where the number of the guests was six and where it was twelve. "I draw the line on talking-parties," said Miss Lawton. "I go to them, Mr. Remington, and don't see any harm. Do you?" Now, on the principle of the young lady who gave up butter during the holy period, because sacrifice did not count unless you renounced something you really liked, Miss Lawton was *way off*, as the saying is; for talking-parties were decidedly her element, and especially as Mrs. Fielding set a very high standard in this respect. The latter lady did not go out anywhere. She put her foot down so firmly as even to feel obliged to give up dining with her own sister. The only diversion she permitted herself was the five-o'clock tea she had spread for such of her friends as were inclined to drop in.

This lull in general gayety was, theoretically, much of a boon to Remington and Stoughton, who were both beginning to wince somewhat under the strain of such a busy existence. Now they would have plenty of time to read in the evenings; and visions of a comfortable easy-chair close to the blazing hearth arose before them. They were each a little inclined to moralize on the waste of time that parties really were, and to vow they should cut all that sort of thing another winter. Dinners were, after all, the most satisfactory form of entertainment. One could talk to the right person without interruption. Of course, the right person was here a decidedly necessary premise to enjoyment; but, then, a discerning hostess was apt to arrange her guests with a deference to social whispers. They were beginning to be rather frequently invited to quiet little affairs of this sort. A winter had tended to develop them amazingly in the line of conversational powers and ease of man-

ner. Stoughton's natural power of attraction was made more prominent through a greater fluency and a certain audacity of speech. People described him as a handsome creature. He had gained some flesh, too,—just enough to fill out without impairing his figure. Remington also had made much progress in the way of becoming a favorite. He no longer was obliged in society to have recourse to the acting of Neilson, or the *status quo* of winter sports, to fill up a hiatus in conversation.

The hoped-for repose of Lent was little short of a delusion, as Remington, at least, shortly found. His cherished schemes for improving himself, and doing some solid work in the evenings, proved terribly abortive. The time slipped away about as fast as ever, and he felt none the less driven. Unlike Stoughton, he did not seem to flourish on the *racket*, as he styled it, that he had been pursuing. He was conscious of a tired, strained sensation. It seemed to him as if he could never quite catch up with himself. He looked thin, and as though he drew on his vitality unsparingly.

He went to a doctor and consulted him regarding his condition. "You are a bundle of nerves," responded the physician, as a summary of the situation; and he proceeded to deliver Arthur a sensible homily on the advantages of moderation, illustrating his theme by examples taken from mechanics. A small engine, he said, could not do the work of one that was ninety horse-power. There was nothing the matter, if Arthur would only take care of himself. His cough was simply symptomatic. Did he smoke? Cigarettes? Well, he had better cut himself off for awhile. Medicine? No; there was no need of medicine. Still, perhaps influenced by the young man's glum look at this announcement, he gave him a tonic, to be imbibed before every meal, which comforted Arthur's mind somewhat.

"You think too much. You take life too seriously," said Stoughton, who noticed his friend's brow. And, indeed, Remington did spend a good deal of time in puzzling over all sorts of matters connected with the problem of living. First of all, Miss Crosby had

come to be the central figure of his thoughts. He was in love with her, and the prospect of his being in a position where he would be justified in asking her to marry him seemed very remote. As to what her feelings toward him might be, he was quite at sea. There was no doubt that Ramsay Whiting was extremely devoted to her. He frequently found Stoughton, too, beside the little tea-table when he went to call. Stoughton's way of saying things appeared to fascinate her. She frequently spoke of his cleverness to Remington. But then, Stoughton was said to be as good as engaged to Isabel Idlewild.

There had come a lull in the law business also. Sundry bills for flowers and other little extravagances began to pour in about this time, and Remington found hard work in meeting them. The income from his pittance of a property, even including a small profit from his speculations, was lamentably small. What made it more irksome to have to be so economical was the success of Stoughton, who even drove a Tilbury on the proceeds of his winter's dabbling in the stock market. The latter confided to Remington that he had cleared twenty thousand dollars, which he intended to *salt down*. "If you had only followed my advice," he said to his friend, "you might have done just as well. I gave you points enough."

This was perfectly true, but the difficulty was Remington could not make up his mind to take the necessary risks. Despite the specious argument that the money was his own, he could not help feeling it was wrong to speculate. To be sure, the force of that word "wrong" was a little hard to determine nowadays. Wrong toward whom? It certainly did seem as if only those who were unlucky lost caste by speculation. All about him were instances of men who had made large fortunes in a very short period.

There was Eugene Finchley, for example. It was said that he and his partners had realized an enormous profit by floating the bonds of a new Western railroad. That was not speculation exactly. It was presumably merely in the line of their regular business, for they were bankers. But the result of the thing was the same. It was the making of a vast sum in a comparatively short space of time that attracted him. It seemed so desirable to be well off. He heard it often said that it was impossible to be prominent in New York unless one had half a million.

But though all this made Remington despondent at times, he stuck pretty steadfastly to his principles and ideals, at least theoretically. He knew well enough that there were better things than mere money-getting, and

when he acted on a contrary basis he felt uncomfortable. He was put into the world to do useful work, and it was not very difficult to see that in many ways his life was far from what it ought to be. However uncertain he might be as to precise articles of faith, he was sure that he was responsible to some higher power for his actions. He wanted to contribute his share to the labor of the world.

And so, despite occasional spells of idleness and discouragement, he did some hard work on the Treatise on Railroad Law during the spring and summer. He spent most of the hot weather in the city, running down for an occasional Sunday with his family, who were at the sea-side. He took a vacation of three weeks in August, which he spent at Newport, for Miss Crosby was there. He found as much going on in the way of gayety as in winter, and rather against his will accepted invitations for dinners and dances. Woodbury Stoughton had been there all summer, and looked the picture of handsome health in his white flannel suit. His face was tanned a becoming brown. He was one of the leading spirits of the place and a crack tennis-player. He meant to go in for polo another year, so he told Remington, whom he looked up at the hotel soon after his arrival.

"You ought to have let me know you were coming, and I'd have engaged you a room at my house. I could have got you one three days ago, but they're all taken now. Ramsay Whiting and I have first-rate lodgings together. You ought to have come down before, my dear fellow, instead of stewing in town. You look as white as a ghost."

The three weeks slipped away fast enough, but Remington did not return to New York in an altogether equable frame of mind. He had not been able to see nearly so much of Miss Crosby as he hoped. She was overburdened with engagements, and, with the exception of a walk on the cliffs one Sunday afternoon, his interviews with her were very fragmentary. He met her at a dance or two, and played tennis in the same party, but he found himself put in the background by the other young men, with whom she seemed to have more in common, for he was necessarily ignorant of the current jokes and chitchat.

The Sunday walk, however, was very delightful. They strolled along the path that skirts the green lawns overlooking the sea, and, climbing down, sat upon the rocks. Miss Crosby inquired about the progress of his Treatise, the existence of which she was aware of. He philosophized a little, they discussed several books, and stayed gazing at the sunset until it was necessary to hurry to reach home before dark.

Miss Idlewild was much admired this summer. She drove a pair of agile, graceful ponies, and she took Remington out in her phaeton one afternoon, two days after his walk with Miss Crosby. She looked lovely in her dark-blue close-fitting suit, with a billy-cock hat, and with a bunch of pansies at her throat. Remington felt quite proud to be at the side of the young beauty. People still said Stoughton was going to marry her. Then, too, Finchley was at the hotel. He had been there three or four days. Town was hot, he said, and business dull. Remington had sat up with him smoking, the night before, talking about business. There would be a crash some of these days, Finchley said. Stocks were selling for all they were worth.

Remington found it rather difficult to converse with Isabel if he left the field of badinage. She evidently enjoyed compliments, while protesting against them. They got on famously when they talked sheer nonsense; but if he ventured to introduce more serious topics she became embarrassed and silent. She was an excellent whip and took a keen interest in her ponies, which were a birthday gift from her father.

She had turned Dandy's and Dewdrop's heads homeward. The sun had just set and the western horizon was streaked with deep violet hues, suggesting the near advent of autumn. Remington was ruminating under the influence of the evening light, and, a somewhat ungracious proceeding, it must be confessed, looking his gift horse in the face; for he said to himself that, in spite of all her money, Miss Idlewild would be no wife for him. He liked her very much; but his idea of marriage was that a woman should be a companion to her husband. It must be a fine thing, though, to have a million, he reflected, as a criticism on this conclusion.

"Aint it lovely!" exclaimed Isabel. "Just look at that cloud."

"It looks like a dragon with four heads. See, one of them is dropping off now. Do you remember the verses of——"

He stopped short for an instant and made a little swallow. Miss Idlewild laughed. She turned toward him:

"Are you stopping because you forgot yourself and thought you were talking to some one else? Please continue, and imagine I am literary. I really think I should like poetry if some one would educate me. Go on, Dewdrop," and she gave a little touch of the lash to the off pony.

Remington laughed nervously. "I forgot the lines. I thought I saw a ghost in the hedgerow, and it frightened me so they have slipped my memory."

There was more truth than fiction in this speech, for as the phaeton passed one of the side streets that intersect Bellevue Avenue, his eye had recognized Dorothy Crosby and Woodbury Stoughton sauntering together. The twilight had thrown them into perfect relief.

"A ghost? What fun!" cried Isabel, unaware of his meaning.

"Yes; a ghost that boded no good either to you or to me."

The girl laughed and looked again at her companion.

"How queer you are to-night! Your tone then was positively sepulchral. What did it look like?"

"Miss Idlewild, let us elope," he said, with a sudden burst of sprightliness, as of one who sweeps away the fumes before his eyes.

"Certainly. Let it be this very evening."

They both laughed gleefully, and an instant later the noise of the wheels upon the gravel path told them that their drive was at an end.

Remington returned to the hotel in a state of excitement, which he was conscious would soon settle into gloom. On the veranda he encountered Finchley, who carried an overcoat across his arm.

"What! Are you going back to-night? Hold on until to-morrow, and I'll go with you."

"I can't. There's been a bad break in the market. It has come even sooner than I expected. Scioto Valley has dropped ten points since yesterday."

"Pheugh!"

At the moment, Stoughton came up swinging his cane. He appeared very good-humored, and remarked that the pair looked grave as owls.

"What's the good word?" he said.

"Look here, Stoughton." Finchley put his hand through the other's arm and walked him aside.

"The devil!" Remington heard his friend ejaculate.

"You know, I told you not to buy at those prices," said the broker, and he waved his hand at the driver of the omnibus. "I'm off."

Stoughton stood whipping his cane against the leg of his trowsers.

"This is a nice thing to have happen at the height of the season."

"Are you stuck badly?" asked Remington.

"It isn't as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door, but it's enough," he growled. "I was a fool, as Finchley says. It's only two thousand," he added presently. "I bought a couple of hundred Scioto Valley for a turn last week, and it has gone the wrong way."

"Tough luck." Remington did not feel quite so sympathetic as if the afternoon's episode had not been in his mind. Besides, he had a little Scioto Valley himself. Everything seemed to be going wrong.

They both returned to New York on the following day. The break in the market was only temporary. Even Scioto Valley recovered a large portion of its decline. But Remington tipped his out at nearly the lowest point it touched. He was afraid to hold any longer, for it might go all to pieces, his broker said. He did not like to run the risk of falling into debt. This loss made a sad hole in his capital. Two thousand dollars was all he had left. He made the resolution, however, that he would never buy stocks on a margin again. He would trust to his profession for his income in future.

"I pulled through that racket pretty well," said Stoughton, a month later. "I sold my Scioto Valley to-day, and my whole loss is only four hundred, including interest. I'm going to the caucus to-night. Come ahead. There's likely to be some sport."

"I was intending to go," answered Remington. "Ramsay Whiting was in my office this morning. He said the Independents were going to make every effort to prevent the election of Collamore delegates."

"Hm! They'll find it no easy matter. Corny French is a pretty hard customer to deal with. The trouble with Ramsay Whiting is that he's so impractical. There's no use in going into politics with kid gloves on, I've made up my mind. You've got to fight the beggars with their own weapons."

Woodbury Stoughton had flattered himself that in going into politics his motives were disinterested; that is to say, he believed any ambition he might feel for personal distinction to be quite subsidiary to his desire to promote the cause of reform in public life. It seemed to him that the intervention of the better classes was necessary to repress the corruption and debasement of tone which threatened to honeycomb our system of government. He was going to devote his energies to advocating pure methods and blocking the wheels of machine rule. For the pursuance of this object he was desirous to hold office, but he would never make use of any but the most unexceptionable and straightforward measures to advance his own interests.

It was in this spirit he had at first attended the primaries in his ward. The germ of the evil was said to lie here. Let good citizens take pains to be present at these meetings, and the monster could be strangled in the cradle.

His hopes had been, however, a little

dashed and his vanity somewhat wounded by his first experiences. The sense of helplessness a novice realizes at an ordinary ward-room gathering is almost pathetic. The clock-work regularity with which everything is done suggests the neat, exquisite movement of a machine which receives at one end a commodity in the staple and reproduces it at the other in the textile. His presence seemed absolutely futile. He might just as well have staid at home. A small clique of men, whose names were completely unfamiliar to him, appeared to run everything to suit themselves; while the mass of the constituents, as they were styled from the platform, lounged and smoked in gaping indifference. Occasionally, some disappointed aspirant, whose name had been omitted from the printed ticket supplied by the committee, would denounce the cut-and-dried condition of affairs, only to be rolled and trampled in the dust by a wheel as inexorable as Tarquinia's. Every few years the so-called respectable element of the district—roused by a scandal of more than ordinary proportions, or whipped into line through the persistency of some would-be candidate for preferment—turned out in force and filled the ward-room to overflowing. Then there were speeches made and resolutions passed, and read by a chairman of blameless character, calling for the systematic coöperation of the voters against the wire-pulling of the politicians, while the gentry in question, already foreseeing the calm certain to follow this outburst of enthusiasm, suffered the movement to have its head, and even added their own testimony to the worthiness of the cause.

As is commonly the case, the ingredients that went to make up the constituency to which Stoughton belonged were various. In the first place, there were the well-to-do and educated, who were many of them vastly indifferent to their rights of suffrage. At their antipodes were the poor and ignorant folk, who possessed little else but their votes upon which to raise money. Between them lay that great middle class, to whom orators delight to appeal as the bone and sinew of the American people,—the class whose standards must, under republican institutions, determine largely the standards of the nation. This last element held the balance of political power, and, while deprecating anything that could be construed into out-and-out dishonesty, was disposed to pardon much to a *smart* man. In other words, they were not thin-skinned. When matters became notorious,—which is another way of saying "when they began to lose money,"—they arose in their might and made a clean sweep

of the slate; but for the most part they took things easily, and believed in supporting at the polls men who would never feel ashamed of them. Finally, there were the politicians pure and simple; which, if we take the words in the literal sense, was about the last term that could properly be applied to them.

"We shall never get pure government in this country," Ramsay Whiting observed to Stoughton at one of their Civil Service gatherings, "until the moral tone of the average voter is raised. When the masses begin to understand why it is not respectable for an office-holder to use his place to supply his friends with comfortable berths, we shall see an improvement. As it is, they no more look for squeamishness in such matters than they expect to get full weight at a country grocery. In regard to cracking a bank or embezzling trust-funds, the popular sentiment is generally sound; but short of these, it is not inclined to judge a ready speaker too harshly." The only thing to be done, he went on to say, was one's self to fight the evil, and trust to time to leaven the lump. Every little helped.

By degrees Stoughton had made the acquaintance of the leading politicians in his ward; and it had surprised him to find what a decent lot they were, compared to his expectations. To be sure, his preconceived ideas on the subject had pictured the genus in question as a kind of human vulture,—a groggy, seedy individual, who, when he was not plundering the public till, haunted pot-houses and kindred resorts. However apt this diagnosis may have been regarding the lower strata of the profession, it certainly did great injustice both to the Honorable Cornelius French and Mr. Alderman Dunn.

To-night was to be one of the most important primaries of the year. A Republican candidate for the Assembly was to be nominated, although nomination in this district was not always equivalent to an election. Delegates were to be selected also for the convention shortly to meet to choose a United States Representative. The Honorable Hugh Collamore, who had already served two terms in the State Senate, was anxious for the office, and his nomination would have been regarded as a certainty, had it not been for the opposition of the Civil Service wing of the party. This reform element had endeavored, though unsuccessfully, to defeat Collamore at the polls last year; but the attempt had rendered the contest so close that the managers were putting their heads together to try and patch up matters. If the Reformers were to go over to the Democrats, it would be a serious affair. They must be

humored in some way, or, better still, set at variance among themselves.

Ramsay Whiting was one of the leading members of the Civil Service Reform Club. His labors in this direction rivaled even his devotion to his farm. He was the ruling spirit of the organization in his own district. Remington and Stoughton had signed the constitution and enrolled themselves as aiders in the good cause almost immediately after coming to New York. Stoughton had been, the previous autumn, among the bitterest opponents of Collamore's nomination. But when it had come to election day, and it was evident that there was no chance for Mr. William Webster, the Reform candidate, Stoughton showed his common sense, as he said, and worked for Collamore against the regular Democrat, who was, likewise, an ardent politician.

"It's a choice of evils, but Collamore's the better man," was his remark to those who inquired as to the merits of the candidates. "There's no use in voting for Webster; he's got no chance, and it will be merely a waste of your ballot."

Whiting had endeavored to remonstrate with Stoughton. The independent candidate was an unexceptionable nomination, he said, and respectable people, by scratching Mr. Collamore's name, could teach the party a valuable lesson. Next year, they would not be in such a hurry to put up a second-rate man.

"But don't you see, my dear fellow, it won't do any good to vote for Webster?" protested Stoughton, with some irritation. "You can't possibly elect him, and the result will be merely that that beggar Holmes will get in. He's worse than six Collamores, and is a Democrat to boot. You're cutting the throat of your own party."

"Exactly, if you choose to put it that way. I don't consider myself bound by any party ties to vote for an inferior candidate;" and Whiting turned on his heel.

Collamore, meeting Stoughton in the street a few days later, had greeted him cordially. Without thanking the young man in express terms, he declared himself greatly indebted for the efforts of the friends to whom he owed his election. Stoughton felt considerably flattered, and went on to say how glad he was that the Democratic candidate had been beaten. "Well, sir," answered the politician, with an air of disgust that was not without pity, "it's not becoming perhaps in me to say it, but he's a poor lot. I would sooner cut off this right hand"—and here he shook his fat fingers within an inch of the other's nose in virtuous indignation—"than resort to the

tricks which that Holmes practiced to try to get an election. Why, sir, the fellow's hirelings violate the sanctity of the home in their attempts to buy votes. It was disgusting, simply disgusting!" and the speaker looked as if the purchase of a freeman's suffrage was something against which his very nature rebelled.

"And who is talked of for the Assembly next fall?" inquired Stoughton, presently.

Mr. Collamore was not sure that any names had been prominently mentioned in that connection. Young Finchley was a rising man, and was likely to be returned from one of the city districts. "Wouldn't you like to go yourself, Mr. Stoughton?"

Stoughton was not sure that he would not. "If the party would like to have me serve, I shall be very glad of the nomination," he continued.

"Well, we'll see,—we'll see if it can't be managed," said the politician, thoughtfully.

The latter had referred to the subject on several occasions since, and Stoughton had come to regard himself in the light of a possible candidate. He had already made sure of the support of the Reformers. At a meeting of the executive committee of the club held a week ago it had been agreed to run him for Assemblyman, and Talboys De Witt, an intelligent young banker, for Congress on one ticket, and to oppose the Collamore candidacy.

Two days before the present caucus, secret overtures had been made to Stoughton to the effect that a compromise was desirable. The political element would assure Stoughton the nomination for the Assembly, if his friends would vote for Collamore delegates. There was no chance for both the Civil Service men, and by a refusal to settle matters amicably the chances were much in favor of neither of them getting the nomination. This argument of the envoy sent on behalf of the other side was represented as worthy of consideration by Stoughton to Ramsay Whiting, to whom, without revealing that he had been approached, he suggested the possible advantage of some such move. But the young Reformer was steadfast in his determination to avoid bargaining with the enemy. If the consequence was defeat, at least they could say they had been faithful to their principles. Stoughton had shaken his head incredulously. His reply to the messenger of the other faction was that perhaps something might be done on the night itself.

Remington and Stoughton entered the ward-room together, which was crowded with men standing in little knots, smoking. There were a number at the door armed with printed tickets which bore various headings,

such as "Regular Republican Nominations," "Straight Republican ticket," and the like.

"Holloa!" said Remington, glancing over one of the ballots, "they've got your delegates on the Collamore ticket, Wood."

"Is that so?" replied Stoughton.

They walked forward to the middle of the room. "Ah! Mr. Stoughton, how d' y' do?" said one of the ward politicians, a tall individual, with a sonorous voice, the distinguishing points of whose dress were a long, black frock-coat and a black whisp tie. "Mr. French," he continued, turning to a portly man with a round, red, sphinx-like face, and glittering pig's eyes, "I want to introduce to you a young friend of mine, one of the new men of the party. Mr. Stoughton—Honorable Cornelius French."

"I am happy to meet you, sir," said the great man, taking the neophyte's hand in his, while he scrutinized his face with a keen glance. "I thought I was acquainted with all the rising political talent."

"I belong to the youngsters," said Stoughton, with a laugh.

"So do I, sir; so do I," protested Mr. French, with a mock gesture of deprecation. "I am not to be classed with the antiquities yet."

"Mr. Stoughton is the young man of whom I was speaking to you the other day," the henchman went on to observe. "As I was just saying to these gentlemen," and he turned toward the group, "we are determined to send clean men to the Assembly next time."

"Quite right, sir; quite right. The country demands that the public servants should be worthy of their trust." Mr. French gravely passed a blue silk handkerchief over his smooth chin.

Corny French, as he was styled in political circles, was a remarkable character. He was primarily a self-made man; which, in his case, was largely associated with the fact that he had always looked out for himself before everything and everybody else,—even including the grand old party to which he belonged, and of which he was one of the main-stays. He was one of the powers behind the political throne, one of those personages who, like the manipulator of a puppet-show, handle the wires invisible to the ordinary eye. Originally a journalist, he had obtained office under the New York City Government, as the reward of a spicy advocacy of a successful candidate. Thence he had eaten his way deep into the municipality. Few in public life had been brought so intimately into contact—or rather into contract—with the civil needs, in the line of lamps, sewers, and pavements, as himself. He was an alderman for a number of

years, and later figured as a legislator in both branches at Albany. He could have been sent to Congress at any time had he so desired; but it suited his ambition better to say who should not go than to go himself. Political manipulation was the dearest interest of his life. There was to-day no cleverer party manager in the country than the Honorable Cornelius French. He had literally grown gray in the service; and there was many a politician who was indebted for his subsequent notoriety to the favor shown him at the start by this modern Warwick. From the enormous circulation of his newspaper he had realized a handsome fortune, and he lived in luxury. His private tastes and accomplishments indicated a mind of no mean order. He was an omnivorous consumer of books, and could read with pleasure, it was said, six different languages. His library was among the choicest of the city. He was said to be an intimate student of the English poets. He had never been accused of personal pilfering of the public money.

Just then Ramsay Whiting came up and drew Remington aside.

"See here, what does Stoughton mean by letting his delegates appear on the opposition ticket? It was agreed that he and De Witt should run together."

"So I thought. You'd better ask him."

But Stoughton had slipped away, and presently there went a whisper round the room to vote the split ticket. Despite the efforts of Whiting, who button-holed Reform men, and urged the importance of avoiding compromise, the general sentiment seemed to be confused. Somebody had started the watch-word that, by meeting the politicians half-way, more would be gained for the cause than by suffering total defeat.

"I say, Stoughton, you ought to get up and decline to run, except on the same ticket with De Witt," said Remington, seeking out his friend. It was plain to him that Stoughton had made some bargain with the enemy.

"It isn't my fault that they've put my delegates on their ticket. If I should do that, neither De Witt nor I would have a ghost of a chance."

"Well, I shall have to vote against you, then."

"All right. Just as you please."

The politician in the frock-coat, who was the Honorable Hugh Collamore's chief fogleman, was standing near by with Finchley.

"It will be a walk-over. They've swallowed that bait pretty solid."

"Yes, and don't let on," Finchley whispered behind his hand; "but I've got the whole kit of their ballots, except about twenty,

wrapped up in my ulster. One of the *daisies* put them behind the bench for safe keeping, and I cabbaged them."

It was plain sailing after this. In the midst of the noise and chatter, one of the Ward Committee knocked the meeting to order, and called for nominations for a chairman. A big fellow, with a voice like a Bashan bull, got up, and, after looking around him as much as to say that he would wipe up the floor with any one who should gainsay him, proceeded to make a motion that Mr. Alderman Dunn act as the chairman of this meeting.

Remington, who was in a state of much excitement, started to his feet and nominated the Honorable William Webster. The meeting was desired to express its choice by a show of hands. The vote stood: Dunn, 97; Webster, 85. Stoughton, who had voted for Webster, arose and urged that Mr. Dunn's nomination be made unanimous.

Mr. Dunn, while in a sitting posture, had the effect of being without a neck. His square, heavy-jawed countenance, smooth-shaven and furrowed with seams, appeared to rest directly upon his broad shoulders after the manner of a snow image fashioned by boys. He had an expansive smile, and a confidential, caressing manner, which was intended to be very ingenuous,—as if to imply that whatever secrets one might intrust to him would go no further. His person was ordinarily redolent of jockey-club,—a peculiarity which was easily accounted for, however. Mr. Dunn was in every-day life a dealer in horses, and it having been intimated to him that the flavor of the stables was disagreeable to his associates, he had endeavored to obviate the difficulty by the use of scent. The choice of jockey-club was only an accident; so he explained to Stoughton, who came upon him one day in the municipal dressing-room, sprinkling himself from a small bottle. It might just as well have been patchouly or any other perfume; he had not intended to pun upon his occupation. And then he had laughed hoarsely, and rubbed the young man with his elbow, which was his way of suggesting that he had said a good thing. He was an alderman at present, and reputed to be one of the shrewdest workers in the party.

He now ascended the rostrum, and two secretaries, one from each faction, having been chosen, he declared the meeting organized for business. There was some little confusion among the Reformers, owing to the mislaying of their ballots. Some one called for a committee to nominate delegates, and an attempt was made to have distinct ballots for delegates to the congressional and assemblyman conventions; but both these motions

having been defeated, a vote was taken for both together. The result was announced by the chairman.

He declared elected the list of Collamore delegates, who had received 121 votes to 61 for their opponents, and likewise the delegates in favor of Woodbury Stoughton for Assemblyman, whose majority was even larger owing to his support from both factions. Upon the announcement of the result a loud shout went up, coupled with cries for a speech from the would-be Congressman, who at last suffered himself to be escorted to the platform. He was a ponderous-looking man, with coarse red hair and beard, and a hawk's eye and nose. He was arrayed in black broadcloth. From his showy watch-chain hung a Masonic emblem, and a large diamond pin spluttered in his shirt-bosom.

After a short preface of thanks "for the honor conferred," he proceeded to take the bull by the horns in saying that he had reason to believe that there were some who had come to the meeting for the purpose of sowing dissension in the ranks of the Republican party. He looked around the room, as he spoke, with an air of righteous indignation, amid cries of "That's so," "Give it to 'em, Hugh," "We'll teach 'em what reform means!" The air was blue with tobacco-smoke, and the worst element evidently felt the inspiration of success.

"Gentlemen," the speaker continued, stimulated by the last interjection, "I have heard the word *reform* fall from the lips of some one in this assembly. Reform! Thank God, gentlemen,"—and here he banged with his fist upon the desk,—“thank God, I can stand up proudly in this place and say that, if there is one thing I believe in, and have striven for during the whole course of my political career, it is reform. Reform, gentlemen, reform, the sacred beacon and watch-word of our party, the golden hope of the political future and of the present,—aye, gentlemen, of the present —”

"How about that Spuyten Duyvil Bridge job?" piped a voice at the back of the room.

The eyes of everybody were turned in the direction from which it had emanated, and seemed to center on Ramsay Whiting, who was standing near the door with folded arms and a disdainful smile on his face. His ulster was drawn up about his ears, and he had been apparently on the point of taking his departure. There were loud cries of "Who was it spoke?" "Put him out!" and the like. The remark had not come from Whiting, but the crowd chose to consider him responsible for it; or, at least, the Honorable Hugh did,—for, as he resumed his harangue, his fin-

ger was pointed unmistakably in his direction. "Some gentleman has made a remark," said he, and, as he paused dramatically, the whole company turned toward the young man. "Some gentleman has taken it upon himself to make a remark which reflects upon my conduct as a public servant, and which calls in question my fidelity to the trusts that this constituency has placed in my hands. I might, upon such an occasion as this, fitly decline to notice language so unparliamentary; but it has been my boast, gentlemen of the Republican party, since first I assumed the sacred garb of office, that I have been ever ready to submit my behavior to the light of scrutiny,—aye, gentlemen, to the scorching blaze of noon. The allusion that the honorable gentleman has seen fit to make is Cimbrian in its darkness, gentlemen, Cimbrian."

The orator paused to give due effect to what he considered, doubtless, an apt and correct classical allusion.

"Let him stand forth and proclaim himself!"

There were loud cries of "He dar'sn't!" "What's his name?" and the like.

"Let him no longer seek a cowardly shelter behind the rampart of the anonymous. I care not who he is, whether he be a lowly son of toil or one who haunts the gilded halls of aristocracy,"—and here he stopped and shook his fat finger menacingly at Whiting,—“I proclaim him from this platform a base and perjured liar."

Whiting made no reply; he simply looked amused. And the Honorable Hugh, having, so to speak, placed himself on record, was evidently satisfied, for, after looking around for a moment, as if in search of some one to take up his gage, he went on to say, in a pathetic tone: "Perhaps, gentlemen, I may have been in error to consume your valuable time with matters of private moment. But"—and here he struck his chest with his fist—"no one, my fellow-citizens, from the poor but free-born tiller of the fields to the honored magistrate upon the bench, can afford to allow the foul breath of slander to sully the snowy bosom of his reputation; his reputation, gentlemen, which, in the words of the immortal bard, outweighs the miser's gold."

He sat down, overcome by his feelings, amid vociferous applause, and the meeting was speedily adjourned. Stoughton went off with a number of jovial spirits to celebrate the occasion. He saw fit first, however, to invite Remington and Whiting, who were standing together, to join him.

"Arthur," said Stoughton, "let me introduce you to Mr. Alderman Dunn."

The Alderman said a few words to the young men. He addressed Whiting with a

show of deference. "We feel, Mr. Whiting, that the efforts of your association in the interests of good government should be recognized. Mr. Stoughton's name will add strength to the ticket. The people will see that the so-called politicians"—and here he smiled with the air of one who, though unjustly accused, is still patient—"are not wholly regardless of the public interests. I regret that you will not join us in a little something. Good-evening, gentlemen."

Whiting, on the way home, was severe in his criticisms upon Stoughton's conduct. If men of his stamp did not take a high stand in such matters, what could one expect of the uneducated? He declared that, after what had happened, he could not vote for Stoughton. "I consider even that Finchley a less dangerous man, for I believe he acts up to his lights, and Stoughton doesn't; I'm terribly disappointed in him. It was perfectly evident to-night that he slaughtered Talboys to save himself."

Remington was unable to say a word in his friend's defense. He felt that the latter had behaved badly. He had unquestionably sacrificed principle to his own private ambition. The young men shook hands cordially at parting. They had come, of late, to feel a mutual liking, notwithstanding their devotion to the same woman.

VIII.

IT was a beautiful summer day, late in August. The fog, that for a week past had enveloped Bar Harbor like a shroud, had rolled away, and the atmosphere, appropriate to a cloudless sky at this season, was tempered by a breeze fresh from the ocean.

One approaching this picturesque resort—more familiarly, though erroneously, described as Mount Desert—cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the bold rugged beauty of an immense pile of cliff known as Great Head, which lifts its broad flat surface to an unusual height above the level of the waters and juts seaward from amid the lesser crags that line the iron coast, a huge sentinel.

Many hundred miles to the north, where the waters of the St. Lawrence River mingle with the Atlantic, stands another mammoth of the geological world, the Percé Rock. The incessant action of the wind and waves has divided the latter from the main-land, and further eaten into its solid center an arched pathway, through which small skiffs can pass with safety when the sea is tranquil; but though its core is threatened, the superb crag towers proudly and, like its more familiar rival, raises to the cold heavens a broad expanse, where

myriads of sea-birds find a resting-place secure from the invasion of man. Naught disturbs these feathered creatures save when an occasional steamer—the sole link uniting the inhabitants of the isolated gulf-ports, Percé, Paspébiac, and the beautiful Gaspé, with the outer world—rests for a little by the rock-bound village, and fires a gun athwart the startled twilight. Then in an instant, as by a touch of magic, the vast rock—which but just now, erect amid the waters and outlined against the evening sky, inspired the gazer by its silent majestic beauty—wakes to life. Countless flocks of gulls and cormorants, disturbed by the unaccustomed din, start from their aeries with hoarse strident cries, and hover on wide-extended wing above the sea-girt pile. A small number, startled into more decided action, describe a short ponderous flight oceanward or sail solemnly along the shores, and for a few minutes the air teems with the feathered tribe; but as the sounds die away among the ancient hills, the birds settle once more on the familiar resting-place.

Although the geological formation is different, the boldness and wild, silent grandeur of Great Head awaken emotions kindred to those which the sight of the Percé Rock inspires. Little by little, as the steamer steals up the coast, the features of the giant crag define themselves, and the wondrous colors of the rugged stone are revealed to the admiring eye. Civilization seems far remote. Nature, pure and simple, untrammelled, unrestrained, holds free court amid her silent worshippers.

The steamer passes close to the headland, but the traveler, while still afar off, is puzzled as to the identity of sundry objects, at first mere specks, which become visible at frequent intervals along the level and down the face of the rocks. So motionless do these appear, that only on a near approach is it apparent that this citadel of nature is possessed by living creatures. By degrees it dawns upon the astonished senses that every sheltering ledge, every nook and comfortable recess,—from the broad top to the base-line far beneath, rough with barnacles and slippery with weed, where the salt wave licks the feet of the unwary,—harbors a pair of human beings engrossed in the delights of intimate communion. With apparently nothing to interrupt their unfettered confidences, with the sky and ocean and grand old rocks as sole witnesses of what each may say to the other, is it strange that the shrill notes of the whistle breaking on the ear convey the first warning that they are no longer unobserved, and that earth claims them once more? Then, as the

vessel steams abreast of the vast promontory, from every airy niche along the shore, from every ledge that slopes toward the sea, and from behind bowlders that guard the entrance to fascinating caves, handkerchiefs, hats, and gay sun-umbrellas wave back a joyous answering welcome, and eager eyes are strained upon the faces of the new-comers. But the swift course of the steamer leaves them but little time in which to satisfy their curiosity. For a few short minutes query and comment absorb those upon the shore and those upon the sea. Then, as the vessel lapses into distance, the young people sink back upon the rocks and resume the thread of interrupted discourse.

No man, it is believed, has ever quite gauged the cleverness of woman. Every now and then we flatter ourselves that we have come to the end of her resources, and hold her, figuratively speaking, in the hollow of our hand, when all of a sudden some new little device peeps out, as shyly as a violet from a hedge-row, to show us the folly of our pretension. It was always with a certain air of exultation, as of a consciousness of security from pursuit, that the hard-worked male of our great cities had fled to the trout streams and deer woods to spend his pitiful fortnight's vacation. His plea that the discomforts of the primeval forest are beyond the endurance of the gentler sex always seemed unanswerable. Yet, mark the sequel! Woman, with a docility that should have awakened suspicion, appeared to accept the situation; but in secret she diligently cast about for an argument, until she had installed herself in an isle where all those health-giving properties for which her mate was clamorous were to be found in abundance, and the annoyances of an outlandish existence merely such as added a zest and piquancy to the circumstances. Here, assuming the garb of Diana the Huntress, she showed herself prepared to woo the delights of nature and the unconventional. History repeats itself. We are all familiar with the fate of the too fond Samson, whose flowing locks grew less under the scissors of the artful Philistine. To-day, in many a sylvan grove and by the rock-bound sea, the hair of our strong men, closely clipped for the needs of summer, grows long again in the laps of maidens far cleverer than she.

Among those the current of whose thought was broken in upon by the approach of the steam-boat on this particular morning were Arthur Remington and Miss Dorothy Crosby, who, having walked thither from the village after breakfast,—a pleasant tramp,—had now for several hours been ensconced in a pleasant nook. Remington wore a little round

cap, a sack-coat over his tennis shirt, and knickerbockers. Her dress was of dark-blue flannel, the looseness of which was confined by a broadish leathern belt. About her neck she wore a white muslin scarf, nonchalantly tied, and the masses of her hair were surmounted by a wide-brimmed straw hat, perched on the back of the head, and bound with the same variety of muslin. Seated close to the water's edge, she was leaning back comfortably against the solid wall of rock, while Remington lay stretched out beside her on the sloping ledge. They were talking earnestly; and, as the interest deepened, he picked, with increasing nervous energy, with the point of Miss Crosby's red sun-umbrella, at the barnacles that grew upon the rocks around him.

Another winter had slipped away without witnessing any material change in the circumstances of Remington. He had dug away at the law, and been rewarded by some little business,—nothing very important or lucrative, but sufficient to keep discouragement, which is quite as gaunt a wolf as hunger, from the door. His book on Railroads had been favorably received by the legal community, even if the profit accruing to the author had not been considerable. He had been almost as frequent a patron of gayeties as the winter before, but nothing had come of this party-going beyond a deeper conviction than ever of his love for Dorothy Crosby, who was still unmarried, though a favorite. The attentions of Ramsay Whiting were unremitting, and people who had nothing better to do wondered whether she would take the unexceptionable young millionaire or that handsome Woodbury Stoughton, with whom she was seen sometimes tripping the cross streets. Woodbury Stoughton was in the Legislature, and doing very well, every one said.

Remington had run down to Bar Harbor to spend the three weeks of vacation that he had allowed himself, leaving his office in the charge of a small boy, with directions to say, if any one called in the meanwhile, that he would be back by the 15th of August. New York, even varied by an occasional afternoon at Coney Island or Sunday on a yacht, was extremely hot and dull, and really there was nothing on earth to detain him at home. Woodbury Stoughton had gone to Newport again. Rumor still found material in his intimacy with Miss Idlewild.

Miss Crosby was at Bar Harbor. She had gone down there the first week in July; and Remington had cause to believe that Ramsay Whiting's yacht had started recently in the same direction. He mechanically stretched out his hand for the newspaper. There would be a steamer from Boston to-

morrow evening. He could catch it if he chose. He looked at his watch reflectively. "John," he exclaimed, with decision.

"Yes, sir."

"I am going away to-night, and may not be back for three weeks. If Mr. Phillips—that bald man with the sandy whiskers—comes in while I'm gone, his papers are on my desk."

On the way to his destination he had made several acquaintances,—notably a Miss Plumber, from Philadelphia, who sat out with him in the moonlight and discoursed on the affectation of persons who spelt her family name with an *m*, instead of a *b*. Wasn't it absurd? *She* was not in the least ashamed herself because her ancestors might have been plumbers centuries ago. Remington had sat puffing his cigarette, and was very quiet. After Miss Plumber had gone to bed,—or had *retired*, as Miss Johnson, a spinster, who was chaperoning the young lady in question, called it,—he had walked the deck for some time in a pensive mood, now and again pausing to gaze out over the stern, beneath which the churning waters of the wake lay silver-white in the moonshine. His thoughts were reminiscent, and he sought to analyze the experiences of the past six months. As always, the influence of the beautiful in nature affected him strongly. He turned his face up to the quiet skies as though he would fain pierce the riddle that balks the scrutiny of all. Hopes and strong resolutions for the future filled his breast; and, free for an instant from the pressure of material considerations, he let his fancy have full reign. His episode with Isabel Idlewild came back to him as an indifferent memory. His spirit seemed to soar, and reached itself out in an unqualified ecstasy toward her whom he hoped to see upon the morrow.

Remington was already tolerably familiar with the place and its customs. A new-comer to Bar Harbor is apt at first blush to be rather flattered by the numerous attentions showered upon him. Urgent solicitations to join picnics and the various expeditions which form a frame-work for romance greet him upon every side. He finds himself speedily initiated into the mysteries of the closely packed buckboard and the sailing party, picturesque with wraps, and, haply, a guitar. He is greatly in demand, and his name is ever on the lips of would-be entertainers. All this is pleasing to the novice; but as in the natural course of events he comes to make, among the young ladies whose acquaintance he has formed, those distinctions which render the presence of a third party invidious, he ordinarily develops into an ardent disciple of the school who share the opinion that two in the woods are happier than three on a

buckboard; for, let the uninitiated learn, each seat of this recognized vehicle of the neighborhood is fashioned to hold a triple freight. Then, by degrees, it grows obvious even to himself that for the sake of sequestered walks and talks with the beloved *she*, he is ready unblushingly to *bluff*, with the plea of a previous engagement, the hardest and most persistent of picnic organizers.

At the time of this expedition to Great Head, Remington had been to Bar Harbor about a month. He had overstaid his prescribed time by nearly a week. During this period he had managed to see a good deal of Miss Crosby. His lot, however, or rather his state of mind, had not been completely blissful; for Ramsay Whiting's yacht and the poetizing tendencies of a Mr. Lattimer, who had also turned up here, were formidable distractions to his *innamorata*. Lattimer, in especial, had interfered with his plans. The young writer had lately produced a new volume of verses; and what woman is proof against the attraction of having a poet all to herself? Canoeing by moonlight with a bard looks a great deal better than making the same trip with a layman. These water trips and other cast-iron expeditions (the term *cast-iron* symbolizing their complete exemption from interruption) were a favorite method of procedure with Remington, and it was galling to find a rival who had such unusual resources at command plowing with his heifer. He was handicapped from the start, he mournfully reflected. Sometimes, in desperation, he would affect for a day or two the society of the aforesaid Miss Plumber, who sang "Over the Garden Wall" and other ditties to a banjo with charming chirpiness. She was an audacious little person, and informed him one evening, as they were floating under the harvest-moon at the respective ends of a canoe, that she preferred playing first banjo to second fiddle. Remington pretended not to understand the jest, but he took care for the rest of the evening not to let his eyes wander so much in the direction of another skiff that lay to leeward.

Nevertheless, he had managed to be pretty assiduous in his attentions to Miss Crosby. He had become vastly more intimate with her in the course of their wanderings over the island, and it seemed to him as if he had confided to her his uttermost self. What she did not know about him was, as he would have phrased it, not worth knowing. Together they had probed the most interesting problems of human experience and destiny, and wandered at will over the delightful field of speculation. But time, which latterly had seemed to the young man as naught, now

stood frowning in his rôle of task-master. It was necessary for Remington to leave upon the morrow. This was to be his last interview with Miss Dorothy Crosby; and, in truth, at the moment of their interruption, he had been bewailing the harshness of his fate in this particular.

"Yes," he exclaimed, moodily, as the steamer lapsed into distance, "such is life. Just as one is beginning to be thoroughly contented, 'comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears.' But there's no use in complaining. I must go."

"I wish you could stay," said the girl. "We really have had a very pleasant time these past few weeks in our rambles, or rather scrambles, together, haven't we? Whatever people say, there's no place like Mount Desert for getting to know one's fellow-creatures,—for seeing them in a pleasant way. In New York it always seems to me, somehow or other, as if I never get a moment's time to myself. We live in a perpetual whirl from morning to night; and as for seeing anything of one's friends, it's completely out of the question. Every one there keeps on the go until she is ready to drop."

"That's what we all do in America," replied Remington. "We live on our nerves through the winter, and when it thaws we pine and peak with the snow-piles." He was thinking of his own debilitated condition the preceding spring. In fact, he felt by no means rested now. He had kept up the pace pretty well since he had been down at Bar Harbor. "Do you know, comfortable as we both look stretched out here, I suppose that really it is all wrong. This luxury of limpness, this yearning for flannel-shirted Platonism, what are they but protests of overtaxed nature? We overdo, and so in our leisure moments we shrink from upright attitudes and conventional costumes."

Miss Crosby was leaning lazily back, so that her head rested against the base of the cliff. Her arms were folded, and she was looking out over the sea. "A good many of us certainly do have the air of convalescents. Why," she continued after a pause, "do you say Platonism?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. Perhaps I was ambitious to be a little epigrammatic. I imagine," he continued, making a ferocious dab with the tip of the sun-umbrella at an obstinate barnacle, "what I meant was that, when one feels debilitated and in a state of collapse, there is a tendency to grope after sympathy, just as one takes a tonic."

"That is, three times a day, before or after meals, according to circumstances," said Dorothy, with a laugh.

"Precisely. This getting to know each other *all to pieces*, as we do down here, is, so to speak, a sanitary precaution. It props one up. It acts as a stimulant. Our systems have become so dependent upon excitement that if we renounced it altogether we should die, like the opium-eater suddenly deprived of his drug." He paused a moment. "And when the medicine has fulfilled its purpose you throw away the bottle," he said, with a tone that, though jocular, had a certain bitterness.

The girl, however, seemed not to notice the sudden introduction of the second person. "I am afraid that is what sometimes takes place. Don't you think, Mr. Remington," she asked, "the generation of to-day is dreadfully disposed to be contented, provided only it can amuse itself? It sometimes seems as if we, who have all the advantages of life,—at least the girls,—are brought up to go through the world reaching out our hands after happiness, just as a reckless person wanders through an orchard breaking off apple-blossoms simply because they smell sweet."

"Only, for apple-blossoms, read hearts."

"Hearts, and a great many other things, Mr. Remington," she replied, with a blush. "It isn't hearts alone. It's anything that caters to our yearning for excitement, that charms our love of the beautiful, or the luxurious, or the clever. Do you know, I believe that unrefined people are secretly more disturbing to my equanimity than bad people, and ugliness at times affects me to a degree that makes me ashamed. Somehow, I seem to myself to be gliding down the river of life in a golden barge,—with lilies in my hair, and my senses steeped with music and the aroma of flowers and all that is soft and delicious. I often think that all I live for is sensations. It is a dreadful thing to say one doesn't care for people, but it comes over me occasionally that I am heartless, or rather that I care for most human beings in the same way as I do for poems and symphonies and statuary; they appeal to my æsthetic sense,—in short, they cause me an emotion. While I am in their presence I am fond of them; if I cease to be with them they pass out of my mind."

As she spoke she gazed out to sea over the expanse of tranquil water, with the expression of intensity usual with her when absorbed. Remington looked up at her stealthily. He was endeavoring, as men are so apt to do in discussing the subjective with the other sex, to discover some allusion to himself in her words.

"I should say you have a great deal of feeling," he protested earnestly.

Her glance still strayed dreamily oceanward. Her bosom rose and fell as with the stimulus of interesting emotions. She clasped her hands together in her lap and sighed gently.

"Why do you sigh, Miss Crosby?"

"Did I sigh?" Her cheek flushed slightly, and she turned her eloquent eyes full upon him. "I don't know exactly why I did sigh, Mr. Remington." The color in her face deepened, as if either the ardor of the young man's glance had suddenly suggested to her the vicinity of peril, or she were mortified at the degree to which she had been led into uttering her secret thoughts. At any rate, she roused herself from her position and stood erect upon the ledge of rock. The breeze gently stirred some loosened bunches of her hair and the streamers of her jaunty hat. She shaded her eyes with her hand.

"How calm the sea is to-day! Oh, look, there is another yacht! It isn't unlike the *Culpriit*."

That was the name of Ramsay Whiting's sloop, and the reminder was scarcely pleasing to her lover, who still dallied in his recumbent attitude. His thoughts were coursing curiously. To one genuinely excited, the outline and proportions of things often present themselves to the mind with a distinctness analogous to that with which we behold material objects at sunset. There is a clearness in the brain at such times that resembles the crepuscular atmosphere. Impassioned as Remington was by his sudden determination to declare his love to Dorothy,—for he had, on leaving the hotel that morning, only a haunting suspicion of a design to take any such step,—he was still conscious of himself as an individual; that is to say, he could not help thinking of the language and attitude most befitting an avowal of this kind. With all his trepidation, he had leisure to recognize the absence of a spontaneity and suppleness he had supposed germane to proposals of marriage, and to deduce therefrom grim and caustic reflections regarding the methods of his ancestors. He was, in truth, the victim of their philosophy of repression. His power of feeling intensely had been so far abridged and adulterated that he was unable to escape self-scrutiny in his most ardent moments. Determined as he was in his mind to ask Miss Crosby to become his wife, why should the arguments in favor of and against his action appear as distinct to his consciousness as Banquo's ghost to the guilty Macbeth?

"And so you are going back to-morrow to the law and liberty," said Dorothy, and she smiled with the satisfaction of one who is pleased at finding a half truth in her alliter-

ative and somewhat random speech. She resumed her seat, as if glad, now that she was on her guard, to return in a measure to their former ground. "It must be rather nice to be a man," she continued, reflectively; "you all have such opportunities." She delayed a moment, and, picking up a pebble, tossed it from her hand and watched it bound from rock to rock into the sea beneath. "It's a strange world. I wonder if things puzzle men as much as they do girls. We seem, somehow, to skip through existence just like that stone, and our influence in life is about as wide as its paltry ripple." She leaned back, and, clasping her hands behind her head, bent her gaze on space from under her hat.

"Perhaps I have rather romantic ideas on the subject," he answered, with eyes cast down, and tapping gently on the ledge with the sun-umbrella. "Do you know, Miss Crosby," he continued, in a low tone, "I think the men in this country are brought up to have a peculiar reverence for women. We look up to them somehow as higher and purer beings than we are. I believe a truly noble woman is the divinest thing in creation, and that she can raise the man who loves her, and whom she loves, up to those shining stars whose ministrant she is. That is her power; that is her mission." Remington spoke earnestly. Conscious as he was of his words, he believed them with all his heart. "I've been rather an aimless fellow, I know; I don't suppose I amount to a great deal; but I've always clung to a faith in something ideal regarding love." He paused nervously. "Miss Crosby, I—I love you. Are you willing to become my wife?"

He wanted to call her Dorothy, but he felt instinctively that he had no right to do so. His moral and mental faculties were both under his control.

"Oh, Mr. Remington!"

There was a deathly silence. Miss Crosby sat with her eyes on her lap,—the type, as it were, of hushed, demure contrition.

"I know," he exclaimed, in jerky sentences, "it's very premature. Of course, I've no right to say anything of the kind on so short an acquaintance. But I couldn't help it, Miss Crosby; indeed, I couldn't. These past few weeks have been the happiest of my life. I meant to go away without letting you know anything, but somehow or other the words escaped in spite of me.

"I'm perfectly aware," he went on presently, as the girl still remained motionless, save for a few sighs and slow shakings of the head, "it's impossible you can care for me. I'm a friend,—as you said the other day, when we were at Duck Brook,—and the idea of any

other relation has very likely never entered your mind. But I do love you so much!"

And he leaned forward beseechingly, with a sudden impetuosity.

"I thought of you merely as a friend," she murmured. "Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry, Mr. Remington. We were such good friends."

"Is it impossible, Miss Crosby?"

"I'm afraid so. Oh, yes, quite,—it's quite impossible."

Remington covered his face with his hands, and for several moments no word was spoken. She was the first to break the silence.

"I think I must be starting for home, Mr. Remington. It is getting late."

"I should like to ask one question," said Remington, with a dry, relentless accent:

"Is there any one else that you care for? I mean, is there no chance for me because you like somebody else?"

"No," she answered, quietly. "There is nobody else that I care for, I think."

Their walk to the village was silent and embarrassed. They halted at the steps of her hotel.

"I suppose I had better say good-by now, Miss Crosby. We sail early to-morrow," he said, a little stiffly.

"Good-by, Mr. Remington. I thought we were going to be such friends. But you will come and see me in New York, wont you?" and she held out her hand.

"I will try to do so, Miss Crosby. Good-by."

(To be continued.)

THE CRUISE OF THE ALICE MAY.

SECOND PAPER.

AT the close of the preceding paper we were about entering upon an inspection of Paspebiac. As the name indicates, this was, first of all, an Indian settlement, probably of the Gaspesian tribe. The terminal *ac* is indicative of place, like the affixes *eck* or *ecque* and *adie* employed by the Micmacs. The French came next, followed by the Normans of the Channel Islands. It is to these that this straggling, thriving town of three thousand people owes its present existence and success. We had never heard of the place before, and yet here it has existed for centuries, a center of business and a wonder of beauty, on the supposed bleak shores of the Bay of Chaleurs. We found the key-note of the whole matter immediately on landing. One hundred and forty years ago some capitalists of St. Helier's came over from Jersey and established a depot for cod-fishing on the inner shore of the point of Paspebiac, where boats could land with safety in ordinary weather. Since then, empires have arisen and fallen, our own great republic has come into existence and has grown to its present dimensions, and still the firm of Robin & Co. carries on its business with the vitality of youth, and with steadiness of purpose and entire unconcern regarding the rest of the world and its affairs. Not only does the original family of Robin maintain itself at Paspebiac to this day, but it has thirteen other establishments as complete as this one at various points in the maritime provinces, all conducted with

the same system and discipline. We saw several of these depots at other ports during our cruise, and can therefore say that the one at Paspebiac is typical of the whole. A lofty fence with gates incloses the establishment. Within are immense buildings for storing the fish and store-houses for all the materials that go to the building and victualing of ships, besides smithies and carpenters' shops, a large kitchen and eating-hall, a telegraph office, and the houses of the overseer and chief employees. On the harbor side are extensive wharves, landings, cranes, and the like, built of solid masonry and iron. There is nothing flimsy about the materials and construction of any object about the place. The extraordinary neatness of everything is like that of a Dutch house. There is not even the odor of stale fish, or of any fish at all. The workmen wear a uniform,—consisting of white trowsers and blue blouse and cap,—and thereby strengthen the first thought that occurs on seeing the place, that it must be an arsenal. This impression is reinforced by the cannon ranged on the quay, and by the fierce figure of a Scotch Highlander brandishing his claymore from the gable of the central building, which was once the figure-head of one of the company's ships. The discipline of a man-of-war is also strictly preserved here. The employees enter in boyhood and work their way up. Here it is, in this yard, that the firm builds the fleet which it employs to carry the fish to the markets of Europe

and South America. No finer fish leave the shores of North America for the feeding of good Roman Catholics on fast days. Few people have reflected on the fact that one of the most important occupations followed by men is almost wholly dependent on the religious beliefs of one sect. The small amount of salt cod eaten by Protestants is not worth mentioning compared with the amount absorbed by Roman Catholics. Besides their ships for foreign transportation, the Robins also have a large number of schooners and boats directly engaged in catching the fish. Most of the fishermen in their employ are poor, and, as they are paid in kind, they are largely in the power of this great monopoly. As one result, it is very difficult to purchase land at Paspebiac, because a large part of the freeholds there are mortgaged to Robin & Co. on account of advances made to the fishermen.

Adjoining the establishment of Robin & Co. is a similar but less extensive fish depot, belonging to the firm of Le Boutillier, who are also a Jersey company, transacting their affairs in the Dominion by means of experienced factors. The original founder of the house was trained by Robin & Co., and, having a difference with them, started a rival house, which is conducted with similar system and owns three or four stations. The gradual dying out of the Le Boutillier family indicates, however, the approaching extinction of this firm. To an American familiar with the fishing business of Gloucester, Massachusetts, who imagines that the enterprise of that thriving port has contrived to absorb a monopoly of the cod-fisheries of the world, there is something rather mortifying in considering for the first time such an establishment as the one I have described; for it shows that we have yet a few things to learn in regard to making a business at once prosperous and permanent. I met a man once in England who was traveling for a tobacco house that was established in the time of Queen Elizabeth and was still engaged in making money. After all, there is a majesty and dignity in the grand fact of permanency that is worth striving for, in a world and an age that is ever shifting. We like to dream sometimes that not "virtue alone outlives the Pyramids."

After having been shown about the establishment of Robin & Co., we turned our attention to other matters of interest at Paspebiac, and found that it abounds in natural attractions. The sandy point is really an island at high water, and a substantial bridge connects it with the main-land. Near, to the bridge are the residences occupied by the members of the two fishing firms, when at Paspebiac, or by their agents. The Robin mansion is near

the foot of the slope, completely surrounded by a lovely grove agreeably intersected with winding paths. The Le Boutillier house, on the other hand, is on the brow of the rich brown cliff, superbly situated, and commanding an outlook over the Bay of Chaleurs. It is approached from the road through a double avenue of noble willows, which were imported, we were informed, from Jersey. There is not a private residence in the Dominion which occupies a finer site for a summer villa. From the bridge, the road rises abruptly until it reaches the crest of the slope. There it meets a post road, or street, running along that height for twenty miles toward Dalhousie. It is along this road that the town of Paspebiac, occupied by French habitants, is laid out in an extended street, which continues until it reaches the charming semi-aristocratic hamlet of New Carlisle, which is occupied by Scotch people, and is the seat of a courthouse, a jail, and the residence of the judge.

We decided that we could get over more ground that afternoon by means of a carriage than on foot. But the only vehicle to be found was a ramshackle open carry-all belonging to the postmaster,—a jolly, vivacious little Frenchman, whose excellent English speech was yet curiously characterized by an accent. The horse was a fit subject for the attention of Henry Bergh and the carriage was so ancient and dilapidated that the spring broke down and the floor split with the weight of five healthy men. But we had a delightful ride to New Carlisle, for all that. The afternoon was so fine that it seemed to have an invigorating effect on the piety of the local clergy. We met the Presbyterian minister, the Episcopal vicar, and the *curé*, all engaged in making pastoral visits. The first was in a buggy accompanied by his wife. The other gentlemen, in spotless garb, trudged along the highway, alone and on foot, after apostolic fashion. The physician was also making his rounds on a buckboard. On our return, the postmaster invited us into his humble cottage, which was typical of all the houses at Paspebiac. His best room was decorated with cheap images and prints of the Virgin. The office was in a small adjoining apartment. When a letter was to be mailed, it was taken at the door by some one of the family. We noticed here, as well as in almost every other house in the town, and, in fact, throughout that region, that the windows were always kept tightly closed, even at midday with the mercury at seventy-five to eighty-five degrees. Consequently, the air inside is stuffy and oppressive.

For those who may like to visit Paspebiac, it may be well to add that it can be reached

by the stage-coach from Dalhousie, which makes the distance of eighty-two miles thrice a week; time, twenty-two hours. Better still, there is a steamer from Dalhousie semi-weekly, which touches there in its trip around the Bay of Chaleurs. As we were passing along the road at four o'clock, the village school broke up and the children bounded forth full of glee, the boys separating into one group and the girls into another. But it was

the peasants of France. It is curious how the peasant classes change their step with age, the light tripping of the young maiden turning into a long, ungainly stride. The piquant brunettes, still in the morning of life, also collected thither in clusters, toiletied in their best, and giggling and blushing with zest when some handsome young fisherman went by, throwing a sentimental glance in their direction, or venturing some sally of rustic wit.



FISHERMEN AT PASPEBIAC.

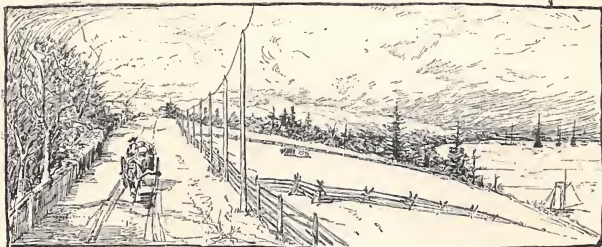
beautiful to see them come to a sudden stop when they met us, the boys in a row on one side of the road and the girls on the other. Then, with the utmost respect, the former bowed, while the latter demurely courtesied. Having accomplished this feat, they all ran off again in a delightful manner. After all, we can learn a little from the Latins, without being untrue to our Anglo-Saxon convictions.

The following day being Saturday, we had a capital opportunity to see the habitants of Paspebiac in their best attire, for that is their market day. This really means, in that place, that on that day the two fishing firms make advances of goods to the families of the fishermen they employ. The women came in groups, the matrons garrulous with gossip as they straggled down the road with the heavy swinging gait which they have inherited from

Many came in rude carts, drawn by oxen or mares followed by their colts. Across the bridge or fording the inlet, these simple folk came in a steady stream until toward noon. It was, for all the world, like a bit of France, for these French habitants change far less from the original type than the English settlers. Later in the day there was a general movement to the other end of the point, where the fish-market was held on the beach. Dogs, swine, geese, fowls, men, women, children, carts and oxen were here gathered indiscriminately on the sand by the surf, in a promiscuous and chattering crowd around the stands, where fresh fish were being cleaned for sale. A merry sensation was produced when a boisterous youth dashed by at a tearing gallop on horseback, shouting Yankee Doodle at the top of his voice. This was



THE BEACH AT PASPEBIAC.



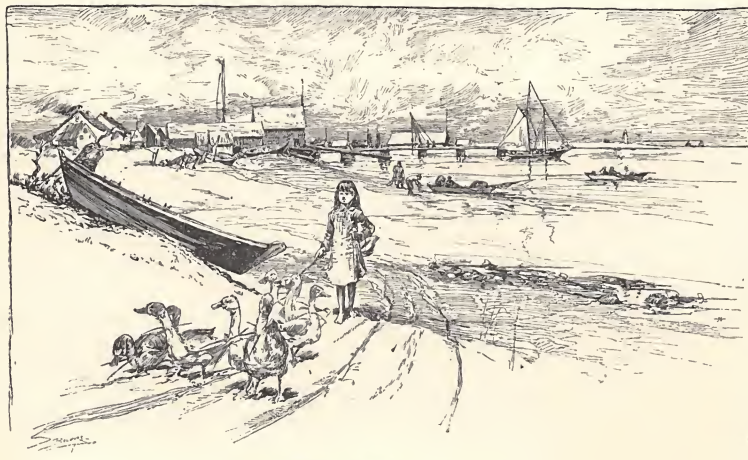
A VIEW OF THE BAY.

intended as a salvo for us, the first American tourists, possibly, who had ever been to Paspebiac. A gentleman connected with the custom-house, which is a wee bit of a hut, officiates as United States consular agent, and was very polite to us. But it is a question whether his annual fees amount to enough to pay for the matches for lighting his pipe.

Some of our party were enthusiastic anglers, and the afternoon was therefore devoted to a long and heated walk to a trout brook, where those sportive fish were reported to be actually pining to be caught. The rods and flies were of the best quality, and they were wielded by fishermen of skill and experience.

The net results of the trip amounted, however, to only half a dozen five-inch trout. We were told that, in a lake beyond, the trout were so numerous there was hardly room for them to swim without scraping the scales off their backs as they jostled each other. But the enthusiasm of our fishermen being now at its ebb, we returned to the schooner and ordered the captain to make sail.

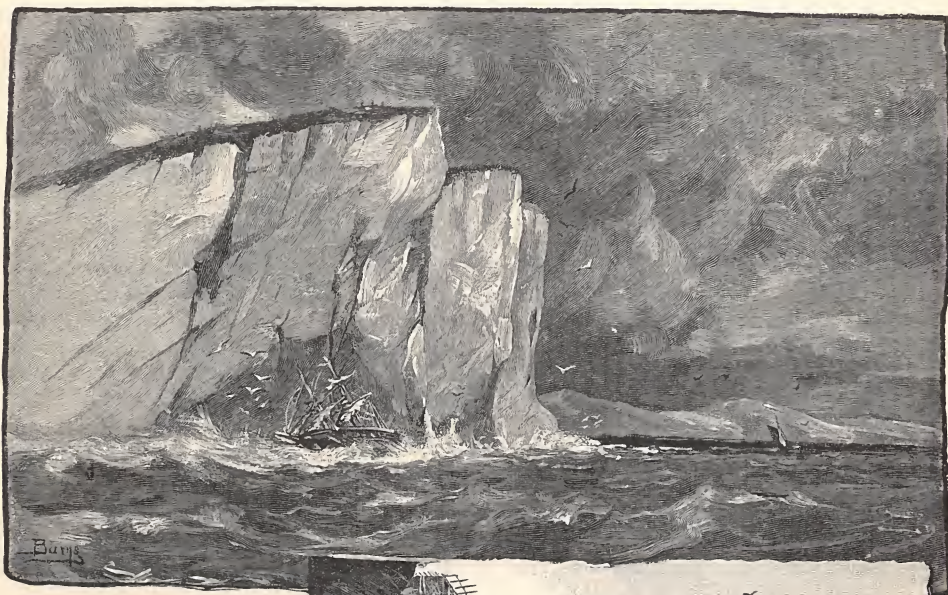
If the wind had been favorable, we should have continued up to the head of the Bay of Chaleurs. But it was a long beat with the stiff north-west wind that was blowing at the time, and other and more distant scenes for-



A FISH ESTABLISHMENT AT PASPEBIAC.

bade us to linger here. Therefore we put the helm up and ran to the eastward. The wind was fresh, and the schooner was staggering under the pressure of her kites, and required delicate steering. Rapidly we flew

holder with awe. The sea in the distance appeared suddenly to roll up with a high, angry surge, advancing rapidly toward us as if it would overwhelm the vessel, and naturally suggesting that a very strong wind was coming.



CAPE GASPÉ.

past the beautiful northern shore of the bay, the jagged peaks assuming the loveliest of tints in the light of the sun, now nearing the west. But our race was suddenly checked. I was looking through the glass at a schooner two miles away, when I saw that she was sailing with a different wind. Hardly had I time to sing out to the captain, "The wind's coming out ahead!" than our vessel was taken sharp aback. Everything was at once in confusion. "Let go the guy tackle!" "Take in the stay-sail!" "Haul aft the main-sheet!" were orders quickly given, and in another minute the *Alice May* was heeling well over, and pitching in a head-sea. Now occurred a series of magnificent marine effects. Brief squalls of wind and rain followed in quick succession; the cliffs and the sea were alternately black with brooding gloom or gleaming with blinding bursts of sunlight; rainbows hung on the skirts of the clouds in the offing, and the driving masses of cumuli were warmed by glorious hues. Then succeeded a sight not uncommon in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but which, wherever seen, inspires the be-



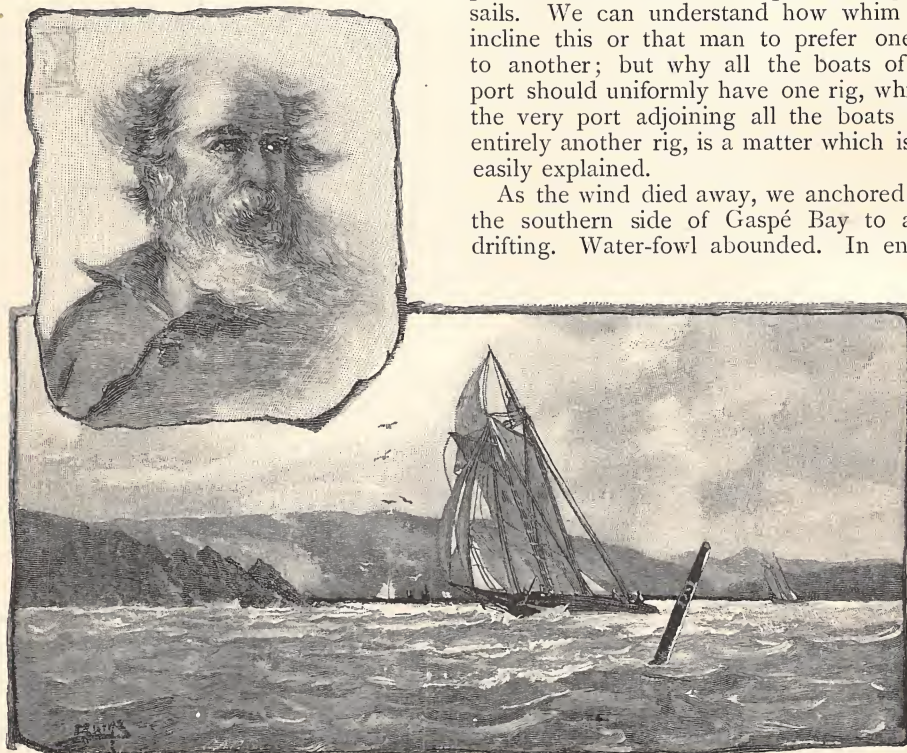
FISHING-HOUSES AT CAPE GASPÉ.

But it advanced no farther, always preserving the same appearance, as if held back by some mysterious agency; and we now perceived that it was a form of mirage, probably reflecting the surf breaking on a distant shore. The turbulence of the elements subsided almost as soon as it had arisen, and then we had barely enough wind to waft us to Port Daniel. The anchorage here being very exposed, we did not remain there, but only "looked in," as sailors say. This is a fishing village, situated around a deep cove, which lies at the foot of one of the highest and most abrupt peaks on the bay. The church occupies a hillock at the bottom of the cove, and the houses are beautifully situated on precipitous slopes and ledges.

Light and baffling airs now followed, and we spent the greater part of Sunday off Cape Despair. There was a most exasperating glassy swell, which tumbled the vessel about unmercifully. It is said that this swell very rarely goes down at this part of the Gulf. In the morning Captain Welsh sat at the wheel reading his prayer-book while steering. He was in one of his communicative moods, and spun yarn for some time. He expressed the emphatic opinion that "tobacco is good for some folks." He was sure it had been a benefit to him in the long night watches and the life struggle with storms. All day long, the grandly bold, abrupt precipices of Mt. St.

evidently a corruption of the former word. A number of large fishing stations are here, and the fleet of fishing boats was now seen shooting out from the coves after the cod which abound in this bay. These boats are large, and are manned by two men; they are rigged with three spritsails and a jib, which gives them the jauntiest look of all the fishing boats on the coast of America. This matter of the rig and build of fishing boats is very curious. It is easy to see that the character of a certain beach or of the prevailing weather may in a given locality affect the shape of the boat; but why there should be such differences in rig is incomprehensible. The fishing boats of every port we visited had their peculiar rig and sails. We can understand how whim may incline this or that man to prefer one rig to another; but why all the boats of one port should uniformly have one rig, while in the very port adjoining all the boats have entirely another rig, is a matter which is not easily explained.

As the wind died away, we anchored near the southern side of Gaspé Bay to avoid drifting. Water-fowl abounded. In endless



HEAD OF AN OLD PILOT.

UP GASPÉ BAY.

Anne at Percé towered before us like a mighty fortress, guarding the double entrance to the Bay of Chaleurs and the River St. Lawrence. At its foot is the lofty island of Bonaventure, around which we passed with a light air on the night of July 17. At sunrise we were close to the tremendous rock of Percé, and could see the long, low outline of Anticosti in the north like a gray wall. In the opinion of our captain, the heavy swell made it inexpedient to anchor at Percé, which is very exposed. We kept on across Mal Bay, past a low, flat islet which the French call Plateau, and the English fishermen Plato, which is

flocks the ducks fly at morning to the fenlands at the head of the bay, and return at night to roost amid the rocks of Percé. We went on shore and succeeded in bagging a few ducks and sea-pigeons under the cliffs; after which we climbed up the heights to a farm-house and procured some milk. The people could not speak English. The babies and the sucking pigs were tumbling over each other under the table in affectionate embrace. Outside was the oven, a characteristic feature of domestic civilization in Gaspé County. It is built thus: A flat slab of limestone is laid on four posts, and a dome

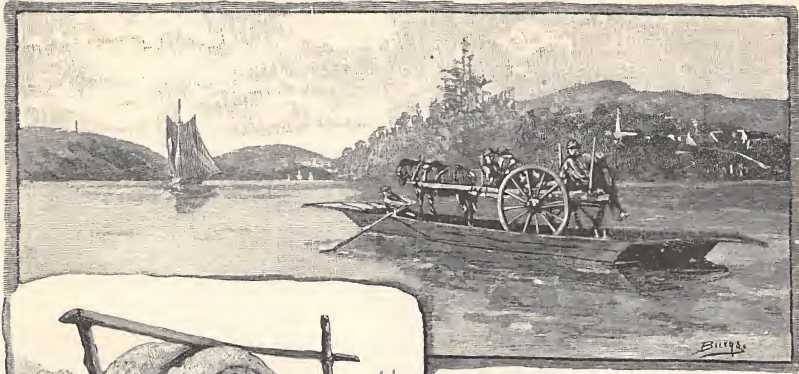


PERCÉ ROCK.

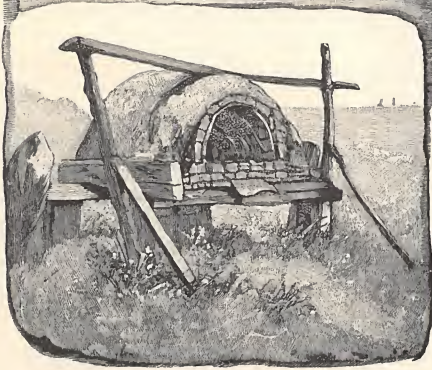
of clay is built over it. This in turn is protected from the rains by a thatched roof. These rustics were specimen bricks of the people who live around the bay. The population of this part of Canada is confined wholly to the coast. Civilization ceases a mile or two inland, and the bear, the caribou, and the panther still roam through the primeval woods which cover the mountain ranges of the interior. The aborigines of

this region were the Gaspesian Indians, who now appear to be entirely extinct.

A breeze springing up toward noon, we stood across the bay to Cape Gaspé, a noble gray headland three hundred feet high, which from one point looks like the front of a Gothic cathedral. By keeping past it a short distance, we entered the River St. Lawrence and saw Cape Rozier, a tremendous precipice soaring seven hundred feet vertically. Cape Gaspé takes the



CROSSING THE FERRY AT GASPÉ.



AN OLD OVEN.

full brunt of all the gales of the St. Lawrence, and has been the scene of many wild and appalling wrecks. Some years ago, on a stormy night, the tide being unusually high, a vessel was swept against the cliff, and, of course, entirely destroyed. The event never would have been known if the bowsprit had not been discovered in a cleft of the rock, far above the usual level of the sea, together with remains of the bodies of the crew. After this we stood up the bay, along the northern shore. For several miles the cliffs are seamed with deep fissures, as if the beach had been partitioned off by walls into retired marine alcoves with soft, sandy floors, where the mermaids could perform their toilets in seclusion. But, generally, these recesses are occupied by curious and often highly picturesque fish-drying houses, built over the water on extensive stagings. An extraordinary accident occurred here thirty years ago. A ship bound up to Quebec grounded off these cliffs in a fog. The wind was light, but there was a high swell, which made it dangerous to land. Fifteen gentlemen, however, concluded to go on shore, and with the boat's crew got into the boat before it was lowered. One of the poles broke, and they were all precipitated into the water. The tide drew them under the ship, and they were all drowned before the very eyes of their wives and children. Some weeks after, a fisherman caught a cod in whose maw was a man's finger, with

the diamond ring yet glittering on the severed joint.

Here we landed to sketch the fish-houses. The shores were very precipitous, and it required some circumspection to climb up where the houses of the country folk are perched. We had some difficulty on returning to the schooner, as the wind had risen, creating a high sea rolling in from the Gulf, and the schooner was handled in such a clumsy manner that the boat was in serious danger of being run down. Our crew were not accustomed to this sort of service. There was yet time to reach Gaspé before dark if the strong breeze held, which was sweeping us up the bay. Near Port Douglas, where General Wolfe anchored his fleet on his way to Quebec, the scenery began to develop extraordinary beauty. Nothing of the sort has so impressed me except the neighborhood of Lake George. The shores were gradually closing in, and on either hand and ahead of us were mountains descending to the sea, draped in the dark-green mantle of the densest woods. Here and there a little church might be seen perched on a height. At last we reached the light-ship, and in a few minutes we would have been clear of the bar and heading directly into Gaspé Basin. "Are you sure you are heading right, captain? Aren't you keeping too near inside?" we said to the captain. "Oh, no; there's plenty of water; I guess we are going all right," he replied. At that instant the schooner struck on the bar, and ran her bow up on the sand, with a dull grating sound that made us sufficiently disgusted. A ship is only good afloat. A ship on shore is like an eagle with a broken pinion. We were in for it this time, there was too much reason to believe, for it was about high water, and the breeze was making a chop on the bar. Two circumstances were in our favor: the night promised to be fine, and Captain Asca, the light-house keeper, who now came on board, was an ex-

perienced skipper, and was thoroughly acquainted with the bay. Every effort to haul the schooner off the shoal proving of no avail, we should have been obliged to heave out her ballast if the next tide had not promised to be unusually high, the change of the moon being at hand. Since nothing more could be done until the next tide, we therefore accepted Captain Asca's invitation to go to his house. The hour and the scene were so

filling the entrance of a ravine, where a mountain stream dashed down near a bar, over which we rowed across the rolling foam. The new moon hung in the west, and the deep glow of twilight yet throbbled over the mountains, as we climbed a winding, wooded path to Captain Asca's house. His pet parrot had come down to meet him, and was waiting on the stile for his master, on whose shoulder it alighted, while the dog, with a



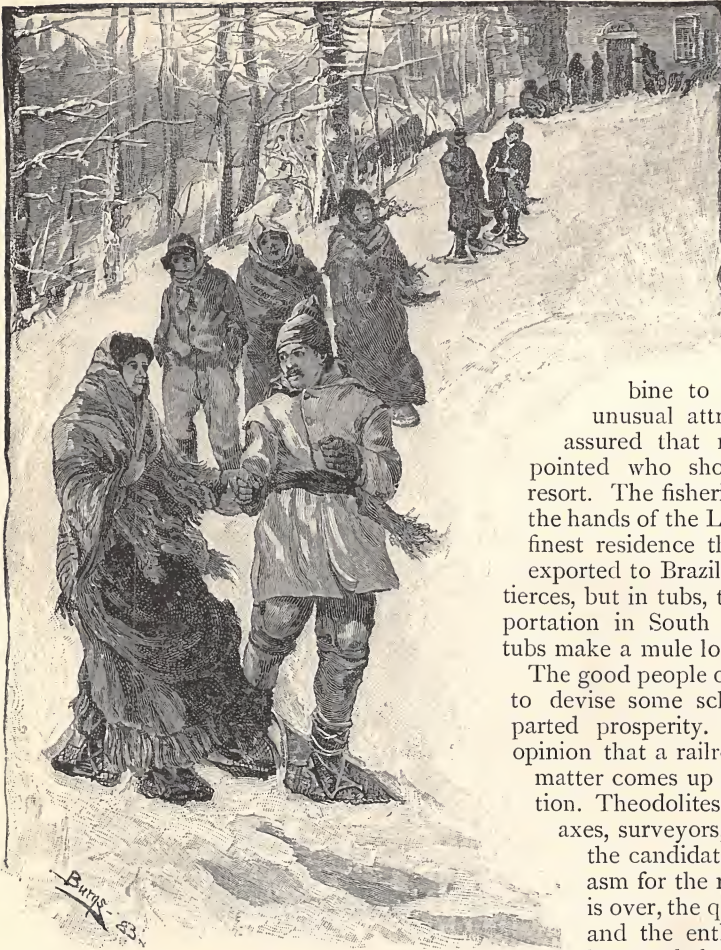
CURING FISH AT PERCÉ.

enchancing that we were quite compensated for the inauspicious circumstances that detained us there.

Captain Asca was a fine specimen of a Scotchman; tall and large-limbed; his tawny, flowing beard was tinged with the snow of sixty winters, but his keen steel-gray eye had in it the fire of youth, and his voice rang across the ship with the firmness of one born to command. And yet his life had been passed in coasters and fishermen. Both of his grandfathers were in the army which stormed Quebec under Wolfe. His relation to the light-ship was an anomaly in the history of harbor lighting, for he both built the vessel and owned it, besides keeping it for a meager allowance granted by the Dominion. A curious way, this, for a government to light a harbor by private enterprise! His father's grist-mill was on the seaside, romantically

bark of welcome for his master and a suspicious sniff for us, bounded down the slope to meet us. We were cordially invited to enter the house, and were pleased to see an immense fire-place across one-third of the kitchen wall; but we preferred to sit on the door-step, where the light-keeper's daughter brought us a pitcher of fresh milk. Behind the house the dark woods arose, clothed with shadows; before us and at our feet lay Gaspé Bay and our little schooner; beyond—north, east, and south—were Gaspé, the Dartmouth River, and the mountains fading into night. A great quiet reigned over all the landscape. Its tranquillity and beauty were ideal. We felt like saying, "Why should we longer roam?"

But fate and the ship called us away. In the middle watch the tide happily floated the schooner, and under the pilotage of Captain Asca, who left the light-ship in charge of an



RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

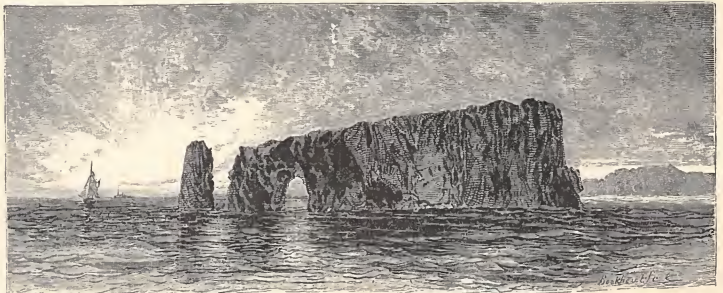
assistant, we glided into the harbor of Gaspé, called the Basin, as it is so snug and sheltered. Gaspé is built on the sloping sides of the Basin. It has eight hundred inhabitants, a mayor, and a United States consul. The houses are embowered in shrubbery, and the little town is really very attractive. All business has left it, and it is now in a state of somnolence. But, like places which have had a period of prosperity, it retains a certain aristocratic air, and the society is agreeable and refined. The people are largely descended from loyalists of the Revolution. The place is three days' ride from the nearest railway station. A railway would doubtless greatly add to its prosperity by

bringing tourists there, for at present it has only a semi-weekly steamer and a daily stage-coach. The winters are long and the snows deep, and the people, of both sexes, go to church on snowshoes, which they leave stacked up in the porch during the services. But the summer is temperate, while the scenery, the fishing, and the moderate cost of living com-

bine to make Gaspé a place of unusual attraction. I am thoroughly assured that no one would be disappointed who should make it a summer resort. The fisheries of Gaspé are chiefly in the hands of the Le Boutilliers, who have the finest residence there. The fish are chiefly exported to Brazil. They are not packed in tierces, but in tubs, to suit the mode of transportation in South America. Two of these tubs make a mule load.

The good people of Gaspé are greatly moved to devise some scheme to restore their departed prosperity. They are agreed in the opinion that a railroad would do it, and the matter comes up before each political election. Theodolites, chains, spirit-levels, pick-axes, surveyors, and laborers appear, and the candidate is profuse in his enthusiasm for the railroad. After the election is over, the question is laid on the shelf, and the enthusiasm is bottled up and kept to help the candidate into office another year. Human nature is pretty much the same, the world over.

Our consul, Mr. Holt, was very courteous toward us, and exerted himself to entertain us. We decided to spend a day in trout-fishing, for which the neighborhood is noted, and all the consular influence was brought to bear to procure a suitable vehicle to carry us to the fishing stream six miles distant. But horses and carriages seemed to be the scarcest



PERCÉ ROCK. (DRAWN BY THOMAS MORAN.)

articles in Gaspé County. We had about given up expectation of finding a conveyance, but were still discussing the question in the shady street, when a wood-cart came by.

Our party presented a truly backwards aspect as we rode through the streets of Gaspé down to the ferry, coiled up on the floor of this rude vehicle. The St. John's, to which we were bound, lies on the side of Gaspé Basin opposite the town, and the cart had to be taken over in the ferry-boat. The grasping owner of the Gaspé ferry-boat line had not only contrived to obtain a monopoly of the business, but had also managed to get all the stock into his own hands. Judging from the leakiness of the boat, the stock seemed to have been pretty well "watered." The propelling power of this crazy flat-boat was represented by a lad of thirteen and a mere shaver of seven or eight summers. But they managed to get us over without accident, which was more than I anticipated. The monopolist aforementioned had grown so wealthy off the business that he had built himself a house, which commanded a fine view of the river. In order to save ground-rent or taxes in a country which is now so densely populated that there is probably one inhabitant to every ten square miles, he had built his mansion on a raft anchored by the shore. The house was twelve feet square, and was divided into two ample apartments. There, in quiet, unmolested, and luxurious seclusion, this aquatic Cræsus was seen smoking his clay pipe in his own door, while his faithful wife and daughter cooked his meals, and his boys raked in the dividends for him by rowing the ferry-boat.

We had a warm ride of two hours through the spruce forests on a mountainous road. The air was redolent of the fragrance of the gum exuding from the trees. I could not avoid noticing how much more rare singing-birds were in these forests than in New England. But the mountain glens abounded, we were told, with game. An English sportsman killed forty-eight caribou in these wilds during one season.

The St. John's is one of three rivers emptying into Gaspé Bay. The others are the York, which empties into Gaspé Basin, and the Dartmouth, which finds an outlet at the head of the bay. Each of these rivers has a romantic beauty of its own, and all are said to abound in trout and salmon. These reports are given for what they are worth. My own belief in the trout-yielding properties of a stream depends upon actual and personal observation. I have found that so enormous is the capacity for exaggeration of the so-called "trout-liar," that I

would sooner believe a horse jockey or the captain of a yacht. I therefore decline to assume responsibility for any of the rumors I may quote regarding fresh-water fishing in the Dominion.

At midday our expedition at last stood on the banks of the St. John's, and gazed with exultation upon its rushing current. The stream is a hundred yards wide at that point. There were woods on each bank, which echoed



MAP OF THE CRUISE (PASPEBIAC TO THE MAGDALEN ISLES).

back the musical carillon of the rapids. We found a boat-keeper's lodge there and a number of canoes. The canoes used now by the sportsmen in that region are shaped exactly like the typical Indian birch-bark canoe; they are not made of bark, however, but of thin cedar planking, on a light frame of oak or ash. Two of the party went down the stream in a canoe with the guides, whom we found living in the lodge, while Burns and I whipped the stream from the banks. After a protracted trial, neither attempt was attended with such success as to kindle the enthusiasm of which we were capable under favorable circumstances. The guides assured us, however, that farther up the stream there was no end of large trout. This assurance failed to make the impression it might have done if we had been at liberty to cast a fly in that part of the river. But it was leased to a number of Boston gentlemen, and not even the proprietor of the adjoining banks could fish there without being liable for trespass. It may be seriously doubted whether so much money goes into the Dominion, annually, by the leasing of the streams as if all tourists were allowed to fish anywhere during the season. Each tourist and sportsman brings money into the country, which is, indeed, sadly in need of it. Now, I maintain that the large number of sportsmen who would come there during a season if allowed to fish without restriction, would bring more money into the country than the revenue now derived from leasing the streams

to a few dozen gentlemen. Of course, this view of the question must be to a degree hypothetical. But there can be no question that it is a monstrous usurpation of the rights of property for a government to usurp the power to lease away the riparian rights of an owner to the half of a non-navigable stream that runs by or through his own lands.

We found compensation for our poor luck with the rod in the ravenous appetite with which we returned to the good supper awaiting us on the schooner. The weather being fine, we decided to move, and ordered the captain to make sail and drop down the bay toward Percé, when the land breeze arose with the turn of the tide. Being becalmed off Point Epitre, we anchored to avoid being drawn ashore by the swell. The time was well spent in visiting the extensive fishing establishments, one of which belongs to a clergyman. The following night a breeze sprang up, but it was accompanied by a dense fog. The fates seemed to be opposed to our visiting Percé. But we had taken Captain Asca with us as pilot, until we should leave Gaspé Bay, and felt confident that his familiarity with those shores would get us safely to Percé. He was certainly feeling his way by the aid of some sixth sense, for at sunrise it was impossible to imagine that we were near land except from the vast, unbroken procession of water-fowl trending north-west to their feeding grounds at the head of Gaspé Bay. But, firmly grasping the wheel, and gazing with eagle eye into the fog, Captain Asca kept the schooner going, until we could hear the dull boom of surf tumbling into the caves of the cliffs. There is sometimes about the effects of nature an apparent sensationalism which would be highly censured if attempted by any reputable artist; but she carries it off so well that we accept it and readily admit that she does it in a way that "defies competition." We had a striking example of this fact on this very morning. For just as the pilot said, "I guess we are getting in pretty handy to it; we'll take a cast of the lead," the fog parted as if by magic, rolling away on either hand like a curtain, and where, one instant, nothing was to be seen, the next a superb spectacle lay revealed before us. The village of Percé lay not half a mile distant, reposing at the foot of the grand overhanging precipices of Mount St. Anne, whose base terminated at the shore in mighty, precipitous, sea-beaten cliffs; while on the other side soared the tremendous bulk of the famous Percé Rock, dun and terrible against the morning sun, presenting altogether the most varied and effective view on the Atlantic coast of North America.

"Let go the anchor," cried the pilot at once, and down rattled the cable, in fifteen fathoms. At last we had arrived at Percé.

There is no harbor there. The mountain range of Gaspé County terminates with Mount St. Anne, which makes to a point, rounded off by a low cliff. Directly off this point, and detached from it at high water, is the rock. Ships can make a lee of it in good weather, dodging from one side to the other according to the changes of the wind; but it is not long enough to make a lee in severe weather, and the sea rolls around it. A ship lying there, which it would only do in summer, must therefore watch carefully every shift of the wind.

Percé is a shire town. The houses are cheap wooden structures, but the appearance of the place from the water is foreign. It is shut in by the mountains on the land side. The large Roman Catholic church occupies an eminence in the center of the town; and the court-house is also a prominent object. Mount St. Anne is peculiarly shaped. A steep, densely wooded slope rises from the town to a height of nearly one thousand feet, and terminates in a perpendicular cliff richly hued with iron tints, which crowns it like a Roman fortress and soars to a height of fourteen hundred feet. Percé Rock derives its name, as any one familiar with the French language would at once perceive, from the immense arch which pierces it near the eastern end. There was yet another arch thirty years ago; but it fell in during an earthquake, and left one side of it a separate rock. A columnar rock called the "Old Woman," off Cape Gaspé, was overthrown by the same convulsion. Before this event it was possible to reach the summit of Percé Rock, but at present it must be considered inaccessible. One or two daring fishermen have succeeded in performing the feat; but several have been killed in the attempt, and to try to scale it is now forbidden. There is a legend that the rock is haunted by a spirit, who may be seen on stormy nights hovering over the summit. Of this I do not feel at liberty to speak with certainty, not having seen this water-wraith myself. Perhaps it was to counteract the unceasing influence of this mysterious being that an immense iron cross was erected on the point immediately adjoining the rock. But whatever the facts regarding its supernatural denizens, this can be affirmed with certainty—the summit is peopled by an innumerable and loquacious colony of sea-birds. Their clanging never ceases until dark, and may be heard for miles and miles, blending with the roar of the tireless surf. Percé Rock is about a furlong in length and three hundred and

twenty feet high. The abruptness of its shape makes it seem much more lofty. The rock is sublime in shadow—a dark and tremendous bulk. But it is gloriously beautiful in the sunlight. The former conveys an effect of grandeur, the latter brings out the variety and brilliance of the coloring. It abounds in ferruginous tints. Golden-yellow, copper-reds, ochres, leaden and roseate grays are either distinct or deliciously blended in a grand mosaic on this marvelous wall, where Nature has shown what she dares in the way of color. On a clear afternoon, when the sky and sea are a deep, dreamy purple and azure, the beauty of Percé Rock baffles description. A foil or background to the picture is the isle of Bonaventure, a mile distant. The afternoon light bathes its bold outline with the most ethereal roseate grays, which affect the soul like the strains of tender song. The time is coming when Percé will be painted and sung and celebrated like the already famed resorts of the Old World.

While we were at Percé we climbed up to the summit of Mount St. Anne. It is a long afternoon walk; but there is nothing difficult about it until within three or four hundred feet of the top, when it becomes very steep. The prospect is one of great extent and of enchanting loveliness. On one side one gazes down on Percé and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and on the other he looks down the gorges of the Canadian mountains, which fade away in unexplored solitude into the distant west.

The fisheries at Percé give to it the animation of human life. But, excepting for the picturesqueness of the fleet of boats going out and returning, I should greatly prefer the whole business at another place; for the smell of the decaying fish on the north beach is not an inspiring odor, although it is a curious and interesting sight when the boats come home to watch the women and children flocking to the beach and helping the sterner sex to clean the cod. The women sometimes protect their skirts when cleaning fish by getting into empty barrels! The occasion is also one of mirth and sly sparking; we detected our crew engaged in this profitless pursuit when they were sent ashore to fill the water-casks. A sailor is never quite so comical as when he is making love to a girl on shore. There is a massive bluntness to his speech, a self-confident diffidence in his manner which is exceedingly funny. Giving another turn to the quid in his cheek, and cocking his cap on the back of his head, to gain an appearance of nonchalance, Bill sidled up toward a tittering girl who, with knife in hand, was splitting fresh cod, and could

not get away from him at once, because she was buried up to her armpits in a fish-barrel. Before long they had struck up a brisk confabulation. Finally, Bill lifted the girl out of her cage, and helped to carry home her basket of fish. The south beach of Percé is more neat, and far less inodorous. Robin & Co. have one of their fine establishments there; and to say that, is equivalent to giving the synonym of neatness. Their drying-yard is spread with pebbles brought from the shores of Jersey, which are preferable to a bed of sand, as it allows the air to steal under the fish, and hastens the process of drying. When the fish are brought in they are thrown into pens, one for each boat. Thus the respective quantity belonging to each is easily ascertained. When the fish are salted, they are carefully laid in separate rows; and after they have been dried on the stages or lathe platforms, they are piled in neat stacks, protected by birch bark. One cannot fully realize what an extensive and laborious occupation the cod-fisheries are, and how large is the number of men and the amount of capital employed in them, until he has cruised over the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Robin & Co. also have an establishment at Bonaventure Island.

The sweetest hour at Percé is when the sun has just set, and the tips of the ruddy cliffs are yet warmed by its glow. The hyaline swell languidly kisses the shore; the new moon hangs in the west; the shadows creep like a mantle over St. Anne's velvet-like slopes, and cast a veil over the town; the toll of the angelus from the church tower floats musically over the sea, and the lights quiver on the ocean's tranquil bosom. Easily could we have lingered at this delightful spot for months, but the wind shifted so as to place us on the weather side of the Rock, bringing with it a dangerous swell. A dark cloud, brooding intensely over Mount St. Anne at midnight, also suggested a possible squall, a thing to be carefully avoided at Percé, where the flaws from the mountain are sudden and violent. The watch was called, and we made sail and put to sea.

Hitherto our cruising had been along the western coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But now, with a fresh north-west breeze, we headed east by south for the Magdalen Islands, which lie nearly in the center of the Gulf, about two hundred miles from Percé. At daybreak we were out of sight of land, and the wind fell almost to a calm. We were now out of the track of vessels, and saw none. But there were plenty of whales sporting clumsily about us. Toward night we sighted a water-logged wreck at a great distance. We were at supper when it was

discovered. On learning of it when we went on deck, we at once ordered the helm to be put down, and turned back in hope of reaching the wreck before the long twilight should conceal it from view. But the wind was so light we made little progress. There were no evidences of life about the wreck, which was probably a schooner; only the stump of the foremast remained above the deck. The hulk lay very deep in the water, and wallowed in the languid swell as if liable to go down at any moment. There is something indescribably melancholy about an abandoned wreck at sea. We kept up the slow chase for several hours, in the bare hope that, if any one was yet lingering on board, we might rescue him. But we lost sight of the wreck before we could reach it; probably it sunk. Soon after, the moon went down, and a mysterious starry gloaming settled over the sea. The night was superb. Never were the stars more brilliant, or the silvery clouds of the Galaxy more sublime in the southern heavens. Above a dark bank of cloud in the north, the northern lights flashed like a greenish fire. The eerie chattering of Mother Cary's chickens in our wake was all the sound that blended with the ripple of the water as the schooner fanned along with a light air in her serge-like sails. At midnight a southing wind from the south piped up in the shrouds. Deeming it useless to grope longer for the wreck, and anxious to take advantage of a fair wind, we headed once more on our course. At dawn the *Alice May* was tumbling headlong over the heavy seas, staggering under a press of sail, and taking in torrents of water through her lee ports and scuppers. Every one was on the lookout for

land, alow and aloft. As the sun burst over the sea, a faint hazy line was discerned, looming above the horizon. It proved to be Deadman's Island, the most westerly of the group for which we were heading. It is indeed a singular rock, about a mile long. Not a herb, nor a bush, nor a blade of grass is to be seen on its rocky sides, which rise to a sharp, razor-like ridge in the center. Seen from its side, the island bears a vivid resemblance to a giant body laid on its back and covered by a sheet, and is a fit subject to inspire the wild fancies of superstitious mariners. Toward noon we slacked off the main-sheet, and ran for the narrow passage over the bar which makes between Amherst and Entry islands. We kept the lead going constantly, and, as Captain Welsh was not familiar with the channel, we did not feel at all easy when we saw the rollers taking a pale green tint, while the lead announced only two fathoms under our keel. It was a narrow squeak we had; the schooner was lifted over the shoalest part on the top of a sea, or she would have struck heavily and bilged! The truth was that we were a little out of our course. But once past that point, the water deepened rapidly, although it is never more than a few fathoms in the neighborhood of the Magdalen Islands. We would advise no ship, unaccompanied by a pilot, to try this passage without a leading wind and clear weather. It is better to go around Entry Island, even although that would involve two or three hours more of sailing. This advice is the more pertinent, because the sand from the dunes of Sandy Hook, the extreme end of Amherst Island, is gradually filling up the channel.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

(To be continued.)

IN PRIMEVAL WOOD.

THIS deep, primeval wood—how still!
Lo, silence here makes all his own;
Veiled shapes, with hands upon their lips,
Stand round about his darkened throne.

The patient pleading of the trees—
How deep it shames the soul's despair!
In supplication moveless, mute,
They keep their attitude of prayer.

John Vance Cheney.

HOW LOVE LOOKED FOR HELL.

To HEAL his heart of long-time pain
One day Prince Love for to travel was fain
With Ministers Mind and Sense.

"Now what to thee most strange may be?"
Quoth Mind and Sense. "All things above,
One curious thing I first would see—
Hell," quoth Love.

Then Mind rode in and Sense rode out:
They searched the ways of man about.

First frightfully groaneth Sense.
"Tis here, 'tis here," and spurreth in fear
To the top of the hill that hangeth above
And plucketh the Prince: "Come, come, 'tis
here"—

"Where?" quoth Love

"Not far, not far," said shivering Sense,
As they rode on; "A short way hence,—

But seventy paces hence:
Look, King, dost see where suddenly
This road doth dip from the height above?
Cold blew a moldy wind by me"
("Cold?" quoth Love)

"As I rode down, and the River was black,
And yon-side lo! an endless wrack
And rabble of souls" (sighed Sense)

"Their eyes upturned and begged and
burned
In brimstone lakes, and a Hand above
Beat back the hands that upward yearned"—
"Nay!" quoth Love—

"Yea, yea, sweet Prince; thyself shalt see,
Wilt thou but down this slope with me;

'Tis palpable," whispered Sense.
At the foot of the hill a living rill
Shone, and the lilies shone white above;
"But now 'twas black, 'twas a river, this
rill,"
("Black?" quoth Love)

"Ay, black, but lo! the lilies grow,
And yon-side where was woe, was woe,—
Where the rabble of souls," cried Sense,
"Did shrivel and turn and beg and burn,
Thrust back in the brimstone from above—
Is banked of violet, rose, and fern:"

"How?" quoth Love:

"For lakes of pain, yon pleasant plain
Of woods and grass and yellow grain
Doth ravish the soul and sense:

And never a sigh beneath the sky,
And folk that smile and gaze above"—
"But saw'st thou here, with thine own eye,
Hell?" quoth Love.

"I saw true hell with mine own eye,
True hell, or light hath told a lie,
True, verily," quoth stout Sense.

Then Love rode round and searched the
ground,
The caves below, the hills above;
"But I cannot find where thou hast found
Hell," quoth Love.

There, while they stood in a green wood
And marveled still on Ill and Good,
Came suddenly Minister Mind.

"In the heart of sin doth hell begin:
'Tis not below, 'tis not above,
It lieth within, it lieth within:"
("Where?" quoth Love)

"I saw a man sit by a corse;
Hell's in the murderer's breast: remorse!
Thus clamored his mind to his mind:
'Not fleshly dole is the sinner's goal,
Hell's not below, nor yet above,
'Tis fixed in the ever-damnèd soul'"—
"Fixed?" quoth Love—

"Fixed: follow me, would'st thou but see:
He weepeth under yon willow tree,
Fast chained to his corse," quoth Mind.
Full soon they passed, for they rode fast,
Where the piteous willow bent above.
"Now shall I see at last, at last,
Hell," quoth Love.

There, when they came, Mind suffered shame:
"These be the same and not the same,"
A-wondering whispered Mind.
Lo, face by face two spirits pace
Where the blissful willow waves above:
One saith: "Do me a friendly grace"—
("Grace!" quoth Love)

"Read me two Dreams that linger long,
 Dim as returns of old-time song
 That flicker about the mind.
 I dreamed (how deep in mortal sleep!)
 I struck thee dead, then stood above,
 With tears that none but dreamers weep";
 "Dreams," quoth Love:

"In dreams, again, I plucked a flower
 That clung with pain and stung with power—
 Yea, nettled me, body and mind."
 "'Twas the nettle of sin, 'twas medicine;
 No need nor seed of it here Above;
 In dreams of hate true loves begin."
 "True," quoth Love.

"Now strange," quoth Sense, and "Strange," quoth Mind,
 "We saw it, and yet 'tis hard to find,—
 But we saw it," quoth Sense and Mind.
 Stretched on the ground, beautiful-crowned
 Of the piteous willow that wreathed above,
 —"But I cannot find where ye have found
 Hell," quoth Love.

Sidney Lanier.

NOTES ON THE EXILE OF DANTE.*

FROM HIS SENTENCE OF BANISHMENT WHILE IN ROME, 1302, TO HIS DEATH IN RAVENNA, 1321.

TO THE lovers of Italy and Italian literature more about Dante can never be unwelcome. There has been a gradual accumulation of evidence concerning the course and chronology of his wanderings in exile, ever since Boccaccio gave to the world the first biography of this great poet, who died early in the fourteenth century. Villani and other historians add something to this knowledge. Tradition has preserved a record of his presence in many places not mentioned by the historians, and the verses of the poet show a wide acquaintance with his own and foreign countries. The name of Dante is known and his memory loved and honored throughout Italy, even by the ignorant. In this nineteenth century, Italy is so much like what it was in the fourteenth, that it is not difficult to find the course of Dante's wanderings and the places where he rested. The castles where he visited his political friends are still to be found, some in ruins, one, at least, inhabited. The cities of Italy maintain very much the relative importance that they held in the time of Dante. There are convents, castles, town-halls, and houses bearing marble tablets that record his visit to the place on some public errand as ambassador from Florence before his exile, or show that here he met his friends in council, or that there he found a friendly refuge and a temporary rest from his weary and lonely travels.

It is well known that sentence of exile was passed upon Dante at the very time when he was acting as ambassador, in the service of Florence, to Pope Boniface VIII., in Rome. That pope was himself in league with the enemies of Dante in Florence, and detained him in Rome on various pretexts till their treacherous purpose could be accomplished. Learning in Rome that something of this kind was preparing against him, he with some difficulty detached himself from the Papal court, and, proceeding to Siena, he there learned that sentence of exile had been passed against him in company with a crowd of inferior persons, and that he was promised a cruel death by fire should he return to his home without permission. This occurred in 1302, and Dante never again saw Florence during the remaining nineteen years of his sad life. Born in 1265, he was at the date of his exile thirty-seven years of age.

Dante had been dead about fifty years when Boccaccio recorded, in a short biography, such fragments of his personal history as could then be collected. Troya says that Boccaccio's father was in Paris when Dante was there, and suggests that probably some particulars of the poet's history came to the son through the father's acquaintance with him. Other information has been gathered from the writings of Villani, Dino Campagni, and other historians of those times. Later

* THESE notes with pen and pencil were made to commemorate a pilgrimage of the author to the cities, convents, and castles that gave Dante refuge in exile, and to some other places known to have been visited by the poet, or that are mentioned in his verses. The order of his wanderings has been kept as nearly as possible, but the notes are necessarily incomplete.—S. F. C.

The illustrations are nearly all from Miss Clarke's drawings, which have been redrawn for engraving by Mr. Harry Fenn.—Ed.

scholars have carefully collated these passages, and much critical writing has been expended in proving or disproving their truth; and it is not probable that much more will be known on this point than is known already. Don Carlo Troya, in his "*Veltro allegorico di Dante*," published in Florence in 1826, brings together much of this desired information; and Fraticelli, Dante's latest biographer, gives the mature result of the researches of Dantean scholars on the course and events of his exile.

Dante was a great traveler—not, indeed, like Christopher Columbus or Marco Polo; but, though he neither circumnavigated the globe, nor discovered a continent, he visited all parts of Italy; he penetrated the passes of the Tyrol; he passed along the border of the Mediterranean Sea from Spezia to Nice, and thence to Paris. Returning, he came, it is believed, by way of Milan. In Tuscany he visited the Casentino, where in his youth he had fought in the battle of Campaldino as a soldier of Florence. Again in the north of Italy, he visited Can Grande at Verona, and thence went to Ravenna, where he died. These journeys were probably made on foot. To-day a circular ticket takes one through the peninsula with little expense of time or money, and perhaps with even less advantage. Not such were the travels of Dante. In his day there were no carriages and no public conveyances; all journeys were performed either on foot or on horseback. Dante was equally poor and proud, and, though he speaks of himself as being during his exile a beggar, it is not likely that he accepted anything but the necessities of life, even from those friends who delighted to serve him. He might figuratively call himself a beggar, because he received those absolute necessities, food and shelter, as gifts; but it was not in pity, but in honor, that they were accorded to him. While still a chief citizen of Florence, rich in esteem and love there, as elsewhere, he was many times sent as ambassador to other cities and powers, and then, no doubt, he traveled on horseback and with attendants. But when he had, by his banishment, been deprived of all personal possessions, it is unlikely that his proud spirit would allow him to travel at the expense of his friends. There is also much evidence of these lonely walks in the "*Divina Commedia*," which is enriched with so many passages where the coolness and tranquillity of nature break in as relief upon the horrors and severities of the terrible under-world. The "*Paradiso*" is full of distance and atmosphere, as well as of light, tenderness, happiness, and beauty. Everywhere in the poem is seen familiarity with

Nature in all her moods and forms, with sunrises and storms, with starry nights and shining days, with her mountains, her skies, seas, shores, valleys, forests, and rocky solitudes. In the course of these pages I shall have occasion to quote many passages in illustration of what I am now saying.

According to Fraticelli, Dante must have passed the first three years of his exile in or near Tuscany. This is opposed to the belief, founded on some verses in the "*Paradiso*," that he first visited Verona as the guest of the Scaligeri. These verses are:

"Thine earliest refuge and thine earliest inn
Shall be the mighty Lombard's courtesy,
Who on the ladder bears the holy bird."
Longfellow Tr. "Par.," xvii. 71.

The great Lombard here spoken of is supposed to be Can Grande, but it was his brother Bartolommeo who was chief in 1303, and it was in 1317 that Dante was visiting Can Grande in Verona. To remove this difficulty, Fraticelli suggests that Dante must have meant that this refuge was first in its great kindness, and not in the order of time. He says that *primo* in this place signifies principal or greatest, as we say of Dante that he is the *primo poeta del mondo*, the first of poets,—not the earliest, but the first in the character of his poetry. Bruni says that Dante passed from Rome to Siena, from Siena to Gargonza, and thence to Arezzo, where, between hope and despair, he remained till 1304. If this be so, he cannot have made Verona his first refuge.

ROME.

DANTE was in Rome as ambassador from Florence to Pope Boniface VIII. in 1302, and at the same time the intrigues against him were perfected, and that sentence procured which made him a perpetual exile. What object in this most wonderful of cities shall we select as illustrative of the visit of the greatest Italian poet? Three things in Rome he speaks of: the church of St. John Lateran, the bridge of St. Peter, which is now the bridge of St. Angelo, and the Pine Cone of the Vatican. The first is slightly alluded to, "*Inferno*," xxviii., verse 86, where, in speaking of a war between the Pope and the Colonnas, it is called *the War of the Lateran*. Again, in the "*Paradiso*," the bridge of St. Peter is spoken of as bearing the multitudes which thronged it on the occasion of the jubilee at the completion of the thirteenth century. This bridge is much changed since that time, and as the Pigna or Pine Cone remains as it was when Dante saw and used it as an illustration, though it was then in another place, I

have chosen it for my first sketch. This great pine cone is of bronze, and at first adorned the crown of Hadrian's tomb. Later it was placed in front of the old church of St. Peter, where it stood in Dante's time, and is now seen in the vast niche of Bramante, in the Vatican Gardens, where it is flanked by two bronze peacocks. It is mentioned in the following lines describing the giant Nimrod in the "Inferno":

"His face appeared to me as long and large
As is at Rome the pine cone of St. Peter's,
And in proportion were the other bones."
Longfellow Tr. "Inf.," xxxi. 58.

Dante, having imagined this wonderful giant, now gives circumstantial evidence. As the pine cone measures eleven feet in length, the giant, whose face is as long and as large, must be about seventy feet high, or even more, were he a well-proportioned giant.

It is to be noticed that, in the great poem, none of the wonderful monuments of ancient Rome are mentioned. The Coliseum, the aqueducts, the baths, the temples, the palaces of imperial Rome, Dante never speaks of. It is as if he had never seen them, and yet, eyes were never used to better purpose than the eyes of Dante. It would seem that these grand desolations must have appealed with especial force to this somber and poetic spirit, and that the sight of them would have borne fruit in his verses. It is true that much of what is now seen of these grand remains was in the fourteenth century still buried in the earth, but the Coliseum and the aqueducts can never have been hidden.

It is believed that Dante twice visited Naples as ambassador, and yet he never mentions Vesuvius. Yet who, that has walked at night on that mountain during an eruption, and has passed over the black lava fields lighted with flashes from subterranean fires, has seen the moon and stars blotted with masses of black smoke, and noticed the thronging, shadowy forms circling in these weird places, but must have perceived that here was presented the whole scenery of the "Inferno."

The Basilica of St. John Lateran was begun by Constantine, who, it is said, labored at the foundations with his own hands. It was consecrated 324 A. D., in 896 was overthrown by an earthquake, and rebuilt 904, and at that time consecrated to John the Baptist. This second basilica, to which Dante alludes, was almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1308. It was rebuilt and again burned in 1360, and remained four years in ruins. It was restored the third time in 1364, and the oldest remaining part that we see now is the transept which opens on the piazza and looks north. It is more picturesque on that side

than on that of the façade, and more ecclesiastical with its two pointed towers. It has gravity, antiquity, and dignity in its aspect; and when in the long summer afternoons the sun shines in at the north-western arches on the transept's end, and breaks up the numerous openings into light and shade, the old structure is brought to life and much beautified.

SIENA.

RETURNING from Rome to Florence, as he believed, Dante paused at Siena, and there he first learned the full particulars of the calamity that had befallen him. Up to that period Dante was of the Guelph or Papal party; but the Guelphs themselves were divided into Bianchi and Neri, and it was to that division of the Guelph party called Bianchi that he belonged. These factions were full of bitterness against each other, and it was to his enemies the Neri that Dante owed his banishment. The Bianchi were nearer in their wishes and their policy to the Ghibellines, and about this period, from the pressure of circumstances, became nearly identified with them. Thus, it was not so much that Dante changed his party, as that he changed with his party. It must have been here that his mind was preparing itself for the change. At Siena we find the old Palazzo Tolomeo in extremely good condition. I have learned that it continues at this time to be inhabited by a member of the Pia family. The well-known story of Pia di Tolomeo is alluded to in the "Purgatory":

"After the second followed the third spirit,
Do thou remember me who am la Pia;
Siena made me, unmade me Maremma;
He knoweth it, who had encircled first,
Espousing me, my finger with his gem."
Longfellow Tr. "Purg.," v. 133.

The door of this old palace is drawn as it stands now in the Piazza Tolomeo, and near it the pillar on which is seen the wolf of the Capitol nursing Romulus and Remus. This group is more frequently seen at Siena than even at Rome. Dante speaks of the Campo, the grand square:

"'Where he in greatest splendor lived,' said he,
'Freely upon the Campo of Siena,
All shame being laid aside, he placed himself,'"
"Purg.," xi. 133—

alluding to Provenzano Salvani, who, when his friend was taken prisoner by Charles of Anjou, King of Sicily, and was condemned to lose his head unless redeemed by an enormous ransom, went into the Campo di Siena, and sat there begging in his friend's cause till the necessary sum was raised. This humility and generosity saved him in purgatory much of the suffering deserved for his sins.

Siena is again alluded to in the "Inferno":

"And to the Poet said I, 'Now was ever
So vain a people as the Siennese?
Not, for a certainty, the French by far.'"
Longfellow Tr. "Inf.," xxix. 121.

The story of Pia di Tolomeo is this: Her husband, thinking he had reason to suspect her fidelity, took her from this palace in Siena, which was their home, and conveyed her to his castle in the Maremma with the deliberate purpose of destroying her life by the malaria. And in this he was successful.

GARGONZA — 1302-3.

WE now come to Gargonza, which is about half way between Siena and Arezzo. Dante must have gone there on leaving Siena, as it is well known that he met a number of Ghibelline leaders in that place. Finding it more convenient to reach it from Arezzo, I there took a little carriage one fine day in September to drive the twenty-four miles. Distances are not carefully measured in Italy, and this drive was, I think, less than the number of miles named. The way led along the Val di Chiana, a plain that in the time of Dante was pestilential, being rendered swampy from the overflow of the Chiana. This he mentions thus:

"What pain would be, if from the hospitals
Of Val di Chiana, 'twixt July and September,
And of Maremma and Sardinia,
All the diseases in one moat were gathered.
Such was it here."

Longfellow Tr. "Inf.," xxix. 47.



OLD PART OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN LATERAN, ROME.

VOL. XXVII.—71.



THE PINE CONE OF THE VATICAN.

The whole valley is now a healthy and fertile district, as may be seen in the multitudes of gay, happy-looking people, and the abundant harvest of maize spread upon the house-tops and hung in festooned bunches on the walls to dry in the sun, and the same grain hung in the olive trees, thus making a bizarre arrangement of color, the strong yellow of the corn shining among the silvery grays of the olive. The vines well loaded with healthy-looking fruit, vegetable gardens in good condition, and other signs of rural prosperity, all speak of the present happy condition of things in this valley.

After crossing these pleasant plains we begin to ascend the hills that lie between Siena and Arezzo, on the heights of which is situated the Castle of Gargonza. At Monte San Savino we take another horse in front, and after a few miles of ascent reach the top of the hill, where, on the right side of the road, a few straggling cypress trees indicate the place of an old gate-way. A wild road among the trees soon brings us to a turn, from which we see at a short distance below the old tower of Gargonza. This is no ruin, and to it is joined a piece of the old castle wall. Some small houses cluster about these remains of the mediæval castle, in one of which my driver tells me is living the proprietor of the tower, making his villeggiatura. As I find myself here well situated for making my sketch, I unpack my easel, and, selecting a convenient point, am soon at work.

The driver goes on to a neighboring farmhouse, where he can rest and feed his horse. He is directed to go to the tower and ask if

it can be seen; also, if there are any indications of Dante's visit to the place. Soon appears a liveried servant bearing a courteous note from the Marchese and Marchesa Corsi-Salviati, inviting me to join them at their *déjeuner*.

This is a kindly and unexpected hospitality, as they know nothing of me but that I am an artist, and think I may be in need of refreshment. I am obliged, unwillingly, to refuse



TOWER CHAMBER AT
GARGONZA.

this kind invitation, as the sun will not stand still, and I must finish the sketch be-

fore going to look at the tower. After having worked about two hours I find I can do no more, since the light has so much changed. Descending the hill, the path turns and leads up to the tower. The driver guides me, and at the door of a house the Marchese receives me with much courtesy, and he and the Marchesa make me kindly welcome. After learning what he can tell me of the history of the castle, some items of which he writes out for me, I am conducted into the old tower, and into the very chamber in which, according to family tradition, Dante lived some months. I looked with the deepest interest on this little stone chamber, as here he passed through the great crisis of his life, and from a Guelf

became a Ghibelline. As the tower is of stone, and in good preservation, it is really very much what it must have been at the time when its walls witnessed the struggles of this great soul with fate. Fraticelli says:

"While Dante, seeing how inefficacious was his embassy to Pope Bonifacio, remained in Rome, uncertain how he ought to act, he received news of the ruin of his country, and a little later of his own misfortunes. Freeing himself, then, from the Pontifical court, and cursing in his heart its duplicity and perfidy, he hastened into Tuscany and arrived at Siena, where he heard the particulars of these melancholy facts. He well saw, and all the other banished men saw, that there was no mode of reducing their adversaries to milder measures; wherefore they took counsel to unite themselves together, and their first reunion was at Gargonza, a castle of the Ubertini family, standing half way between Siena and Arezzo, and here they decided to act with the Ghibellines of Tuscany and of Romagna, and to establish their head-quarters at Arezzo. The change of Dante from the Bianchi of the Guelfs to the party of the Ghibellines dates only from this time—that is, from February or March of 1302; and whoever has said differently has not well studied these historical facts, their causes and their consequences. In Arezzo, then, they assembled, and here organized their forces, taking for their captain Count Alessandro da Romena, and naming twelve councilors to stand by him; one of these was Dante."

Thus it appears that the decision to join the Ghibellines must have been reached at Gargonza. The tradition of the place is that Dante passed some months in this stone chamber, and that he wrote some part of the "Inferno" here. The room occupies the whole body of the tower; it is entered by a ladder from below through a trap in the floor, and the same sort of passage leads to the room above, and another ladder to the roof. There are two small windows; one is tall and reaches nearly to the floor, the other small and high and is reached by a few steps worked in the thickness of the wall. This ladder stair-way, the Marchese assured me, was the same that had always been used; the same arrangement is seen in Galileo's tower, near Florence. Villani says: "The Castle of Gargonza is celebrated for the congress, in 1304, of the Ghibellines of Florence and of Arezzo, among whom was found the exiled poet, Dante Alighieri."

I climbed to the top of the tower, whose high battlements seemed still to wall me in; but the view across the Val di Chiana to the hills where Arezzo stands is full of airy sunshine, is Italian and intoxicating. In other countries one may look on a wide and beautiful view with a certain coolness; one criticises its features and finds it better or poorer than other views; but in Italy, though it be but a level plain, the transparent curtain of the air, traversed by threads of golden light, makes an enchanted veil in which the specta-

tor is caught and held as in a net. He cannot criticise or compare; he can only yield to the magic spell.

Returning to Arezzo, the road passes Pieve al Intoppo, the site of a battle between Guelfs and Ghibellines.

SAN GEMIGNANO—1299.

NEAR Siena is San Gemignano, an old town on a hill, and so full of towers that from a distance it seems composed of them, and to be a fortress. In the middle ages every city had many towers erected by the great chieftains, whose families took refuge in such high and safe places during the wars that were incessantly raging between these jealous neighbors. They also served for a point of attack. A walled city kept off enemies from other cities and powers, but within its shelter almost every man of importance was the enemy of his neighbor, and fighting without end was the consequence. If Romeo fancied Juliet, the lives of both families were put in danger; or if a drunken brawl occurred among the followers, and any violence was done, war was declared immediately, and the ensuing fights often involved whole neighborhoods, and a tumult of violence would fill the great city. Vendetta was declared and peace forever driven away. In the town-hall of this place is a tablet recording the historical fact that Dante came here as ambassador from the Florentines, to make an alliance with the San Gemignanese. This old town is full of picturesque treasures, and has charming views from its gates and from the tops of its towers.

MONTE REGGIONE.

THIS little town is indeed a crown of towers. ("Monte Reggione di torre si corona."—"Inf.," cant. xxxi., ver. 41.) About twenty houses are inclosed within a circular wall which has towers at short intervals. It is, in fact, a fortress. The gates now stand open, the walls are crumbled, the towers fast losing their shape, but the houses within are inhabited. It is a miniature town, a happy inclosure, and a pleasant and fruitful resort for a sketcher. When I visited the place in company with a friend, who gave me the delightful drive from Siena, it was a gray soft day when all was in harmony with the venera-



SAN GEMIGNANO.

ble time-stained ruin; a day without peculiar splendors, yet one of those on which memory sets a seal that it may be never forgotten.

CASENTINO— 1303-1311.

WE come now to the Casentino, which is rich in traces of Dante. This valley lies east of Florence, and is inclosed by the three mountains on which are seated the convents of Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, and Alvernia. It is a favorite performance of the faithful to visit these three important sanctuaries. The valley is a little world within itself. It is from twenty to thirty miles across, and contains within its mountain boundaries hills, rivers, cities, castles, and convents, besides farms and villages. It was on a delightful day in June when a party of friends prepared to explore the Casentino, and to find the castles visited by Dante. We took the railway to Pontassieve, which is about ten miles from Florence, and at that place engaged a carriage for the next four or five days. We drove first to Pelago, where we were to take horses for Vallombrosa, at the top of the mountain, and there pass the first night. It was arranged that our carriage should meet us the next morning at Consuina on the other side of the mountain. At Pelago occurred an instance of faithlessness to a well-understood contract, such as one seldom meets in Italy. The people will overcharge you with the greatest



MONTE REGGIONE.

readiness; but when they have made a contract, written or unwritten, they are usually faithful to it. To-day, we had a new experience. The padrona at the little locanda at Pelago furnishes horses and guides for the mountain of Vallombrosa. We engaged two horses and two guides for L—— and myself, the third of our party, Mr. C——, preferring to walk. The padrona, supported by Franceschino, who, I suppose, was her son, now said that we must take a third man to carry our bags and shawls. We knew the night at Vallombrosa would be cold, and had therefore taken many wraps; but though the luggage was considerable, I thought the two men could easily carry it; and as we could

also take something on our horses, the third man appeared unnecessary. But the padrona insisted, saying the road was so bad that it would require all the attention of the two men to guide the horses. So we agreed to the third man and started, Franceschino proving to be that third. Mr. C—— had walked on before while we were getting mounted, and was already out of sight. The day was delightful, and the horses stepped out bravely. After we had made about a mile, and had not yet begun the ascent, Franceschino stopped the horses, and, coming to me, said:

"*Bon voyage, madame,*" the Italians who consider themselves superior preferring to speak French to strangers.

"But where are you going?"

"To Florence, madame."

"How is that, when you have engaged to go with us?"

"Oh," said this traitor, "there is no need of a third man to go up the mountain."

"But your padrona insisted that we should take you on account of the badness of the road."

"Pardon, madame, the road is excellent. The horses would take you up without guides; they know the road perfectly."

"Very well," said I; "then, of course, I do not pay for three men."

"Oh, yes, madame, you will fulfill your contract."

"What! and you tell me that you are going to break yours?"

"You understand, madame, that you

agreed to pay the padrona so much, and she will expect you to send her that sum."

"No, indeed; if you do not go, I do not pay you."

I could not understand such barefaced assurance. Finding I would not yield, Franceschino said he would take his horses back, and approaching L——, said: "Please to dismount, mademoiselle."

L—— looked at me, and I said: "Yes, he may take his horses, and we will walk up the mountain."

So we dismounted, to the surprise of Franceschino, who, when he realized the situation, said to the men, "Put down the *roba*." They laid the bags and shawls on the road, and led away the horses.

Now, here we were left, in a glorious sea of afternoon sunshine, but with a heavy weight of luggage to carry up the mountain. I thought we could walk up very well, but to carry such a burden was impossible. I called a man at work in the field, and told him I would pay him if he would take our bags and go up the mountain with us. He replied that he could not leave his work. I noticed that the cavalcade, having reached the angle of the road on the way back to Pelago, was concealed by a house, and that it remained concealed a suspiciously long time. I thought I understood the policy of Franceschino. I took out my books and began a sketch. L—— laughed and I laughed, hoping it would end in laughter, of which I did not feel quite sure. Soon Franceschino re-appeared, sauntering leisurely, and smoking a cigar. As he approached, I said:

"What do you want?"

"I want to speak to my friend who is working in the field yonder."

"Do you know," said I, borrowing the Englishman's weapon, "that I am going to England and shall tell Mr. Murray what sort of people you at Pelago are, so that foreigners may not trust you?"

"I am well known to foreigners," said he, with a grand air, "and I do not care what you say to Mr. Murray."

After this he spoke to the man in the field, and then returned to the place where he had left the horses. Immediately the procession re-appeared and approached us. Franceschino led his horse to L—— and begged her to mount, as who should say, "Let there be an end of this fooling."

My man brought my horse, and I too mounted; the men gathered up our effects. Franceschino again wished us *bon voyage*, and without further words we went on. I had felt sure that he would not wish to lose the hire of the horses and men, and so our war,

like many greater wars, ended, leaving things just as they were before it began. Franceschino had his way in leaving us, and I had my way in not paying him.

Presently we saw Mr. C—— returning in great haste to find us. Greatly alarmed at our non-appearance, he feared we had met with brigands, or had fallen from our horses. We had lost more time than we could well spare, and now pushed on briskly. The road proved perfectly good. We mounted and mounted till we came to a forest, or rather a plantation of fir-trees. In their native forests firs are grand and beautiful, and in a shrubbery, mixed with other trees and well grown, they have beauty; but there is a hopeless look about a plantation of firs that is fatiguing. The air grew colder, wild hawks flew screaming above our heads. It seemed as if we had left Italy, for warmth and beauty had both passed away. Only when through the firs we gained a glimpse of the world below and of the valley of the Arno could we keep up our spirits. That beguiling line of Milton—

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa"—

had prepared us for delightful deciduous forests in all their glory, and a perfectly straight paved road through the fir woods was a disappointment, and, as yet, there was no convent in sight. The sun was near its setting, the wind howling. At last, something like a church appeared at the end of the avenue. When we reached the gate of the convent it was nearly dark, or appeared so. Still, after ordering our supper from a host who lived outside the convent, we decided to climb to the Paradisino, a small edifice on the top of the rocks behind the church and convent; and as some rays of the setting sun still illuminated it, we were encouraged to go up to see the view. Truly, it was immense and superb; and when we had arrived on its terrace, the sun again rose for us and lighted up a wonderful world below. As twilight darkened the scene, we descended, were shown the great chambers, and were desired to choose for ourselves which we would have. This convent is disestablished, but the guest-chambers still do service, and some of the brothers remain to take care of the conventual buildings. In the morning we visited the church, and then took the other road down the mountain. This road wound agreeably through chestnut woods, and brought us to Consuma.

It was here that we found our carriage and dismissed our guides. They had been very civil, and we gladly gave them a little more than was promised, and charged them to keep it for themselves. We were now in a new

stage of our journey. Consuma is so called to commemorate the fact of a man's having been burned there in punishment for coining. This again brings us into the train of Dantesque associations, for this was Adam of Brescia, met by Dante in the "Inferno," and who says to him:

"There is Romena, where I counterfeited
The currency imprinted with the Baptist,
For which I left my body burned above.
But if I here could see the tristful soul
Of Guido, or Alessandro, or their brother,
For Branda's fount I would not give the sight."
Longfellow Tr. "Inf.," xxx. 71.

These lords of Romena, whose tool this poor fellow was, were Dante's friends, and had their castle in this neighborhood. The little way-side fountain called Fonte Branda is also near at hand. Until lately it was supposed that Master Adam alluded to the great Fonte Branda at Siena, but later scholars have decided that he would more naturally be thinking of the Fonte Branda in the vicinity of Romena.

I must also quote what Ampère says about these lines, which refer to the waters of Casentino:

"The rivulets that from the verdant hills
Of Cassentin descend down into Arno,
Making their channels to be cold and moist."
Longfellow Tr. "Inf.," xxx. 64.

"In these untranslatable verses there is a feeling of humid freshness, which almost makes one shudder. I owe it to truth to say that the Casentin was a great deal less fresh and less verdant in reality than in the poetry of Dante, and that in the midst of the aridity that surrounded me, this poetry by its very perfection made one feel something of the punishment of Master Adam."
Ampère, Voyage Dantesque.

Consuma is a wretched hamlet, though seen from the hill above it is not unpicturesque. An American wonders how it could remain more than five hundred years the same poor little place, neither improving nor disappearing; so unlike our own villages, which in the newer settlements if they cannot grow are abandoned, and if they do grow become cities in a very short time. All things in this valley of the Casentino, should it continue without railroads, may remain as they are another five hundred years. Nowhere can there be a more peaceful seclusion.

On the road leading to Bibbiena, where we propose to pass the night, we come in sight of a majestic cliff, abruptly rising from the plain, with a city and a castle on its top. This is Poppi, and is one of the places visited by Dante after his return from Paris. Here he was a guest of the Contessa Battifolli in the castle. Poppi is on the right bank of the Arno. We did not stop to climb to this castle, for the day was hot and the way was steep. It was left for a later visit, when I ob-

tained a drawing of the castle court, extremely mediæval and picturesque. It is said to have been the model of the Bargello at Florence. At the foot of this hill is the plain where once raged the battle of Campaldino. It now grows wheat, mulberry trees, and grapes. Having passed Poppi, the mountains drew nearer, and one blue peak showed something that looked like a dark forest among the light tints about its head. This proved to be Alvernia, which is to be visited to-morrow. We reached Bibbiena a little before sunset, and found a comfortable inn. We engaged horses and guides to take us to Alvernia the next day, and sunk to sleep in our rustling beds of gran-turco leaves, better known in my country as corn shucks.

The next morning we started early, for it is a good day's work to visit Alvernia. We soon crossed the Corsalone torrent, as every swift and intermittent river is called in Italy. There had been a bridge, now broken; the river was broad and full of rocks, and we had to cross by wading our horses. But this inconvenience was repaid by the new and more picturesque view we had of the river and the mountains seen from its bed. Soon we began the ascent and struck a path leading up to the convent, still hidden from us by the mountain shoulders. The lower part of the road is a long ridge scattered with boulders of large size and strange forms. Deep twisted cavities in these rocks tell of water and pebbles at work, churning holes perhaps during thousands of long-past years. It was noon when we reached the convent, the last part of the road being too steep for the horses. There we came up a little stair-way to a spacious terrace on which the buildings stand. This convent has been spared, owing to some protection it holds from the municipality of Florence. The Franciscan friars are brown-robed, barefooted, with each a cord about the waist. Here was the earliest foundation of St. Francis, unless we count the tiny convent near Assisi, called the Carcere di San Francesco. The place is properly called Alvernia or winter, from its perpetual cold. Even on this June day we perceived an icy quality in the air. Here are wonderful rocks and caves,—rocks which by some earthquake shock have fallen across other rocks and so made caves. The friars tell us that these rocks were rent when Jesus Christ was crucified. One cave overhung with a great rock which had apparently no support, they told us, was the favorite resort of St. Francis, who chose to lie in it as an exercise of faith. They show the little chapel, hewn out of the rock, where he received the stigmata. The spot where he was kneeling at the moment

is covered with an iron grate. We are now three thousand seven hundred and twenty feet above the sea. Above the convent buildings rises more forest, and through this delightful wilderness we climb perpetually, till at the top they tell us that we are now one thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the convent itself. A young friar went with us up the forest-path. He was a gay creature, full of cheerfulness and laughter. There seemed no mortification about him. Dante speaks of this mountain :

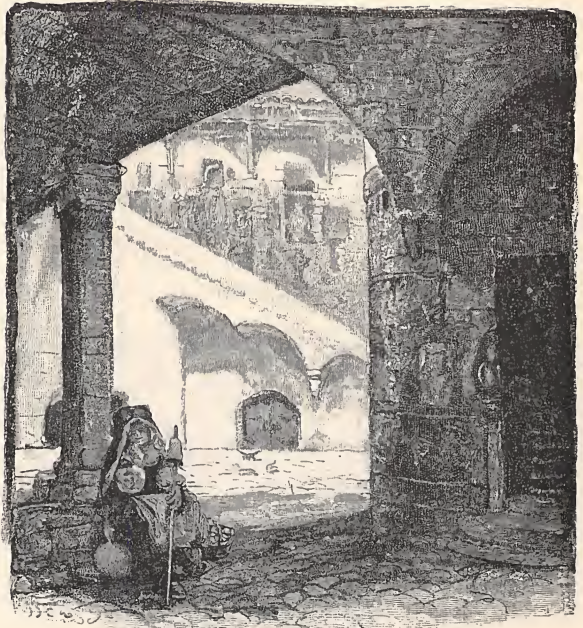
"On the rude rock 'twixt Tiber and the Arno,
From Christ did he receive the final seal
Which during two whole years his members bore."
Longfellow Tr. "Par.," xi. 106.

These hospitable monks gave us a fast-day dinner which seemed to us to want nothing. It was served with exquisite neatness—the knives bright and sharp as daggers, as if they had been scoured hundreds of years and kept most carefully. For this dinner of soup made of fish and vegetables, pickled tunny fish, an omelette, good bread and cheese, and excellent coffee, they refused payment, and only accepted what we offered when we begged them to keep it for the use of the convent.

Again at Bibbiena, where we spent the night. Next day we crossed the Arno, left Poppi behind, and came upon the battle-field of Campaldino, where Dante, then twenty-four years of age, fought in the Florentine cavalry, and led a charge. A letter remains in which he describes the battle, and his fears lest his side should be defeated. And now I wish some brave sculptor would take a hint from this bit of history, and make an effigy of this solemn, this terrible poet, not like an old woman, in robes and lappets, but as in his youth he fought at the battle of Campaldino. Make him, O sculptor,

"Helm'd and mail'd,
With sweet, stern face unveiled."

He would seem more at home than in the better known costume. I have been told that those white, three-cornered lappets were worn to protect the face and ears from the rubbing of the helmet. And why were they not laid aside with the helmet, instead of being worn when helmets were no longer in question? Flaxman has imparted such dignity to the robe and lappets that it now appears to be a law of representation that Dante should be allowed no other dress; but



COURT OF POPPI CASTLE.

rebellion against this law is worth trying. I made a sketch of the battle-field, with Poppi in the background. After this we began to inquire for Fonte Branda. Our driver knew nothing of such a place, but the first peasant we met guided us to it. It is a little way-side fountain, flowing within a recess in the wall of brick-work, and from that reservoir trickles a tiny thread of water into a stone basin where cattle may drink. This fountain is not much changed since the time of Dante. About half a mile on the same road comes a little town where Landino, Dante's first commentator, was born and died. His remains are mummified, and are shown on festa days as those of a saint. Next we passed the castle of Romena, where the poet visited his friend Count Alessandro da Romena. It is now a picturesque ruin. A few miles further is the Castle of Porciano, which he also visited, and from which is dated an important letter, thus, "Scritta in Toscana sotto le fonte d'Arno, 16 Avrile, 1311," and addressed to the Florentines. This letter is full of political fury because the Florentines resist the Emperor. This fixes a date, and shows that his second visit to the Casentino was after his return from Paris. The 29th of June, the same year, the Emperor Henry was crowned in Rome, in the Basilica of St. John Lateran.

PERUGIA—1303.

DANTE'S visit to Perugia was probably made when he was so near to it. Perugia

is alluded to in the verses where Assisi is spoken of:

"Between Tupino and the stream that falls
Down from the hill elect of blessed Ubald,
A fertile slope of lofty mountain hangs
From which Perugia feels the cold and heat
Through Porta Sole."
Longfellow Tr. "Par.," xi. 43.

The drawing that I made at Perugia is of something so old that Dante must have seen it. It is called the Augusta Gate, as Augustus on taking Perugia, after failing in

by a row of blank disks such as one sees on Etruscan tombs, and which seem to hint at the mysteries of that occult and inscrutable religion or literature.

Ampère, in his "Voyage Dantesque," says:

"Having been twice at Perugia, I have experienced the double effect of Monte Ubaldo, which the poet says makes the city feel the cold and heat—

'Onde Perugia sente freddo e caldo'
(*"Par.," xi. 46*);

that is, which by turns reflects upon it the rays of the sun and sends it icy winds. I have but too well verified the justice of Dante's observation, particularly as regards the cold temperature which Perugia, when it is not burning hot, owes to Monte Ubaldo. I arrived in front of this city on a brilliant autumnal night, and had time to comment at leisure on the winds of the Ubaldo, as I slowly climbed the winding road which leads to the gates of the city, fortified by a Pope."

The views from every part of Perugia are most enchanting. A sea of mountains of trembling azure rolls below on every side, except on the east, where vast plains stretch away toward the still more distant and vapory mountains of Umbria. It is a heavenly landscape. Perugia has many quite visible Etruscan remains. A curious architectural custom of that old people is perpetuated by their successors in some of the houses in the northern and oldest part of the town. In many

houses a narrow door is still to be seen beside the principal house door. This narrow door was built to carry out the dead, as it was believed that to pass the corpse through the door used by the living would bring ill luck. In some cases the narrow door is still open, but more frequently it is walled up, though plainly visible as a blind arch in the wall, and always close to the principal house door.

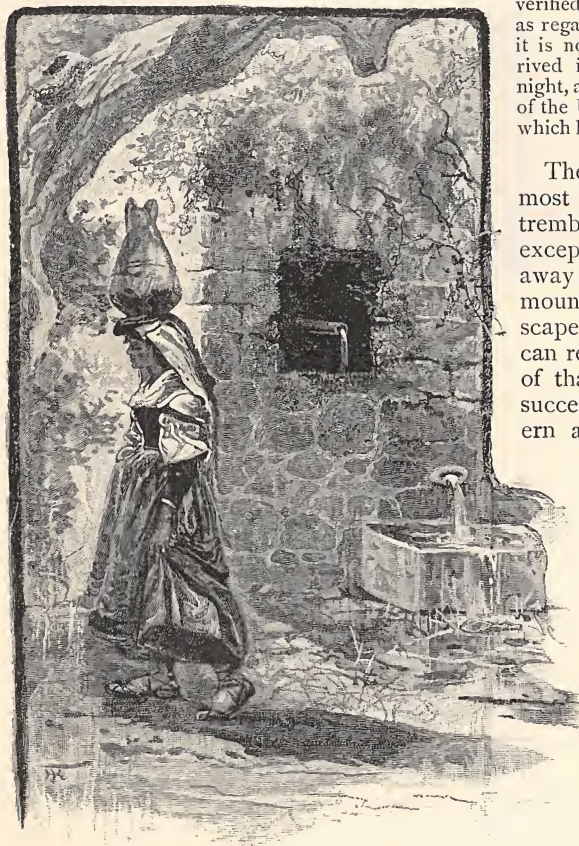
ASSISI.

THAT Dante visited his friend Giotto while he was engaged in painting the church of St. Francis at Assisi is conceded. He alludes in the "Paradiso"

quite distinctly to the fresco of the marriage of St. Francis with poverty:

"For he in youth his father's wrath incurred
For certain Dame, to whom, as unto death,
The gate of pleasure no one doth unlock;
And was before his spiritual court
Et coram patre unto her united;
Then day by day more fervently he loved her.
She, reft of her first husband, scorned, obscure,
One thousand and one hundred years and more,
Waited without a suitor till he came."
Longfellow Tr. "Par.," xi. 58.

The fresco represents a woman in rags and standing with bare feet among thorns, in



FONTE BRANDA.

the attempt to burn the gate, had his name inscribed upon it, "*Augusta Perusia.*"

This has been considered an Etruscan work, but the later archæologists deny this early origin, and point out in the tower and supporting stones of the arch certain fragments of Etruscan inscriptions which are put in, not horizontally, as if meant to be read, but diagonally or perpendicularly, as if the builders had made use of old Etruscan stones, without regard to the inscriptions. But the design is more Etruscan than Roman, the grand and massive arch being surmounted

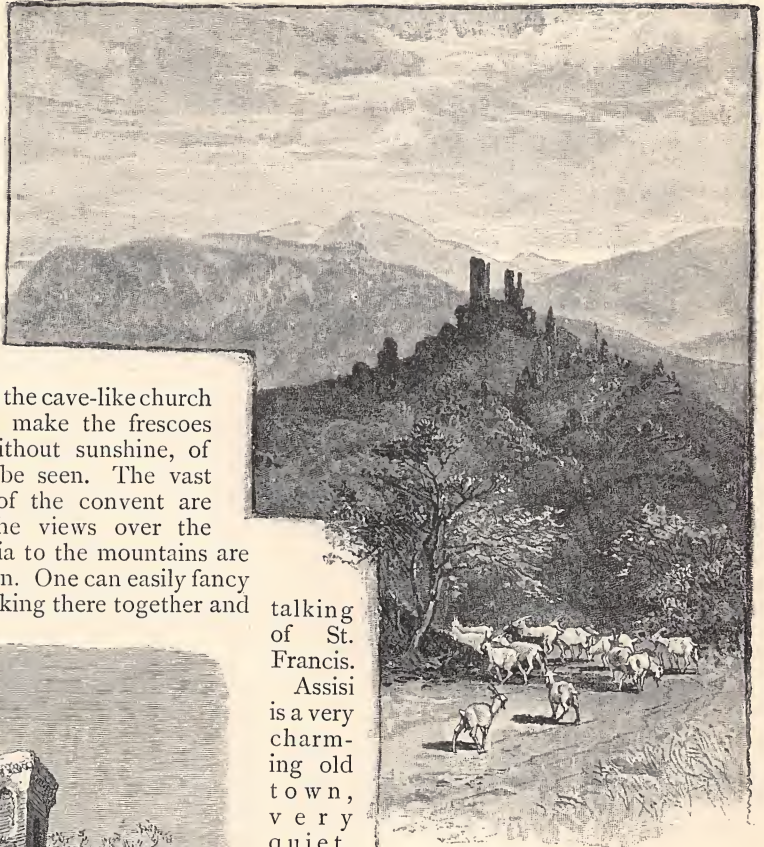
the act of being married to St. Francis, who looks very comfortable in his brown hood and robes. This fresco has been well preserved, but it is only between two and four p. m. that anything of the paintings can be seen in that dark, underground church. At that time the sun streams in at certain small windows and fills the cave-like church with light enough to make the frescoes visible. In a day without sunshine, of course, nothing can be seen. The vast cloisters or galleries of the convent are most interesting. The views over the great plains of Umbria to the mountains are like an enchanted ocean. One can easily fancy Dante and Giotto walking there together and

talking of St. Francis.

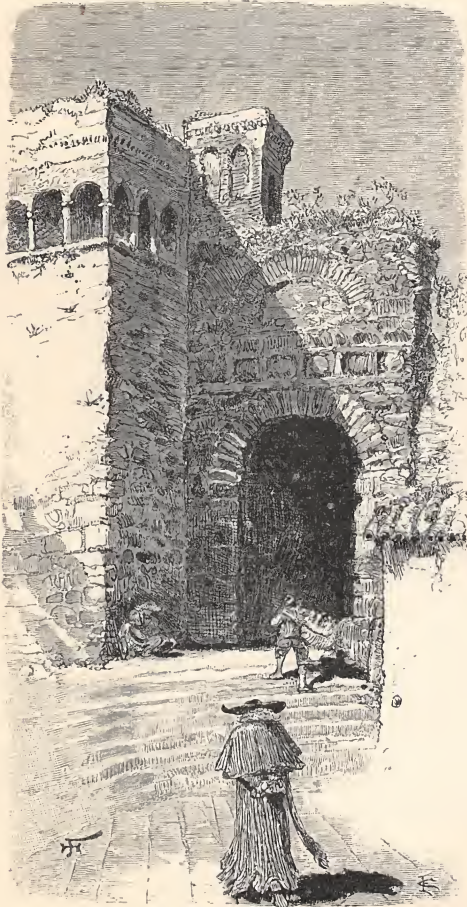
Assisi is a very charming old town, very quiet, full of

mediaeval architecture, showing very little that is modern, and streets unusually clean. The families, as in all the Italian towns, pass the summer afternoons in the street; the women spinning with the distaff or sewing, babies sprawling and rolling on the pavement, boys and girls playing, all evidencing a tranquil and happy existence. Santa Chiara is here the other great saint, and her mummy is preserved in her church, and shown to the faithful and also to the curious.

A long and difficult path leads up and around the mountain, and brings one to a tiny convent called *Carcere di San Francesco*. Here are shown recesses in the rock where the saint imprisoned himself, so narrow that, being within, he could not turn himself. A bridge across the ravine leads to the wood where, by some rude steps, one descends to a very picturesque grotto in which the saint is said to have passed much time in prayer. Returning through the little convent, we stopped in the tiny court-yard and drank of the cool pure water of St. Francis's well. A white dove washed himself fluttering in a stone basin; a fresco of the Annunciation glimmered under the little arcade; the tiny con-



CASTLE OF ROMENA.



AUGUSTA GATE.

vent bell hung in the narrow arched entrance, black against the shining trees on the other side of the ravine; all was cool and silent. One can, for the moment, envy the peace of the conventual life in these green retreats; no busy bustling days, no care but to follow the routine prescribed, no responsibility but that of obedience, and, it cannot be denied, much stagnation. Though courteous and hospitable, these monks can seldom answer the simplest question about their own order. Questions are not considered by their minds; routine occupies the time or kills it, and that is sufficient.

Returning to Assisi, we took our last look at the lower church of St. Francis. As the upper church rests upon this, its weight is sustained upon low Gothic arches which are distributed throughout the interior, and determine its architecture. When the great doors are open at noon, the church is filled with reflected light which, echoing through these arched spaces and searching their receding depths, produces the loveliest effects, the mosaics and frescoes enriching every space and border with a soft glimmer of color.

BOLOGNA.

THE Torre di Garisenda at Bologna, mentioned by Dante, and used by him as an illustration in describing the giant Antæus, still inclines as when he looked up at its dangerous tilting, so many years ago.

"As seems the Carisenda, to behold
Beneath the leaning side, when goes a cloud
Above it, so that opposite it hangs;
Such did Antæus seem to me, who stood
Watching to see him stoop, and then it was
I could have wished to go some other way.
But lightly in the abyss, which swallows up
Judas with Lucifer, he put us down;
Nor, thus bowed downward, made he there delay,
But, as a mast does in a ship, uprose."
Longfellow Tr. "Inf.," xxxi. 136.

It is believed that Dante in his youth studied at the University of Bologna. Fraticelli thinks there is no evidence of this, but that he went there during his exile.

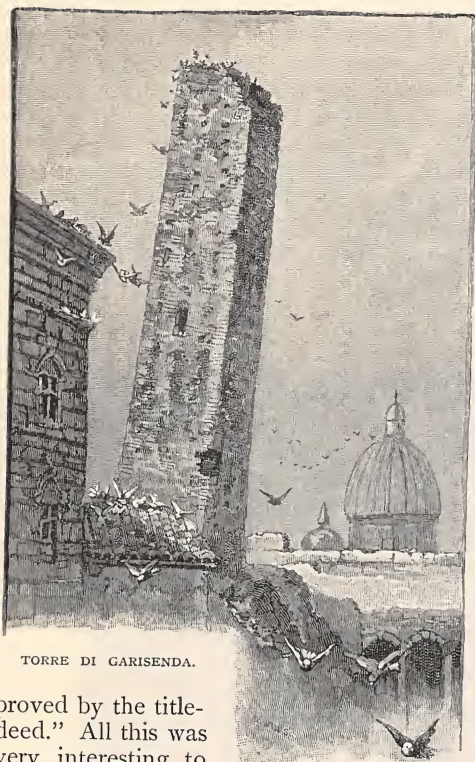
GARGNANO—VERONA.

NEAR Verona is the villa at Gargnano, a possession which Dante acquired while at the court of Can Grande. This place is about twelve miles distant from Verona. It must have been at the time of his second residence at Verona that Dante became possessed of this retreat, to which, no doubt, he was glad to escape from the noisy court, and where he must have written many of his verses. The place is still in possession of his descendants. The granddaughter of Dante was the Con-

tessa Sarego, and the villa is still owned and inhabited by the Sarego family. It is a pleasant drive from Verona to the villa, first passing along the banks of the Adige, and then turning off among the hills, the road becoming more and more secluded. Stopping at the iron gate of a modern-looking villa, our driver informed us that this was the Villa Sarego. We inquired if it could be seen, and were invited to enter. Coming to the door of the house, a modern structure, a servant met us and said that the Contessa being ill could not receive us, but made us welcome to look about the place. He took us first into a ground-floor saloon to show us what he called "*i cocchi antichi*." These he showed us, hanging from the beams in the ceiling. They were simply the frames and ribs of two small coaches, without wheels. They were painted in black and gold. These, the servant told us, had been the property of the first Contessa Sarego, who was the granddaughter of Dante. After we had stared respectfully at these relics he asked us to go into the garden and see a "*sasso*." Supposing that we were about to see a stone that Dante loved to sit upon, we gladly followed him, and, when we were presented to the stone, found it to be a monument inscribed with verses addressed to Dante by the poet Monti. There were also three young laurels in front of the stone, and these were planted by the three poets, Monti, Pindamonte, and Da Lorenzo, on the occasion of the sixcentennial celebration of the birth of Dante. The garden was a pleasant, shaded place, not filled with fruit and flowers, but with ilex trees. From an opening in the trees could be seen, on a neighboring hill, an old Roman tower. Since Dante must often have looked at it, I chose it for my sketch. While I was drawing, a young gentleman came into the garden, and, advancing with a courteous gesture, asked if he could do anything for us. My niece, to whom he addressed himself, told him what I was doing, and then he came to me and asked if I wanted anything. I said to him, "Is it true that this place is in possession of the descendants of Dante?" "*Sì, signora*," replied he, "*ed io mi chiamo Dante*." Surprised, I asked him to explain this, and he told me that his ancestress, the Contessa Sarego, left this little place by will to belong always to the eldest son of the Sarego family, with request that he should take the name of Dante. He then presented me with his card, on which was engraved

"*Dante di Sarego Alighieri.*"

"Then the place really belonged to Dante at first?" "Oh, yes," he said, "and this is



TORRE DI GARISENDA.

proved by the title-deed." All this was very interesting to me, and so were other things that he told me. Among other anecdotes was this one. His family being invited to be present at the sixcentennial celebration at Ravenna, his uncle, a physician, was chosen as one of the Royal Commissioners appointed to examine the newly found skeleton of Dante, and to decide on its genuineness. These gentlemen having decided that the skeleton was that of a man of the same age and size as is recorded of Dante, and that the skull answered to the same description in its proportions, the sepulcher was opened and found to be empty, excepting that some phalanges of the fingers, wanting in the newly found skeleton, were lying in the place where the bones should have been. These were found to complete the skeleton, and it was replaced in the sepulcher, and closed securely. There was also some dust found lying with the small bones, and this gentleman, as one of the poet's family, thought he might gather a little of this precious dust in a paper, and preserve it as a relic. He did so, but the same evening many persons came about the house where the commissioners were lodged, saying that they had learned that a portion of the remains had been removed, and that such a thing could not be permitted. The uncle explained that it was but a trifle of the dust of his honored relative

that he had ventured to appropriate, and showed it to the assembled crowd; but they would not be satisfied till he had replaced it with the skeleton. Such jealousy still exists in the city of Ravenna concerning the possession of the poet's remains. The whole story of the discovery of this skeleton will be given in the chapter on Ravenna.

Having finished my sketch of the Roman tower, we prepared to take leave of our young host. While doing so, the old gardener appeared, bearing bouquets of hot-house flowers for the ladies, which we received from the hands of the young Dante, with his kind wishes that we might come again and see his mother; but we could not at this time hope to do so, as we were leaving Verona the next day. It was while making a second visit to Verona that I obtained a sketch of the old staircase in the court-yard of one of the Scaligeri palaces, which is now a prison. The stairs are of rose-colored Verona marble, with traces of twisted columns and marble canopy. In the hall above, to which they lead, there is a richly carved door, which might have been the entrance to a grand reception-room; and Dante, jostled by the crowd of rude courtiers on the stairs, might here have produced the sad, immortal lines,

"Tu proverai sì come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui, e com' è duro calle
Lo scendere e 'l salir per l' altrui scale."
"Par.," xvii. 58.

"Thou shalt have proof how savoreth of salt
The bread of others, and how hard a road
The going down and up another's stairs."
Longfellow.

It was at Verona, in the church of Santa Elena, that Dante, at the request of Can Grande, gave a lecture to the clero Veronese, a philosophic thesis on water and earth.

ROVEREDO — SLOVINO DI MARCO — 1303.

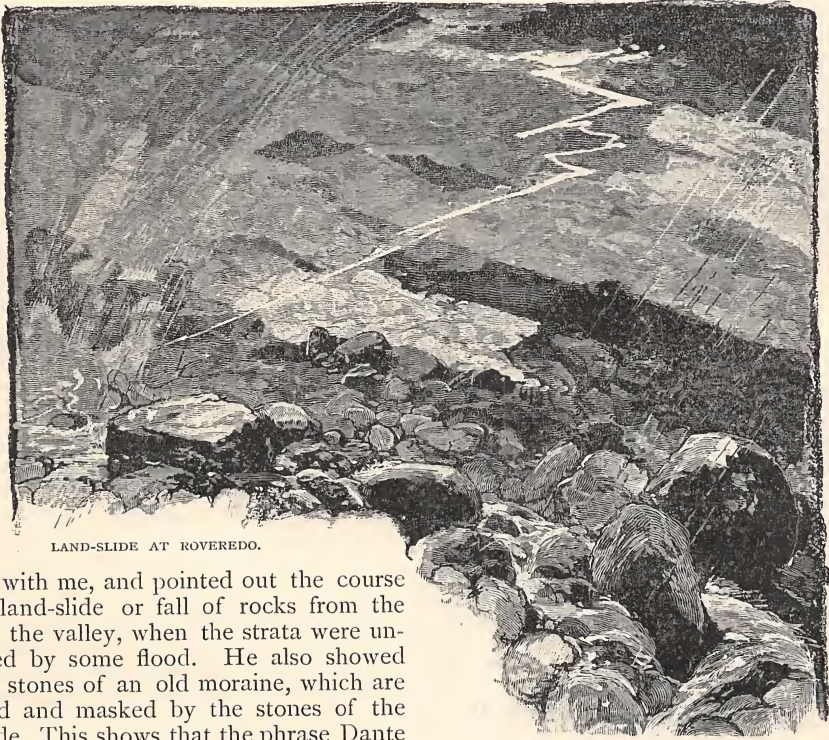
THAT striking passage in the "Inferno," where the land-slide of Roveredo called the Slovino di Marco is described, shows that Dante had seen it himself, and that it impressed his imagination deeply:

"Such as that ruin is, which in the flank
Smote, on this side of Trent, the Adige,
Either by earthquake or by failing stay.
For, from the mountain's top from which it moved,
Unto the plain, the cliff is shattered so,
Some path 'twould give to him who was above;
Even such was the descent of that ravine."
Longfellow Tr. "Inf.," xii. 4.

Dante may have made his excursion into the Italian Tyrol during his first visit to Verona. So Troya believes, and I will place this illustration next in order.

The place is strange, wild, and desolate now, as on the day when Dante looked upon it. The railway of the Brenner Pass runs close beside it, so that something of its strangeness may be seen by the traveler from the train. The scientific study of geology being unknown in 1303, such a guess as Dante made at the cause of this to him unintelligible stretch of scattered stones was all that was possible in that early time. I was fortunate in meeting the geological professor in the Institute at Roveredo, a native of the place. He kindly went over the

flint-stones found in the glacier track. They are cone-shaped, three-sided, worked to a point at one end, the angles rounded, and the whole very smooth. They are sometimes found six inches long, and one of the three sides is always a little more flattened than the others. It is supposed that they have been worn to this shape by attrition and the long-continued grinding force and weight of the glacier, and that the flattened side, being the lowest, had more abrasion to endure. I might also here take exception to what Mr. Ruskin says of Dante being "notably a bad



LAND-SLIDE AT ROVEREDO.

ground with me, and pointed out the course of the land-slide or fall of rocks from the sides of the valley, when the strata were undermined by some flood. He also showed me the stones of an old moraine, which are confused and masked by the stones of the land-slide. This shows that the phrase Dante uses of the *scarco* or *scarico* of stones, signifying an unloading, is precise. Mr. Ruskin thinks it not an elevated or enthusiastic expression, and especially objects to the word *scarco*; but if Dante had witnessed the course of the great prehistoric glacier when it passed that valley, dropping the boulders of its moraine as it slowly melted, and moved on still more slowly, he could not have chosen a better word to describe its action. It was, in fact, a great unloading of stones. Also, when he hazards the guess, "*o per sostegno manco*," or by deficient prop, he is not less happy in his interpretation of appearances, since a part of this strange chaos comes from that very cause. Professor Cobelli, who has made a life study of this phenomenon, showed me also the *triquetri*, or long

climber," and that "he was fond of sitting in the sun, looking at his fair Baptistery, or walking in a dignified manner on flat pavements, in a long robe, and it put him seriously out of his way when he has to take to his hands and knees or look to his feet." When Mr. Ruskin so speaks, he has not considered Dante's long journeys in wild places, mostly if not entirely made on foot, when he traversed Italy from Rome to Siena, Perugia, Assisi, Bologna, Verona, Venice, into the Tyrol to Roveredo, again back to the Gulf of Spezia, along the Cornice road through France to Paris, then to Milan, to the Casentino in Tuscany, to Gubbio, to Avellana, which lies among the steepest mountains of Umbria, and where from Catria, the giant of



the Apennines, you can behold the Adriatic Sea on the one hand, and the Mediterranean on the other; to Urbino and to the castle of Faggiuola, near San Leo; again to Mantua and Verona; to Duino, on the sea near Trieste; into the Austrian Tyrol to Tolmino and the castle of Pagano della Torre; to Rimini and Ravenna, where his wanderings ended. On many hundreds of miles of these journeys no flat pavement was to be found, the roads naturally being rough before any but cart roads had been made, and we may safely believe that the long trailing robes with which painters love to invest Dante were not worn by him as a traveling dress. The castle of Lizzana is near this spot, and is mentioned by the guide-books as a castle visited by Dante. I asked the landlord of the hotel to call a carriage, and said I wished to be taken to the castle of Lizzana. He replied that he knew no such place, and that it could not be at or near Roveredo. While I was explaining to him my reasons for believing that it must be in that vicinity, a man who

had been sitting half asleep near by roused himself and said: "The castle of Lizzana!

STAIR-WAY AT VERONA.

why, don't you know it? That is the old castle where Dante passed a night!" This, then, was the local tradition. The man was a common man, ignorant, but knowing the traditions of his native place, and this point of circumstance—the *one night*—delighted me. This tradition had been preserved ever since Dante passed a night with his friend, the lord of this castle, when no doubt he strolled out in the morning to look at the wonderful *slovino* which lies under the castle cliff, and stretches miles along the valley. The sole remains of the castle are a pile of stones and rubbish, which, with a bit of wall, show where the tower once stood.

URBINO — 1304.

ONE of the castles where Dante was entertained was that of la Faggiuola, the lord of which was his friend Uggucione. I was glad to visit Urbino, the birth-place of Raphael. From here I hoped to reach the castle, which is said to be five leagues west from Urbino, and half-way between Macerata and San Leo, near the source of the river Conca. This direction was sufficiently clear, but inquiries at Urbino produced the information that the mountain-road in that direction was considered impassable on account of recent floods. I was advised to try the road from Rimini, and thus was induced to postpone the excursion. A few days were pleasantly passed in the old town of Urbino, which is high on the mountains, the road being a continual ascent from the coast. The air is excellent, the views superb, and the place full of historical memories. The house of Raphael has, largely by Mr. Morris Moore's exertions, been purchased and made the foundation of a museum and school of art. At present it is adorned with engravings and photographs from the great works of the master. It is well that this beginning is made, as the house will now be securely held to the memory of Raphael and the service of the fine arts. The street in which this house stands goes steeply up the hill to the terrace of the old fortress. From this esplanade we overlook the city on the east, and looking westward we see five ranges of Apennines, separated from each other by the golden haze of afternoon sunshine, and I pleased myself with the thought that Dante must have observed the same effect. I give a sketch of one of the steep, crowded streets, with the palace in the background.

In the "*Inferno*" Dante meets Guido di Montefeltro, who inquires of him whether, when he left that sweet Latin land, he left peace or war behind him.

"If thou art newly fallen to breathe the air
Of this blind world, from Latium's pleasant land,
Whence all the burden of my sins I bear,
Tell me if now Romagna's tribes remain
At peace or war; for I was of the hills,
Betwixt Urbino and the mountain chain
Whence Tiber first unlocks his infant rills."
T. W. Parsons Tr. "*Inf.*," xxvii. 25.

PADUA — 1306.

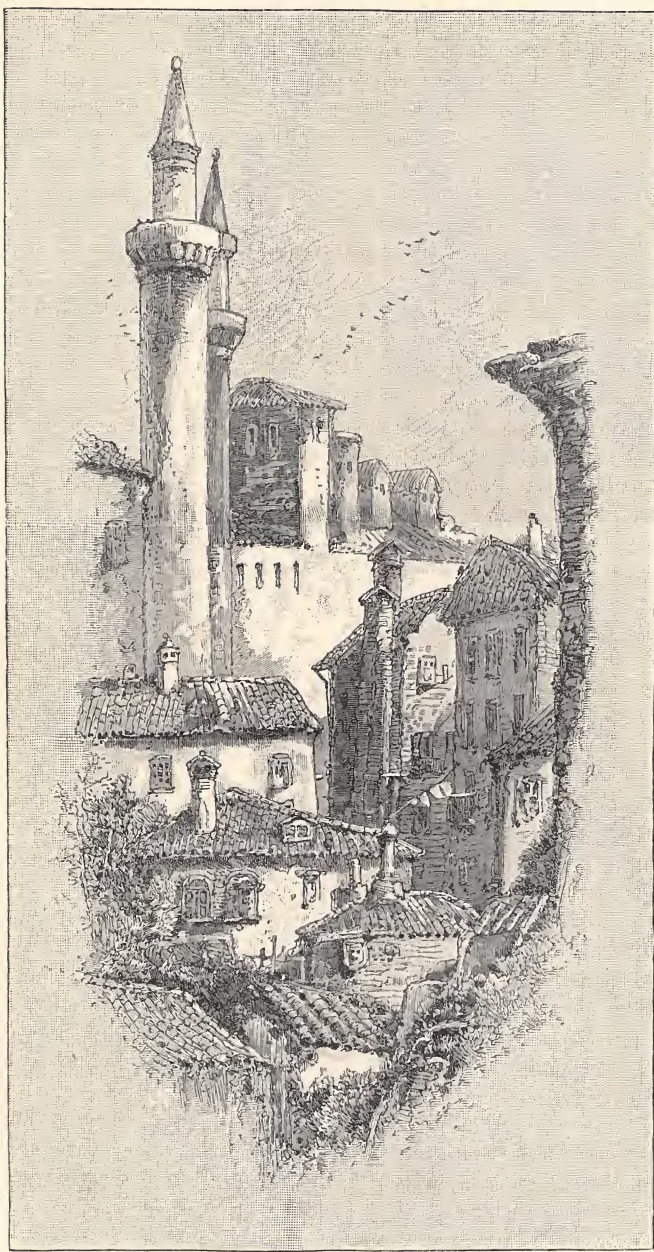
AT Padua exists one of the most precious of all the trecento monuments. This is the Arena Chapel. The place, as its name indicates, was a Roman theater. In 1303 Enrico Scrovigno, to whom it belonged, built within its precincts the chapel commonly called Santa Maria dell' Arena. It is not known whether it was intended for a domestic chapel, or for the use of the order of the Cavalieri di Santa Maria. Scrovigno employed Giotto, then in his youth, working at Padua, to build and decorate it. The chapel consists of a single aisle with a tribune at its end. The few architectural lines are of the simplest Gothic. It is, in fact, a hall, lined with pictures of the life of the Virgin. The chapel is concealed in a garden crowded with vines and vegetables, and is delightfully withdrawn from the streets. A pomegranate tree was by its door in full flower. These works are a most interesting study, but to describe them all would be too long. When I first visited this chapel in 1850, I was especially struck with the figure of the angel of the Resurrection; and returning after many years, the same figure seems the most beautiful of all.

When we remember that Giotto and Dante passed many hours together in this chapel, we do not require much power of imagination to repeople the place. I spent some time here alone, trying to copy the beautiful angel, but the light was insufficient, and the picture too high on the wall for me. I even procured a permission to put up a scaffold, meaning to spend some days there in copying; but the weather changed, the chapel became too dark for work, and as the rain continued, I gave up my plan.

There is a record of Dante's presence in Padua, being his name as witness to a contract drawn in the house of Donna Amata Papafava. This document is preserved by the Marchese Papafava.

RIMINI — 1307.

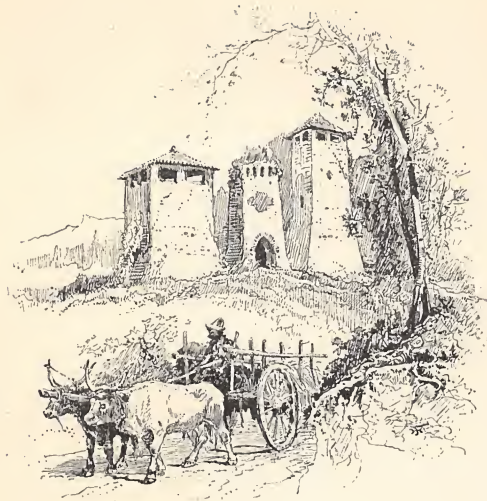
FROM Urbino I passed to Rimini, a few hours by diligence. The road is a descent till it reaches the sea. I was prepared to find in Rimini the most antique, the moldi-



IN URBINO.

est, most deserted, ivy-grown city that Italy could show — and never was I more mistaken. I had hoped to find some castle or palace where I could be assured that the sad Francesca had lived, and where the bitter, bloody tragedy of her fate was acted. Inquiring at once for the house of Francesca, I was shown a row of new houses in the busiest part of the city, and told that the house of Francesca

had once stood there! Near by is the cathedral devoted to the memory of Sigismund Malatesta and his wife Isotta, whose ciphers are united with the rose and elephant in a frieze border which surrounds the church. I took a little carriage and desired the driver to take me to the oldest part of the city, hoping to find something of the trecento date; but the driver thought best to take me to the



MALATESTA FORTRESS.

Casino, by the sea, and thus showed me the Rimini that I desired to find, replaced by a noisy resort for summer visitors,—gay

(Concluded in our next.)

music and bathing-houses, and everywhere the vulgar efflorescence that belongs to such places. I despaired of finding anything of old Rimini till I came to the fortress, which is, no doubt, partly at least of the old time. It is now a soldiers' barrack, and new roofs have been added to the old towers to make them habitable; but certain parts of the structure have the look of past ages hanging about them and the colors of sunset and twilight, and the open country beyond, gave dignity to the modernized pile. Though I could not find the house of Francesca, I must give a few of the immortal lines in which she tells the sad story to Dante:

"The land where I was born sits by the sea,
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
With all his followers, in search of peace.
Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,
Seized him for the fair person that was ta'en
From me, and me even yet the mode offends.
Love, who to none beloved to love again
Remits, seized me with wish to please so strong
That, as thou seest, yet it doth remain.
Love to one death conducted us along,
But Caïna waits for him our life who ended."
Lord Byron Tr. "Inf.," v. 97.

VISIONS.

LATELY I drew my little skiff
To the edge of a lovely ocean isle,
And over the tall and wind-swept cliff,
A wanderer, climbed and strayed awhile.
Hither and thither I turned amid
The gray, old groves of beech and birch,
Saw where the brood of the partridge hid,
And startled the gray owl from his perch.
Deeper, anon, in my vagrant mood,
I sought the elder and alder brush,
And followed the rivulet where it wooed,
In its pretty manner, the reed and rush.
The small birds flitting from top to top,
Bowed the heads of the rushes low.
'Mid knotted hemlocks, drop by drop,
I saw the amber distilling slow.

Only a moment—a look askance,
The far-off gleam of a beautiful face,
No more than a maiden's one coy glance—
And then forever an empty place.

Into a thicket dark I bent,
Chasing the rivulet as it wound,
With little to mark the way it went,
Save under the ferns its own sweet sound.
There, of a sudden, betwixt the boughs,
Out in the open, full and clear,
I saw, as it stood with lifted brows,
Half turned to listen, an antlered deer.
It gazed with its great brown girlish eyes,
Till in the thicket they fell on me;
Then, with a look of wild surprise,
It tossed its antlers and turned to flee.
So have I followed a thousand ways,
In cities, some pleasing, idle din,
And then for a moment felt the gaze
Of one I would give the world to win.

James Herbert Morse.



DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

XXIII.

WEAR AND TEAR.

THE arrangement for Dr. Sevier to place the loan of fifty dollars on his own books at Richling's credit naturally brought Narcisse into relation with it.

It was a case of love at first sight. From the moment the record of Richling's "little quantity" slid from the pen to the page, Narcisse had felt himself betrothed to it by destiny, and hourly supplicated the awful fates to frown not upon the amorous hopes of him unaugmented. Richling descended upon him once or twice and tore away from his embrace small fractions of the coveted treasure, choosing, through a diffidence which he mistook for a sort of virtue, the time of day when he would not see Dr. Sevier; and at the third visitation took the entire golden fleece away with him rather than encounter again the always more or less successful courtship of the scorner of loans.

A faithful suitor, however, was not thus easily shaken off. He became a frequent visitor at the Richlings', where he never mentioned money; that part was left to moments of accidental meeting with Richling in the street, which suddenly began to occur at singularly short intervals.

Mary labored honestly and arduously to dislike him—to hold a repellent attitude toward him. But he was too much for her. It was easy enough when he was absent; but one look at his handsome face, so rife with animal innocence, and despite herself she was ready to reward his displays of sentiment and erudition with laughter that, mean what it might, always pleased and flattered him.

"Can you help liking him?" she would ask John. "I can't, to save my life!"

Had the treasure been earnings, Richling said,—and believed,—he could firmly have repelled Narcisse's importunities. But coldly to withhold an occasional modest heave-offering of that which was the free bounty of another to him, was more than he could do.

"But," said Mary, straightening his cravat,

"you intend to pay up, and he—you don't think I'm uncharitable, do you?"

"I'd rather give my last cent than think you so," replied John. "Still,"—laying the matter before her with both open hands,— "if you say plainly not to give him another cent, I'll do as you say. The money's no more mine than yours."

"Well, you can have all my share," said Mary, pleasantly.

So the weeks passed and the hoard dwindled.

"What has it got down to, now?" asked John, frowningly, on more than one morning as he was preparing to go out. And Mary, who had been made treasurer, could count it at a glance without taking it out of her purse.

One evening, when Narcisse called, he found no one at home but Mrs. Riley. The infant Mike had been stuffed with rice and milk and laid away to slumber. The Richlings would hardly be back in less than an hour.

"I'm so'y," said Narcisse, with a baffled frown, as he sat down and Mrs. Riley took her seat opposite. "I came to 'epay 'em some moneys which he made me the loan—juz in a fwenly way. And I came to 'epay 'im. The sum-total, in fact—I suppose he nevva mentioned you about that, eh?"

"No, sir; but, still, if——"

"No, and so I can't pay it to you. I'm so'y. Because I know he woon like it, I know, if he fine that you know he's been bawing money to me. Well, Misses Wiley, in fact, thass a *ve'y* fine gentleman and lady—that Mistoo and Misses Witchlin, in fact?"

"Well, now, Mr. Narcisse, ye'r' about right! She's just too good to live—and he's not much better—ha! ha!" She checked her jesting mood. "Yes, sur, they're very peaceable, quiet people. They're jist simply ferst tlass!"

"'Tis t'ue," rejoined the Creole, fanning himself with his straw hat and looking at the Pope. "And they' handsome and genial, as the lite'ati say on the noozpapeh. Seem like they almoze wedded to each otheh."

"Well, now, sur, that's the t'trooth!" She threw her open hand down with emphasis. "And isn't that as man and wife should be?"

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"You' mighty co'-ect, Misses Wiley!" Narcisse gave his pretty head a little shake from side to side as he spoke.

"Ah! Mr. Narcisse," she pointed at herself, "haven't I been a wife? The husband and wife—they'd aht to jist be each other's guairdian angels! Hairt to hairt, sur; sperit to sperit. All the rist is nawthing, Mister Narcisse." She waved her hands. "Min is different from women, sur." She looked about on the ceiling. Her foot noiselessly patted the floor.

"Yes," said Narcisse, "and thass the cause that they dwess them dif'ent. To show the dif'ence, you know."

"Ah! no. It's not the mortal frame, sur; it's the sperit. The sperit of man is not the sperit of woman. The sperit of woman is not the sperit of man. Each one needs the other, sur. They needs each other, sur, to purify and strinthen and enlaige each other's spiritu'l life. Ah! sur. Doo not I feel those things, sur?" She touched her heart with one backward-pointed finger. "I doo. It isn't good for min to be alone—much liss for women. Do not misunderstand me, sur; I speak as a widder, sur—and who always will be—ah! yes, I will—ha, ha, ha!" She hushed her laugh as if this were going too far, tossed her head, and continued smiling.

So they talked on. Narcisse did not stay an hour, but there was little of the hour left when he rose to go. They had passed a pleasant time. The Creole, it is true, tried and failed to take the helm of conversation. Mrs. Riley held it. But she steered well. She was still expatiating on the "strinthenin'" spiritual value of the marriage relation when she, too, stood up.

"And that's what Mr. and Madam Richlin's a-doin' all the time. And they do ut to perfiction, sur—jist to perfiction!"

"I doubt it not, Misses Wiley. Well, Misses Wiley, I bid you au 'evoi'. I dunno if you'll pummit me, but I am compel to tell you, Misses Wiley, I nevva yeh anybody in my life with such a educated and talented conve'sation like yo'seff. Misses Wiley, at what univussity did you gwaduate?"

"Well, reely, Mister—eh—" She fanned herself with broad sweeps of her purple-bordered palm-leaf—"reely, sur, if I don't furgit the name I—I—I'll be switched! ha, ha, ha!"

Narcisse joined in the laugh.

"Thaz the way, sometime," he said, and then with sudden gravity: "And, by the by, Misses Wiley, speakin' of Mistoo 'Itchlin',—if you could baw me two dollahs an' a half juz till tomaw mawnin—till I kin sen' it you

fum the office—? Because that money I've got faw Mistoo 'Itchlin' is in the shape of a check, and I'm c'owding me a little to pay that whole sum-total to Mistoo 'Itchlin'. I kinsen' it you firs' thing my bank open tomaw mawnin'."

Do you think he didn't get it?

"WHAT has it got down to now?" John asked again, a few mornings after Narcisse's last visit. Mary told him. He stepped a little way aside, averting his face, dropped his forehead into his hand, and returned.

"I don't see—I don't see, Mary—I——"

"Darling," she replied, reaching and capturing both his hands, "who does see? The rich *think* they see; but do they, John? Now, *do* they?"

The frown did not go quite off his face, but he took her head between his hands and kissed her temple.

"You're always trying to lift me," he said.

"Don't you lift me?" she replied, looking up between his hands and smiling.

"Do I?"

"You know you do. Don't you remember the day we took that walk, and you said that after all it never is we who provide?" She looked at the button of his coat which she twirled in her fingers. "That word lifted me."

"But suppose I can't practice the trust I preach?" he said.

"You do trust, though. You have trusted."

"Past tense," said John. He lifted her hands slowly away from him, and moved toward the door of their chamber. He could not help looking back at the eyes that followed him, and then he could not bear their look. "I—I suppose a man mustn't trust too much," he said.

"Can he?" asked Mary, leaning against a table.

"Oh, yes, he can," replied John; but his tone lacked conviction.

"If it's the right kind?"

Her eyes were full of tears.

"I'm afraid mine's not the right kind, then," said John, and passed out into and down the street.

But what a mind he took with him—what torture of questions. Was he being lifted or pulled down? His tastes—were they rising or sinking? Were little negligences of dress and bearing and in-door attitude creeping into his habits? Was he losing his discriminative sense of quantity, time, distance? Did he talk of small achievements, small gains, and small truths as though they were great? Had he learned to carp at the rich, and to make honesty the excuse for all penury? Had he these

various poverty marks? He looked at himself outside and inside, and feared to answer. One thing he knew—that he was having great wrestlings.

He turned his thoughts to Ristofalo. This was a common habit with him. Not only in thought, but in person, he hovered with a positive infatuation about this man of perpetual success.

Lately the Italian had gone out of town, into the country of La Fourche, to buy standing crops of oranges. Richling fed his hope on the possibilities that might follow Ristofalo's return. His friend would want him to superintend the gathering and shipment of those crops—when they should be ripe—away yonder in November. Frantic thought! A man and his wife could starve to death twenty times before then.

Mrs. Riley's high esteem for John and Mary had risen from the date of the Doctor's visit, and the good woman thought it but right somewhat to increase the figures of their room-rent to others more in keeping with such high gentility. How fast the little hoard melted away!

And the summer continued on—the long, beautiful, glaring, implacable summer; its heat quaking on the low roofs; its fig-trees dropping their shriveled and blackened leaves and writhing their weird, bare branches under the scorching sun; the long-drawn, frying note of its cicada throbbing through the midday heat from the depths of the becalmed oak; its universal pall of dust on the myriad red, sleep-heavy blossoms of the oleander and the white tulips of the lofty magnolia; its twinkling pomegranates hanging their apples of scarlet and gold over the garden wall; its little chameleons darting along the hot fence-tops; its far-stretching, empty streets; its wide hush of idleness; its solitary vultures sailing in the upper blue; its grateful clouds; its hot north winds, its cool south winds; its gasping twilight calms; its gorgeous nights,—the long, long summer lingered on into September.

One evening, as the sun was sinking below the broad, flat land, its burning disk reddened by a low golden haze of suspended dust, Richling passed slowly toward his home, coming from a lower part of the town by way of the quadroom quarter. He was paying little notice, or none, to his whereabouts, wending his way mechanically, in the dejected reverie of weary disappointment, and with voiceless inward screamings and groanings under the weight of those thoughts which had lately taken up their stay in his dismayed mind. But all at once his attention was challenged by a strange, offensive odor. He looked up and around, saw nothing,

turned a corner, and found himself at the intersection of Trémé and St. Anne streets, just behind the great central prison of New Orleans.

The "Parish Prison" was then only about twenty-five years old; but it had made haste to become offensive to every sense and sentiment of reasonable man. It had been built in the Spanish style,—a massive, dark, grim, huge, four-sided block, the fissure-like windows of its cells looking down into the four public streets which ran immediately under its walls. Dilapidation had followed hard behind ill-building contractors. Down its frowning masonry ran grimy streaks of leakage over peeling stucco and mold-covered brick. Weeds bloomed high aloft in the broken gutters under the scant and ragged eaves. Here and there the pale, debauched face of a prisoner peered shamelessly down through shattered glass or rusted grating; and everywhere in the still atmosphere floated the stifling smell of the unseen loathsomeness within.

Richling paused. As he looked up, he noticed a bat dart out from a long crevice under the eaves. Two others followed. Then three—a dozen—a hundred—a thousand—millions. All along the two sides of the prison in view they poured forth in a horrid black torrent,—myriads upon myriads. They filled the air. They came and came. Richling stood and gazed; and still they streamed out in gibbering waves, until the wonder was that anything but a witch's dream could contain them.

The approach of another passer roused him, and he started on. The step gained upon him—closed up with him; and at the moment when he expected to see the person go by, a hand was laid gently on his shoulder.

"Mistoo 'Tchlin', I 'ope you well, seh."

XXIV.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

ONE may take his choice between the two, but there is no escaping both in this life: the creditor—the borrower. Either, but never neither. Narcisse caught step with Richling, and they walked side by side.

"How I learned to mawch, I billong with a fiah comp'ny," said the Creole. "We mawch eve'y yeah on the fou'th of Mawch." He laughed heartily. "Thass a 'ime!—Mawch on the fou'th of Mawch! Thass poetwy, in fact, as you may say in a jesting way—ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, and it's truth, besides," responded the drearier man.

"Yes!" exclaimed Narcisse, delighted at

the unusual coincidence, "at the same time 'tis the t'ooth! In fact, why should I tell a lie about such a thing like *that*? 'Twould be useless. Pe'haps you may 'ave notiz, Mistoo 'Itchlin', thad the noozepapehs opine us fiah-men to be the gaudians of the city."

"Yes," responded Richling. "I think Dr. Sevier calls you the Mamelukes, doesn't he? But that's much the same, I suppose."

"Same thing," replied the Creole. "We combat the fiah fiend. You fine that building ve'y pitto'esque, Mistoo 'Itchlin'?" He jerked his thumb toward the prison, that was still pouring forth its clouds of impish wings. "Yes? 'Tis the same with me. But I tell you one thing, Mistoo 'Itchlin', I assu' you, and you will believe me, I would 'atheh be lock' *outside* of that building than to be lock' *inside* of the same. 'Cause—you know why? 'Tis ve'y 'umid in that building. An thass a thing w'at I believe, Mistoo 'Itchlin'; I believe w'en a building is ve'y 'umid it is not ve'y 'ealthsome. What is yo' opinion consunning that, Mistoo 'Itchlin'?"

"My opinion?" said Richling, with a smile. "My opinion is that the Parish Prison would not be a good place to raise a family."

Narcisse laughed.

"I think yo' opinion is co'ect," he said, flatteringly; then growing instantly serious, he added, "Yessah, I think you' about a-ight, Mistoo 'Itchlin'; faw even if 'twas not too 'umid, 'twould be too confining, in fact,—speshly faw child'en. I dunno; but thass my opinion. If you ah p'ceeding at yo' residence, Mistoo 'Itchlin', I'll juz *continue* my p'omenade in yo' society—if not intooding—?"

Richling smiled candidly. "Your company's worth all it costs, Narcisse. Excuse me; I always forget your last name—and your first is so appropriate." It *was* worth all it cost, though Richling could ill afford the purchase. The young Latin's sweet, abysmal ignorance, his infantile amiability, his artless ambition, and heathenish innocence started the natural gladness of Richling's blood to effervescing anew every time they met, and, through the sheer impossibility of confiding any of his troubles to the Creole, made him think them smaller and lighter than they had just before appeared. The very light of Narcisse's countenance and beauty of his form—his smooth, low forehead, his thick, abundant locks, his faintly up-tipped nose and expanded nostrils, his sweet, weak mouth with its impending smile, his beautiful chin and bird's throat, his almond eyes, his full, round arm, and strong thigh—had their emphatic value.

So now, Richling, a moment earlier borne

down by the dreadful shadow of the Parish Prison, left it behind him as he walked and laughed and chatted with his borrower. He felt very free with Narcisse, for the reason that would have made a wiser person constrained—lack of respect for him.

"Mistoo 'Ichlin', you know," said the Creole, "I like you to call me Narcisse? But at the same time my las' name is Savillot." He pronounced it Sav-*veel*-yo. "Thass a somewot Spanish name. That double I got a twis' in it."

"Oh, call it Papilio!" laughed Richling.

"Papillon!" exclaimed Narcisse, with delight. "The buttehfly! All a-ight; you kin juz style me that! 'Cause thass my natu'e, Mistoo 'Itchlin'; I gatheh honey eve'y day fum eve'y opening floweh, as the bahd of A-von wemawk."

So they went on.

Ad infinitum? Ah, no! The end was just as plainly in view to both from the beginning as it was when, at length, the two stepping across the street-gutter at the last corner between Richling and home, Narcisse laid his open hand in his companion's elbow and stopped, saying, as Richling turned and halted with a sudden frown of unwillingness:

"I tell you 'ow 'tis with me, Mistoo 'Itchlin', I 've p'object that manneh myseff; in weading a book—w'en I see a beacheouz idee, I juz take a pencil"—he drew one from his pocket—"check! I check it. So w'en I wead the same book again, then I take notiz I've check that idee and I look to see what I check it faw. 'Ow you like that invention, eh?"

"Very simple," said Richling, with an unpleasant look of expectancy.

"Mistoo 'Itchlin'," resumed the other, "do you not fine me impooving in my p'onouncement of yo' lang-widge? I fine I don't use such bad lang-widge like biffa. I am shoe you muz 'ave notiz since some time I always soun' that awe in yo' name. Mistoo 'Itchlin', will you 'ave that kine'ness to baw me two-an'-a-alf till the lass of that month?"

Richling looked at him a moment in silence and then broke into a short, grim laugh.

"It's all gone. There's no more honey in this flower." He set his jaw as he ceased speaking. There was a warm red place on either cheek.

"Mistoo 'Itchlin'," said Narcisse, with sudden, quavering fervor, "you kin len' me two dollahs! I gi'e you my honoh the moze sacwed of a gen'leman, Mistoo 'Itchlin', I nevveh hass you agin so long I live!" He extended a pacifying hand. "One moment, Mistoo 'Itchlin',—one moment,—I implo'

you, seh! I assu' you, Mistoo 'Itchlin', I pay you eve'y cent in the worl' on the laz of that month! Mistoo 'Itchlin', I am in indignan' circumstan's. Mistoo 'Itchlin', if you know the distwess—Mistoo 'Itchlin', if you know—'ow bad I 'ate to baw!" The tears stood in his eyes. "Id nea'ly *kill* me to b——" Utterance failed him.

"My friend," began Richling.

"Mistoo 'Itchlin'," exclaimed Narcisse, dashing away the tears and striking his hand on his heart, "I *am* yo' fwend, seh!"

Richling smiled scornfully. "Well, my good friend, if you had ever kept a single promise made to me, I need not have gone since yesterday without a morsel of food."

Narcisse tried to respond

"Hush" said Richling, and Narcisse bowed while Richling spoke on. "I haven't a cent to buy bread with to carry home. And whose fault is it? Is it my fault—or is it yours?"

"Mistoo 'Itchlin', seh——"

"Hush!" cried Richling again; "if you try to speak again before I finish, I'll thrash you right here in the street!"

Narcisse folded his arms. Richling flushed and flashed with the mortifying knowledge that his companion's behavior was better than his own.

"If you want to borrow more money of me," he cried, "find me a chance to earn it!" He glanced so suddenly at two or three street lads, who were the only on-lookers, that they shrank back a step.

"Mistoo 'Itchlin'," began Narcisse once more, in a tone of polite dismay, "you azton-izh me. I assu' you, Mistoo 'Itchlin'——"

Richling lifted his finger and shook it. "Don't you tell me that, sir! I will not be an object of astonishment to you! Not to you, sir! Not to you!" He paused, trembling, his anger and his shame rising together.

Narcisse stood for a moment, silent, undaunted, the picture of amazed friendship and injured dignity, then raised his hat with the solemnity of affronted patience and said:

"Mistoo 'Itchlin', seein' as 'tis you,—a puffic gen'leman, 'oo is not goin' to 'efuse that satisfaction w'at a gen'leman always a-'eady to give a gen'leman,—I bid you—faw the pwesen—good-evenin', seh!" He walked away.

Richling stood in his tracks dumfounded, crushed. His eyes followed the receding form of the borrower until it disappeared around a distant corner, while the eye of his mind looked in upon himself and beheld, with a shame that overwhelmed anger, the folly and the puerility of his outburst. The nervous strain of twenty-four hours' fast, without which he might not have slipped at all, only

sharpened his self-condemnation. He turned and walked to his house, and all the misery that had oppressed him before he had seen the prison, and all that had come with that sight, and all this new shame, sank down upon his heart at once. "I am not a man! I am not a whole man!" he suddenly moaned to himself. "Something is wanting—oh! what is it?" He lifted his eyes to the sky—"What is it?"—when, in truth, there was little wanting just then besides food.

He passed in at the narrow gate and up the slippery alley. Nearly at its end was the one window of the room he called home. Just under it—it was somewhat above his head—he stopped and listened. A step within was moving busily here and there, now fainter and now plainer; and a voice, the sweetest on earth to him, was singing to itself in its soft, habitual way.

He started around to the door with a firmer tread. It stood open. He halted on the threshold. There was a small table in the middle of the room, and there was food on it. A petty reward of his wife's labor had brought it there.

"Mary," he said, holding her off a little, "don't kiss me yet."

She looked at him with consternation. He sat down, drew her upon his lap, and told her, in plain, quiet voice, the whole matter.

"Don't look so, Mary."

"How?" she asked, in a husky voice and with flashing eye.

"Don't breathe so short and set your lips. I never saw you look so, Mary, darling."

She tried to smile, but her eyes filled.

"If you had been with me," said John, musingly, "it wouldn't have happened."

"If—if—" Mary sat up as straight as a dart, the corners of her mouth twitching so that she could scarcely shape a word—"if—if I'd been there, I'd have made you *whip* him!" She flouted her handkerchief out of her pocket, buried her face in his neck, and sobbed like a child.

"Oh!" exclaimed the tearful John, holding her away by both shoulders, tossing back his hair and laughing as she laughed,—“Oh! you women! You're all of a sort! You want us men to carry your hymn-books and your iniquities, too!"

She laughed again.

"Well, of course!"

And they rose and drew up to the board.

XXV.

THE DOCTOR DINES OUT.

ON the third day after these incidents, again at the sunset hour, but in a very differ-

ent part of the town, Dr. Sevier sat down, a guest, at dinner. There were flowers; there was painted and monogrammed china; there was Bohemian glass; there was silver of cunning work with linings of gold, and damasked linen, and oak of fantastic carving. There were ladies in summer silks and elaborate coiffures; the hostess, small, slender, gentle, alert; another, dark, flashing, Roman, tall; another, ripe but not drooping, who had been beautiful, now, for thirty years; and one or two others. There were jewels; there were sweet odors. And there were, also, some good masculine heads: Dr. Sevier's, for instance; and the chief guest's—an iron-gray, with hard lines in the face, and a scar on the near cheek, a colonel of the regular army passing through from Florida; and one crown, bald, pink, and shining, encircled by a silken fringe of very white hair; it was the banker who lived in St. Mary street. His wife was opposite. And there was much high-bred grace. There were tall windows thrown wide to make the blaze of gas bearable, and two tall mulattoes in the middle distance bringing in and bearing out viands too sumptuous for any but a French nomenclature.

It was what you would call a quiet affair; quite out of season, and difficult to furnish with even this little handful of guests, but it was a proper and necessary attention to the colonel; conversation not too dull, nor yet too bright for ease, but passing gracefully from one agreeable topic to another without earnestness, a restless virtue, or frivolity, which also goes against serenity. Now it touched upon the prospects of young A. B. in the demise of his uncle; now upon the probable seriousness of C. D. in his attentions to E. F.; now upon G.'s amusing mishaps during a late tour in Switzerland, which had—"how unfortunately!"—got into the papers. Now it was concerning the admirable pulpit manners and easily pardoned vocal defects of a certain new rector. Now it turned upon Stephen A. Douglas's last speech; passed to the questionable merits of a new-fangled punch; and now, assuming a slightly explanatory form from the gentlemen to the ladies, showed why there was no need whatever to fear a financial crisis—which came soon afterward.

The colonel inquired after an old gentleman whom he had known in earlier days in Kentucky.

"It's many a year since I met him," he said. "The proudest man I ever saw. I understand he was down here last season."

"He was," replied the host, in a voice of native kindness, and with a smile on his high-fed face. "He was; but only for a short time.

He went back to his estate. That is his world. He's there now."

"It used to be considered one of the finest places in the State," said the colonel.

"It is still," rejoined the host. "Doctor, you know him?"

"I think not," said Dr. Sevier; but somehow he recalled the old gentleman in button gaiters, who had called on him one evening to consult him about his sick wife.

"A good man," said the colonel, looking amused; "and a superb gentleman. Is he as great a partisan of the church as he used to be?"

"Greater! Favors an established church of America."

The ladies were much amused. The host's son, a young fellow with sprouting side-whiskers, said he thought he could be quite happy with one of the finest plantations in Kentucky, and let the church go its own gait.

"Humph!" said the father; "I doubt if there's ever a happy breath drawn on the place."

"Why, how is that?" asked the colonel, in a cautious tone.

"Hadn't he heard?" The host was surprised, but spoke low. "Hadn't heard about the trouble with their only son? Why, he went abroad and never came back."

Every one listened.

"It's a terrible thing," said the hostess to the ladies nearest her; "no one ever dares ask the family what the trouble is,—they have such odd, exclusive ideas about their matters being nobody's business. All that can be known is that they look upon him as worse than dead and gone forever."

"And who will get the estate?" asked the banker.

"The two girls. They're both married."

"They're very much like their father," said the hostess, smiling with gentle significance.

"Very much," echoed the host, with less delicacy. "Their mother is one of those women who stand in terror of their husband's will. Now, if he were to die and leave her with a will of her own she would hardly know what to do with it—I mean with her will—or the property either."

The hostess protested softly against so harsh a speech, and the son, after one or two failures, got in his remark:

"May be the prodigal would come back and be taken in."

But nobody gave this conjecture much attention. The host was still talking of the lady without a will.

"Isn't she an invalid?" Dr. Sevier had asked.

"Yes; the trip down here last season was

on her account—for change of scene. Her health is wretched.”

“I’m distressed that I didn’t call on her,” said the hostess; “but they went away suddenly. My dear, I wonder if they really did encounter the young man here?”

“Pshaw,” said the husband, softly, smiling and shaking his head, and turned the conversation.

In time it settled down with something like earnestness for a few minutes upon a subject which the rich find it easy to discuss without the least risk of undue warmth. It was about the time when one of the graciously murmuring mulattoes was replenishing the glasses, that remark in some way found utterance to this effect—that the company present could congratulate themselves on living in a community where there was no poor class.

“Poverty, of course, we see; but there is no misery, or nearly none,” said the ambitious son of the host.

Dr. Sevier differed with him. That was one of the Doctor’s blemishes as a table guest: he would differ with people.

“There is misery,” he said; “may be not the gaunt squalor and starvation of London or Paris or New York; the climate does not tolerate that—stamps it out before it can assume dimensions; but there is at least misery of that sort that needs recognition and aid from the well-fed.”

The lady who had been beautiful so many years had somewhat to say; the physician gave attention, and she spoke:

“If sister Jane were here, she would be perfectly triumphant to hear you speak so, Doctor.” She turned to the hostess and continued: “Jane is quite an enthusiast, you know; a sort of Dorcas, as husband says, modified and readapted. Yes, she is for helping everybody.”

“Whether help is good for them or not,” said the lady’s husband, a very straight and wiry man with a garrote collar.

“It’s all one,” laughed the lady. “Our new rector told her plainly, the other day, that she was making a great mistake; that she ought to consider whether assistance assists. It was really amusing. Out of the pulpit and off his guard, you know, he lisps a little; and he said she ought to consider whether ‘aththithtanth aththithth.’”

There was a gay laugh at this, and the lady was called a perfect and cruel mimic.

“‘Aththithtanth aththithth!’” said two or three to their neighbors, and laughed again.

“What did your sister say to that?” asked the banker, bending forward his white, tanned head, and smiling down the board.

“She said she didn’t care; that it kept her

own heart tender, anyhow. ‘My dear madam,’ said he, ‘your heart wants strengthening more than softening.’ He told her a pound of inner resource was more true help to any poor person than a ton of assistance.”

The banker commended the rector. The hostess, very sweetly, offered her guarantee that Jane took the rebuke in good part.

“She did,” replied the time-honored beauty; “she tried to profit by it. But husband, here, has offered her a wager of a bonnet against a hat that the rector will upset her new schemes. Her idea now is to make work for those whom nobody will employ.”

“Jane,” said the kind-faced host, “really wants to do good for its own sake.”

“I think she’s even a little Romish in her notions,” said Jane’s wiry brother-in-law. “I talked to her as plainly as the rector. I told her: ‘Jane, my dear, all this making of work for the helpless poor is not worth one-fiftieth part of the same amount of effort spent in teaching and training those same poor to make their labor intrinsically marketable.’”

“Yes,” said the hostess, “but while we are philosophizing and offering advice so wisely, Jane is at work—doing the best she knows how. We can’t claim the honor even of making her mistakes.”

“Tisn’t a question of honors to us, madam,” said Dr. Sevier; “it’s a question of results to the poor.”

The brother-in-law had not finished. He turned to the Doctor:

“Poverty, Doctor, is an inner condition—”

“Sometimes,” interposed the Doctor.

“Yes, generally,” continued the brother-in-law, with some emphasis. “And to give help you must, first of all, ‘inquire within’—within your beneficiary.”

“Not always, sir,” replied the Doctor; “not if they’re sick, for instance.” The ladies bowed briskly and applauded with their eyes. “And not always if they’re well,” he added. His last words softened off almost into soliloquy.

The banker spoke forcibly:

“Yes, there are two quite distinct kinds of poverty. One is an accident of the moment; the other is an inner condition of the individual——”

“Of course it is,” said sister Jane’s brother-in-law, who felt it a little to have been contradicted on the side of kindness by the hard-spoken Doctor. “Certainly! it’s a deficiency of inner resources or character, and what to do with it is no simple question.”

“That’s what I was about to say,” resumed the banker; “at least, when the poverty is of that sort. And what discourages kind people is that that’s the sort we com-

monly see. It's a relief to meet the other, Doctor, just as it's a relief to a physician to encounter a case of simple surgery."

"And—and," said the brother-in-law, "what is your rule about plain alms-giving to the difficult sort?"

"My rule," replied the banker, "is, don't do it. Debt is slavery, and there is an ugly kink in human nature that disposes it to be content with slavery. No, sir; gift-making and gift-taking are twins of a bad blood." The speaker turned to Dr. Sevier for approval; but though the Doctor could not gainsay the fraction of a point, he was silent. A lady near the hostess stirred softly both under and above the board. In her private chamber she would have yawned. Yet the banker spoke again:

"Help the old, I say. You are pretty safe there. Help the sick. But as for the young and strong,—now, no man could be any poorer than I was at twenty-one,—and I say be cautious how you smooth that hard road which is the finest discipline the young can possibly get."

"If it isn't *too* hard," chirped the son of the host.

"Too hard? Well, yes, if it isn't too hard. Still I say, hands off. You needn't turn your back, however." Here the speaker again singled out Dr. Sevier. "Watch the young man out of one corner of your eye; but make him swim!"

"Ah-h!" said the ladies.

"No, no," continued the banker; "I don't say let him drown; but I take it, Doctor, that your alms, for instance, are no alms if they put the poor fellow into your debt and at your back."

"To whom do you refer?" asked Dr. Sevier. Whereat there was a burst of laughter, which was renewed when the banker charged the physician with helping so many persons, "on the sly," that he couldn't tell which one was alluded to unless the name were given.

"Doctor," said the hostess, seeing it was high time the conversation should take a new direction, "they tell me you have closed your house and taken rooms at the St. Charles."

"For the summer," said the physician.

As, later, he walked toward that hotel, he went resolving to look up the Richlings again without delay. The banker's words rang in his ears like an overdose of quinine: "Watch the young man out of one corner of your eye. Make him swim. I don't say let him drown."

"Well, I do watch him," thought the Doctor. "I've only lost sight of him once in awhile." But the thought seemed to find an echo against his conscience, and when it floated

back it was: "I've only *caught* sight of him once in awhile." The banker's words came up again: "Don't put the poor fellow into your debt and at your back." "Just what you've done," said conscience. "How do you know he isn't drowned?" He would see to it.

While he was still on his way to the hotel, he fell in with an acquaintance, a Judge Somebody or other, lately from Washington City. He, also, lodged at the St. Charles. They went together. As they approached the majestic porch of the edifice, they noticed some confusion at the bottom of the stairs that led up to the rotunda; cabmen and boys were running to a common point, where, in the midst of a small, compact crowd, two or three pairs of arms were being alternately thrown aloft and brought down. Presently the mass took a rapid movement up St. Charles street.

The judge gave his conjecture: "Some poor devil resisting arrest."

Before he and the Doctor parted for the night, they went to the clerk's counter.

"No letters for you, Judge; mail failed. Here is a card for you, Doctor."

The Doctor received it. It had been furnished, blank, by the clerk, to its writer.

JOHN RICHLING.

At the door of his own room, with one hand on the unturned knob and one holding the card, the Doctor stopped and reflected. The card gave no indication of urgency. Did it? It was hard to tell. He didn't want to look foolish; morning would be time enough; he would go early next morning.

But at day-break he was summoned post-haste to the bedside of a lady who had staid all summer in New Orleans, so as not to be out of this good doctor's reach at this juncture. She counted him a dear friend, and in similar trials had always required close and continual attention. It was the same now.

Dr. Sevier scrawled and sent to the Richlings a line saying that, if either of them was sick, he would come at their call. When the messenger returned with word from Mrs. Riley that both of them were out, the Doctor's mind was much relieved. So a day and a night passed, in which he did not close his eyes.

The next morning, as he stood in his office, hat in hand, and a finger pointing to a prescription on his desk, which he was directing

Narcisse to give to some one who would call for it, there came a sudden hurried pounding of feminine feet on the stairs, a whiff of robes in the corridor, and Mary Richling rushed into his presence all tears and cries.

"O Doctor!—O Doctor! O God, my husband! my husband! O Doctor, my husband is in the Parish Prison!" She sank to the floor.

The Doctor raised her up. Narcisse hurried forward with his hands full of restoratives.

"Take away those things," said the Doctor, resentfully. "Here!—Mrs. Richling, take Narcisse's arm and go down and get into my carriage. I must write a short note excusing myself from an appointment, and then I will join you."

Mary stood alone, turned, and passed out of the office beside the young Creole, but without taking his proffered arm. Did she suspect him of having something to do with this dreadful affair?

"Missez Witchlin'," said he, as soon as they were out in the corridor, "I dunno if you goin' to billiv me, but I boun' to tell you that nodwithstanning that yo' 'uzban' is displeas' with me, an' nodwithstanning 'e's in that calaboose, I h'always fine 'im a puffic gen'laman—that Mistoo 'Itchlin',—an' I'll sweah 'e *is* a gen'laman!"

She lifted her anguished eyes and looked into his beautiful face. Could she trust him? His little forehead was as hard as a goat's, but his eyes were brimming with tears, and his chin quivered. As they reached the head of the stairs he again offered his arm, and she took it, moaning, as they descended:

"Oh, John! Oh, John! Oh, my husband, my husband!"

XXVI.

THE TROUGH OF THE SEA.

NARCISSE, on receiving his scolding from Richling, had gone to his home in Casa Calvo street, a much greater sufferer than he had appeared to be. While he was confronting his abaser, there had been a momentary comfort in the contrast between Richling's ill behavior and his own self-control. It had stayed his spirit and turned the edge of Richling's sharp denunciations. But, as he moved off the field, he found himself, at every step, more deeply wounded than even he had supposed. He began to suffocate with chagrin, and hurried his steps in sheer distress. He did not experience that dull, vacant acceptance of universal scorn which an unresentful coward feels. His pangs were all the more poignant because he knew his own courage.

In his home he went so straight up to the withered little old lady in the dingiest of flimsy black, who was his aunt, and kissed her so passionately, that she asked at once what was the matter. He recounted the facts, shedding tears of mortification. Her feeling, by the time he had finished the account, was a more unmixed wrath than his, and, harmless as she was, and wrapped up in her dear, pretty nephew as she was, she yet demanded to know why such a man shouldn't be called out upon the field of honor.

"Ah!" cried Narcisse, shrinkingly. She had touched the core of the tumor. One gets a public tongue-lashing from a man concerning money borrowed: well, how is one going to challenge him without first handing back the borrowed money? It was a scalding thought! The rotten joists beneath the bare, scrubbed-to-death floor quaked under Narcisse's to-and-fro stride.

"—And then, anyhow!"—he stopped and extended both hands, speaking, of course, in French,—“anyhow, he is the favored friend of Dr. Sevier. If I hurt him—I lose my situation! If he hurts me—I lose my situation!”

He dried his eyes. His aunt saw the insurmountability of the difficulty, and they drowned feeling in an affectionate glass of green-orangeade.

"But never mind!" Narcisse set his glass down and drew out his tobacco. He laughed spasmodically as he rolled his cigarette. "You shall see. The game is not finished yet."

Yet Richling passed the next day and night without assassination, and on the second morning afterward, as on the first, went out in quest of employment. He and Mary had eaten bread, and it had gone into their life without a remainder either in larder or purse. Richling was all aimless.

"I do wish I had the *art* of finding work," said he. He smiled. "I'll get it," he added, breaking their last crust in two. "I have the science already. Why, look you, Mary, the quiet, amiable, imperturbable, dignified, diurnal, inexorable haunting of men of influence will get you whatever you want."

"Well, why don't you do it, dear? Is there any harm in it? I don't see any harm in it. Why don't you do that very thing?"

"I'm telling you the truth," answered he, ignoring her question. "Nothing else short of overtowering merit will get you what you want half so surely."

"Well, why not do it? Why not?" A fresh, glad courage sparkled in the wife's eyes.

"Why, Mary," said John, "I never in my life tried so hard to do anything else as I've

tried to do that! It sounds easy; but try it! You can't conceive how hard it is till you try it. I can't *do* it! I *can't* do it!"

"*I'd* do it!" cried Mary. Her face shone. "*I'd* do it! You'd see if I didn't! Why, John——"

"All right!" exclaimed he; "you sha'n't talk that way to me for nothing. I'll try it again! I'll begin to-day!"

"Good-bye," he said. He reached an arm over one of her shoulders and around under the other and drew her up on tiptoe. She threw both hers about his neck. A long kiss—then a short one.

"John, something tells me we're near the end of our troubles."

John laughed grimly. "Ristofalo was to get back to the city to-day; may be he's going to put us out of our misery. There are two ways for troubles to end." He walked away as he spoke. As he passed under the window in the alley, its sash was thrown up and Mary leaned out on her elbows.

"John."

"Well?"

They looked into each other's eyes with the quiet pleasure of tried lovers, and were silent a moment. She leaned a little farther down, and said, softly:

"You mustn't mind what I said just now."

"Why, what did you say?"

"That if it were I, I'd do it. I know you can do anything I can do, and a hundred better things besides."

He lifted his hand to her cheek. "We'll see," he whispered. She drew in, and he moved on.

Morning passed. Noon came. From horizon to horizon, the sky was one unbroken blue. The sun spread its bright, hot rays down upon the town and far beyond, ripening the distant, countless fields of the great delta, which by and by were to empty their abundance into the city's lap for the employment, the nourishing, the clothing of thousands. But in the dusty streets, along the ill-kept fences and shadowless walls of the quiet districts, and on the glaring façades and heated pavements of the commercial quarters, it seemed only as though the slowly retreating summer struck with the fury of a wounded Amazon. Richling was soon dust-covered and weary. He had gone his round. There were not many men whom he could even propose to haunt. He had been to all of them. Dr. Sevier was not one. "Not to-day," said Richling.

"It all depends on the way it's done," he said to himself; "it needn't degrade a man if it's done the right way." It was only by such philosophy he had done it at all.

Ristofalo he could have haunted without effort; but Ristofalo was not to be found. Richling tramped in vain. It may be that all plans were of equal merit just then. The summers of New Orleans in those times were, as to commerce, an utter torpor, and the autumn re-awakening was very tardy. It was still too early for the stirrings of general mercantile life. The movement of the cotton crop was just beginning to be perceptible; but otherwise almost the only sounds were from the hammers of craftsmen making the town larger and preparing it for the activities of days to come.

The afternoon wore along. Not a cent yet to carry home! Men began to shut their idle shops and go to meet their wives and children about their comfortable dinner-tables. The sun dipped low. Hammers and saws were dropped into tool-boxes, and painters pulled themselves out of their overalls. The mechanic's rank, hot supper began to smoke on its bare board; but there was one board that was still altogether bare and to which no one hastened. Another day and another chance of life were gone.

Some men at a warehouse door, the only opening in the building left unclosed, were hurrying in a few bags of shelled corn. Night was falling. At an earlier hour Richling had offered the labor of his hands at this very door and had been rejected. Now, as they rolled in the last truck-load, they began to ask for rest with all the gladness he would have felt to be offered toil, singing,

"To blow, to blow, some time for to blow."

They swung the great leaves of the door together as they finished their chorus, stood grouped outside a moment while the warehouseman turned the resounding lock, and then went away. Richling, who had moved on, watched them over his shoulder, and as they left turned back. He was about to do what he had never done before. He went back to the door where the bags of grain had stood. A drunken sailor came swinging along. He stood still and let him pass; there must be no witnesses. The sailor turned the next corner. Neither up nor down nor across the street, nor at dust-begrimed, cobwebbed window, was there any sound or motion. Richling dropped quickly on one knee and gathered hastily into his pocket a little pile of shelled corn that had leaked from one of the bags.

That was all. No harm to a living soul; no theft; no wrong; but ah! as he rose he felt a sudden inward lesion. Something broke.

It was like a ship, in a dream, noiselessly striking a rock where no rock is. It seemed as though the very next thing was to begin going to pieces. He walked off in the dark shadow of the warehouse, half lifted from his feet by a vague, wide dismay. And yet he felt no greatness of emotion, but rather a painful want of it, as if he were here and emotion were yonder, down-street or up-street or around the corner. The ground seemed slipping from under him. He appeared to have all at once melted away to nothing. He stopped. He even turned to go back. He felt that if he should go and put that corn down where he had found it, he should feel himself once more a living thing of substance and emotions. Then it occurred to him—no, he would keep it; he would take it to Mary; but himself—he would not touch it; and so he went home.

Mary parched the corn, ground it fine in the coffee-mill, and salted and served it close beside the candle. "It's good white corn," she said, laughing. "Many a time when I was a child I used to eat this in my play-house and thought it delicious. Didn't you? What! not going to eat?"

Richling had told her how he got the corn. Now he told his sensations. "You eat it, Mary," he said at the end; "you needn't feel so about it; but if I should eat it, I should feel myself a vagabond. It may be foolish, but I wouldn't touch it for a hundred dollars." A hundred dollars had come to be his synonym for infinity.

Mary gazed at him a moment tearfully, and rose with the dish in her hand, saying with a smile, "I'd look pretty, wouldn't I!" she set it aside and came and kissed his forehead. By and by she asked:

"And so you saw no work, anywhere?"

"Oh, yes," he replied in a tone almost free from dejection, "I saw any amount of work—preparations for a big season. I think I certainly shall pick up something to-morrow—enough, anyhow, to buy something to eat with. If we only can hold out a little longer—just a little—I am sure there'll be plenty to do—for everybody." Then he began to show distress again. "I could have got work to-day if I had been a carpenter, or if I'd been a joiner, or a slater, or a bricklayer, or a plasterer, or a painter, or a hod-carrier. Didn't I try that and was refused?"

"I'm glad of it," said Mary.

"Show me your hands," said the man to me. I showed them. 'You wont do,' said he."

"I'm glad of it!" said Mary, again.

"No," continued Richling; "or if I'd been a glazier, or a whitewasher, or a wood-sawyer,

or——" he began to smile in a hard, unpleasant way,—“or if I'd been anything but an American gentleman. But I wasn't, and I didn't get the work!"

Mary sank into his lap, with her very best smile.

"John, if you hadn't been an American gentleman——"

"We should never have met," said John.

"That's true; that's true." They looked at each other, rejoicing in mutual ownership.

"But," said John, "I needn't have been the typical American gentleman—completely outfitted for prosperity and totally unequipped for adversity."

"That's not your fault," said Mary.

"No, not entirely; but it's your calamity, Mary. Oh, Mary! I little thought——"

She put her hand quickly upon his mouth. His eye flashed and he frowned.

"Don't do so!" he exclaimed, putting the hand away; then blushed for shame, and kissed away her tear.

They went to bed. Bread would have put them to sleep. But after a long time——

"John," said one voice in the darkness, "do you remember what Dr. Sevier told us?"

"Yes, he said we had no right to commit suicide by starvation."

"If you don't get work to-morrow, are you going to see him?"

"I am."

In the morning they rose early.

During these hard days Mary was now and then conscious of one feeling which she never expressed, and was always a little more ashamed of than probably she need have been, but which, stifle it as she would, would recur in moments of stress. Mrs. Riley—such was the thought—need not be quite so blind. It came to her as John once more took his good-bye, the long kiss and the short one, and went breakfastless away. But was Mrs. Riley as blind as she seemed? She had vision enough to observe that the Richlings had bought no bread the day before, though she did overlook the fact that emptiness would set them astir before their usual hour of rising. She knocked at Mary's inner door. As it opened a quick glance showed the little table that occupied the center of the room standing clean and idle.

"Why, Mrs. Riley!" cried Mary; for on one of Mrs. Riley's large hands there rested a blue-edged soup-plate, heaping full of the food that goes nearest to the Creole heart—*jambolaya*. There it was, steaming and smelling,—a delicious confusion of rice and red pepper, chicken legs, ham, and tomatoes. Mike, on her opposite arm, was struggling to lave his socks in it.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Riley, with a disappointed lift of the head, "ye're after eating breakfast already! And the plates all tleared off. Well, ye air smairt! I knowed Mr. Richlin's taste for jumbalie ——"

Mary smote her hands together. "And he's just this instant gone! John! John! Why, he's hardly ——" She vanished through the door, glided down the alley, leaned out the gate, looking this way and that, tripped down to this corner and looked — "Oh! oh!" — no John there — back and up to the other corner — "Oh! which way did John go?" There was none to answer.

Hours passed; the shadows shortened and shrunk under their objects, crawled around stealthily behind them as the sun swung through the south, and presently began to steal away eastward, long and slender. This was the day that Dr. Sevier dined out, as hereinbefore set forth.

The sun set. Carondelet street was deserted. You could hear your own footstep on its flags. In St. Charles street, the drinking-saloons and gamblers' drawing-rooms, and the barber shops, and the show-cases full of shirt-bosoms and walking-canes, were lighted up. The smell of lemons and mint grew finer than ever. Wide Canal street, out under the darkling crimson sky, was resplendent with countless many-colored lamps. From the river the air came softly, cool and sweet. The telescope man set up his skyward-pointing cylinder hard by the dark statue of Henry Clay, the confectioneries were ablaze and full of beautiful life, and every little while a great, empty cotton-float or two went thundering homeward over the stony pavements until the earth shook, and speech for the moment was drowned. The St. Charles, such a glittering mass in winter nights, stood out high and dark under the summer stars, with no glow except just in its midst, in the rotunda; and even the rotunda was well-nigh deserted. The clerk at his counter saw a young man enter the great door opposite, and quietly marked him as he drew near.

Let us not draw the stranger's portrait. If that were a pleasant task, the clerk would not have watched him. What caught and kept that functionary's eye was that, whatever else might be revealed by the stranger's aspect,—weariness, sickness, hardship, pain,—the confession was written all over him, on his face, on his garb, from his hat's crown to his shoe's sole, Penniless, Penniless. Only when he had come quite up to the counter the clerk did not see him at all.

"Is Dr. Sevier in?"

"Gone out to dine," said the clerk, looking over the inquirer's head as if occupied with

all the world's affairs except the subject in hand.

"Do you know when he will be back?"

"Ten o'clock."

The visitor repeated the hour murmurously and looked something dismayed. He tarried.

"Hem! —— I will leave my card, if you please."

The clerk shoved a little box of cards toward him, from which a pencil dangled by a string. The penniless wrote his name and handed it in. Then he moved away, went down the tortuous granite stair, and waited in the obscurity of the dimly lighted porch below. The card was to meet the contingency of the Doctor's coming in by some other entrance. He would watch for him here.

By and by—he was very weary—he sat down on the stairs. But a porter with a huge trunk on his back told him very distinctly that he was in the way there, and he rose and stood aside. Soon he looked for another resting-place. He must get off of his feet somewhere, if only for a few moments. He moved back into the deep gloom of the stair-way shadow and sank down upon the pavement. In a moment he was fast asleep.

He dreamed that he, too, was dining out. Laughter and merry-making were on every side. The dishes of steaming viands were grotesque in bulk. There were mountains of fruit and torrents of wine. Strange people of no identity spoke in senseless vaporings that passed for side-splitting wit, and friends whom he had not seen since childhood appeared in ludicrously altered forms and announced impossible events. Every one ate like a Cossack. One of the party, champing like a boar, pushed him angrily, and when he, eating like the rest, would have turned fiercely on the aggressor, he awoke.

A man standing over him struck him smartly with his foot.

"Get up out o' this; get up, get up."

The sleeper bounded to his feet. The man who had waked him grasped him by the lapel of his coat.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the awakened man, throwing the other off violently.

"I'll show you!" replied the other, returning with a rush; but he was thrown off again, this time with a blow of the fist.

"You scoundrel!" cried the penniless man, in a rage; "if you touch me again I'll kill you!"

They leaped together. The one who had proposed to show what he meant was knocked flat upon the stones. The crowd that had

run into the porch made room for him to fall. A leather helmet rolled from his head, and the silver crescent of the police flashed on his breast. The police were not uniformed in those days.

But he is up in an instant and his adversary is down — backward, on his elbows. Then the penniless man is up again; they close and struggle, the night-watchman's club falls across his enemy's head blow upon blow, while the sufferer grasps him desperately, with both hands, by the throat. They tug, they snuffle, they reel to and fro in the yielding crowd; the blows grow fainter, fainter; the grip is terrible; when suddenly there is a violent rupture of the crowd, it closes again, and then there are two against one, and up sparkling St. Charles street, the street of all streets for flagrant, unmolested, well-dressed crime, moves a sight so exhilarating that a score of street lads follow behind and a dozen trip along in front with frequent backward glances; two officers of justice walking in grim silence abreast, and between them a limp, torn, hatless, bloody figure, partly walking, partly lifted, partly dragged, past the theaters, past the lawyers' rookeries of Commercial Place, the ten-pin alleys, the chop-houses, the bunko shows and shooting galleries, on

across Poydras street into the dim openness beyond, where glimmer the lamps of Lafayette Square and the white marble of the municipal hall, and just on the farther side of this, with a sudden wheel to the right into Hevia street, a few strides there, a turn to the left, stumbling across a stone step and wooden sill into a narrow, lighted hall, and turning and entering an apartment here again at the right. The door is shut; the name is written down; the charge is made: Vagrancy, assaulting an officer, resisting arrest. An inner door is opened.

"What have you got in number nine?" asks the captain in charge.

"Chuck-full," replies the turnkey.

"Well, number seven?" These were the numbers of cells.

"The rats 'll eat him up in number seven."

"How about number ten?"

"Two drunk-and-disorderlies, one petty larceny, and one embezzlement and breach of trust."

"Put him in there."

And this explains what the watchman in Marais street could not understand—why Mary Richling's window shone all night long.

(To be continued.)

MRS. FINLAY'S ELIZABETHAN CHAIR.

"WHAT do they want?" said Mr. Finlay. A sunbeam, reflected from the burnished silver of the urn, flicked athwart his face, to emphasize his smile. Mr. Finlay smiled often, for he was not only a good-tempered man, but a man keenly susceptible to humorous impressions. He was a type of domestic happiness this morning, seated in that family temple, the dining-room, his two handsome boys on his knees and the breakfast-table before him. It was a table glittering with silver and cut-glass, and it wore that air of elegant antiquity which pertained to all Mrs. Finlay's house-furnishing, being further adorned with the shell-like blue china brought from over the seas by Mrs. Finlay's great-uncle, old Captain Crowninshield. The room was ample and lofty, fitted up in oak, which had gleams of red and gold in the sunken carvings, to match the red and gold stamped leather on the walls. There were no plaques, no pictures, unless that were a picture revealed by the wide glass doors,—a glimpse of tropical foliage and falling water and the white Diana lifting her lovely arms above the

green. Only a glimpse it was; but it supplied an effect of repose and mystery that the sunshiny room must have lacked else, and added a light touch to the half foreign picturesqueness everywhere, the rows of Venetian glass on the sideboard, the Persian rug on the floor, the fire-place, with its quaint Flemish tiles, the dim and heavy folds of old Italian tapestry draping the windows. Framed by these folds were two more pictures: on one side, an undulating sweep of hills in the fresh beauty of June, brightly painted wooden houses showing through the trees; on the other, a long street, ending in a huddle of factory chimneys and the Mississippi quivering and glittering below. Mrs. Finlay was gazing absently at the river. Her smooth, low brow was darkened by a rare cloud.

"Want?" she repeated. "Oh, everything; a museum in a country town is such an elastic affair. Mrs. Cody says they don't want to confine it to pictures. They were all here, the entire committee, Mrs. Cody, Mrs. Hubbard, and Miss Durham."

"Violet?" said Mr. Finlay, looking interested. "I wish I had seen her; it is an age since I have seen Violet."

"She was looking extremely pretty," said Mrs. Finlay, who had been told long ago that her husband had once wanted to marry Violet Durham. "She picked out most of my Meissen plates; she knew the King's Period at a glance. And they want my old Flemish lace and most of the pictures, and the old sword and the screens, and—oh, yes, they want the chair!"

"Well, you will let them have the things, wont you?"

"Everything but the chair. There *is* a limit, Tom."

"Why not the chair? They wont hurt it; and here's a chance for you to educate the Wrenham taste."

Mrs. Finlay shrugged her pretty shoulders, and said that she had no such ambition.

"Milly," said Tom Finlay, looking at his wife over his son's curly head, "don't you think you are just the least bit hard on Wrenham?"

"On the contrary," she answered coldly, "it is they who are hard on me. They quite disapprove of me, Tom. I have wine at dinner, with my two boys growing up; I have a butler and a coachman; hence I am a snob and ape the English. Don't you remember, Tom, how the boys used to shout after poor John Rogers, whenever he drove out, 'Hi, where's the circus?' I shall be contented if the museum cultivates the Wrenham taste up to the point of tolerating my liveries."

"I don't think it's the liveries that makes the trouble, Milly," said Mr. Finlay, gravely; "it's a notion they have here that you look down on them as uncouth and provincial. Perhaps we are, but we don't like to be despised for it, all the same. I'm not complaining, you know. I realize that it is a bore for you to have to live in Wrenham; but it would really be so much less of a bore if you could like the people, and there is a great deal in them to like when you get at them."

"Probably I have never got at them," said Mrs. Finlay.

Then she was silent. The Finlays were rich enough to have made a figure in New York or Boston, and it was the skeleton in Emily Finlay's closet that she must live in Wrenham, a stupid, censorious, provincial town, where one couldn't even get ice-cream in bricks.

Too well bred to exhibit the skeleton, possibly she did not lock it up securely, since the Wrenham people knew quite well that she never staid a day longer there than she could help. On their side, they repaid this passive

and unexpressed dislike with indignant criticism. They mimicked her accent, ridiculed her hospitality, mocked at her housekeeping.

It was a pity, too, for Mrs. Finlay was a charming woman. She had vivacity as well as repose, and such exquisite taste in dress that she passed for a beauty; although, to be frank, she was simply a graceful creature with a Greek forehead, most beautiful brown eyes, and a delicate mouth a trifle too large for her face.

But grace and charm—both were wasted on Wrenham. Indeed, that the criticism was not more bluntly expressed she owed to her husband. Tom Finlay—so every one called him—was the most popular man in all the country round about; he was liked by the towns-people and the farmers, by the workmen in his coal mines and the clerks in his railroad office; by women and children, for that matter; by the very dogs on the street and the horses in his stable. Nor was such universal affection strange. Tom Finlay was a man at once upright and genial, and he had a singularly gentle and modest manner. He was the descendant of an ancient Scotch family, whose three centuries in America had obliterated their national characteristics. The three centuries had been spent in Philadelphia; but Tom's father had gone to Illinois for his health, and there in Wrenham Tom was born. Inheriting a fortune, he had been rather elaborately educated; but Harvard and Heidelberg could not quite brush away the flavor of the prairies; to the end he was a Westerner; he had a dash of the Western unconventionality and all the Western energy; and there was in him a peculiarly Western blending of sympathy and shrewdness. Nothing human was foreign to him, yet he rarely threw away either his money or his emotions. His attachment to the soil certainly was not Western; it must have come to him from his Scotch ancestors. The original family of Finlays had it also. They abode in Philadelphia still, cherishing the family traditions and the old portraits by Peale and Copley. They mourned over Tom, "who was not like the Finlays." His choice of a wife, they felt, was a direct interposition of Providence. "A Massachusetts Endicott!" they said under their breath, and they welcomed Emily with open arms. She justified their confidence, taking the liveliest interest in Tom's ancestors and reverently admiring the family relics. As for Tom, he laughed openly at the illustrious house of Finlay. The glories of a race, tracing the roots of its ancestral tree down to the stone coffins of the early Scottish kings, were only a joke to this irreverent descendant. "It

was his horrid Western humor," his wife supposed. She dreaded Tom's humor, which found its food everywhere, quiet as it was. Though he was the most generous and tolerant of husbands, she sometimes had the strangest, chilliest sensation of serving as the butt of his silent and secret wit. He never ridiculed her; he was only amused by her, which was worse. Her fears did her husband injustice, but they were so undemonstrative that he never had a chance to dispel them. All the same they did their work well. They cut off the natural simple confidences between husband and wife. They made Emily shy of any vivid expression of feeling. They repressed the very evidences of her affection for Tom, while they made it out of the question for her to confess those vague and passing doubts which trouble the serenest love when the lover is a woman. Besides, she was a New England woman, trained to exaggerate her conscience and underrate her emotions. Therefore, she tried on honest, unworldly Tom tactics which had been better suited to a worn-out man of pleasure. She gave him a beautiful and harmonious home; she won admiration everywhere—except in Wrenham; she never let him see her out of temper; in short, she made him delightfully comfortable. When they were away from Wrenham,—and they were away from Wrenham a great deal,—Tom was told on all sides how fortunate he was in his wife. He agreed heartily; yet, in truth, he was not more satisfied with his married happiness than was she. He would have liked Emily to be more expansive; he longed for those trivial confidences which she withheld as bores; and, on many accounts, it would have gratified him to have had his wife fond of his native town. But, being so tolerant, he reasoned that he could not expect everything from one woman. "Milly is the most charming and sweetest-tempered woman in the world, and the best mother," thought Tom, stroking a rather melancholy smile with his big hand; "and I'm much too ugly and tame for a beautiful woman to fall desperately in love with me. Very likely I'm a trifle provincial in the bargain. Wrenham and I suit each other. It isn't odd we don't just suit her." Therefore, he said nothing of his feelings. To-day, for the first time in years, he had spoken. Now, he was blaming himself for his speech. What was the use? He had merely bothered Milly. Mrs. Finlay, on her part, was disgusted with herself because she had shown a tinge of irritability.

"You see, Tom," she said after a pause, "that chair is my pet weakness."

"Well, I wouldn't send it then," answered Tom, easily.

Mrs. Finlay considered.

Now, the chair was the delight of her eyes—the darling of her pride; a genuine Elizabethan chair of age-blackened oak, given her by the chief of the Finlay clan, who still maintained a faded magnificence in the Highlands. Originally it was an English chair, coming north as part of the bridal portion of the English wife of one of the Finlays; and tradition declared that the hapless Queen of Scots, while visiting her loyal follower, the then Sir Fergus, had made the chair her throne. The Finlay arms were carved on the back and the date,—a sight to awe caviling skeptics. Very dear to Mrs. Finlay was the chair; dearer than her pictures or her rare old engravings or her fragile treasures from Venice, or even the wonderful vase which was possibly "Henri Deux"; dearer by far than her own family heir-looms of sword and clock and china. There was another sword, a Scottish claymore, as well as a battered buckler, further gifts of Sir Fergus; but a haze hung over their history, and Mrs. Finlay, alluding to them, simply gave them the general title of honor, "in the family." Of course, there could be no comparison of such as these with the chair. This was why Mrs. Finlay considered. The children thought it time to join in the conversation. Fergus, the elder, who was nine, wanted to know what kind of a show an art museum was; "did it have an elephant?"

"They only have pictures and things," said his mother; "you may go, if we are here."

"I'd rather go to Barnum's," said Fergus, thoughtfully. "Say, mamma, let's stay and go to Barnum's; you take me. Lots of boys' mammas take them to the circus!"

"Francis will take you, brother, and you may ask that boy you like so much—Jimmy Hubbard, isn't it?"

"I'm 'fraid he wouldn't want to go with me, he's so big," Fergus replied, despondently. Jimmy Hubbard was his boy hero, but he was fifteen, and Fergus worshiped him from afar. "Maybe, though," he continued, brightening, "he might if I had on long pants; I wouldn't look so little then; and, mamma, *honest*, there aint another boy in Wrenham, big as me, wears short pants!"

"Do say trowsers, Fergus. Anyhow, we shan't be in Wrenham much more than a week. You shall see Jumbo, East——"

"Oh, mamma!" said Fergus, reproachfully; and, "Oh, mamma!" echoed little four-year-old Tom.

"My very children desert me and like the place," thought Mrs. Finlay.

"Better stay till this fandango is over, don't

you think, Milly?" said Tom; "it looks more neighborly."

"Very well, dear," said Emily, with a smile which, under the circumstances, was heroic. She turned the talk lightly to something else; but when Tom and the children were gone, and she was alone in the pretty dining-room, she sighed.

Tom Finlay came home to luncheon that day, and ran in upon the "soliciting committee" of the Wrenham Art Museum. They were standing in the hall, around the chair, all three, Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. Cody, and Violet Durham. Mrs. Hubbard was the president of the library, for the benefit of which the museum was to be. She was a tall woman, with winning manners, and a handsome, care-worn face. Her husband was a district judge. His salary was small, and they had six children; but Mrs. Hubbard was always pressed to serve on church committees and to aid charitable undertakings, because she had so much tact and was "such a worker." Mrs. Cody, the second member, had a more brilliant worldly lot, being the wife of a rich grocer. She was large, florid, and sprightly, and her gleaming black satin gown rattled and sparkled with jet pendants. Violet Durham, the remaining member, leaned over the high chair-back, her pretty face upraised. The wind had roughened her smooth, black braids; one loosened lock curled against her white neck; under the shadow of her hat her great, dark eyes were shining. She wore a simple cambric gown, which had brown figures on a yellowish background, and there were bows of brown ribbon about it, with long ends to flutter when she moved; and a careless bunch of Jacqueminot roses was stuck in her belt. In the light poise of her figure, in the expression of her face, even in the arrangement of her daintily fresh dress, there was an air of cheerful animation; she made one think of prairie flowers when the breeze shakes the dew from them. Tom Finlay gave her a glance of admiration and a half wistful smile. He had known Violet all his life. Her only brother, who died at college, had been his most intimate friend; Mrs. Durham used to call Tom "her other boy"; he was always at their house. Naturally, he fell in love with Violet. It was a boyish passion, never avowed and soon cured; and he married Emily Finlay with no disturbing memories. He did more; he gave substantial aid to the young lawyer whom Violet had preferred to him. She was on the eve of marrying this man when both her father and he were killed in a dreadful railway accident. Colonel Durham left a large property in such a state of confusion that it was feared there

would be nothing left for Violet and her mother. Then Tom Finlay came forward; his advice and energy, and the loan he insisted upon making them, rescued a modest independence from the tangle. Mrs. Durham and Violet went abroad, and were gone five years. Tom wanted his wife to take these good friends of his to her heart; therefore, praising himself for Machiavelian wile, he was very reticent about them, and said not a word of his little romance. So the story came to Mrs. Finlay in bits, to be pieced together by her fancy. She did not take the Durhams to her heart. She was perfectly courteous; she asked them to the house whenever Tom suggested; but the pleasant, informal intercourse that he had planned never came. He did not complain; indeed, what cause for complaint had he? Mrs. Finlay did all he asked; but there was a sore spot in his regret. To-day, as he greeted Violet, he was thinking how seldom he saw the Durhams in his home, and how welcome he had always been made to theirs. A hundred trivial, touching recollections of his childhood helped to bring that wistful curve to his lips. Instantly it was gone, and he was greeting the ladies with most commonplace politeness; but his wife had seen it before it went.

The moment the salutations were over, Mrs. Cody, who had been speaking, continued:

"Yes, indeed, I know your feeling, Mrs. Finlay. When they asked me for my Jackson chair,—it was given to Mr. Cody by the General himself, you know, and he said it was a hundred years old,—well, when they asked for that, it didn't seem as though I *could* let it go. But we're so interested in the library, and of course it's different with you; you can't be expected, as I told the ladies, to feel an interest. It aint as though you belonged to the town."

"I hope you don't think of us as *not* belonging to Wrenham," said Tom; "I'm a regular Wrenham boy."

Mrs. Cody waved her plump hand. "Oh, you, of course, Mr. Finlay; but gentlemen are different; you have your business here. But we see so little of Mrs. Finlay, we feel she is quite a stranger."

Mrs. Cody had a marvelous faculty for saying stinging things. Charitable people held that she was simply heedless; the less charitable said her shafts were too well aimed for shots in the air. Mrs. Hubbard hurried into the conversation.

"Mrs. Finlay always shows she is not a stranger by her kindness," she said; "she has let us have such a quantity of beautiful things."

"That's right," said Tom, cordially; "can't you think of something else?"

"Only the chair," Mrs. Cody replied, solemnly.

Mrs. Finlay looked from the speaker to her husband.

"If you really think the chair will help the museum, you are quite welcome to it," she said.

The visitors broke into a confusion of thanks.

"It is *very* kind of you, Mrs. Finlay," cried Violet Durham. "I will look after the chair myself."

"We will *all* look after it," said Mrs. Cody.

"And now, Mrs. Finlay, you encourage us to ask one favor more: wont you come on to our general committee?"

Again Emily glanced at her husband; there was a familiar twinkle in his eye.

"I fear I shan't be any help to you," she answered, gravely, "but—yes, certainly, if you wish it."

It must be confessed that, though the committee professed unbounded gratitude and satisfaction over this last boon, they looked rather blank; Mrs. Finlay guessed that they had expected a refusal. She urged them to stay to luncheon, a courtesy which had its natural effect, the hastening of their departure.

After they were gone, Tom Finlay said: "You were very good-natured, Milly."

"It was not good nature, Tom," she answered; "it was—well, I am not sure I know what it was myself."

She walked upstairs, leaving him whistling softly.

The Wrenham Art Museum opened its doors two weeks later. For days the workers had toiled over a chaos of old books, pictures, and bric-à-brac. The result exceeded their hopes. But even in riches there is embarrassment. The usual procession of petty trials had filed through the days. A sad amount of ill-feeling was caused by a few slips of memory, some ladies not being asked to help at all, and others being asked too late. Careless remarks about the objects of art had wounded sensitive souls. Disputes had arisen in the committees. There was the quarrel about the building, happily settled at last by Mr. Cody's generous offer of his late grocery shop, free of rent. To be sure, the vigilant nose could still sniff odors of salt fish, kerosene oil, and molasses, despite the labors of the scrub-women; and it never had been considered a well-lighted shop. But a gift horse should not be looked in the mouth; it was a large, convenient, inexpensive museum hall, and the committee accepted it gratefully, as was their duty.

The selection of a janitor was not so

easily made. Mrs. Cody proposed a retainer of her own, an old fellow named Judson, who picked up a precarious livelihood, mowing lawns, running of errands, and working out poll-taxes, while his wife made up the deficiencies in the family income by taking in washing. Judson had lately joined a temperance society, but a particularly unsavory past marred his reputation.

This was Miss Durham's objection to him.

"He may get drunk and burn us all up," said she; "besides, he is a weak old man, and couldn't fight a burglar!"

"He belongs to the Sons of Temperance," Mrs. Cody returned stiffly; "he don't drink a drop, and he will have a pistol."

A mild little woman here said that she guessed he did need the place; his wife had been sick most of the winter.

"For my part," said Mrs. Cody warmly, "I think that when anybody repents and is struggling to do better, they ought to be encouraged and not trampled on!"

"That's so," another member of the committee agreed. "Besides, we want to have Mrs. Judson to clean, and it will be much more convenient. She can come in the mornings, too, and sweep and dust. She oughtn't to charge much, if we have him. We can make all the cleaning part of his business; then she'll come and do it."

In vain Violet pleaded the danger of Judson's relapsing into his old habits; mercy and thrift combined carried the day; Mrs. Finlay was the single member voting with her.

Mrs. Finlay came to most of the meetings. She said little and noticed much. Mrs. Hubbard, "for her sins," Violet said, was the chief ruler of the artistic council. Mrs. Finlay used to marvel at her unfailing patience. She thought her own politeness, well trained as it was, would have trembled beneath the awful responsibilities of china, the charges of express companies, the delays of printers, the assaults of irate owners of pictures which were not hung to their taste, and of distracted hanging committees and amateur artists with pictures of their own to show, who had the "artistic temperament" to such a degree that they could scarcely be trusted in the same room together. But Mrs. Hubbard never winced, she only looked rather more tired at times. Her son and Violet were her great helpers. Jimmy Hubbard was young Fergus Finlay's hero, a tall lad of fifteen, whose wrists were always growing out of his jacket sleeves. He was devoted to Violet, and Violet was devoted to Jimmy's handsome, overworked mother. They did a little of nearly everything that was to be done, from scrubbing show-cases to writing advertisements.

"Only," said Violet, "I trust a confiding public doesn't believe the wild tales owners of antiquities tell about their things. If this exhibition lasts much longer, I shall lose my soul—I've got into such a way of lying!" Jimmy's specialty was painting placards. He made beautiful letters, but his spelling was not beyond reproach. He enjoyed the museum immensely. "Such fun!" said Jimmy; "those people in the picture-room are just going it! Mrs. Cody had somebody's picture took down and hers hung in the same place; said her picture needed that light and t'other one didn't. And now the other woman, she's come back, and—oh, aint they having a circus, though! And up in the room where they have the Japanese things, they've lost all the labels; they tumbled off and got mixed up, and they're putting 'em back by guess. Folks 'll open their eyes when they see the catalogue. And down-stairs in the china-room, somebody's hooked their show-case, so the china's standing round on the floor; and they say they can't do nothing till they get another show-case, so they've gone off to dinner, and there aint nobody in the room 'cept a dog!"

"A dog!" cried Mrs. Hubbard, while Mrs. Finlay turned pale; "I must go this instant——"

"Oh, I coaxed him out," said Jimmy; "I thought it didn't look just healthy for the china. Guess he hadn't broke much; some of it was broke to start with, wasn't it?"

Poor Mrs. Hubbard hurried away. Violet laughed.

"I think I must hunt them up a show-case," said she. "Take our old books out, Jimmy, and let us give them that."

"But you spent all the morning arranging them," said Mrs. Finlay; "and you brought the show-case yourself. It is quite too bad!"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," answered Violet, gayly; "it's all for the public good." She was always cheerful. "I suppose I have no proper pride," she said once; "nobody wants me to be chairman of anything; my valuable suggestions have been uniformly rejected and still, Jimmy, we are happy!"

"I wish that Mrs. Cody wasn't chairman of our committee, though," said Jimmy; "she never does a thing—just sails round and bosses!"

"But she has been very liberal. Think of the things she has sent us; think of the Jackson chair!"

"It aint half as pretty as Mrs. Finlay's," said Jimmy, unwitting that Mrs. Finlay stood behind him; "and she makes ten times as much fuss. No Cody in mine, thank you."

Mrs. Finlay smiled as she walked away, feeling more friendly than she would have believed possible toward Violet and Jimmy. She had been as good as her word and sent the chair. Francis, the butler, attended to its safe delivery. He remained while Violet removed the wrappings.

"Mrs. Finlay said as how you would look after it yourself, Miss," he remarked, in a tone of deep solemnity, adding, as if from the imperious promptings of his own conscience, "She sets the world by that chair, and I wouldn't have it hurt for nothing whatsoever!"

"It shan't be my fault if it gets hurt, Francis," Violet answered.

On the appointed day the museum was opened. The Cody chair stood beside Mrs. Finlay's on a kind of dais of honor, and to many minds was the nobler chair of the two. Like the Finlay chair, it was of imposing proportions. Its substance was mahogany, and—again like the Finlay chair—it had arms. Indeed, at first view there was a general resemblance of form, if not of color, between the two chairs, although that of Mrs. Finlay was ornamented with florid carving as behooved an Elizabethan chair, while the lines of the other were chastely plain.

From the first the exhibition was a triumph. It went victoriously on to its close. One day, somewhere near the middle of its career, Violet Durham walked through it with her mother. The rooms were almost empty, for the time was early in the morning. The two women paused before a screen of Mrs. Finlay's, a marvel of embroidery on dull gold plush.

"Hasn't she ravishing taste?" said Violet; "all her things are so lovely. Why did fate direct Mrs. Cody to hang that horror of a crazy-quilt directly over it? Mrs. Finlay will faint when she sees it; it will be the last straw. I wish you could see her in the committees, so disgusted with our vulgarities, but so invincibly polite. She never says a word, but anything more deadly superior than her silence I never did encounter. I never am with her, anyhow, that I don't feel myself so hopelessly provincial that I almost don't want to live."

"You are unjust, Violet," said Mrs. Durham, a placid gentlewoman, with soft gray hair and a grave sweet smile; "Mrs. Finlay isn't a bit of a snob——"

"Oh, I don't mean she is. What I do think is that she is rather narrow-minded. She can't conceive of people being nice who aren't nice in just her way, who haven't just such manners, for instance, and just such ways of thinking, and haven't been to Europe just so many times. Tom deserves a woman

cut on a larger pattern. It makes it hard for him."

"He seems perfectly satisfied," said Mrs. Durham, smiling. And then they passed on.

Now, Mrs. Finlay was behind the screen. It was purely an accident. She happened to be standing there looking at some articles on the wall. She did not think of their discussing any personal matter, and after they had begun to speak and she understood, she was too surprised and embarrassed to go forward.

The conversation was a revelation. Her first emotion was a shock. She felt as though she had been shown to be brutally rude. True, she did believe her ways of living and thinking vastly better than those of a country town; but her sense of superiority was so deeply rooted that it was hardly visible to her own consciousness; to manifest it to its objects seemed to her unutterably indelicate. Her cheeks were burning as she stepped forth from her involuntary hiding-place.

Was she narrow-minded, she who prided herself upon her cosmopolitan toleration? Had her distaste for life in Wrenham made it hard for Tom? Did *he* think her narrow-minded? Such thoughts made her miserable for days. "The worst of it, too," she said to herself, "is that it is no use my trying to pacify them. Whatever I do, they are bound to misunderstand me!" Nevertheless, she went again and still another time to the museum. The children went, and Tom and Francis, and John Rogers (who was very much bored), and Élise, Mrs. Finlay's maid, and the cook, and the other maids, and the gardener with all his family. "I will say she spends her money on us," said Mrs. Cody.

To the very end the weather was propitious; but the day after, the clouds distilled a gentle, unremitting drizzle. Most of the owners of articles sent for them notwithstanding. Francis and John Rogers appeared at five o'clock, having waited until then in the vain hope of sunshine. They took the pictures and the china, but there was not room for the chair. Therefore they wrapped it in the tarpaulin they had brought and left it in Violet's charge—Francis saying, with his air of decent gloom, "Mrs. Finlay told me to bring the pictures first and take the chair on another load. I'll be back to-night if I can. Are *you* going to stay here, may I ask, Miss?"

"I shall stay until dark, Francis; but Judson will be here all night."

Francis turned a gloomy eye upon old Judson, who was shambling about, getting Mrs. Cody's property together.

"Thank you, Miss; but I'd rather come back if I can," said he.

"Now, I wonder," said Violet to Jimmy

Hubbard, later, "I wonder what he meant by *that*."

Old Judson had gone upstairs, the other people had gone home, and they were alone in the room.

"Ask me an easier one," said Jimmy.

"He is sober enough to-night, isn't he?" Violet asked, looking up into Jimmy's face with that anxious reliance on the masculine judgment in such matters which confirms a boy's opinion of his sex.

"Oh, straight as a string," said Jimmy, re-assuringly; "but he was on a toot Thursday, if you want to know. Say, Judson, come down and light up."

Judson lighted a single burner, and listened silently to Violet's warnings and injunctions, scowling to himself. Then Jimmy and she went home. The last thing they noticed in the room was a group of the two chairs, standing on their dais, island-wise, amid a sea of crumpled wrapping-paper. Mrs. Cody's chair was undraped, but Mrs. Finlay's, in its white tarpaulin, looked like a clumsy ghost.

By this time the rain had ceased and the stars were shining. They walked to Mrs. Durham's house very cheerfully. Jimmy was prevailed upon to enter and be refreshed with tea. Perhaps an hour had passed before they were startled by the clangor of bells.

"Fire!" cried Violet.

"Hope it aint *us*!" said Jimmy, with more good-will than grammar.

The Wrenham fire-bells rang in a startling but not systematic fashion, as fast as they could go; and the fire companies—volunteers, mostly of tender years—assembled in their respective engine-houses, and ran about the streets inquiring for the fire until it made enough headway to be seen. The bells themselves afforded no clew. Jimmy ran out into the street for information, at the same time yelling "Fire!" at the top of his voice. "Fire! fire! Say, Mister, where's the fire?"

"Cass street," yelled back a running boy; "Cody's old grocery store."

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Durham from the door-way, "the museum! Violet——"

But Violet was gone. With the first word she had sped swiftly after Jimmy, nor did she stop until they saw the smoke pouring out of the museum windows.

"Mrs. Finlay's chair!" she gasped; "Jimmy, we *must* save it!"

"All right," said Jimmy; "just you wait!" He dashed through the crowd that shouted after him: "Come back!" "The door's locked!" "It's all afire!" Unheeding, he unlocked the door—he had his mother's key with him—and ran into the smoke. Horrible smoke it was—dense, blinding, stifling. His

eyes were stung; his ears stunned; the murky air seemed to roar all about him. But he saw the white tarpaulin through his smoky tears, and staggered up to it. Somebody caught the other side: they dragged the chair out together—not a second too soon, for the wainscoting of the room was blazing. Safe on the sidewalk, he saw that his unknown helper was Violet, who said:

"We're a couple of fools, but we've saved the chair. Now, let us get it out of the way!"

They carried it across the street just in time to avoid the charge of a fire company. They came with a rush and a cheer, and with their coming the whole street brightened into a kind of lurid gayety. The flames leaped up in the museum windows. Upstairs, where the fire had started, they were all aglow. In the street, the boys were shouting, the water splashing, the firemen swearing, and apparently everybody ordering somebody else to do something. Violet scanned the crowd, trying to discover old Judson; but she saw no sign of that aged reprobate, and began to fear he was burning up in the building. Suddenly, two men laid hands on the chair. One of them spoke—roughly, but not unkindly:

"You'll have to get outer this, ma'am: they want to lay the hose here. Here, hurry up! This way!"

Resolutely clinging to the chair, Violet and Jimmy were pushed down the street.

"We'll have to carry the chair home ourselves, Jimmy," said Violet; "there's no use trying to look for a wagon—good gracious!"

"What's the matter?" cried Jimmy. "Confound the fools!"

It was only that some sportive souls among the firemen had turned the hose on their comrades over the street; Violet and Jimmy, being in a direct line with the comrades, were drenched to the skin.

"Nothing but water!" said Violet; "but I never did fancy shower-baths. Jimmy, the man was right; we'd better get away from here."

Jimmy looked at the chair. "It's awful heavy; let's leave it in a saloon; they're open."

"Never," said Violet; "it's not going out of my sight again. Here, boy," addressing a stout lad in the crowd, "I'll give you a dollar if you'll help us carry this chair home."

"All right!" said the boy.

He grinned at Jimmy, whom he knew, and took the chair by the arm. They forced their way to the corner. The boy's stout lungs and ready profanity cleared a passage, assisted as they were by his skillful use of the chair corners as a battering-ram. Violet was

a devout churchwoman, but she did not tell him not to swear; she had a desperate feeling that anything was allowable, in the present crisis, to rescue the chair. Torn, disheveled, dripping with muddy water, the three—say rather the four, for does not the chair count as one?—emerged from the din into the quiet and star-lit streets where there was no fire. Violet's own plight was deplorable. Little streams of water drained from her soaked skirts; her hat was crushed into a shapeless bunch, through an unintentional collision with a hook-and-ladder company. She had a great bruise on her cheek (side lunge of the chair), and a never explained scratch across her nose. But she was in high spirits—her wooden ward was safe! Almost jubilantly she paid the boy at Mrs. Durham's gate; she answered her mother's anxious inquiries with a kiss and a laugh.

"I've been a fireman, mamma; I've helped save portable property. Jimmy, take off the tarpaulin, please."

Jimmy pulled it off with a flourish; then he gave a shout: "Oh, thunder!"

Violet uttered a deep groan. She leaned against the side of the house like one about to faint. Poor Mrs. Durham caught her in her arms.

"Oh, it's nothing, mamma," said Violet, in a hollow voice; "only, we've made a mistake, and saved the wrong chair!"

I draw a veil over the remainder of the night.

THE explanation is simple enough. Old Judson had beguiled the tedium of the night-watches with whisky. After he had pretty well drowned his feeble wits, he took a notion to inspect the chairs, and put the tarpaulin on Mrs. Cody's chair. Then he departed to get more whisky, leaving his lighted pipe upstairs, among the wrapping-papers. And Mrs. Finlay's idol was ashes!

MRS. FINLAY had a headache the night of the fire, and slept undisturbed through the fire-bells. Languid but unsuspecting, she came down to a late breakfast. Tom and the boys were gone, but Francis was in waiting, looking absolutely tragic in his solemnity. Mrs. Finlay took up the Wrenham paper. Francis, with a plate of oatmeal in one hand and the cream-jug in the other, stood watching her. "Ah!" cried Mrs. Finlay. She held the paper higher; Francis could not see her face. He made a gesture of despair with the cream-jug.

"Were you at the fire last night, Francis?" came from behind the paper.

"Yes, ma'am, I was, ma'am," said Francis,

his pent-up feelings relieving themselves in a heavy and irrepressible sigh. "It aint no use, ma'am; it's all gone! When I got there, everything was blazing. And they say, ma'am, the janitor set it afire hisself. He was a-reeling round there drunk's a lord—begging your pardon, ma'am; and he locked the door, so they couldn't get in!"

Mrs. Finlay put the paper down. She might have been a shade paler, but Francis could see no change in her expression. Yet, behind this calm mask a sharp struggle was going on. This stupid and barbarous town, after railing at her and slandering her for years, had capped its exasperations by destroying her most precious possession! Her nerves tingled with irritation. But the blood of generations of Puritans did not flow in Emily Finlay's veins for nothing. She had as robust a conscience as the best of them, although it was illumined by most unpuritanic lights. After all, she reasoned, the Wrenham people had burned up their own treasures as well as hers; certainly, they had intended no harm.

"Miss Durham," announced Francis, interrupting the inward colloquy between anger and justice.

"Show her in here," said Mrs. Finlay. She remembered that Violet had opposed old Judson's appointment, and greeted her with actual warmth.

"You see, I know all," she said, touching the newspaper. "I am so very sorry for you."

Violet looked pale and dejected; she did not lift her eyes; her voice trembled as she answered:

"But your chair is gone; I was down there this morning, and couldn't find even a piece of it. And we persuaded you to send it!"

"But you couldn't know what was to happen," said Mrs. Finlay, gently; "it wasn't your fault——"

"Master James Hubbard," said Francis, appearing again in the door-way. Jimmy had unceremoniously followed the butler, and was at his heels. He began a carefully conned speech in breathless haste. He was sorry to come so early in the morning; but he saw Miss Durham and wanted to come, also "because," cried Master Jimmy, growing red in the face and forgetting his speech, "I knew she wouldn't say anything about what she did, and it was all old Judson's fault, 'cause he changed the tarpaulin, and we couldn't see through the smoke, and we hauled it out, and she got wet through, and the hose-cart smashed her hat, and Fritz Müller and she and me, we carried it to her house, and then, after all, it was Mrs. Cody's chair!"

Mrs. Finlay listened with evident emotion.

"Do you mean you ran into the burning building for my chair?" she cried. "Risked your lives?"

"That's about the size of it," said Jimmy. Then more in detail he recounted the night's adventures. When he finished, Mrs. Finlay turned to Violet.

"How brave you were!" she exclaimed.

"I promised to take care of the chair," said Violet, with a little rueful smile, "and you see I failed, after all."

"What could you have done more?"

"Well, we might have picked out the right chair, you know," said Jimmy, impartially; "but it was so smoky."

"You took the one with the tarpaulin; you couldn't know. Believe me, I am most grateful for—why, Miss Durham!"

For Violet, overcome by the long strain on her nerves, and the reaction after a night spent in picturing her reception, each picture portraying more humiliating explanations than the last, had sunk into a chair and turned very white. Jimmy, in distress, threw the contents of the cream-jug in her face; happily the jug was almost empty, and Mrs. Finlay instantly repaired damages with a finger-bowl.

"Don't—bother," implored Violet faintly; "I'm not going to—do anything. But I was so sorry, and you are so kind, and it is all so—different!"

"We thought you'd be awful mad," Jimmy explained, with calm suavity.

"We were unjust to you," said Violet; "I—I think I have always been unjust to you."

"We have been unjust to each other," answered Mrs. Finlay. "Can't we try all our acquaintance over again, don't you think?"

She looked up into Violet's face with a charming smile, but her eyes were wet; and when Violet took the hand that was extended to her, she could not speak because of the lump in her throat.

Then Jimmy, who had been absorbed in meditation, remarked:

"Well, I guess there wont be any trouble 'bout getting the insurance; that's one good thing."

Violet must either laugh or cry; it was just as well she should laugh. Mrs. Finlay laughed with her. "And then," said Jimmy, describing the interview to his mother afterward, "then Mr. Finlay came in, and they wanted us to sit down and have breakfast; but, of course, I wouldn't. And, mother, I'm going there to luncheon to-morrow. And I don't believe Mrs. Finlay cared much about the chair, 'cause she didn't say another word about it."

When they were all gone, Tom Finlay put

his arm around his wife's waist. He was smiling; but, for once, she found nothing to quarrel with in his smile. He only said:

"Milly, I was in the conservatory, and heard it all. I am tremendously proud of you."

"Because I wasn't cross?" said Emily.

"But I had no right to be cross."

"Milly, you are a very just woman."

"Don't say that, Tom," cried his wife, with a quick movement; "I have been horrid about Wrenham and about—about Miss Durham. Tom, I wish you had told me that you asked her to marry you."

Tom opened his eyes.

"But I never did, Milly. I thought of doing it once; but I found out she liked somebody else better, so I held my tongue. Then I saw you, and was glad enough I had. Milly, you weren't——"

"Yes, I was, Tom," murmured Emily, hiding her head on his shoulder; "I was just so stupid."

Tom held her close; she felt the quickened beating of his heart, and she said:

"I shall never be—stupid about Miss

Durham again. She is so nice, and she was so brave about the chair."

"The poor chair!" said Tom. "Milly, I am sorry."

Mrs. Finlay pulled her husband's head down to her own level and kissed his hair.

"If you are sorry, Tom," she whispered, "then I do not mind."

Nevertheless, she is not ungrateful to the chair's memory. It is perhaps a fanciful notion, but she feels as though the chair died for her happiness. A water-color sketch of it hangs in her chamber, and she has, when she looks at it, an emotion of almost personal gratitude. She returned the insurance money (which duly came to her) to the managers of the museum, accompanying the money with a sympathetic note. The note made a favorable impression. Wrenham has come to the conclusion that Mrs. Finlay has her good points. It only remains to add that Tom Finlay has no cause to complain of his wife's coolness to the Durhams; and that James Hubbard is the proud possessor of a new and most gorgeous gold watch.

Octave Thanet.

A HUNT FOR THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHILE I lingered away the latter half of May in Scotland, and the first half of June in northern England and finally in London, intent on seeing the land leisurely and as the mood suited, the thought never occurred to me that I was in danger of missing one of the chief pleasures I had promised myself in crossing the Atlantic, namely, the hearing of the song of the nightingale. Hence, when on the 17th of June I found myself down among the copses near Hazlemere on the borders of Surrey and Sussex, and was told by the old farmer to whose house I had been recommended by friends in London that I was too late, that the season of the nightingale was over, I was a good deal disturbed.

"I think she be done singing now, sir; I aint heered her in some time, sir," said my farmer, as we sat down to get acquainted over a mug of the hardest cider I ever attempted to drink.

"Too late!" I said in deep chagrin, "and I might have been here weeks ago."

"Yeas, sir, she be done now; May is the time to hear her. The cuckoo is done too, sir; and you don't hear the nightingale after the cuckoo is gone, sir."

(The country people in this part of England *sir* one at the end of every sentence, and talk with an indescribable drawl.)

But I had heard a cuckoo that very afternoon, and I took heart from the fact. I afterward learned that the country people everywhere associate these two birds in this way; you will not hear the one after the other has ceased. But I heard the cuckoo almost daily till the middle of July. Matthew Arnold reflects the popular opinion, when in one of his poems ("Thyrsis") he makes the cuckoo say in early June,

"The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!"

The explanation is to be found in Shakspeare, who says,

"—— the cuckoo is in June
Heard, not regarded,"

as the bird really does not go till August. I got out my Gilbert White, as I should have done at an earlier day, and was still more disturbed to find that he limited the singing of the nightingale to June 15th. But seasons differ, I thought, and it can't be possible that any class of feathered songsters all stop on a given day. Then, when I looked further, and found that White says the chaffinch ceases to sing the beginning of June, I took more courage, for I had that day heard the chaffinch also. But it was evident I had no time to lose; I was just on the dividing line, and any day might witness the cessation of the last songster.

For it seems that the nightingale ceases singing the moment her brood is hatched. After that event, you hear only a harsh chiding or anxious note. Hence the poets, who attribute her melancholy strains to sorrow for the loss of her young, are entirely at fault. Virgil, portraying the grief of Orpheus after the loss of Eurydice, says :

"So Philomela, 'mid the poplar shade,
Bemoans her captive brood; the cruel hind
Saw them unplumed, and took them; but all night
Grieves she, and, sitting on a bough, runs o'er
Her wretched tale, and fills the woods with woe."

But she probably does nothing of the kind. The song of a bird is not a reminiscence, but an anticipation, and expresses happiness or joy only, except in those cases where the male bird, having lost its mate, sings for a few days as if to call the lost one back. When the male renews his powers of song, after the young brood has been destroyed, or after it has flown away, it is a sign that a new brood is contemplated. The song is, as it were, the magic note that calls it forth. At least, this is the habit with other song-birds, and I have no doubt it holds good with the nightingale. Destroy the nest or brood of the wood-thrush, and if the season is not too far advanced, after a week or ten days of silence, during which the parent birds, by their manner, seem to bemoan their loss and to take counsel together, the male breaks forth with a new song, and the female begins to construct a new nest. The poets, therefore, in depicting the bird on such occasions as bewailing the lost brood, are wide of the mark; he is invoking and celebrating a new brood.

As it was mid-afternoon, I could only compose myself till night-fall. I accompanied the farmer to the hay-field and saw the working of his mowing-machine, a rare implement in England, as most of the grass is still cut by hand, and raked by hand also. The disturbed sky-larks were hovering above the falling grass, full of anxiety for their nests, as one may note the bobolinks on like occasions at home. The weather is so uncertain in England, and it is so impossible to predict its complexion, not only from day to day but from hour to hour, that the farmers appear to consider it a suitable time to cut grass when it is not actually raining. They slash away without reference to the aspects of the sky, and when the field is down trust to luck to be able to cure the hay, or get it ready to "carry" between the showers. The clouds were lowering and the air was damp now, and it was Saturday afternoon; but the farmer said they would never get their hay if they minded such things. The farm had seen better days; so had the

farmer; both were slightly down at the heel. Too high rent and too much hard cider were working their effects upon both. The farm had been in the family many generations, but it was now about to be sold and to pass into other hands, and my host said he was glad of it. There was no money in farming any more; no money in anything. I asked him what were the main sources of profit on such a farm.

"Well," he said, "sometimes the wheat pops up, and the barley drops in, and the pigs come on, and we picks up a little money, sir, but not much, sir. Pigs is doing well naow. But they brings so much wheat from Ameriky, and our weather is so bad that we can't get a good sample, sir, one year in three, that there is no money made in growing wheat, sir." And the "wuts" (oats) were not much better. "Theys as would buy haint got no money, sir." "Up to the top of the nip," for hill, was one of his expressions. Tennyson had a summer residence at Black-down not far off. "One of the Queen's poets, I believe, sir." "Yes, I often see him riding about, sir."

After an hour or two with the farmer, I walked out to take a survey of the surrounding country. It was quite wild and irregular, full of bushy fields and overgrown hedge-rows, and looked to me very nightingaly. I followed for a mile or two a road that led by tangled groves and woods and copses, with a still meadow trout-stream in the gentle valley below. I inquired for nightingales of every boy and laboring man I met or saw. I got but little encouragement; it was too late. "She be about done singing now, sir." A boy whom I met in a foot-path that ran through a pasture beside a copse said, after reflecting a moment, that he had heard one in that very copse two mornings before—"about seven o'clock, sir, while I was on my way to my work, sir." Then I would try my luck in said copse and in the adjoining thickets that night and the next morning. The railway ran near, but perhaps that might serve to keep the birds awake. These copses in this part of England look strange enough to American eyes. What thriftless farming! the first thought is; behold the fields grown up to bushes, as if the land had relapsed to a state of nature again. Adjoining meadows and grain-fields there will be an inclosure of many acres covered with a thick growth of oak and chestnut sprouts, six, or eight, or twelve feet high. These are the copses one has so often heard about, and they are a valuable and productive part of the farm. They are planted and preserved as carefully as we plant an orchard or a vineyard. Once in so many

years, perhaps five or six, the copse is cut and every twig is saved; it is a woodland harvest that in this country is gathered in the forest itself. The larger poles are tied up in bundles and sold for hoop-poles; the fine branches and shoots are made into brooms in the neighboring cottages and hamlets, or used as material for thatching. The refuse is used as wood.

About eight o'clock in the evening I sallied forth, taking my way over the ground I had explored a few hours before. The gloaming, which at this season lasts till after ten o'clock, dragged its slow length along. Nine o'clock came, and, though my ear was attuned, the songster was tardy. I hovered about the copses and hedge-rows like one meditating some dark deed; I lingered in a grove and about an overgrown garden and a neglected orchard; I sat on stiles and leaned on wickets, mentally speeding the darkness that should bring my singer out. The weather was damp and chilly, and the tryst grew tiresome. I had brought a rubber water-proof, but not an overcoat. Lining the back of the rubber with a newspaper, I wrapped it about me and sat down, determined to lay siege to my bird. A foot-path that ran along the fields and bushes on the other side of the little valley showed every few minutes a woman, or girl, or boy, or laborer, passing along it. A path near me also had its frequent figures moving along in the dusk. In this country people travel in foot-paths as much as in highways. The paths give a private, human touch to the landscape that the roads do not. They are sacred to the human foot. They have the sentiment of domesticity, and suggest the way to cottage doors and to simple, primitive times.

Presently a man with a fishing-rod, and capped, coated, and booted for the work, came through the meadow, and began casting for trout in the stream below me. How he gave himself to the work! how oblivious he was of everything but the one matter in hand! I doubt if he was conscious of the train that passed within a few rods of him. Your born angler is like a hound that scents no game but that which he is in pursuit of. Every sense and faculty were concentrated upon that hovering fly. This man wooed the stream, quivering with pleasure and expectation. Every foot of it he tickled with his decoy. His close was evidently a short one, and he made the most of it. He lingered over every cast, and repeated it again and again. An American angler would have been out of sight down stream long ago. But this man was not going to bolt his preserve; his line should taste every drop of it. His eager, stealthy movements denoted his enjoyment

and his absorption. When a trout was caught, it was quickly rapped on the head and slipped into his basket, as if in punishment for its tardiness in jumping. "Be quicker next time, will you." (British trout, by the way, are not so beautiful as our own. They have more of a domesticated look. They are less brilliantly marked, and have much coarser scales. There is no gold or vermilion in their coloring.)

Presently there arose from a bushy corner of a near field a low, peculiar purring or humming sound, that sent a thrill through me; of course, I thought my bird was inflating her throat. Then the sound increased, and was answered or repeated in various other directions. It had a curious ventriloquial effect. I presently knew it to be the night-jar or goat-sucker, a bird that answers to our whip-poor-will. Very soon the sound seemed to be floating all about me—*Jr-r-r-r-r*, or *Chr-r-r-r-r*, slightly suggesting the call of our toads, but more vague as to direction. Then as it grew darker they ceased; the fisherman reeled up and left. No sound was now heard—not even the voice of a solitary frog anywhere. I never heard a frog in England. About eleven o'clock I moved down by a wood and stood for an hour on a bridge over the railroad. No voice of bird greeted me till the sedge-warbler struck up her curious nocturne in a hedge near by. It was a singular medley of notes, hurried chirps, trills, calls, warbles, snatched from the songs of other birds, with a half-chiding, remonstrating tone or air running through it all. As there was no other sound to be heard, and as the darkness was complete, it had the effect of a very private and whimsical performance—as if the little bird had secluded herself there, and was giving vent to its emotions in the most copious and vehement manner. I listened till after midnight, and till the rain began to fall, and the vivacious warbler never ceased for a moment. White says that, if it stops, a stone tossed into the bush near it will set it going again. Its voice is not musical; the quality of it is like that of the loquacious English house sparrows; but its song or medley is so persistently animated, and in such contrast to the gloom and the darkness, that the effect is decidedly pleasing.

This and the night-jar were the only nightingales I heard that night. I returned home, a good deal disappointed, but slept upon my arms, as it were, and was out upon the chase again at four o'clock in the morning. I passed down a lane by the neglected garden and orchard, where I was told the birds had sung for weeks past; then under the railroad by a cluster of laborers' cottages, and along a road with

many copses and bushy fence-corners on either hand, for two miles, but I heard no nightingales. A boy of whom I inquired seemed half frightened, and went into the house without answering.

After a late breakfast I sallied out again, going farther in the same direction, and was overtaken by frequent showers. I heard many and frequent bird songs,—the lark, the wren, the thrush, the blackbird, the white-throat, the greenfinch, and the hoarse, guttural cooing of the wood-pigeons, but not the note I was in quest of. I passed up a road that was a deep trench in the side of a hill overgrown with low beeches. The roots of the trees formed a net-work on the side of the bank, as their branches did above. In a frame-work of roots, within reach of my hand, I spied a wren's nest, a round hole leading to the interior of a large mass of soft green moss, a structure displaying the taste and neatness of the daintiest of bird architects, and the depth and warmth and snugness of the most ingenious mouse habitation. While lingering here, a young countryman came along whom I engaged in conversation. No, he had not heard the nightingale for a few days; but the previous week he had been in camp with the militia near Guildford, and while on picket duty had heard her nearly all night. "Don't she sing splendid to-night?" the boys would say." This was tantalizing; Guildford was within easy reach, but the previous week—that could not be reached. However, he encouraged me by saying he did not think they were done singing yet, as he had often heard them during haying-time. I inquired for the black-cap, but saw he did not know this bird, and thought I referred to a species of tomtit, which also has a black cap. The wood-lark I was also on the lookout for, but he did not know this bird either, and during my various rambles in England I could find no person who did. In Scotland it was confounded with the titlark or pipit.

I next met a man and boy, a villager with a stove-pipe hat on—and, as it turned out, a man of many trades, tailor, barber, painter, etc., from Hazlemere. The absorbing inquiry was put to him also. No, not that day, but a few mornings before he had. But he could easily call one out, if there were any about, as he could imitate them. Plucking a spear of grass, he adjusted it behind his teeth and startled me with the shrill, rapid notes he poured forth. I at once recognized its resemblance to the descriptions I had read of the opening part of the nightingale song, what is called the "challenge." The boy said, and he himself averred, that it was an exact imitation. The *chew, chew, chew*, and some other

parts, were very bird-like, and I had no doubt were correct. I was astonished at the strong, piercing quality of the strain. It echoed in the woods and copses about, but, though oft repeated, brought forth no response. With this man I made an engagement to take a walk that evening at eight o'clock along a certain route where he had heard plenty of nightingales but a few days before. He was confident he could call them out; so was I.

In the afternoon, which had gleams of warm sunshine, I made another excursion, less in hopes of hearing my bird than of finding some one who could direct me to the right spot. Once I thought the game was very near. I met a boy who told me he had heard a nightingale only fifteen minutes before, "on Polecat Hill, sir, just this side the Devil's Punch-bowl, sir!" I had heard of his majesty's punch-bowl before, and of the gibbets near it where three murderers were executed nearly a hundred years ago, but Polecat Hill was a new name to me. The combination did not seem a likely place for nightingales, but I walked rapidly thitherward; I heard several warblers, but not Philomel, and was forced to conclude that probably I had crossed the sea to miss my bird by just fifteen minutes. I met many other boys (is there any country where boys do not prowl about in small bands of a Sunday?) and advertised the object of my search freely among them, offering a reward that made their eyes glisten for the bird in song; but nothing ever came of it. In my desperation, I even presented a letter I had brought to the village squire, just as, in company with his wife, he was about to leave his door for church. He turned back, and, hearing my quest, volunteered to take me on a long walk through the wet grass and bushes of his fields and copses, where he knew the birds were wont to sing. "Too late," he said, and so it did appear. He showed me a fine old edition of White's "Selborne," with notes by some editor whose name I have forgotten. This editor had extended White's date of June 15th to July 1st, as the time to which the nightingale continues in song, and I felt like thanking him for it, as it gave me renewed hope. The squire thought there was a chance yet; and in case my man with the spear of grass behind his teeth failed me, he gave me a card to an old naturalist and taxidermist at Godalming, a town nine miles above, who, he felt sure, could put me on the right track if anybody could.

At eight o'clock, the sun yet some distance above the horizon, I was at the door of the barber in Hazlemere. He led the way along one of those delightful foot-paths with which this country is threaded, extend-

ing to a neighboring village several miles distant. It left the street at Hazlemere, cutting through the houses diagonally, as if the brick walls had made way for it, passed between gardens, through wickets, over stiles, across the highway and railroad, through cultivated fields and a gentleman's park, and on toward its destination,—a broad, well-kept path, that seemed to have the same inevitable right of way as a brook. I was told that it was repaired and looked after the same as the highway. Indeed, it was a public way, public to pedestrians only, and no man could stop or turn it aside. We followed it along the side of a steep hill, with copses and groves sweeping down into the valley below us. It was as wild and picturesque a spot as I had seen in England. The foxglove pierced the lower foliage and wild growths everywhere with its tall spires of purple flowers; the wild honeysuckle, with a ranker and coarser fragrance than our cultivated species, was just opening along the hedges. We paused here, and my guide blew his shrill call; he blew it again and again. How it awoke the echoes, and how it awoke all the other songsters! The valley below us and the slope beyond, which before were silent, were soon musical. The chaffinch, the robin, the blackbird, the thrush—the last the loudest and most copious—seemed to vie with each other and with the loud whistler above them. But we listened in vain for the nightingale's note. Twice my guide struck an attitude and said, impressively, "There! I believe I 'erd 'er." But we were obliged to give it up. A shower came on, and after it had passed we moved to another part of the landscape and repeated our call, but got no response, and as darkness set in we returned to the village.

The situation began to look serious. I knew there was a nightingale somewhere whose brood had been delayed from some cause or other, and who was therefore still in song, but I could not get a clew to the spot. I renewed the search late that night and again the next morning; I inquired of every man and boy I saw.

"I met many travelers,
Who the road had surely kept;
They saw not my fine revelers,—
These had crossed them while they slept;
Some had heard their fair report,
In the country or the court."

I soon learned to distrust young fellows and their girls who had heard nightingales in the gloaming. I knew one's ears could not always be depended upon on such occasions, nor his eyes either. Larks are seen in buntings, and a wren's song entrances like Philomel's. A young couple of whom I inquired in

the train, on my way to Godalming, said yes, they had heard nightingales just a few moments before on their way to the station, and described the spot, so I could find it if I returned that way. They left the train at the same point I did, and walked up the street in advance of me. I had not noticed them till they beckoned to me from the corner of the street, near the church, where the prospect opens with a view of a near meadow and a stream shaded by pollard willows. "We heard one now, just there," they said, as I came up. They passed on, and I bent my ear eagerly in the direction indicated. Then I walked farther on, following one of those inevitable foot-paths to where it cuts diagonally through the cemetery behind the old church, but I heard nothing save a few notes of the thrush. My ear was too critical and exacting. Then I sought out the old naturalist and taxidermist to whom I had a card from the squire. He was a short, stout man, racy both in look and speech, and kindly. He had a fine collection of birds and animals, in which he took great pride. He pointed out the wood-lark and the blackcap to me, and told me where he had seen and heard them. He said I was too late for the nightingale, though I might possibly find one yet in song. But he said she grew hoarse late in the season, and did not sing as a few weeks earlier. He thought our cardinal grosbeak, which he called the Virginia nightingale, as fine a whistler as the nightingale herself. He could not go with me that day, but he would send his boy. Summoning the lad, he gave him minute directions where to take me—over by Easing, around by Shackerford church, etc., a circuit of four or five miles. Leaving the picturesque old town, we took a road over a broad, gentle hill, lined with great trees, beeches, elms, oaks, with rich cultivated fields beyond. The air of peaceful and prosperous human occupancy which this land everywhere has seemed especially pronounced through all this section. The sentiment of parks and lawns, easy, large, basking, indifferent of admiration, self-sufficing, and full, everywhere prevailed. The road was like the most perfect private carriage-way. Homeliness, in its true sense, is a word that applies to nearly all English country scenes; home-like, redolent of affectionate care and toil, saturated with rural and domestic contentment; beauty without pride, order without stiffness, age without decay, etc. This people love the country, because it would seem as if the country must first have loved them. In a field I saw for the first time a new species of clover, much grown in parts of England as green fodder for horses. The farmers call it

trifolium, probably *trifolium incarnatum*. The head is two or three inches long, and as red as blood. A field of it under the sunlight presents a most brilliant appearance. As we walked along, I got also my first view of the British blue-jay—a slightly larger bird than ours, with a hoarser voice and much duller plumage. Blue, the tint of the sky, is not so common and is not found in any such perfection among the British birds as among the American. My boy companion was worthy of observation also. He was a curious specimen, ready and officious, but, as one soon found out, full of duplicity. I questioned him about himself. "I helps he, sir; sometimes I shows people about, and sometimes I does errands. I gets three a week, sir, and lunch and tea. I lives with my grandmother, but I calls her mother, sir. The master and the rector they gives me a character, says I am a good, honest boy, and that it is well I went to school in my youth. I am ten, sir. Last year I had the measles, sir, and I thought I should die; but I got hold of a bottle of medicine, and it tasted like honey, and I takes the whole of it, and it made me well, sir. I never lies, sir. It is good to tell the truth." And yet he would slide off into a lie as if the track in that direction was always greased. Indeed, there was a kind of fluent, unctuous obsequious effrontery in all he said and did. As the day was warm for that climate, he soon grew tired of the chase. At one point we skirted the grounds of a large house, as thickly planted with trees and shrubs as a forest; many birds were singing there, and for a moment my guide made me believe that among them he recognized the notes of the nightingale. Failing in this, he coolly assured me that the swallow that skimmed along the road in front of us was the nightingale! We presently left the highway and took a foot-path. It led along the margin of a large plowed field, shut in by rows of noble trees, the soil of which looked as if it might have been a garden for untold generations. Then the path led through a wicket, and down the side of a wooded hill to a large stream and to the hamlet of Easing. A boy fishing said indifferently that he had heard nightingales there that morning. He had caught a little fish which he said was a gudgeon. "Yes," said my companion in response to a remark of mine, "theys little; but you can eat they if they *is* little." Then we went toward Shackerford church. The road, like most roads in the south of England, was a deep trench. The banks on either side rose fifteen feet, covered with ivy, moss, wild flowers, and the roots of trees. England's best defense against an invading foe is her sunken roads. Whole armies might be ambushed in

these trenches, while an enemy moving across the open plain would very often find himself plunging headlong into these hidden pitfalls. Indeed, between the subterranean character of the roads in some places and the high-walled or high-hedged character of it in others, the pedestrian about England is shut out from much he would like to see. I used to envy the bicyclists, perched high upon their rolling stilts. But the foot-paths escape the barriers, and one need walk nowhere else if he choose.

Around Shackerford church are copses, and large pine and fir woods. The place was full of birds. My guide threw a stone at a small bird which he declared was a nightingale; and though the missile did not come within three yards of it, yet he said he had hit it, and pretended to search for it on the ground. He must needs invent an opportunity for lying. I told him here I had no further use for him, and he turned cheerfully back, with my shilling in his pocket. I spent the afternoon about the woods and copses near Shackerford. The day was bright and the air balmy. I heard the cuckoo call, and the chaffinch sing, both of which I considered good omens. The little chifchaff was chifchaffing in the pine woods. The white-throat, with his quick, emphatic *Chew-che-rick* or *Che-rick-a-rew*, flitted and ducked and hid among the low bushes by the roadside. A girl told me she had heard the nightingale yesterday on her way to Sunday-school, and pointed out the spot. It was in some bushes near a house. I hovered about this place till I was afraid the woman, who saw me from the window, would think I had some designs upon her premises. But I managed to look very indifferent or abstracted when I passed. I am quite sure I heard the chiding, guttural note of the bird I was after. Doubtless her brood had come out that very day. Another girl had heard a nightingale on her way to school that morning and directed me to the road; still another pointed out to me the white-throat and said that was my bird. This last was a rude shock to my faith in the ornithology of school-girls. Finally, I found a laborer pounding stone by the road-side,—a serious, honest-faced man, who said he had heard my bird that morning on his way to work; he heard her every morning, and nearly every night too. He heard her last night after the shower (just at the hour when my barber and I were trying to awaken her near Hazlemere), and she sang as finely as ever she did. This was a great lift. I felt that I could trust this man. He said that after his day's work was done, that is, at five o'clock, if I chose to accompany him on

his way home, he would show me where he had heard the bird. This I gladly agreed to; and remembering that I had had no dinner, I sought out the inn in the village and asked for something to eat. This unwonted request so astonished the landlord that he came out from behind his inclosed bar, and confronted me with good-humored curiosity. These back-country English inns, as I several times found to my discomfiture, are only drinking places for the accommodation of local customers, mainly of the laboring class. Instead of standing conspicuously on some street corner, as with us, they usually stand on some by-way, or some little paved court away from the main thoroughfare. I could have plenty of beer, said the landlord, but he had not a mouthful of meat in the house. I urged my needs, and finally got some rye bread and cheese. With this and a glass of home-brewed beer I was fairly well fortified. At the appointed time I met the cottager and went with him on his way home. We walked two miles or more along a charming road, full of wooded nooks and arbor-like vistas. Why do English trees always look so sturdy, and exhibit such massive repose, so unlike, in this latter respect, to the nervous and agitated expression of most of our own foliage? Probably because they have been a long time out of the woods and have had plenty of room in which to develop individual traits and peculiarities; then in a deep fertile soil, and a climate that does not hurry or overtax, they grow slow and last long, and come to have the picturesqueness of age without its infirmities. The oak, the elm, the beech, all have more striking profiles than in our country.

Presently my companion pointed out to me a small wood below the road that had a wide fringe of bushes and saplings connecting it with a meadow, amid which stood the tree-embowered house of a city man, where he had heard the nightingale in the morning; and then, further along, showed me near his own cottage where he had heard one the evening before. It was now only six o'clock, and I had two or three hours to wait before I could reasonably expect to hear her. "It gets to be into the evening," said my new friend, "when she sings the most, you know." I whiled away the time as best I could. If I had been an artist, I should have brought away a sketch of a picturesque old cottage, near by, that bore the date of 1688 on its wall. I was obliged to keep moving most of the time to keep warm. Yet the "nosee-ems," or midges, annoyed me, in a temperature which at home would have chilled them speechless and biteless. Finally, I leapt the smooth masonry of the stone wall and ambushed myself amid

the tall ferns under a pine-tree, where the nightingale had been heard in the morning. If the keeper had seen me, he would probably have taken me for a poacher. I sat shivering there till nine o'clock, listening to the cooing of the wood-pigeons, watching the motions of a jay that, I suspect, had a nest near by, and taking note of various other birds. The song-thrush and the robins soon made such a musical uproar along the borders of a grove, across an adjoining field, as quite put me out. It might veil and obscure the one voice I wanted to hear. The robin continued to sing quite into the darkness. This bird is related to the nightingale, and looks and acts like it at a little distance; and some of its notes are remarkably piercing and musical. When my patience was about exhausted, I was startled by a quick, brilliant call or whistle, a few rods from me, that at once recalled my barber with his blade of grass; and I knew my long-sought bird was inflating her throat. How it woke me up! It had the quality that startles; it pierced the gathering gloom like a rocket. Then it ceased. Suspecting I was too near the singer, I moved away cautiously and stood in a lane beside the wood, where a loping hare regarded me a few paces away. Then my singer struck up again, but I could see did not let herself out; just tuning her instrument, I thought, and getting ready to transfix the silence and the darkness. A little later, a man and boy came up the lane. I asked them if that was the nightingale singing; they listened, and assured me it was none other. "Now she's on, sir; now she's on. Ah! but she don't stick. In May, sir, they makes the woods all heccho about here. Now she's on again; that's her, sir; now she's off; she won't stick." And stick she would not. I could hear a hoarse wheezing and clucking sound beneath her notes, when I listened intently. The man and boy moved on. I stood mutely invoking all the gentle divinities to spur the bird on. Just then a bird like our hermit-thrush came quickly over the hedge a few yards below me, swept close past my face, and back into the thicket. I had been caught listening; the offended bird had found me taking notes of her dry and worn-out pipe there behind the hedge, and the concert abruptly ended; not another note; not a whisper. I waited a long time and then moved off; then came back, implored the outraged bird to resume; then rushed off, and, as it were, slammed the door indignantly behind me. I paused by other shrines, but not a sound. The cottager had told me of a little village three miles beyond, where there were three inns, and where I

could probably get lodgings for the night. I walked rapidly in that direction; committed myself to a foot-path; lost the trail, and brought up at a little cottage in a wide expanse of field or common, and by the good woman, with a babe in her arms, was set right again. I soon struck the highway by the bridge, as I had been told, and a few paces brought me to the first inn. It was ten o'clock, and the lights were just about to be put out, as the law or custom is in country inns. The landlady said she could not give me a bed, she had only one spare room, and that was not in order; and she should not set about putting it in shape at that hour; and she was short and sharp about it, too. I hastened on to the next one. The landlady said she had no sheets, and the bed was damp and unfit to sleep in. I protested that I thought an inn was an inn and for the accommodation of travelers. But she referred me to the next house. Here were more people and more the look and air of a public house. But the wife (the man does not show himself on such occasions) said her daughter had just got married and come home, and she had much company and could not keep me. In vain I urged my extremity; there was no room. Could I have something to eat, then? This seemed doubtful, and led to consultations in the kitchen; but, finally, some bread and cold meat were produced. The nearest hotel was Godalming, seven miles distant; and I knew all the inns would be shut up before I could get there. So I munched my bread and meat, consoling myself with the thought that perhaps this was just the ill wind that would blow me the good I was in quest of. I saw no alternative but to spend a night under the trees with the nightingales; and I might surprise them at their revels in the small hours of the morning. Just as I was ready to congratulate myself on the richness of my experience, the landlady came in and said there was a young man there going with a "trap" to Godalming, and he had offered to take me in. I feared I should pass for an escaped lunatic if I declined the offer; so I reluctantly assented, and we were presently whirling through the darkness, along a smooth, winding road, toward town. The young man was a drummer; was from Lincolnshire, and said I spoke like a Lincolnshire man. I could believe it, for I told him he talked more like an American than any native I had met. The hotels in the larger towns close at eleven, and I was set down in front of one just as the clock was striking that hour. I asked to be conducted to a room at once. Just as I was about getting in bed there was

a rap at the door, and a waiter presented me my bill on a tray. "Gentlemen as have no luggage, etc.," he explained; and pretend to be looking for nightingales, too! Three-and-sixpence; two shillings for the bed and one-and-six for service. I was out at five in the morning, before any one inside was astir. After much trying of bars and doors, I made my exit into a paved court, from which a covered way led into the street. A man opened a window and directed me how to undo the great door, and forth I started, still hoping to catch my bird at her matins. I took the route of the day before. On the edge of the beautiful plowed field, looking down through the trees and bushes into the gleam of the river twenty rods below, I was arrested by the note I longed to hear. It came up from near the water, and made my ears tingle. I folded up my rubber coat and sat down upon it, saying, Now we will take our fill. But—the bird ceased, and, tarry though I did for an hour, not another note reached me. The prize seemed destined to elude me each time just as I thought it mine. Still, I treasured what little I had heard. I perceived clearly the surprising quality of this bird's song.

It was enough to satisfy me of its superior quality, and make me more desirous than ever to hear the complete strain. I continued my rambles, and in the early morning once more hung about the Shackerford copses and loitered along the highways. Two school-boys pointed out a tree to me in which they had heard the nightingale, on their way for milk, two hours before. But I could only repeat Emerson's lines:

"Right good will my sinews strung,
But no speed of mine avails
To hunt up their shining trails."

At nine o'clock I gave over the pursuit and returned to Easing in quest of breakfast. The landlady and her daughter, of the only large and comfortable-looking inn, were washing windows, and would not listen to my request for breakfast. The fires were out and I could not be served. So I must continue my walk back to Godalming; and in doing so, I found that one may walk three miles on indignation quite as easily as upon bread.

In the afternoon I returned to my lodgings at Shotter Mill, and made ready for a walk to Selborne, twelve miles distant, part of the way to be accomplished that night in the gloaming, and the rest early on the following morning to give the nightingales a chance to make any reparation they might feel inclined to for the neglect with which they had treated me. There was a foot-path over the hill and through Lechmere bottom to Liphook, and to this,

with the sun half an hour high, I committed myself. The feature in this hill scenery of Surrey and Sussex that is new to American eyes is given by the furze and heather, broad black or dark-brown patches of which sweep over the high rolling surfaces, like sable mantles. Tennyson's house stands amid this dusky scenery, at a place east of Hazlemere called Blackdown. The path led through a large common, partly covered with grass and partly grown up to furze — another un-American feature. So precious as land is in England, and yet so much of it given to parks and pleasure-grounds, and so much of it left unreclaimed in commons! These commons are frequently met with; about Selborne they are miles in extent, and embrace the Hanger and other woods. No one can inclose them or appropriate them to his own use. The landed proprietor of whose estates they form a part cannot; they belong to the people, to the leaseholders. The villagers and others who own houses on leased land pasture their cows upon them, gather the furze, and cut the wood. In some places the commons belong to the crown and are crown lands. These large uninclosed spaces often give a free and easy air to the landscape that is very welcome. On the border of Lechmere bottom I sat down above a straggling copse, aflame as usual with the foxglove, and gave eye and ear to the scene. While sitting here, I saw and heard for the first time the black-capped warbler. I recognized the note at once by its brightness and strength and a faint suggestion in it of the nightingale's. But it was disappointing: I had expected a nearer approach to its great rival. The bird was very shy, but did finally show herself fairly several times, as she did also near Selborne, where I heard the song oft repeated and prolonged. It is a ringing, animated strain, but as a whole seemed to me crude, not smoothly and finely modulated. I could name several of our own birds that surpass it in pure music. Like its congeners, the garden warbler and the white-throat, it sings with great emphasis and strength, but its song is silvern, not golden. "Little birds with big voices," one says to himself after having heard most of the British songsters. My path led me an adventurous course through the copses and bottoms and open commons, in the long twilight, but brought me safely to Liphook at ten o'clock. I expected and half hoped the inn would turn its back upon me again, in which case I proposed to make for Wolmer Forest a few miles distant, but it did not. Before going to bed, I took a short and hasty walk down a promising-looking lane, and again met a couple who had heard night-

ingales. "It was a nightingale, was it not, Charley?"

If all the people of whom I inquired for nightingales in England could have been together and compared notes, they probably would not have been long in deciding that there was at least one crazy American abroad.

I proposed to be up and off at five o'clock in the morning, which seemed greatly to puzzle mine host. At first he thought it could not be done, but finally saw his way out of the dilemma and said he would get up and undo the door for me himself. The morning was cloudy and misty, though the previous night had been of the fairest. There is one thing they do not have in England that we can boast of at home, and that is a good masculine type of weather; it is not even feminine; it is childish and puerile, though I am told that occasionally there is a full-grown storm. But I saw nothing but petulant little showers and prolonged juvenile sulks. The clouds have no reserve, no dignity; if there is a drop of water in them (and there generally are several drops), out it comes. The prettiest little showers march across the country in summer, scarcely bigger than a street watering-cart; sometimes by getting over the fence one can avoid them, but they keep the hay-makers in a perpetual flurry. There is no cloud scenery, as with us, no mass and solidity, no height nor depth. The clouds seem low, vague and vapory,—immature, indefinite, inconsequential, like youth.

The walk to Selborne was through mist and light rain. Few bird-voices, save the cry of the lapwing and the curlew, were heard. Shortly after leaving Liphook the road takes a straight cut for three or four miles through a level, black, barren, peaty stretch of country, with Wolmer Forest a short distance on the right. Under the low, hanging clouds the scene was a dismal one—a black earth beneath and a gloomy sky above. For miles the only sign of life was a baker's cart rattling along the smooth, white road. At the end of this solitude I came to cultivated fields and a little hamlet and an inn. At this inn (for a wonder!) I got some breakfast. I sat at the table with the family, and had substantial fare. From this point I followed a foot-path a couple of miles through fields and parks. The highways for the most part seem so narrow and exclusive, or inclusive, such penalties seem to attach to a view over the high walls and hedges that shut you in, that a foot-path was always a welcome escape to me. I opened the wicket or mounted the stile without much concern as to whether it would further me on my way or not. It was like turning the flank of an enemy. These well-kept fields and

lawns, these cozy nooks, these stately and exclusive houses that had taken such pains to shut out the public gaze—from the foot-path one had them at an advantage, and could pluck out their mystery. On striking the highway again, I met the postmistress, stepping briskly along with the morning mail. Her husband had died, and she had taken his place as mail-carrier. England is so densely populated, the country is so like a great city suburb, that your mail is brought to your door everywhere, the same as in town. I walked a distance with a boy driving a little old white horse with a cart-load of brick. He lived at Hedleigh, six miles distant; he had left there at five o'clock in the morning, and had heard a nightingale. He was sure; as I pressed him, he described the place minutely. "She was in the large fir-tree by Tom Anthony's gate, at the south end of the village." Then, I said, doubtless I shall find one in some of Gilbert White's haunts; but I did not. I spent two rainy days at Selborne; I passed many chilly and cheerless hours loitering along those wet lanes and dells and dripping hangers, wooing both my bird and the spirit of the gentle parson, but apparently without getting very near to either. When I think of the place now, I see its hurrying and anxious hay-makers in the field of mown grass, and hear the cry of a child that sat in the hay back of the old church, and cried by the hour, while its mother was busy with her rake not far off. The rain had ceased, the hay had dried off a little, and scores of men, women, and children, but mostly women, had flocked to the fields to rake it up. The hay is got together inch by inch, and every inch is fought for. They first rake it up into narrow swaths, each person taking a strip about a yard wide. If they hold the ground thus gained, when the hay dries an hour or two longer, they take another hitch, and thus on till they get it into the cock or "carry" it from the windrow. It is usually nearly worn out with handling before they get it into the rick.

From Selborne I went to Alton, along a road that was one prolonged rifle-pit, but smooth and hard as a rock; thence by train back to London. To leave no ground for self-accusation in future, on the score of not having made a thorough effort to hear my songster, I the next day made a trip north toward Cambridge, leaving the train at Hitchin, a large picturesque old town, and thought myself in just the right place at last. I found a road between the station and the town proper, called Nightingale Lane, famous for its song-

sters. A man who kept a thrifty looking inn on the corner (where, by the way, I was again refused both bed and food) said they sang night and morning in the trees opposite. He had heard them the night before, but had not noticed them that morning. He often sat at night with his friends, with open windows, listening to the strain. He said he had tried several times to hold his breath as long as the bird did in uttering certain notes, but could not do it. This, I knew, was an exaggeration; but I waited eagerly for night-fall, and when it came paced the street like a patrolman, and paced other streets, and lingered about other likely localities, but caught nothing but neuralgic pains in my shoulder. I had no better success in the morning, and here gave over the pursuit, saying to myself, It matters little, after all; I have seen the country and had some object for a walk, and that is enough.

Altogether I heard the bird less than five minutes, and only a few bars of its song, but enough to satisfy me of the surprising quality of the strain.

It had the master tone as clearly as Ten-nyson, or any great prima donna, or famous orator has it. Indeed, it was just the same. Here is the complete artist, of whom all these other birds are but hints and studies. Bright, startling, assured, of great compass and power, it easily dominates all other notes; the harsher *chur-r-r-r-r-g* notes serve as foil to her surpassing brilliancy. Wordsworth, among the poets, has hit off the song nearest:

"Those notes of thine—they pierce and pierce;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!"

I could easily understand that this bird might keep people awake at night by singing near their houses, as I was assured it frequently does: there is something in the strain so startling and awakening. Its start is a vivid flash of sound. On the whole, a high-bred, courtly, chivalrous song; a song for ladies to hear leaning from embowered windows on moonlight nights; a song for royal parks and groves—and easeful but impassioned life. We have no bird-voice so piercing and loud, with such flexibility and compass, such full-throated harmony and long-drawn cadences; though we have songs of more melody, tenderness, and plaintiveness. None but the nightingale could have inspired Keats's ode—that longing for self-forgetfulness and for the oblivion of the world, to escape the fret and fever of life,

"And with thee fade away into the forest dim."

John Burroughs.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Chinese Wall for American Art.

THE advocates of a tariff on the works of foreign artists are, at least, not without consistency. They regard art as a mercantile commodity, which must be "protected" in order to thrive at home; and furthermore, when they are told that American art-students and artists residing abroad are suffering socially from the action of Congress in increasing the tariff, and are also in peril of being turned out of the art-schools where they are being freely educated at the cost of foreign governments, they retort that it is all the better for American art that they should be turned out.

But we think that Congress takes a great responsibility when it virtually legislates American art-students out of their present privilege of studying their profession where it can best be studied—namely, in foreign schools and museums. From the time that the young Longfellow went to Europe for travel and study, before assuming a professorship at Bowdoin, American advanced students of all the arts and sciences have generally found it convenient to gain some part of their instruction in the Old World. Even when the time arrives that American students of medicine, of philosophy, of all the various sciences, strictly so called, will not need to study abroad, it will still be necessary that some part of the student life of artists shall be spent in the galleries, museums, and schools of the Old World. Shakspeare can be read nearly if not quite as intelligently in New York as in London; a student of anatomy can find as good a subject to dissect in Philadelphia as in Paris. But a student of art can find not one Greek statue in America; not one work of Michael Angelo; not one supreme example of any of the great periods of artistic production! Even when our art-schools and museums are improved in the matter of apparatus and examples, it will still be always desirable for the art-student and archæologist to spend a certain proportion of his time among the art monuments of the Old World.

Any one who does not comprehend these considerations does not understand the essentials of art, and is therefore incompetent to discuss wisely any æsthetic question,—much less to legislate, or to intelligently influence legislation, concerning art. It is true that art should, in a certain sense, be national; but before being *national*, it must first be *art*. The art of the American savage was protected by the laws of nature for many thousand years, and yet the painting and sculpture of the Indians can hardly compete with those of Italy. And if Italian art had been "protected" against that of Greece, where would have been the Renaissance? We get our language, our religion, our ancestors (some of the most patriotic among us get even ourselves), from abroad. Why should we be ashamed to receive instruction in art from the same quarter? The gentlemen, or gentleman, who sprang the thirty-per-cent. Chinese Wall tariff on the country should, in order to be ideally consistent, eschew the

European coat and trowsers so prevalent in our Eastern States especially, and return to the native American garb of the Indian Territory.

The tariff on art is legislation that discriminates against the poor man. The rich man can afford to have the picture of his choice, no matter what the tariff may be; in fact, the higher the tariff the rarer the gem with which his wall is adorned. The free admission of pictures intended for public galleries, in a law which taxes all other picture importations, is a delusion. The public galleries, by means of loans and bequests, are constantly benefited by the treasures of art owned by private individuals; and, besides, a good picture hung upon a poor man's wall, or in any private gallery, has an influence that cannot be measured.

There are some who would like to arrange the tariff so as to exclude "bad pictures." What nonsense! Who is to judge whether or not a picture is "bad"? Your "bad" may be my "good." If you pick up a Millet in Paris while Millet is comparatively unknown, has the cheapness of the purchase anything to do with the art-value of the painting?

The fact is, art should be free—free as air, free as sympathy, free as thought and imagination. Art should be fostered,—not "protected" by the clumsy devices of a tariff,—and the way to foster art is to give it liberty. Any attempt to restrict the free interchange of art throughout the world is an attempt to impede its development. As we have said above, the aborigines had this country a good while to themselves: what did they do for American art? Unless we are to go back to savagery, we must admit no impediment to the free and stimulating entrance into America of the art of the Old World.

"The Christian League of Connecticut."

DR. GLADDEN'S "Christian League of Connecticut," both in magazine and book form, has been received with a welcome that is one of the healthiest signs of the times. It has often been charged that the churches are responsible for sectarian division and strife; in these chapters Dr. Gladden proves the charge, and that his words have been so well received indicates in the churches a mind ready for repentance, even if not quite ready yet to do the works that are meet for repentance.

The evils of sectarianism, foretold by the prophets of the New Testament, forewarned against by Christ himself, are so great and so apparent that the most enthusiastic sectary seldom ventures to deny or even to belittle them. The energies of the church of Christ, which should be wholly devoted to battling against superstition, ignorance, intemperance, covetousness, lust, and all forms of selfishness and worldliness, are diverted into controversies about forms, symbols, rites, and formularies of doctrine. While Hercules's right hand is busy contending with his left, the ser-

pents threaten to destroy him; to destroy them he needs all the strength of both his hands. This spirit of sectarianism is, by the confession of all missionary workers, the greatest obstacle to successful Christian work in our own land, and to missionary work abroad. The rival sects compete for congregations in the new towns of the West with a rivalry as intense and sometimes almost as unscrupulous as that of trade. In a single village in Kansas, numbering not over a thousand souls all told, there are, or were a few years ago, three Presbyterian churches,—a Northern, a Southern, and a Cumberland Presbyterian. Of course, other denominations were also represented in this very churchly but very unsanctified community. At the same time there are, or were, one hundred and fifty miles of railroad, with small villages scattered along its line, and not a single Protestant meeting-house of any description from one end to the other. Mormonism is an army; Romanism is an army; the liquor traffic is an army; all three are well organized and officered. That Protestantism, broken up into independent companies of minute-men, produces any effect whatever in checking the advance of these three great armies, is due not to the miserable methods which it employs, but to the magnificent divine endowment of truth with which it has been intrusted, and which it cannot utterly despoil of its power. Abroad, the effect of sectarianism on Christian progress is less disastrous, because the foreign missionary is rarely, if ever, a sectary, and pays as little attention to sectarian distinctions as he can do and avoid conflict with the churches from which he draws his support at home. But in spite of this fact, sectarianism is the chief obstacle to the progress of foreign missions. Mr. Mazoomdar, being told that he is only in the vestibule of Christianity, replies with a sarcasm, which, despite its exaggeration, has enough truth in it to be humiliating to the Christian, that, when he looks within the open door and sees the gladiators fighting with one another in the arena, he is more inclined to flee from the vestibule than to pass within the amphitheater of the church itself.

When these evils of sectarianism have been brought before the Christian public in the press or on the platform, the answer of the sectary has, at least of late, been in the nature of what the lawyers call a demurrer. "I grant," he has said, "that all you say is true; still, there is no cause of complaint and no ground of condemnation. If you allow that right of private judgment which is our inheritance from the Reformation, you must accept the evil with the good, in the faith that the evil will prove temporary and the good permanent. The Baptist cannot abandon his immersion, nor the Episcopalian his orders, nor the Presbyterian his organization, nor the Congregationalist his independency, nor the Methodist his Arminianism, nor the Calvinist his doctrine of decrees. These are matters of conscience with each of us, and we must hold fast to them. We cannot abandon our church organizations; we must work within our church lines; and we must be content to wait until free discussion and friendly fellowship, in Evangelical Alliance meetings and the like, shall, in some far remote period of time, obliterate our differences and bring us to see and to feel alike. What would you have? What practical remedy can you propose which does not involve either

the abandonment of the right of private judgment or the disregard of those conscientious conclusions to which the exercise of that right brings each individual soul?"

To this question Dr. Gladden, in "The Christian League of Connecticut," has furnished a reply. He shows how the Christian churches in any town can unite their forces for a common work against a common enemy without abandoning the right of private judgment, without violating the conscientious convictions to which it has brought them, and without destroying or even weakening their respective church organizations. He does this by a story which is so common-sense in its principles and so realistic in its art that it is not strange that many readers took it to be history. It ought to be history. Indeed, the only criticism which the sectary makes on Dr. Gladden's plan for a community of Christian work is that it is ideal and impracticable, and to the average sectary this criticism seems entirely conclusive. In fact, the first epithet is one only of praise; and the second, though it is a severe criticism, is a criticism on the sectary himself and not on the book which he criticises. The function of the minister of Christ is to hold up ideals of life. He is appointed to do this very work for the community; to set over against the average home, with its petty ways, its selfishnesses, its drudgery, and its bickerings, the ideal home inspired by hope and radiated by love; to set over against the actual state, with all the jealousies and the mean ambitions of practical politicians, the kingdom of God—the ideal democracy in which he only is accounted great who is the servant of all; to set over against the common industries of life, with all their grasping and their greed, the unselfish industry whose motto is, "My father worketh hitherto, and I work"; to set over against the actual church of Christ, with its strife and debate, the united church of Christ—many members, but one body. To say, as some do, that Dr. Gladden has painted in "The Christian League of Connecticut" an ideal Christianity, is to give him the highest praise. It is to say that he has done for Protestant Christianity in America what Moses did for the ethical life of all times when he preserved in the tables of stone the Ten Commandments, and what Jesus Christ did for the spiritual life of the individual of all times when he gave to his apostles the Sermon on the Mount. We should not ourselves agree to so high a praise as this. Dr. Gladden's Christian League falls short of our ideal, and we venture to think that it falls considerably short of Dr. Gladden's own ideal; but it is one step toward an ideal, and toward one which is not necessarily impracticable; that is, there is nothing in it which violates the essential and ineradicable principles of human nature. If it is impracticable, we may well ask whether this is not because the pride, and petty ambitions, and mean jealousy, and ignoble self-will, in a word, the unchristian selfishness of the Christian churches and the Christian ministry, make it so. If all ministers and all churches were as Christian in spirit as the ministers and churches of New Albion, there is no reason why Protestantism should not unite in a Christian League for its common Christian work by methods which undoubtedly would differ from, but on principles which would as certainly be essentially like, those of Dr. Gladden's "Christian League of Connecticut."

The Independent Voter in the Next Campaign.

In his paper on "The Next Presidency," in the present issue of *THE CENTURY*, Mr. Wayne MacVeagh has presented some general considerations concerning the approaching political contest which are likely to outlast in usefulness the important occasion which gives them reason for existence. It will be long before such suggestive writing will cease to have proper interest for intelligent Americans of either party or of none. But it remains to make a little closer application of those excellent principles of political action which are held by Mr. MacVeagh in common with a large and increasing minority of voters; in short, to make more account of the personal equation in the political problem. In what we venture to say on this head below, we must not, however, be understood as advocating any one of the gentlemen named as a candidate. There is no public exigency that would warrant any such expression of preference in these columns at this time. We have simply chosen two well-known public men, of two well-defined classes, as types of the tendencies which are at work to shape the nominations.

We think it is quite safe to assume that Mr. MacVeagh is right in his belief that neither party will nominate anybody whose record or opinions would put his party on the defensive and require an apologetic or explanatory canvass in his behalf. The Democrats will not be foolish enough to name a man whose disloyalty during the war was sufficiently flagrant to offend the loyalty of the North, and revive the sectional issue; nor will they nominate a free-trader, as such a nomination, it is now clear, would inevitably split the party into two factions, and leave it as hopeless in the approaching contest as it was in that of 1860. On the other hand, the Republicans will not be foolish enough to name a man of the high protectionist school, so as to drive off the North-west; nor will they split themselves into two factions by reviving, in the person of their candidate, the fierce animosities which divided them in the spring and summer of 1881. What preceded the assassin's pistol-shot, and the prolonged sufferings of Garfield which followed it, will be allowed to rest as they now are—not talked about, but not forgotten. It is quite evident, therefore, that a good many men whose names are now frequently mentioned in connection with the Presidency will not be seriously considered when the necessity of an election as well as of a nomination is taken into account. The politicians composing the conventions may be trusted to avoid blunders which would be equivalent to suicide.

The Democrats will probably be reduced to choose between the two classes of public men represented. Let us say, in the Democratic party by Judge Thurman and by Mr. Bayard, and the Republicans will probably be reduced to choose between the two classes of public men represented, let us say, in the Republican party by General Logan and by Mr. Edmunds. We do not mean that either party will restrict itself to these individuals; but we do believe that when the conventions face the responsibility of naming a man likely to be elected, they will be restricted to the two classes represented fairly enough by these names.

Judge Thurman and General Logan are both reliable

partisans of their respective parties, and both, we believe, possess records untarnished with any suspicion of corruption. They were both unsound on the currency question; but so were a great many other public men, and their unsoundness was, no doubt, due as much to their desire to keep their party on what was supposed to be the popular side as to their ignorance of the merits of the question. Neither of them occupies a radical position on the question of the tariff; and they both believe in "taking the boys in out of the cold and warming their toes." They are honest but unintelligent political partisans; and if either party could this year elect a man who was an honest but unintelligent political partisan, there is no reason why either or both of them should not be put in nomination.

Mr. Bayard and Mr. Edmunds, on the other hand, are statesmen of whom the best portion of the American people, without regard to party, are justly proud. This pride is not due to the fact that they are more free from suspicion of conscious wrong-doing than Judge Thurman or General Logan; but it is because they are really high-minded, able, and pure statesmen, who are always reasonably sure to be found on the right side of every non-partisan question. They stood shoulder to shoulder fighting for honest money, year after year, when it seemed a losing and hopeless battle. They have always been recognized as the relentless opponents of bad men and bad measures. The "spoils" system did not defile them in the days of its power; they never set up as "bosses," and everybody knew in advance that any practical movement for the reform of the civil service of the country would find in them ardent and resolute advocates. The simple truth is that these two men represent the high-water mark in American public life at present, and it is from this class or from the other that the candidates will be taken.

One thing more is sure: The independent voter will be "abroad" in 1884 as he never was before. Now, suppose the Republican party nominates a man like Mr. Edmunds, and the Democratic party nominates a man like Judge Thurman,—on which side will the independent voter be found? Or suppose the Republican party nominates a man like General Logan and the Democratic party nominates a man like Mr. Bayard,—on which side will the independent voter be found?

We wish it distinctly understood, and we here repeat, that the names of the four gentlemen mentioned are used merely as types, and not to advance or retard any movements or influences concerned merely with them as individuals. This is especially to be remembered in respect to the two names here most favorably mentioned. There are other public men who would represent the principles of the "independent voter" equally well with Messrs. Bayard and Edmunds, and in some ways perhaps even more satisfactorily than either of them. But we venture, thus early, two predictions: One is that the independent voter will be found on the side of the candidate whose past life gives the best guarantee that he is in sympathy with the convictions and aims of the independent voter, and the other is that the candidate supported by the independent voter will be the next President of the United States.

"The American Copyright League."

"THE American Copyright League is an association organized by American authors, the object of which is to urge a reform of American copyright law, and, primarily, the abolition, so far as possible, of all discriminations between the American and the foreign author."

The above is the brief but satisfactory platform of what we believe to be the largest association of American writers yet formed in furtherance of the principle of international copyright. It will be remembered that Dr. Edward Eggleston, in an article on "The Blessings of Piracy," in *THE CENTURY* for April, 1882, wrote: "If the present movement should fail, the next will probably be a far more comprehensive one, made by men of letters themselves, who are the real

principals in the case. It is hard to organize authors as such; there are too many questions of literary position involved. But we can readily organize, on a business basis, an association of producers of literary property."

The prophesied movement of "producers of literary property" has begun. American authors, in demanding justice for the pillaged foreigner, are incidentally asserting their own rights at home and abroad in the products of their brains. Through its executive committee, the American Copyright League is now besieging both Congress and the State Department. All writers and others who wish to help on this good cause are requested to write to their representatives in both branches of Congress, and also to send their names to the secretary of the Executive Council, Mr. G. P. Lathrop, The Benedick, 80 Washington Square, New York.

OPEN LETTERS.

Organs and Orchestras in Church.

GAVAZZI is reported as having once said: "The best music in the world is in Scotland, and without embarrassment of organs." Now, this deliverance of the great orator would not of itself establish the fact it seems to assert; for taste does not always bend to logic, and never yields to the authority of a mere opinion. As an offset to such a remark of the old patriot, which was forced to play a conspicuous part in the rather tumultuous discussions of the recent anti-organ convention at Allegheny City, it is amusing to recall a remark of one of our tourist party in 1877, a typical Scotchman in every feature of his enthusiasm. He was sitting with us to listen to a congregation of the Free Italian Church in Genoa,—the body of Christians whose cause Father Gavazzi pleads,—and while they sang, with the accompaniment of an organ, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," to our American tune, his emotion kept gathering head, until, when the pathetic strain ceased, he wiped the tears from his eyes and exclaimed, "That is the most effective music I ever heard in any church. How finely Italians sing; what sweet melodies they have!"

It is evident that a prejudice is growing up on both sides of this question concerning the use of organs and orchestras in the public services of the Lord's Day. The debate is sometimes too violent for edification. A party in the Scotch churches is fairly determined to bring in the despised "chests of whistles" to help in the rendering of even Rouse's psalms. There are some also who are not in such a religious connection, but dwelling among others who tolerate instruments clear to the verge of uttermost charity, who wish the trustees had the money back which, in the early days, they paid for the swell and the pedal, the great diapason, the vox humana, and the bells.

Now, most musical people like organs; some like other combinations of instrumental helps in the singing. One would imagine the cornet had become a means of grace. When I was only a boy of seventeen, I my-

self became a member of a village group of players, which sat for years in what we appropriately called the *orchestra* of the church. We had two flutes, two violins, a bass-viol, a double-bass, a tenor trombone, and an ophicleide. It would not be of any use at this late day for artists to laugh at that kind of accompaniment in divine service; the sounds we made were well enough in their way, and most of those musicians are out of reach of criticism long ago. The beloved conductor of the volunteer choir was the leader of a military band to which some of us belonged, and was no mean musician for those simple-hearted times; but he had weaknesses. He often composed our piece of music during "the long prayer," and handed it around in penciled parts for us to render at the regular time for the hymns. Of course, we, by instinct, kept all this part of the service as far as possible away from the congregation; for they were likely to interfere with what we considered artistic if they should try to sing. When I recall this impertinent wickedness,—I recognize it now, we did not know it then,—it seems to me I can understand why some of those devout people in the recent convention hated instruments so violently: they felt in danger of being deprived of their rights. So they spoke out in terms unmistakable: "We must withhold fellowship from those who use organs; if organs come in, we must go out." They gave what they considered reasons for a conclusion so revolutionary. "We charge that the use of instruments is at the expense of spirituality," so said one of the speakers, according to the printed report of the proceedings. "If I can make or find a church of a better kind, I will not stay in a church that sanctions instrumental music," so said another, with equal frankness and force.

These Christian men were in earnest. Is there any ground for the sober apprehensions with which they regard instruments in church? It is of no use to argue the case; taste is out of the reach of ordinary logic; this is a question of fact, and of taste too. Let us draw upon the experience of those who are ac-

quainted with music as it is now managed in modern congregations. How does this plan of ours work? Do organs destroy spirituality in worship?

Everybody would have some story to tell, if he had a chance to ease his feelings on this point. I have many to choose from. Once I preached on exchange for a neighboring minister. In that congregation the organist was the leader of the choir, and hence was responsible for the music altogether; and he had ordinarily his way. The opening piece occupied, by the time-piece directly fronting me on the organ case, seventeen minutes. During this performance we all sat and patiently listened, or watched each other impatiently; we had nothing to do with selecting it, with singing it, or with understanding it. Then I was at liberty to commence divine worship with the customary prayers of the people. After this a hymn was offered to the congregation, the verses of which were driven hopelessly apart by an interlude of wonderful construction on the instrument. The organist paused deliberately after each stanza, leaving us to stand and watch him, while in leisurely silence he contemplated the position, decided what, under the circumstances, he would do, then pulled out such stops as he deemed the fittest for his present venturesome undertaking, and, when he got ready, went on to play a strain of interlude as far away as perverse ingenuity could invent from the chosen music which was printed before us in the book. When he came home from his wandering, he quirked up a little sharp note, to start the choir out of inattention, and gave us another verse. So the hymn was jerked through eight minutes of ups and downs and offs and ons. By and by I gave out the second one, which was to be sung by the quartet alone. I shortened it to four stanzas, in a sort of trepidation; but they spent twelve minutes on it, and I never heard such full ranges of a church organ before. Those singers waited at each vacancy until their leader had, by every imaginable dexterity on the keyboard, settled the Sunday-school question, "Oh, what can little hands do?" Then a finale of orchestral intricacy wound up the performances, and the stillness gave us a season of peace. At the close of the services I used the Doxology, as the safest relief to my apprehensions; and then we were stunned out of church with nothing less than violence.

This is no caricature. I am not ashamed to say I felt indignant; I was hindered, embarrassed, annoyed. It seemed to me as if the congregation would be destroyed by such a parade of amazing and insufferable conceit. Does any one imagine that that man had the least reference conceivable to the wants and purposes of the worshipping assembly by whom he was trusted? I was truly saddened to see how he betrayed them in order to display himself. And now I have to add that the next day I received a letter early in the morning from this very organist. He said he would be pleased to secure an engagement as leader in our church; for although some particulars pleased him in the place he was filling, he desired a position where he "could have more liberty"! With such a reminiscence in my mind, I think I can understand why an exasperated president of a college should exclaim in the convention: "We are commanded to sing with the spirit and with the understanding; and an organ is incapable of either."

It is of no use to try to break the force of the argument in this illustration by asserting that this person was positively an exception in the profession. It is to be admitted in all charity that he combined more of the offensive characteristics of modern organists in his own person than any man of his class who ever came within my observation. But he was representative of possibilities which our Scotch friends have reason to dread. In the utter disregard of the congregation, both in the choice and rendering of the music; in the interminable prolongation of the services for the sake of personal display; in the hopeless heartlessness of the whole performance as a mockery of what was put forward as the worship of God; in these things that choir-leader was a representative of many, many, in his profession.

There are other infelicities more common still. Not long ago I was walking out of a neighboring church, into which, in one of my rare chances of worshipping without officiating, I had found my way. A gentleman whom I met there was speaking to me kindly, giving me cordial welcome. I tried to listen, but the roar of the organ drowned his voice. "Oh, I wish you would stop the awful noise up there!" I said; for the racket of tubes shook a chandelier over our heads, and rattled the glass in the windows. And my friend answered: "Well, he is in one of his loud moods now, that is a fact; but he is a splendid player. He is a little funny sometimes when he sends us home good-natured; very adroit and careful, but he makes me laugh now and then. He will begin an opera air, and go on with it half a dozen notes, until you are scared a little; he just touches it and leaves it, and, before he gets caught, away he goes off into something else. He is at 'Lohengrin' now, he will be in 'Lucia' in a minute, and will end up in some solemn old oratorio; and the elders never seem aware of what he is giving the congregation!"

Unfortunately, some of them do know it by the smirk which they see on the faces of the ribald ones who laugh at their innocence; and the minister knows it also; but what can they do? The chief trouble is not in the tubes and the reeds, nor even in the whistles, but in the living human being who sits responsibly in the throne to manage them, and is himself unmanageable.

Here, again, we are interrupted by the asseveration that a man who will do such things is a charlatan; he ought to be cashiered; the profession are not responsible for him. Let us see. The question is concerning voluntaries with which to open or to close the services, concerning choice of tunes for singing, and concerning interludes between the stanzas. Charles Fox used to say, "Great authorities are arguments." It may be helpful to quote from Mr. Richard Storrs Willis, to whom the musical profession have been accustomed to look with deference:

"The artist has his own sphere,—an art-sphere,—into which neither clergyman nor people have any right to intrude. For instance, the question of a voluntary being decided, and its length, if you will, no one has a right to dictate what the quality or style of that voluntary shall be. If the musical taste of the artist do not suit the society, let them dismiss him, and get another; he is master in his own field, and is right in rebelling against all dictation as to the manner

of managing an organ. When a society engage an artist they run this musical risk. And thus, after the number of hymns is decided, the number of verses to be sung, and where the hymns are to be introduced, no one has a right to dictate what music shall be sung, or how it shall be sung. Here, again, the artist is master in his own field. The only proper redress for dissatisfaction is dismissal. Again, the question of interludes being decided,—how many and of what length,—the quality and style of those interludes are solely at the discretion of the artist; and he may stun with sub-bass; he may torture with fancy-stops; he may rattle on without the slightest reference to the sense of the preceding or succeeding verse; and no one in the church has any official right to interfere. If the music committee have hired so crude an organist, it devolves upon them and the society patiently to bear with the same, until they can procure a better. It is as well to have this subject understood; for nothing, perhaps, has been the cause of so much dissonant feeling in the church as the church's harmony—generally arising from trespass on the one part or the other."

Let us assume, therefore, that the subject is at last "understood." Some of us have understood a good deal of it for quite a long time; but let us put our information into form. An organist may construct his voluntaries out of operatic snatches in the slyest sort of way, he may choose his tunes from unfamiliar collections or compose them in prayer-time, and in his interludes he is specially to be allowed to "stun," to "torture," and to "rattle on without the slightest reference to sense." And all we can do to relieve so excruciating a position is to give him warning of dismissal at the end of his fiscal year, or wait for him to lose his health. We cannot even arrest him by the police, as we could any other disturber of divine worship. If we interfere before his time is out, he will sue the church in a justice's court for heavy damages for dues and defamation; we had better bear patiently, and not trespass on his rights.

Well, "Art is long; life is short." But it strikes ordinary thinkers, especially Scotchmen, that art is getting too long, slightly tedious, perhaps; and life is vanishing swiftly amid so much stunning and torturing and rattling clear down to the end of the twelve-month—which is the shortest engagement that even a "crude" organist will make with a modern music committee. If these be the acknowledged principles upon which the "artist" proceeds, who is to say that the profession is not responsible for much of what oppresses the worshiping people of God? Can any one blame the gentlemanly Christian pastor who in the convention said: "If my brother insists that I must part with my convictions, I must part from him."

Is this declaration of Mr. Willis the "common law" of the musicians? This utterance which I have quoted was published as admirable and authoritative in one of the chief musical periodicals; and it now stands at the conclusion of an argument in the volume, "Our Church Music: a Book for Pastors and People," long before the public under his name. If it has ever been challenged, I do not know it, and I am perfectly sure no modern organist ever dreamed it ought to be; why should he?

I would like to state two facts, however, before I leave the point; I think I shall feel easier afterward:

A church which I have served as pastor once turned a drunken organist out of his seat before the end of the year, and the earth did not give signs of woe that all was lost; and once afterward they dismissed an organist who grew disagreeable, and paid him his salary to the end of the engagement. It is not always necessary, therefore, to endure tortures and stunnings and rattlings still in possible reserve.

Up to this stage of discussion, I confess all appears to be melancholy, and looks unfair. But why do not the noble men and true, who are Christian worshipers themselves, and serve God with highest acceptableness in praise with their instruments, come forth and restate the doctrine of relations between people and players? There are organists who preach as well as a minister, in their own way and according to their chances. Not one of them doubts the confidence and affection with which we in the pulpits turn to them for their aid and guidance. At the funeral of our dear old friend George B. Bacon, there was one organist who took the service into his own hands, while the minister was content to be silent for a space. William Mason made that dumb instrument speak as (so it seemed to me, and not to me alone) no articulate voice could have spoken. Some hearts which heard that dirge, that comfort, that triumph, that celestial song from the keys, forgot the player, and the playing, and the instrument, only to recall them afterward—as I do now—with a wondering, grateful, glad sense of help in an hour of trial. Sometimes clear, sweet, gentle music, all alone, can lift mourners' sadness better than words. It is a pity that cheats and charlatans should prejudice a profession which has its promised place even in God's sanctuary above: "the players on instruments shall be there."

George Macdonald, in one of his best stories, makes David Elginbrod say: "I always think that if I could hear Milton playing on his organ, it would be more like the sound of many waters than anything else I can think of." It would seem as if an instrument which, if properly managed, could prove itself so capable for good, ought to receive a brighter welcome and a more charitable judgment than is implied in those closing resolutions of the convention to which we have referred so pleasantly: "According to the standards of our church, the use of instrumental music is unlawful." Pity 'tis, 'tis true. Madame de Staël suffers her Corinne to say, what has been actually supposed to be the fact by many of the most devout people that ever lived: "Among all arts music alone can be purely religious."

There was once such fear of mere æsthetic feeling in divine worship, that at the Council of Trent it was fiercely debated whether any music, other than the simplest Gregorian chants, should be permitted in the house of God. It is curious to note that the next religious convention to discuss a similar prohibition is a denomination of Protestant Christians in the nineteenth century.

If the vexation proceeds from the man who manages the instrument, would it not be better to suppress the vexation than to banish the instrument he abuses? If helps hinder, is it an impossible thing to hinder the helps from hindering?

Charles S. Robinson.

National Aid to Education.

THE vast amount of illiteracy in the country has attracted much attention of late, and has led to the proposal that national aid shall be given to the public schools of the States. The census of 1880 shows that there were in the country at that time nearly five million persons over ten years of age who were unable to read, and six and a quarter millions unable to write. The chief centers of illiteracy are in the Southern States, in some of which the proportion of illiterate persons is over forty per cent, and among the Irish, the French-Canadians, and some other foreign-born inhabitants of the North.

The existence, among us of such a mass of ignorance is a very unpleasant fact, and the illiterate vote is justly regarded as dangerous to the political well-being of the country. The ease with which ignorant voters can be corrupted and led astray has often been illustrated in our political history, and is sure to receive further illustration hereafter, unless effective means are taken to prevent it; and no means will be effective except the public education of the whole people. As the maintenance of schools, however, requires large sums of money, and as many of the States are slack in appropriating it, it is proposed that the national government shall assist in the work; and a bill for this purpose was introduced into Congress last winter. By this bill it was provided that the national government should give to the States several million dollars a year for a series of years, for the support of public schools, distributing it among the several States in proportion to the numbers of their illiterate population, the expenditure and application of the money being left to the States themselves. The bill was not acted upon last winter; but as it will probably be brought forward again, it ought to receive at once such consideration as the importance of the subject demands.

That something ought to be done to remove the ignorance of the people and its attendant dangers is certain; but there is grave reason to doubt whether the proposed scheme for national aid to the public schools is either a lawful or a wise measure for attaining this end. An obvious objection to the bill, and one that has already been urged, is its doubtful constitutionality; and unless this point can be settled in favor of the bill, the question of its expediency and adaptability to its purpose is of little importance. The Constitution nowhere authorizes the national government to make provision for education; and unless the power to do so can be inferred from some authority that is given, it does not exist at all. The government of the United States is not a government of naturally unlimited powers restricted by constitutional provisions; it has no powers at all except such as the Constitution expressly gives it; for the Constitution itself declares that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people." Unless, therefore, authority to use the national money for educational purposes is implicitly contained in some express grant of power to Congress, no such authority exists, and national aid to education cannot be lawfully given.

Now, I believe the only provision of the Constitu-

tion on which the advocates of the measure rely is that about promoting the general welfare, which, it is contended, will justify Congress in granting the aid proposed; and we must therefore examine the provision in question to see if this interpretation is correct. The expression about the general welfare occurs in the Constitution twice. The first occurrence is in the preamble, which declares that one of the objects for which the Constitution is established is to "promote the general welfare." The preamble, however, would not be cited by any one as containing a grant of power, it being, in fact, a mere rhetorical introduction to the Constitution, and of no binding force whatever. But a similar expression occurs in section eight of the first article, which contains an express grant of power to Congress; and it is this clause that is relied upon by the advocates of national aid to education as a justification of the measure. The clause in question reads as follows: "Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States." The first part of this clause empowers Congress to lay and collect taxes, while the second part specifies the purposes for which the money so obtained may be used. Now, it is contended that Congress is here authorized to appropriate money to promote the general welfare of the people, and that in virtue of this authority it may make an appropriation in aid of public schools; and on the correctness of this interpretation the constitutionality of the proposed measure must rest.

In considering this question, I remark in the first place that, if the clause here cited really means what it is said to mean, it is of the utmost importance that we should know it; for such an interpretation leads to some rather startling conclusions, and, if generally adopted, may lead to startling political action. If Congress has unlimited power to spend money in providing for the welfare of the people, we may expect to see before long the reign of paternal government fully inaugurated. Public schools are not the only means of promoting the general welfare, and if one such means may be lawfully used without express authority to do so, it is hard to see how the use of others can be objected to as unconstitutional. If Congress may appropriate money for public schools in the States, why not for public libraries also? nay, why may it not give every citizen a private library of his own, which would be even more conducive to the general welfare than public ones would be? Then the national treasury might be drawn upon for the support of paupers in the States, and in times of commercial distress national workshops might be established, like those that were opened in France after the revolution of 1848. It is obvious, also, what demands might be made for national aid to commercial and manufacturing enterprises; and it is hard to see what objection could be made on constitutional grounds to any of these projects, if the bill for national aid to education is constitutional. Indeed, if Congress has unlimited power to spend money in promoting the general welfare of the people, there is not one of the many schemes now in the air for making everybody rich at the public expense that it may not be asked to adopt.

If, however, we read the clause under discussion with proper care, we shall see that no such interpre-

tation is admissible. It authorizes Congress to "provide for the general welfare," not of the people, but "of the United States." Now the term "United States" has a very definite meaning; it denotes a body politic, a federal union of States, and it is the welfare of this body politic, and not that of its citizens, that Congress is authorized to provide for. That this is the true meaning is evident from the context. The clause, as a whole, empowers Congress to lay and collect taxes "to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States." Here it is clear that the term "United States" qualifies all three of the preceding terms in the same member of the sentence; and, therefore, if the general welfare referred to is the welfare of the citizens, the debts referred to are the debts of the citizens, and Congress may appropriate money to pay all our private debts. But such an interpretation is absurd; equally absurd, then, is the doctrine that money may be appropriated to provide for the general welfare of the people.

The object of this constitutional provision undoubtedly is to provide for all the financial requirements of the national government, chief among which are the payment of its obligations and the necessary expenditures for the national defense; but as these two objects are not the only ones for which money is required, the others, instead of being specified, are grouped together under the provision for the general welfare of the United States. As for the welfare of the people, the national government does, of course, promote it in various ways, but only by discharging the specific functions imposed upon it by the Constitution; and it is in the discharge of these functions alone that the national money may be lawfully employed. To my mind, at least, this interpretation is the only one consistent with the rules of the English language or with the general spirit of the Constitution.

Nor will it avail to say that a grant of money in aid of education would be a grant to the States and not to individual citizens; for Congress may not lawfully give money to the States. The national government did, indeed, soon after the Constitution was adopted, assume the debts of the States, which was equivalent to giving them money; but these debts had been incurred in defense of the Union, and it was therefore eminently proper that the Government of the Union should assume and pay them. But Congress has no right whatever to give money or money's worth to the States for State purposes; and though the Constitution has in this respect been violated, that is not an excuse for violating it again. Under the administration of President Jackson, the sum of thirty-seven million dollars was distributed among the States, ostensibly as a "deposit," but really as a free gift; but by what authority this was done I am unable to see. Surely it is not lawful to use the national money except for national purposes, and Congress has no more right to give it away to New York, Virginia, and the rest, than it would have to give it to Great Britain or to France. Congress did, indeed, in 1812, give a sum of money to "promote the general welfare" of Venezuela, which country had lately suffered from an earthquake; and there is no knowing what extravagances may not be committed unless strict regard is paid to the fundamental law.

We conclude, then, that there is no constitutional authority for using the national money to assist the States in their proper business, nor to provide for the general welfare of the people, save only so far as this object is effected by the performance of the specific duties of the national government. But here, perhaps, the friends of the measure may present a new argument. Suppose it granted, they may say, that Congress may not lawfully use the national money except for national purposes, and that among these purposes the promotion of the general welfare of the citizens is not included; yet we maintain that the education of the people is a matter of national importance, and that the welfare of the United States, as a body politic, depends in no slight degree upon it. In a free country, where the people in the last resort are the rulers, the security and good conduct of the government itself are dependent on the wisdom and morality of the voters; and we, therefore, maintain that in giving money for the support of public schools, Congress is promoting the welfare of the Union itself.

To this I reply, in the first place, that the Constitution gives both the control of education and the regulation of the suffrage to the States, and by so doing deprives the national authorities of all voice in the matter. In regard to the suffrage, it provides that those persons may vote for Presidential electors and members of the House of Representatives who are permitted to vote for members of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature, thus leaving it for the States to say who shall vote in national affairs. Having thus deprived itself of all control of the suffrage, and of education too, the nation has no right to complain if the voters furnished by the State are not to its liking; and if it wishes to remove the difficulty, it must do it by amending its own Constitution, and not by appropriating money in violation of it. But, secondly, if the promotion of education is a national object, and the appropriation of money for that purpose is for the benefit of the United States, the money must be expended and applied by the President. The Constitution places the whole executive power in the hands of the President and his subordinates, and neither he himself nor Congress may delegate his authority to the officers of the States. If, therefore, the national money is to be appropriated for the support of public schools, on the ground that this is a national object, then the entire control of that money and its application to its purpose must be in the hands of the President. But this would involve the assumption by the President of the general management of the public schools all over the country, which is obviously impossible. It follows, therefore, that so long as the Constitution gives the national government no control over education, the national money may not lawfully be employed for educational purposes, and that whatever is done toward removing illiteracy must be done in other ways.

If, then, the proposed measure is unconstitutional, it ought to be abandoned, and the question of its expediency becomes of little importance. To my mind, however, its expediency is only less doubtful than its constitutionality. The bill proposed last winter provided no guarantees for the faithful use of the money by the States; and though the measure may be amended in this respect, it is hard to see how any

effectual guarantees can be obtained without national supervision of the schools themselves. Moreover, if national aid is to be given, it would seem that it ought to be distributed among the States in some proportion to merit. It might be well to give some preference to those States in which illiteracy most abounds, since the removal of illiteracy is the object in view; but surely some preference should also be given to those that are most earnest in the work themselves, and prove their earnestness by the liberality of their appropriations and the efficiency of their schools. But, under the measure that has been proposed, the States that do the least for education, and have in consequence the largest illiterate population, would receive the largest share of the national bounty, and the longer they allowed their people to remain illiterate the more money they would receive. In short, the effect of the measure would be to put a premium on ignorance; and it is hard to see how the cause of popular education can be subserved by such means as that.

Meanwhile, if the nation at large wishes to do something for the removal of illiteracy, there are various legitimate ways in which it may do so. One of the best would be to amend the Constitution so as to prohibit any person from voting, either in national or in State affairs, unless he can read and write. Another and equally useful amendment would be one providing that members of the House of Representatives should be apportioned among the States, not, as at present, in proportion to their whole population, but in proportion to that part of their population that can read and write. A third measure, no less useful than either of these, and not requiring a change in the Constitution, would be a law prohibiting the naturalization of any person that cannot read and write. It may be well that our country should be a refuge for the oppressed of all lands; but there is no good reason why it should be the refuge of the ignorant and worthless of all lands, as it practically is to-day. By such measures as these the cause of popular education would be far more effectually promoted than by gifts of money from the national treasury; for they would compel both the States themselves and their illiterate population to do their best to remove the ignorance that now so widely prevails.

J. B. Peterson.

The Temperance Question.

SUGGESTIONS REGARDING TEMPERANCE WORK.

ONE of the greatest hinderances in the way of our temperance reform is the indifference of those whom we are pleased to call our "reputable citizens." This sin of indifference, for it may be characterized by such a grave term, cannot be placed at the door of saloon-keepers and politicians. They are *ever* watching *their* interests, and pushing them with all their powers. We sincerely hope that the discussion of the various phases of the temperance reform now going on throughout our country will awaken the sluggish and indifferent among our better classes to action, and create enough public sentiment to establish in all parts of the land associations with the specific object of enforcing the laws.

The liquor business, like a huge giant, comes out with his heavy coat of mail—political influence—and defies the arms of virtue and of right. Who shall dare to resist this modern Goliath? He sends out his challenge, and we must either find a David to oppose him or be overcome. Suppose we believe that we have at last found our David. The next point is, how shall David fight, and what shall constitute his armor? Some will say, "Let religion be his coat of mail"; others, "moral suasion"; and others, "prohibition." But David declines all this cumbrous armor for his first venture, strong and invincible as it may be under some circumstances. So, taking his sling, he selects five smooth stones from the brook Experience, and, thus armed, goes to meet the foe. But now for a moment he hesitates. Which stone shall he throw first? The first stroke must not fail; else the giant may cast his spear in contempt, and David and his cause be overthrown at the very outset. At length he resolves to throw first his smallest stone, *No sale of liquor to minors*. His practice with this insures his lodging it somewhere in his enemy. A fair blow with this stone will sink it so deep that the giant will lose most of his blood; and while he is falling, David will throw his second stone, *No sale of liquor to drunkards*. This will draw more life-blood. Then *No sale of adulterated liquors* will bring the haughty giant to his knees. Quickly following up these strokes with *No music in saloons* and *High license*, and Goliath is forsooth ready to die. Then will David advance, and with the sword of *Prohibition* cut off the dying monster's head.

Some will say the sword should be used first. But the reply comes: It has been tried; but the attempts only wounded instead of killing, and the giant hid away for a time in the dark, feigning to be dead, only to make his appearance again when his strength returned.

Prohibition, to be successful, must take away the demand for liquor. The Women's Christian Temperance Union, of Chicago, in a recent call, acknowledge that, after nine years of reform work, they are convinced that the only means of stopping intemperance is by educating the young; and to this end they urge the organization of Bands of Hope all over the country. Keep the growing youth out of the saloons, and the demand for liquor in a very few years must cease.

There is no community that will not support organizations that seek to enforce the law against the sale of liquor to minors and drunkards. When this is done, you have taken away from the liquor-dealers four-fifths of their customers. If you, then, enforce the law against selling adulterated liquors, you take away nearly all *their profits*, as well as all *their liquors*. Then enforce the law against music and stage performances in saloons, and you will drive away most of the remaining fifth of their patrons.

There will be a few saloon-keepers who may live off the moderate drinker's appetite; but the number will be so small that their influence in politics will count for naught, and your mayor will close them up quickly when requested by the reputable citizens, *whose favor and influence he will then court*.

One of the great mistakes of the temperance reform to-day is, that we try to accomplish too much at one time. The liquor business did not grow up in

a night. Neither can it be put down in a night. "Nothing wins like success." It does not pay to risk *all* in a first encounter with the enemy. Hence it is better to gain some little vantage-ground by light skirmishing before attempting the "grand assault." Our cause may be just, but the means to accomplish the end still remains a hard problem to solve.

The Citizens' Law-and-Order Leagues have done much toward the solution of this problem. We have reason to hope that the battles they are now fighting in the enforcement of the laws, together with the education of the young in temperance principles, may lead before long to the grand Prohibition assault upon the forces of Intemperance.

Permit a word as to the kind of men needed in the carrying on of a Law-and-Order League. If possible, you should find such a man for president as Mr. Franklin, in Dr. Gladden's "Christian League of Connecticut," a man of enthusiasm, but neither rash nor impracticable. Then you want, as his associates, the men described by Dr. Holland,—

"Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

J. C. Shaffer,

Sec. Nat. Law-and-Order League.

126 WASHINGTON STREET,
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HIGH LICENSE.

NO SERVICE could be more valuable, or contribute more to the solution of the temperance question, than the discussions of its many phases now carried on in the "Open Letters" department of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. But the article entitled "More about Law-and-Order Leagues" closes with a sentence which seems to me misleading, though unintentionally so, I doubt not, in that it conveys the impression of the vigorous efficiency of the high license law now operative in Illinois. The sentence reads as follows: "This law is now being vigorously enforced." That it is not being vigorously enforced in Chicago may be discovered any day at the City Hall, where the books will show that nearly four thousand saloons are paying into the city treasury one hundred and three dollars each for the year ending April 1, 1884. The City Council took pains before the law came into effect (July 1, 1883) to issue these licenses for the period named at double the old municipal rates, and the Attorney-General of the State has given an opinion favorable to this evasion of the intent and purposes of the act.

At least a dozen other towns and cities whose operations have come under my own observation have adopted the same device for making the law of none effect, and probably this number might be multiplied tenfold by persons equally cognizant of the facts in the case. All of which must be considered a large abatement in the vigorous enforcement of the law.

That it has been and is in many places enforced, as well as the laws it has superseded, will doubtless be conceded by all; but this is a weak recommendation surely, when Law-and-Order Leagues have been found necessary to secure this enforcement. In a few conspicuous instances it has considerably diminished the number of the saloons; but it is nowhere claimed, to my knowledge,—and I have been at much pains to arrive at the truth,—that it has lessened drunkenness or the sales of liquor.

The high license law is regarded by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, first, as *unjust*, because tending to create a monopoly in liquor-selling—to build up the powerful dealers who already do the most harm, and to crush out the weak ones who do the least; secondly, as *unwise financially*, because if the dealer pays \$500, instead of \$100, for his permit to engage in the business, he must certainly prosecute his trade more vigorously to win back the extra \$400 which has gone into the city's coffers, thus producing more misery, poverty, and crime; thirdly, as *unwise morally*, since it lends respectability and tone to the dealers who can afford the tax, and increases their ability to lure "the weak brother" and the sons of respectable homes and parentage; fourthly, as *un-Christian*, because it is, like all license laws, a recognition and permission of a traffic which is a crime against civil and a sin against divine government. It is also such a recognition and indorsement as tends to perpetuate rather than weaken or overthrow the system.

These are the views of nearly one hundred thousand mothers of our land. The palace saloon is our terror. Make the dens of sorrow, vice, and shame less respectable if you can, rather than raise their level to the pathway where our sons walk unsuspecting and guarded by every device which a mother's love can suggest.

Mary B. Willard.

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

I HAVE read with some interest the articles which have appeared in late numbers of THE CENTURY on the temperance question, and I have wondered if the editor, or Mr. Walter Farrington, or the Rev. Washington Gladden, had any direct knowledge of the workings of constitutional prohibition in Kansas.

It would not be an easy task to the thoughtful observer, denied personal contact with citizens of this State, to explain satisfactorily why a public sentiment which was strong enough in 1879 to force constitutional prohibition on the State of Kansas is so shamefully weak and impotent to-day. But, in mingling with the people, one readily finds a solution to the moral problem.

One citizen, seemingly and presumably intelligent as regards most questions of State or national interest, admits that he did not fully understand the magnitude of the question nor its vital relation to society; but he voted for constitutional prohibition because, in the abstract, it was desirable; and another citizen, representing another class, reckless of the great responsibility which would be thrown upon the State, voted for the amendment because he "wanted to see it tried." To these two classes, more criminally careless, it may

be, in the handling of their suffrage, than wanting in intelligence, Kansas owes its present constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture, sale, or barter of intoxicating liquors.

The amendment, then, does not owe its existence to a strong, healthy public sentiment, but to the carelessness of easy-going, experiment-loving citizens. As a consequence, when the extreme difficulty of its enforcement first began to be apparent, we found these two classes of citizens (the classes which gave the amendment its majority) the first to drop the measure and inveigh against its practicability.

And as a further consequence of this heavy desertion from Prohibition ranks, the law has never been seriously enforced in any part of the State, if we may except those communities where public sentiment is really opposed to liquor; and in those communities practical prohibition would be a fact under any law.

Here in Abilene, a town of some four thousand inhabitants and one of the most thriving, intelligent, and moral communities in the State, we have six saloons and one wholesale liquor house. They are run in open defiance of the law and in spite of the opposition of the radical Prohibitionists. Practically, there is no attempt on the part of authorities or citizens to close these saloons, and free beer and whisky are sold *ad libitum*. A similar condition of affairs exists in all parts of the State, and this utter disregard of law must of necessity bring shame and reproach upon the Commonwealth, and be an active source of danger to its integrity and authority. And instead of getting better, the condition of things is growing worse.

The most unfortunate thing which has happened to this question is the dragging of it into politics, and no one can fully understand the situation unless he is found in the heat and dust of the conflict. Political questions are subordinated to this Prohibition and anti-Prohibition craze, and men are elected or defeated according to their expressed views on this one subject. Even those prosecutions which we do have are started through party interests and exigencies, and it is frequently the case that saloon men who "stand in" with the dominant local party are protected, while others, who happen to be on the "wrong side of the fence," suffer from a discriminating and therefore unjust prosecution.

So far has this intolerant spirit been carried, that Prohibition in Kansas has become nothing more than a screaming farce, and it would seem that the quicker the amendment is resubmitted to the people and repealed, the better it will be for the morals and peace of mind of the State. Fancy a condition of things which impels the thirsty resident of Kansas City, suffering from the Downing law which closes Missouri saloons on Sundays, to cross the State line into Prohibition Kansas for the purpose of supplying himself with all the liquor he wants! In an article of this kind it is impossible to speak of the strife between neighbor and neighbor, the perjuries of the witness-box, and the disregard of official oaths, which are directly traceable to the Prohibition amendment.

It is the candid opinion of your correspondent, considering the present state of public morals and public appetite, that the liquor question is to be successfully handled only by high license and local option.

S. K. Strother.

"The Bread-Winners."

A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR.

FOR several months I have listened in silence to a chorus of vituperation which seems to me unjust and unfounded, until my original purpose of replying to no form of misrepresentation has been so far shaken that I beg for a little space to correct some errors and to justify at least my intentions.

The charges of my critics may be divided into three heads:

1. "The Bread-Winners" is conceived from an aristocratic point of view.

2. It is not well written. The incidents are extravagant and untrue to nature.

3. It is a base and craven thing to publish a book anonymously.

The first charge seems to me too absurd to be considered seriously. I hardly know what is meant by an aristocratic point of view. I am myself a working man, with a lineage of decent working men; I have been accustomed to earning my own living all my life, with rare and brief holidays. I have always been in intimate personal relations with artisans and with men engaged in trade. I do not see how it is possible for an American to be an aristocrat; if such a thing exists, I have never met it. But because, in my little book, more attention is bestowed upon certain dangerous or vicious tendencies among the poor than upon the faults incident to wealth, I am called an aristocrat, or a snob,—a name equally vague and senseless, which, so far as I can discover, merely denotes that the man using it does not like the man to whom it is applied. The question may be asked, Why do I talk more about the failings of the poor than about those of the rich? Simply because I know more about them.

The germ of "The Bread-Winners" was a remark made to me by a friend of mine, a carpenter of Detroit. He said one day, when we were walking past the High School and talking of social matters, "There is hardly a carpenter's daughter in this town who will marry a carpenter." The image of Miss Maud Matchin then formed itself in my mind. A few days later I met Mr. Offitt in a railway train, and afterward, I came to know him well in a boarding-house we both frequented. Almost without my consciousness the story took shape as it was written. The hero of the tale is Offitt, not Farnham; the heroine is Maud, and not Alice. I care little about Farnham. It is true I gave him a fine house and a lot of money,—which cost me nothing,—but that was only because Miss Matchin would never have looked at him otherwise. He is a commonplace soldier, with a large property; he pretends to be nothing else. Some of my critics, to my amazement, have said, as if they were making a great discovery, that there is nothing remarkable about him. I never intended there should be. I probably could not have made him wise or learned or witty if I had tried,—but I certainly never tried. I wanted him to be a gentleman, and I think he is; but that I cannot discuss, for I have never known two people to agree upon a definition of a gentleman.

The only other rich people at all kindly treated in the book are Mrs. Belding and her daughter. And here another astonishing criticism has been made. This comes from the Boston "Transcript." The writer

rebukes me for aristocratic leanings, and then goes on to discover a glaring inconsistency in the fact that Miss Belding is a nice sort of person, while her mother is not especially refined, and her father was a successful mechanic. My gentle, though wabbling critic, was it not I who decided that this nice young person should be a daughter of the people as well as Miss Matchin? and is it not possible that I knew what I was about as well as you? The same critic, whom I cite more than once because he is more than usually comic, decides that I am a Western man, because of a certain "raw Americanism" he sees in me, and because my personages lack grandfathers, as a rule. An Eastern man's personages, he says, "would have a more remote traditional background." If I shared his interest in the habitat of authors, I should say *his* ancestral home was in Connaught. The brain that evolved these startling syllogisms has been nourished by the potato and not by the bean.

I find that in Ohio the book has given deep offense because of a supposed unfairness to the laboring class. One editor says—and seems to think my work is condemned by that sentence—"There are five thousand men in Springfield to-day, honest, industrious, intelligent toilers, who earn their bread by the sweat of their faces, but who move in the very best social circles, and are as highly esteemed as any class of people we have among us." Because I have not described these five thousand honest working men, who move in the best social circles, I am anathematized as a libeler of the poor. Because I choose to talk about Miss Matchin, to whom the High School was of little service, I am unjust to the thousands of girls who get great advantage from our public schools. I am told my picture is one-sided. Of course it is—most pictures are. If I paint your face well, you do not complain that I have not done justice to your back. A man says he met a viper in the woods. You do not call him a liar because he says nothing about the singing birds which are there. I attempted to describe certain types of moral perversion which I have found among our working people, and I am denounced for not having filled my book with praises of the virtues which also abound among them. This is certainly a new canon of literature. May I not speak of Nero without writing the life of Brutus? Is it not legitimate for me to describe Justus Schwab without contrasting him with Peter Cooper? I have been unjust, it seems, to the labor unions. This is a gratuitous assumption. I have expressed no opinions about labor unions. I have told about a little society, organized for his own ends by a criminal, who uses the labor reformers' slang and something of their methods to swindle a few workmen out of their money. If any one says this is not true, he simply shows his ignorance of what is going on about him in every city of considerable size. I have not discussed the Labor problem at all. It was not in my province. A newspaper in Western Massachusetts, once edited by Samuel Bowles and now carried on by I know not what hysterical person, says I have left that question "without a word of sympathy or even pity" for the toilers. I can inform my falsetto deemster that the robust toilers of this country care as little for my sympathy as for his. The most intelligent and most prosperous laboring class in the world can live and

flourish without the patronage of novelists or *larmoyant* journalists.

2. I can defend myself but feebly against the charge that my book is ill written. I have little technical skill in writing, and no experience whatever in writing of this kind. The fact that my purpose and feeling have been so widely misunderstood is itself the condemnation of my style and method. If people think I meant to represent Arthur Farnham as an ideal hero, or that I have any sentiment but profound admiration and respect for the great mass of American working men, I admit that I have expressed myself with singular and lamentable awkwardness. If it be true also that what I have written has seemed in any point exaggerated or untrue, then I have fallen again far wide of the mark. I had but one thought in writing "The Bread-Winners"—to give an absolutely truthful picture of certain phases of our social life which I had never seen in print. The method by which I proposed to attain this end was perhaps faulty from an artistic point of view, but it was the only one I knew. I determined not to put a trait nor an incident into my story which was not strictly true—of which I was not clearly certain of my own knowledge. The personages, with the exception of Offitt, are not portraits of real people. But every trait I have described I have myself encountered, and a life-long observation of a good many kinds of society has, I think, kept me from mingling discordant traits in the same character. As to the incidents of the story which have been called overcharged, they have all been read in the daily papers and forgotten, and some of them narrated by the very editors who now call them impossible. For instance, the speech of Bott inciting the mob to sack Algonquin Avenue I took almost word for word from a Cleveland paper of July, 1877. The escape of Sleeney from jail I found in the same paper. The scene of the mob at Farnham's house was closely paralleled during the strikes of 1877 at Louisville, Kentucky; and far more tragic horrors than anything I have ventured upon were repeated over and over at Pittsburg. The sketch of the Mayor of Buffland has been called a malignant caricature. I do not know who held that office at the time of the riots, and I meant no personal allusion. But in a Cleveland paper, which I have begun of late to read with diligence if not with edification, I have found this paragraph, which shows what sort of a chief magistrate they now possess in that city:

"A special meeting of the Police Board was held yesterday afternoon. In the course of a general discussion, street beggars and tramps were referred to. Mayor F—— made a remark to the effect that the poor fellows ought not to be molested. 'Are you in favor of street-begging, your honor?' asked Mr. B——. 'If I was hungry,' was the reply, 'and had no money with which to buy bread, I would beg for it; and if nobody would give me anything, I would knock down some fellow who was smaller than I, and get some money. An empty stomach knows no law.'"

All this, I admit, is a very inadequate defense against the charge that I have written an inartistic book. No matter how true it is, if the effect is untrue, the book has been badly written; but I, at least, contend that the book *is* true, and written with an honest purpose.

3. The idea that there is anything morally wrong in publishing a novel anonymously is entirely new

to me. I had never heard it advanced until it was made the basis of censure upon me in several newspapers. I will not refer to the numerous instances of reputable men and women who have committed this sin without loss of character in past and present times. I will simply leave it to the common sense of readers to say whether there is anything flagitious in withholding one's name from an entirely impersonal work of fiction. It was hard for me to understand why there should be such a feeling about so trifling a matter, until I saw an elaborate article on the subject in "The Critic." One phrase I will quote, showing with what gentle persuasion the writer, in the words of the nursery song, woos anonymous authors who write poor books "to come and be killed." "The whole world," he says, "calls upon you for your name, that it may avoid, condemn, mistrust, destroy you." Even this appeal, I think, will not be sufficient to tempt me out of my incognito.

My motive in withholding my name is simple enough. I am engaged in business in which my standing would be seriously compromised if it were known that I had written a novel. I am sure that my practical efficiency is not lessened by this act; but I am equally sure that I could never recover from the injury it would occasion me if known among my own colleagues. For that positive reason, and for the negative one that I do not care for publicity, I resolved to keep the knowledge of my little venture in authorship restricted to as small a circle as possible. Only two persons besides myself know who wrote "The Bread-Winners." One of these is an eminent man of letters, who had the kindness to read my manuscript, and whose approval encouraged me to print it. I am absolutely sure of the discretion of both these gentlemen, and, I hope I may add, of my own. I offered to give my name to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, who have published the story in book-form, if they should require it, but they had the kindness and consideration to decline. I am aware that this assertion is not in accordance with current rumors. I have met several persons who tell me they have talked with the author about the book, and two who gave me to understand, in the strictest confidence, that they wrote it themselves. But the unimportant truth is as I have stated it. I am ashamed to say so much about a matter of such infinite insignificance, but I would like, if possible, to put a stop to a discussion which has become ridiculous.

In conclusion, I beg to offer my sincere apologies to two or three distinguished writers who have been compelled to defend themselves against the accusation of having written "The Bread-Winners." Perhaps it may please them, hereafter, when suffering under undeserved strictures, to reflect upon the absurdity of *this* charge and the worthlessness of criticism which could ever have ascribed such a book to such names.

The Author of "The Bread-Winners."

NEW YORK, February 1, 1884.

The Lorillard-Charnay Collection of Central American Antiquities.

M. DÉSIRÉ CHARNAY'S words, written in the "North American Review" in 1882, have come true. Speaking of his labors in Central America, particularly

at Lorillard City, and the impressions of inscriptions and mural ornaments which he made there, he says: "We have taken casts of some superb bas-reliefs, and when they are put on exhibition in Washington and Paris they will excite no little astonishment." The collection which has recently arrived at the National Museum arouses not only the astonishment but the enthusiasm of the archaeologists of Washington, as it will of all intelligent beholders when the hall shall be thrown open to the public.

M. Charnay first visited Central America in 1857, under authority of the French Government, and, in 1863, published the results of his investigations, in his work upon the "Cités et Ruines Américaines," together with a large series of photographs. In 1880 he was made chief of a much more elaborate expedition, undertaken at the instance of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, and sustained by the munificence of that gentleman and of the governments of France and the United States. He has visited in succession the antique cities of Mexico, Guatemala, and Yucatan, everywhere taking casts of inscriptions and carvings, photographing temples and statues, making measurements and notes, and submitting all things to the closest scientific scrutiny. With the aid of a force of twenty or thirty hired laborers, supplemented by others liberally furnished at various times by the Mexican Government, temples and palaces were exhumed, tombs explored, fallen columns reërected, inscriptions cleansed, and all the details of a rigorous survey carefully attended to.

The collection which is now being installed in the National Museum represents the first-fruits of his endeavors. It consists of a series of casts of some of the most interesting stone carvings which adorn the ruined antique palaces and temples of the Toltecs. They are from Palenque and Mexico, from Chichen-Itza and Merida and Lorillard City, and from other noted localities. There are in all eighty-two pieces of various shapes and sizes, the majority being in the form of rectangular tablets of inscriptions. The remainder are walls and altars, columns and capitals, door-ways and steps, and other similar objects. To describe them all would be impossible in this communication, but the reader may not weary if the salient features of a few are pointed out. Perhaps the richest part of the collection is from Palenque. Among the casts from this locality we find the altar of the famous Temple of the Cross, regarding the significance of the central emblem of which so much discussion has been aroused. This altar, which is now being restored in the Museum to conform as nearly as possible to the original, is not easily described. For those who have glanced at the figures in Waldeck or Rau or Bancroft it is unnecessary. In the center is a cross of almost Latin proportions, surrounded by a variety of irregular and fantastic ornaments, and surmounted by a large bird, whose head is also wrapped in an unintelligible mass of plumes and pendants. This bird is believed to be the royal trogon, or "quetzal," although I have heard it facetiously termed the "old rooster." On the right of and facing the cross is the figure of a priest, in scant clothing and ponderous head-dress, who holds in his outstretched arms a curious, elongate, bird-like object. On the opposite side of the cross is a shorter person of self-possessed mien, who stands on a small, square block, and holds loosely

in his hand, in a vertical position, a short, irregularly shaped rod. Behind each figure is a tablet covered with elaborate inscriptions in large hieroglyphics. These, as well as all the other inscriptions in the collection, are undecipherable at the present time, although several archaeologists in Washington and Paris believe themselves far on the road toward the discovery of their true meaning.* It is probably well known that the original right-hand tablet of this celebrated altar has been in the National Museum for many years. On the front face of the two side walls, which stand out at right angles from the back of the altar, are two additional nearly life-size figures, known as the "old man" and the "young man"—names which are significant of their attitudes and bearing.

A second altar, having a remarkable resemblance to the preceding, but in which the positions of the large and small human figures and of the bird are reversed, was described by a traveler in 1879 as having been discovered by him in a small building at a stone's throw from the well-known temple. His story found little credence among archaeologists; but to-day there stands in the National Museum a cast which is undoubtedly that of the group which he described and the truthfulness of his narrative is confirmed.

Another very similar altar with inscriptions is that of the so-called "Temple of the Sun." The sun takes the place of the cross of the preceding shrines, and is represented by a rotund face, hung like a shield at the intersection of two spears which cross.

The carvings from the circumference of the "sun stone" of Mexico City, which so narrowly escaped being pounded into paving-stones not many years ago, form an interesting object. Fifteen men of about half natural size hold fifteen others of equal proportions by the hair. Gama would have us believe that they represent religious dancers; but the mind at once recognizes in the attitudes of the figures the probable correctness of Berra's view, that they depict the conquerors and the conquered. "The central cavity in the center of this stone (at the top)," says Charnay, "which formerly received the hearts of the victims offered to the sun god, is now used as a bath by the doves which frequent the court-yard of the Museum (of Mexico)."

Another procession of warriors is from the walls of one of the great chambers of the "Tennis-court" at Chichen-Itza in Yucatan. The wall is sixteen feet in

height and more in length. There are five rows of warriors, one above another, many carrying in the one hand three or more arrows or rods, and in the other a curiously formed object, believed by M. Charnay to be a sacrificial knife.

The columns and capitals of Chichen-Itza look heavy and unskillfully formed, when we remember the fair proportions of those of Greece, but we must not be too ungracious in our comparisons.

A curious small bas-relief from Lorillard City represents two persons approaching each other, each bearing in his outstretched hand a large cross of peculiar shape. The arms of the crosses end in round knobs, and from the summit of each extends a long curved feather. The significance of the group is unknown.

A vein of resemblance runs through all the sculptures. There are warriors and priests, conquerors and slaves, spears and arrows and feathers. The profiles of all the faces show much similarity, the features having a strong Semitic cast.

But the interest of the observer centers at last in the odd hieroglyphics of the inscriptions. Their very inscrutability arouses in the mind an ardent desire to know their meaning. The mysterious dots and bars, the rudely carved faces and circles, provoke profound meditation.

Who shall say what new light may be thrown upon the history of American civilization when the inscribed tablets, now mute, shall be made to speak? Perhaps we shall learn only of names of gods and of seasons and feast days; but we hope for more. If the conjectures of M. Charnay should be established as facts, we must bring the period of the rise and downfall of the Toltec civilization in Central America within seven centuries. It may be childish to desire a thought-confounding antiquity. The tendency to-day, among the leading students of India and Egypt and China, and even among geologists, is in the opposite direction. The doctrine of the slow development of a people is no dogma; but to ascribe to works of human art an antiquity, in comparison with which the hills are young, would seem to be a manifest absurdity.

The hall in which the casts are now being arranged is scarcely suited for exhibiting them properly, and it is probable that in course of the winter they will be transferred to another room.

Frederick W. True.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

*The reader who is interested in this subject is referred to a paper by Prof. Edward S. Holden, in this magazine for December, 1881, entitled "The Hieroglyphs of Central America," in which the writer lays down principles for the study of these inscriptions. The illustrations of that paper include cuts of several of the pieces now in the National Museum. It should be borne in mind, however, that, although the majority of them are from the drawings of a no less skillful artist than Catherwood, they do not represent the originals with photographic accuracy. A number of important errors occur in the delineations of the glyphs of the inscriptions.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Seville Love-Song.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANUBE RIVER.")

I.

LOOK down from your window, dearest:
The mists of night are fled,
Venus, of stars the clearest,
Burns just above your head.
I am not at your sweet eyes' level,
Nor above, where the jasmines blow
Round the golden towers of Seville,—
I am here, at your feet, below!

II.

Send me a flower, dearest,
A word from that common speech,
To all mankind the clearest,
Which peasant, like king, may reach.
I am here, as it were, in December,
And you are in May, up above—
Oh! send me a bud to remember
The spring's first promise of love!

Hamilton Aidé.

Nocturne.

I LOVE thee as the steeple loves the star
Above it, wooing in the sparkling night,
When the duenna moon is out of sight,
And gossip planets wend their course afar.

So worship I, though frowns thy beauty mar,
Like clouds wind-strewn between me and thy height,
As on poor earth fair heaven would put a slight,
While yet I gaze unceasing where you are.

Hath Love no bow can fling a shaft to scar
Thy calm heart, skied in maiden constancy—
Mocking the archer with its flashing light?

Ah, this I know: Thou art the zenith star
Of a celestial sphere whose canopy
Covers a heart that's in the old, old plight.

Clarence Clough Buel.

The Fault-Demon.

I'VE seen a white-robed maiden
With flowing gold hair laden,
As heavy-burdened body as she could bear,
And there came a wild black raven,
So eager and so craven,
And hid himself all silent in her fair gold hair.

When she cried, "Thou misbehave!"
"Caw!" said the wild dark raven,
And all her tedious life he only said "Caw!"
Yet sate he on her shoulder,
This heavy black bird-bowler,
And moved not, would not leave her, for patience
or for law.

Now, on her tomb was graven
"The Maiden of the Raven,
Who peered from her long tresses for all to see:—
Some said that it was pride
Gave the bird so long a ride."
But he left her when the church-bell rang sonorously.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom. (New Series.)

WHAT the country wants the most just now is less religion and more piety, less advice and more example, less politics and more patriotism, and less pedigree and more pluck.

A very stubborn man is often wrong, but seldom dishonest.

A strong intimacy may exist between two fools, but friendship never.

Let us be kind to each other here on earth; it will save us much confusion when we meet in heaven.

Silence is a good place to hide, but fools can't find the place.

There are many people who have got a great deal more religion than common sense. Religion is excellent, but it is n't a substitute for common sense.

There are plenty of people who know how to make money, and how to waste it, but few who know how to spend it.

The symptoms of patience and laziness are so near alike that it would bother many people to tell which disease they have the more of.

If there were no fools, this world would be a dreary place to live in.

One enemy can work you more of evil than two friends can do you of good.

There is nothing that shows strength of character more than eccentricity if it is natural, and nothing that shows weakness more if it is artificial.

A crank is a fool, with more brains than he knows what to do with.

There is wisdom even in the crooks of a dog's tail, though sometimes we can see the crooks plain enough, but can't see the wisdom.

Take all the luck there is in the world, and you couldn't make a half dozen genuine successes out of it.

The man who is always anxious to take the chances, invariably takes one chance too many.

Aphorisms from the Quarters.

DE candy-pullin' kin call louder dan de log-rollin'.
De bes' apples float on de top o' de peck medjer.
De steel-trap know when to talk.
Hailstones don't pick hard heads to drap on.
De young rooster dat crow too loud is 'lectioneerin' for a lickin'.

Tall tree make de squ'el sassy.
De redbird lub to drink whar he kin see hisse'f in de water.

De top o' de hill is harder to find dan de bottom.
De wood-pile 'fraid o' de norf wind.
De s'ingle-tree got to stan' heap o' kickin'.
Dus' don't settle on de meal-box.

A shot-gun kin outvote a good-size' cump'ny o' watermilion hunters.

A man dat cut his finger don't brag on his knife while de blood runnin'.

De rabbit kin make de bes' time when he trabblin' for his health.

Dar's a bad streak in folks dat think de whole wul' is a pen'tench'ry.

One dead bee-martin is wuf a hundred live ones.

De shirt-buttons he'p de looks o' things, but de gal-lus-buttons do de solid wuk.

De right sort o' 'ligion heaps de half-bushel.

De steel hoe dat laughs at de iron one is like de man dat is 'shamed o' his grand-daddy.

'Taint wuf findin' out who gits de bes' of a goat swap.

When de bait is wuf mo' an' de fish,' tis time to stop fishin'.

Old Satan couldn't git 'long widout plenty o' he'p.

De buggy whip can't make up for light feed in de horse trough.

A mule kin tote so much goodness in his face dat he don't hab none lef' for his hind legs.

De price o' tame coons don't pester many folks.

Some grabble walks may lead to de jail.

De bes' bravery is de sort dat aint skeered o' de hot sun.

De lead steer know when de whip-cracker mended.

De billy-goat gits in his hardes' licks when he look like he gwine to back out o' de fight.

Better not pull down de empty jail.

Little hole in your pocket is wusser'n a big one at de knee.

Gap in de ax show itse'f in de chip.

De dog on three legs aint always lame.

'Tis mighty easy to run de track ob a roasted possum.

Appetite don't reggerlate de time o' day.
Some smart folks don't know how de fros' git on de
bottom o' de chip.

De quagmire don't hang out no sign.
One pusson kin th'ead a needle better'n two.
De pint o' de pin is de easiest en' to find.
De green top don't medjer de price o' de turnup.
Muzzle on de yard dog unlocks de smoke 'ouse.

J. A. Macon.

"Something Humorous."

It's a terrible temptation, for of course I need the
money,
But, take it altogether, can I possibly be funny?
Oh, I need not sit and meditate—he'd not have had
to urge,
If he'd asked me for an epitaph, or begged me for a
dirge!

The house-maid leaves next Monday, the cook week
after next,
After all my frantic struggles to prevent their being
vexed;
And Augustus—once he fancied that I *could* do
nothing wrong—
Went sulking off, because, forsooth, the coffee was not
strong!

The plumbers come to-morrow; an important pipe
has burst.
Of the sum of human miseries, are plumbers not the
worst?
I found two moths this morning on the largest easy-
chair,
And another on the sofa—I am sure they're in the
hair.

Talk of "little" cares and worries—why, there are
no little things;
A wasp is not a large affair, but patience! how he
stings!
Yet the world, which likes to laugh with us, or at us,
gives a growl,
And hasn't time to listen if one ventures on a howl.

Yet there is a *way* of howling which the public likes
to hear—
Yes, I'll seize my opportunity, the whole affair grows
clear;
I will tell my tribulations as if each one were a joke,
And my welcome, like the house-maid's young affec-
tions, is "bespoke."

Margaret Vandegrift.

Rosa no Mar!

(FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF A. GONÇALVES DIAS.)

Rosa, rosa de amor purpurá é bella,
Quem entre os goivos te esfolhan da campa!

ON the sand-beach gray and lonely
Wanders only
One fair maid, with dreamy paces;
Wanton winds come laughing, playing,
Loosely straying
Through her unbound raven tresses.
Shadows light as fairy lightness
Dim the brightness
Of her brow, and pass so swiftly

That she knows not of their coming;
Like the roaming
Of the winds that fan her softly.

Vaguely questioning, ne'er replying,
Vaguely sighing,
Fears and smiles are mingled ever;
Smiles as sweet as summer gladness,
Shades of sadness,
Never bitter, darkening never.

Where the beach is wide and dreary,
Solitary,
Comes she daily, fancy-driven;
There the sea-waves, almost sleeping,
Softly creeping,
Moan along the sands at even.

Now, as ever, slowly wandering,
Vaguely pondering,
Buried in her dreamings vagrant,
She has placed upon her bosom
One fair blossom,
One moss-rose, bedewed and fragrant.

In her careless walk, the maiden—
Fancy-laden—
Drops the rose from out her bosom;
And the ripples, ever wayward,
Draw it seaward,
Bear away with them the blossom.

On the blue waves gleaming whitely
The rose floats lightly,
Washed about in the ebb and flow;
And the maid, with softest laughter,
Follows after,
Close to the fearful undertow!

Now the wave comes laughing nearer,
Quick to bear her
Once again her stolen treasure;
Now it flies her eager fingers;
And she lingers—
Will not cease her vain endeavor.

Many times the rose deceives her—
Ever leaves her—
Yet she will not give it over;
Chasing nearer, and more fearless—
Growing careless
Of the sea that bears her rover.

In the hateful water gleaming,
Backward streaming,
White robes float an instant only;
Then the sea, all smooth and smiling,
Fear beguiling,
Plays along the sand-beach lonely.

And they sought her, hoping, fearing,
Yet despairing,
All the night with footsteps weary;—
Only found the moss-rose lying,
Crushed and dying,
On the sand-beach gray and dreary.

Herbert H. Smith.

The Rhyme of the Hercules Club.

BEING A BALLAD OF TO-DAY, DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE THE
PRINCIPLE OF REACTION, AND TO SET FORTH HOW
THERE MAY BE TOO MUCH OF AN
EXCELLENT THING.

THERE was once a young man of the medium size,
Who, by keeping a ledger, himself kept likewise.
In the matter of lunch he'd a leaning to pies,
And his chronic dyspepsia will hence not surprise;
And his friends often told him, with tears in their
eyes,
Which they did not disguise, that a person who
tries
To live without exercise generally dies,
And declared, for the sake of his family ties,
He should enter the Hercules Club.

Tom Box and Dick Dumbell would suavely say,
If they met him by chance in the roar of Broadway,
"It's bad for a fellow, all work and no play;
Come, let us propose you! You'll find it will pay
To belong to the Hercules Club!"

And he yielded at last, and they put up his name,
Which was found without blame; and they put down
the same
In a roll-book tremendous; and straight he became
A Samson, regarding his tame past with shame;
Called for "Beef, lean and rare!" and cut off all his
hair,
Had his shoulders constructed abnormally square,
And walked out with an air that made people declare,
"He belongs to the Hercules Club!"

And he often remarked, in original way:
"It's bad for a fellow, all work and no play;
Without recreation, sir, life doesn't pay!
And I for my part am most happy to say
I belong to the Hercules Club."

And frequently, during a very hot "spell,"
In thick woolen garments clad closely and well,
"Reducing,"—for he was resolved to excel,—
He rowed in the sun at full speed, in a shell
That belonged to the Hercules Club.

And for weeks, while the dew on the racing-track
lay,
He ran before breakfast a half mile a day,
Improving his style and increasing his "stay";
And was first at the finish, and fainted away,
At the games of the Hercules Club.

Six nights in succession he sat up to pore
"The Laws of Athletics" devotedly o'er
(Which number ten thousand and seventy-four),
With a view to proposing a very few more
In a speech to the Hercules Club.

And his coat upon festal occasions was gay
With medals on medals, marked "H. A. A. A.,"*
With a motto in Greek (which, my lore to display,
Means "Pleasure is business"), a splendid array
Of the spoils of the Hercules Club.

But acquaintances not of the muscular kind
Began to observe that his brow was deep-lined,
Too brilliant his eye, and to wander inclined;
He appeared, in a word (early English), "fore-
pined";

* "H. A. A. A.": Hercules Amateur Athletic Association.

And one morning his ledger and desk he resigned,
Explaining, "I can't have my health undermined
By this 'demnition grind'; and I'm getting behind
In my duties as Captain" (an office defined,
Page hundred and two, in the by-laws that bind
With red tape the great Hercules Club).

And he further remarked, in most serious way:
"Give it up, did you say? 'Twill be frigid, that
day!†
Why, without relaxation, sir, life wouldn't pay!
And I, for my part, will remain till I'm gray
On the roll of the Hercules Club!"

You perceive, gentle reader, the rub.
Is it nobler to suffer those arrows and slings
Lack of exercise brings—or take clubs, and let things
Unconnected with matters athletic take wings;
Till all interests beside, like the Arabs, shall glide
From the landscape of life, once a plain free and
wide,
But now fenced for the "Games" which we lightly
began,
Grown our serious aims and the chief end of Man?
There's an aureate mean these two courses between,
But I humbly submit that it seldom is seen,
With all proper respect for that organization
Of benevolent purpose and high reputation,
The excellent Hercules Club!

Helen Gray Cone.

To My Love.

(BALLADE.)

OUTSIDE, the blasts of winter blow
Across the city clad in white;
Each flake of madly driven snow
A demon seems, with teeth that bite;
The windows rattle as with fright,
And winds the chimney whistle through:
Alone with memory, to-night,
I'm happy, thinking, love, of you.

Within, I watch the embers glow,
The slender flames in sudden flight
Leap from the crackling logs, and throw
Around the room a golden light;
Romantic tales their tongues recite,
And mellow songs, as if they knew,
Alone with memory, to-night,
I'm happy, thinking, love, of you.

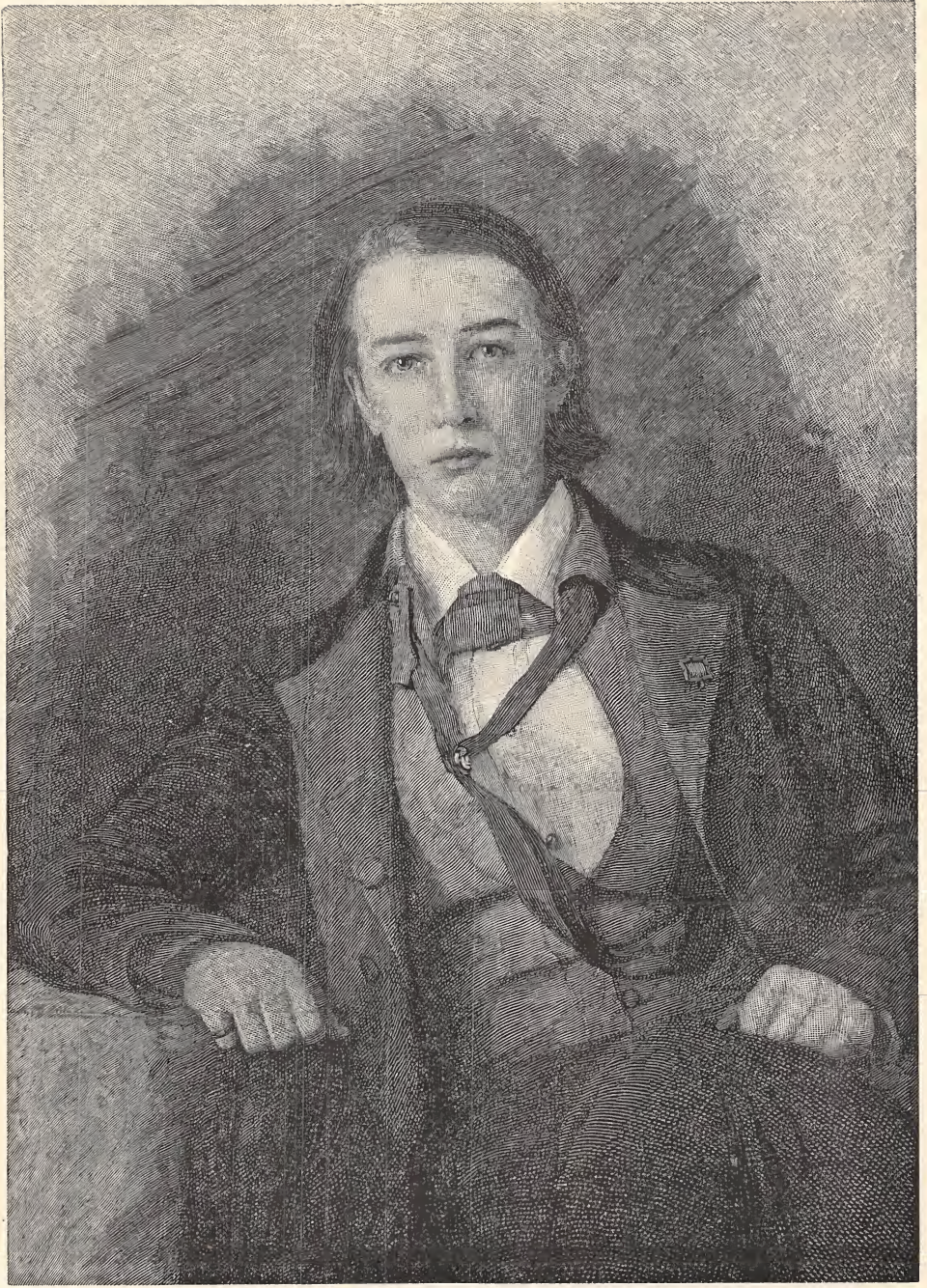
From Dreamland all my fancies flow;
My friendly books, with faces bright,
Return my listless gaze, and show
No sign of sorrow at the slight.
Hark! from the steeple's dizzy height
The bells the air with echoes strew:
"Alone with memory, to-night,
I'm happy, thinking, love, of you."

ENVOY.

Love, let this valentine invite
Your sweeter voice to echo too:
"Alone with memory, to-night,
I'm happy, thinking, love, of you."

Frank Dempster Sherman.

† Frigid day, or day of low temperature: A singular idiom of the American language, expressing grave improbability.



Sidney Lanier.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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THE WHITE HOUSE.

THERE is a deal of architecture in Washington—Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Composite, Elizabethan, Gothic, Norman, African too,—an amazing jumble of styles borrowed from all nations and all ages; but among it all there is no building quite as satisfying to my eye as the White House, with a reservation to the prejudice of the northern portico, which was added when the structure was repaired after the British invasion of 1814; but happily the portico is half hidden by the foliage of noble trees.

There is no sham or pretense about the house; none of the straining after striking effects, which is the fault of so many of our modern constructions; no effort to look like a temple, or a cathedral, or a castle. It tries to be a spacious and dignified dwelling and nothing more, and in this it is entirely successful. The public-office feature, which has converted many of its rooms into tramping and lounging places for office-seekers and political plotters, was no part of the original plan, but has come from the modern system, introduced in a small way by President Jackson, and since grown to monstrous dimensions, under which nine-tenths of a President's working hours are devoted to hearing and considering the applications of place-hunters. The mansion would now be adequate to all the domestic and social uses of a republican chief magistrate, if other quarters were found for the business of the Executive office.

When James Hoban, the Irish architect, who had established himself in Charleston, and was building substantial houses on the Battery for South Carolina planters and tradesmen of that town, received notice that his plan for the President's house had been adopted, he hastened to Washington to claim the prize of five hundred dollars, and to take

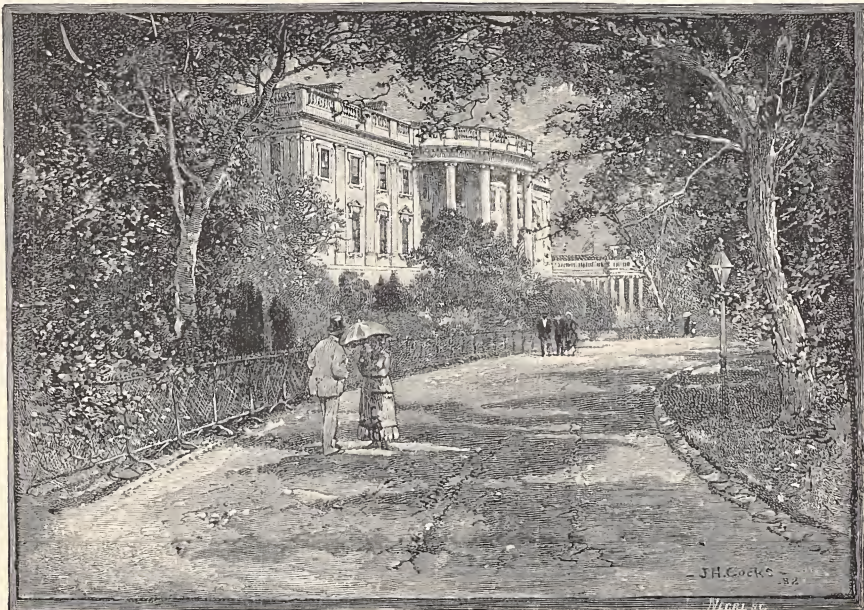
charge of the erection of the building. Hoban had not seen much of the world, and had modeled his plan pretty closely upon one of the best houses he knew—that of the Duke of Leinster, in Dublin. The Duke's house was in imitation of one of those spacious and stately villas which the Italians learned to build when the rest of Europe was living in uncouth piles of brick or gloomy fortified castles. Indeed, the world has not improved much to this day on the Italian house of the middle ages, save in inventions for water-pipes, warming, and lighting. Thick walls secured warmth in winter and coolness in summer; the windows were made to admit plenty of air and sunlight, the wide doors for ingress and egress, without jostling, of people walking by twos or threes; the stairs were easy to climb, the rooms high, well-proportioned, and of a size fitted for their several uses. Thus was the White House built. The corner-stone was laid in 1792, in a bare field sloping to the Potomac, the Masons conducting the ceremonial and George Washington gracing the occasion. At first it was proposed to call it the Palace, but against this suggestion a lively protest was made by people who feared the young Republic would be governed by an aristocracy aping the ways of courts and kings; so it was determined by Congress that the building should be officially named the "Executive Mansion"—mansion being then a term of common use for the better-class dwellings of the gentry in Virginia and Maryland. It would be hard to say when the name White House was first applied to it, but it did not, probably, gain currency until the edifice was rebuilt after the British soldiers had partly destroyed it, and was painted white to hide the black traces of smoke and flame upon the freestone walls.

President John Adams, Washington's immediate successor, was the first occupant of the Mansion; and everybody has read, in Mrs. Adams's letters, how she used the unfinished East Room for drying clothes, and of the literal "house-warming" she made to take the dampness out of the walls, with no end of trouble to obtain fire-wood enough for the purpose. This East Room, by the way, was intended for a banqueting hall; and here we have a souvenir of the aristocratic notions of the Virginians and South Carolinians of that day. Hoban must have been encouraged in his idea that a President of the United States would occasionally give a mighty feast, like those given by kings and princes and powerful noblemen in the Old World. Probably neither he nor Washington, whom he must have consulted, imagined that the room would be needed, and besides be much too small, for the miscellaneous crowd which, in another generation, would overflow the Mansion at public receptions.

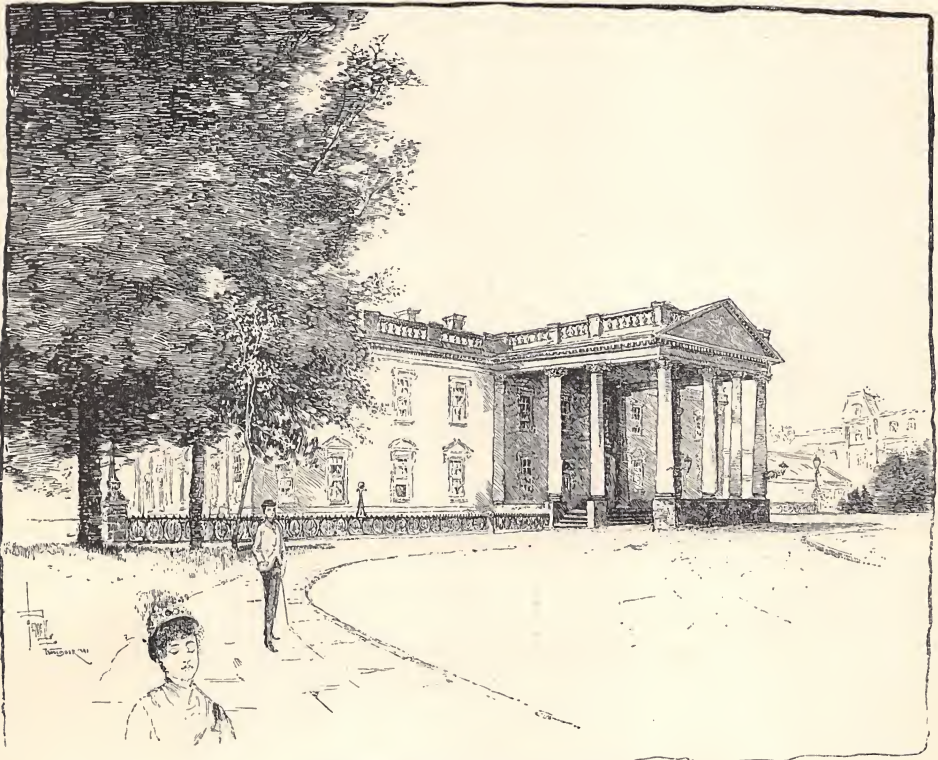
When the British army, under General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, came marching across the country from the Patuxent River, in August, 1814, scattering like sheep the militia drawn up at Bladensburg, and taking possession of the raw, rambling, uncouth village of Washington, the White House was still unfinished—an unsightly pile standing in the midst of ill-kept grounds, surrounded by a cheap paling fence. After the soldiers had burned the Capitol, and just as they were about to countermarch to their ships, having

pillaged the house quite at their leisure for twenty-four hours, they brought fire from a beer shop and set it ablaze, and then trudged off quite merrily in the light of the conflagration till caught in the historic thunderstorm of that summer night, which so pelted and battered them that they thought it was the wrath of Heaven upon their vandalism. There is only one memento of the fire in the House to-day—the picture of Washington which hangs in the East Room—once called a Gilbert Stuart, but now known to be the work of an English artist of no fame, who copied faithfully Stuart's style. The fraud was not discovered until some time after the original had been shipped to England—too late to recover it. Every visitor is told that Mrs. Madison cut this painting out of its frame with a pair of shears, to save it from the enemy when she fled from the town; but in her own letter describing the hasty flight, she says that Mr. Custis, the nephew of Mrs. Washington, hastened over from Arlington to rescue the precious portrait, and that a servant cut the outer frame with an axe, so that the canvas could be removed, stretched on the inner frame. The story of the shears is a pretty one, but, like so many other entertaining historical anecdotes, is a fiction.

There is probably no building in the world where, in less than a century, more of history has centered than in this shining, white mansion, screened by trees on the city side, and looking out from its southern windows



REAR VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE, FROM NEAR THE GREENHOUSE—TREASURY BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE



THE WHITE HOUSE, FROM THE FRONT.

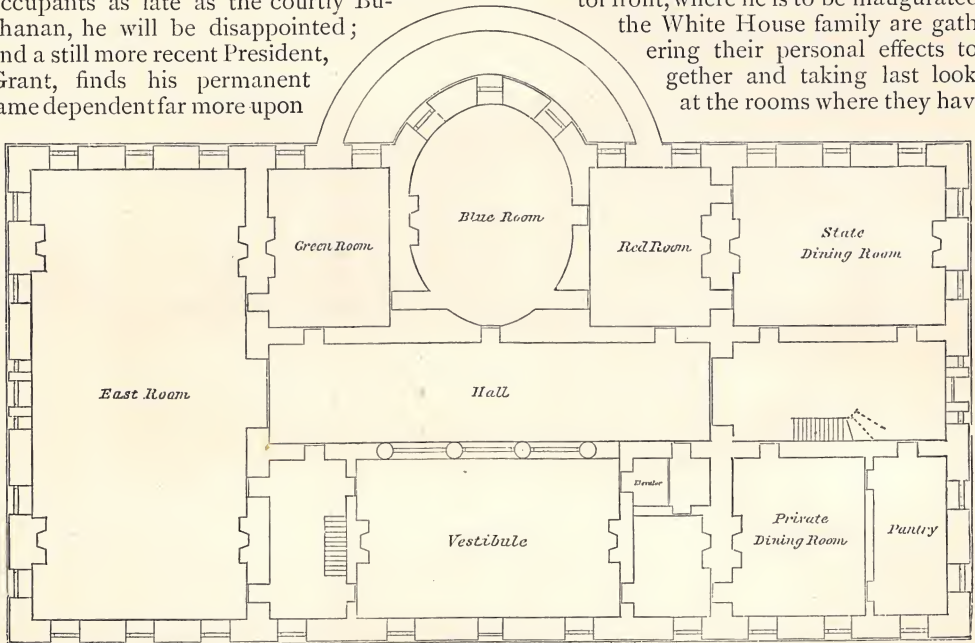
across the placid Potomac to the red Virginian hills. Twenty-one Presidents have lived in it, and two have died in it. One went from its Red Room with a group of friends, at the close of the four years' civil war, to be struck down by an assassin's bullet in a theater, and to be carried unconscious to a death-bed in a strange house. One, in full mid-current of life, sturdy of brain and body, and glowing with patriotic purposes, was shot in a railway station and carried up the vine-bordered steps shown in the picture, to languish through weeks of pain, struggling manfully with death, all the world looking on with a universal sympathy never before shown to mortal man, to be borne, as a last hope, to the sea-side, and there to die.

There have been marriages and merry-makings too, jovial feasts, and ceremonial banquets; grave councils of state that shaped the destiny of the nation; secret intrigues and midnight conclaves that made or unmade political parties; war councils that flashed forth orders, on telegraphic wires, which moved great armies and set lines of battle in deadly front. The history of the White House is a governmental and political history of the United States from 1800 to this day; it is also a history of the domestic lives, the am-

bitions, and the personal traits of twenty-one Presidents, their families, and their near friends and advisers. I shall attempt no part of it here, and shall only remark, in passing to a survey of the building itself, that it has left few traces behind in the way of memories or traditions in the Mansion. The history must be sought out piecemeal in libraries. One cannot even learn which was the room where Harrison died, after his brief four weeks of power, or where bluff, honest Zachary Taylor, the "Rough and Ready" of the Mexican war, breathed his last. The few traditions that cling to the house are incongruous mosaics of tragedy and gayety. "Here," says an attendant, pointing to a particular place on the carpet in the East Room, "is where Lincoln lay in his coffin; and here"—moving a few steps away—"is where Nellie Taylor stood when she was married to the young Englishman, Sartoris." Your attention is called to the smoked-blue color of the furniture in the Blue Room, and you are informed that at such a place the President usually stands at receptions, and in the next breath are told that "this is the window where they brought poor Garfield in after he was shot, taking him up the back-stairs because of the crowd in front."

It seems as if the memory of the two martyred Presidents were alone destined to haunt the White House, all others fading away with the lapse of time. Indeed, if one wants to find some trace of the angular and resolute personality of Jackson, or of the polite and graceful Van Buren, or of that hardy soldier Zachary Taylor, or even of occupants as late as the courtly Buchanan, he will be disappointed; and a still more recent President, Grant, finds his permanent fame dependent far more upon

packing of the effects of an outgoing President just before the fateful fourth of March which ends his power. After noon of that day the family has no more right there than the passing stranger on the street; and while the cannon are firing salvos of welcome to the new President, and the long procession is moving up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol front, where he is to be inaugurated, the White House family are gathering their personal effects together and taking last looks at the rooms where they have



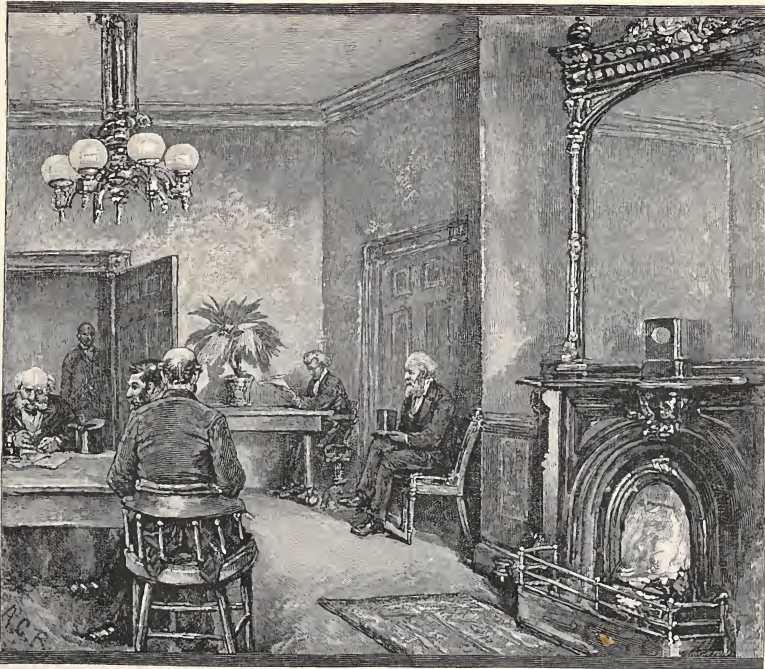
his career as a general than on that as chief magistrate, and has left in the building he occupied for eight years few memories that are still fresh. The White House is, in fact, an official hotel. The guests come and go, and when they leave they take with them, along with their trunks, whatever of personality they diffused through its stately apartments while they remained. Some have lived in the house in the spirit of a freehold owner, sure of undisturbed possession; some, like short-term tenants, never feeling quite at home. Of the latter were the family of President Johnson, one of whose daughters said: "We are plain people from the mountains of Tennessee, called here for a time by a great national calamity. We hope too much will not be expected of us." Whether proud or modest in their temper or belongings, however, the Presidents, when once they have surrendered the reins of power, soon drop back into the dim and ghostly procession of their predecessors. One of the saddest spectacles connected with official life in Washington, and one to which no pen has done adequate justice, is the hasty

been honored and courted and flattered for years, the delightful sense of greatness and power they have enjoyed so long now cut short in a single day.

In earlier times the hotel character of the Mansion was

well reflected in the stiff, formal, half-furnished appearance of the rooms. It was thought enough to have thick carpets on the floors, and strong furniture and a few decorative pieces, too heavy to be carried off by servants during the quadrennial migration; but of late Mr. Louis C. Tiffany's decorative association has metamorphosed the place, and made the smaller rooms look like the abode of people of luxurious tastes. Perhaps the most successful of all this new work is in the long corridor, which leads from the East Room to the Conservatory, and from which open the Red, Green, and Blue Rooms. The light coming through the partition of wrinkled stained-glass mosaic makes a marvelously rich and gorgeous effect, falling upon the gilded niches where stand dwarf palmetto trees, the silvery net-work of the ceiling, and the sumptuous furniture. Indeed, the

GROUND PLAN OF THE WHITE HOUSE.



THE WAITING-ROOM.

only dark tints in the apartment are found in the portraits, which become the more conspicuous by reason of their contrast with their brilliant setting. Only one of these need arrest our attention now—the full-length portrait of Garfield, by Andrews. The artist, seeking to give the face the dignified statesman-like expression which is supposed to be essential in Presidential portraits, has almost lost sight of the genial, buoyant, warm-hearted character which lay at the bottom of the man's nature. No one looking at the picture of Lincoln in the Red Room would gather from the face the hearty love of jest and anecdote, the tender pity for suffering and distress, and the warm fraternal sympathy, which lit up the homely features with the interior beauty of a kindly soul; and I fear coming generations of visitors who pass through this grand corridor will see nothing in the stern, sad face of Garfield to remind them that here was a man who loved to play croquet and romp with his boys upon his lawn at Mentor, who read Tennyson and Longfellow at fifty with as much enthusiastic pleasure as at twenty, who walked at evening with his arm around the neck of a friend in affectionate conversation, and whose sweet, sunny, loving nature not even twenty years of political strife could warp.

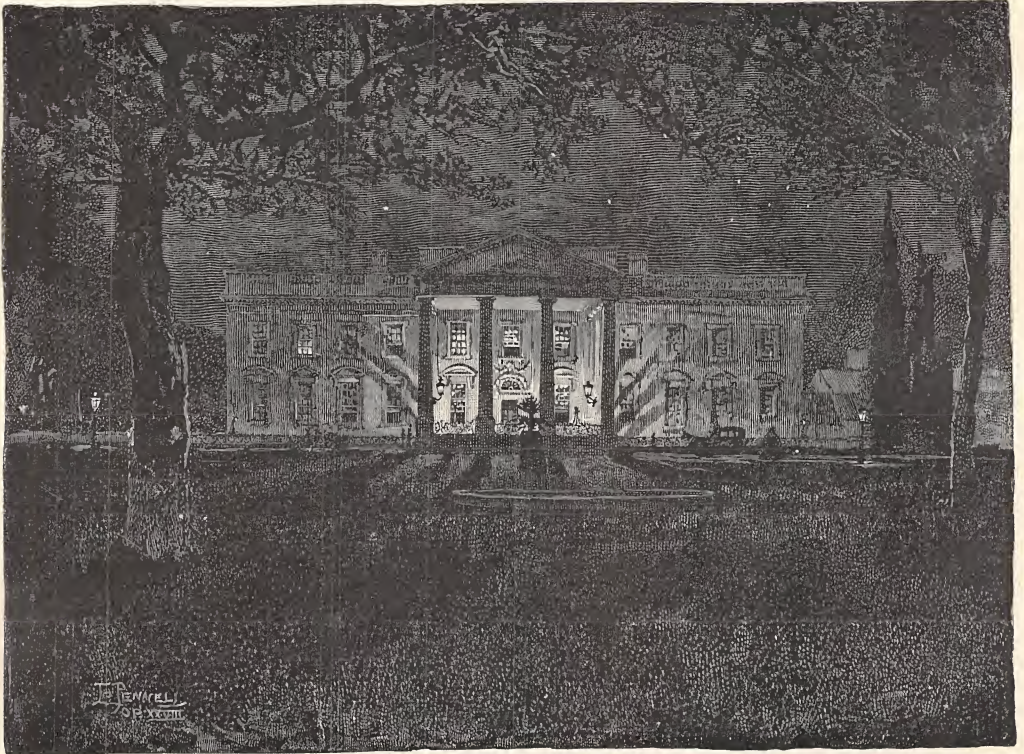
The Red Room, used as a reception parlor by the ladies of the President's household,

already had a home-like look, from the presence of a piano, a handsome embroidered fire-screen (a present from the Austrian commissioners at the Centennial Exhibition), and some small adornments; and in the recent general renovation of the Mansion, it has been given an imposing carved-wood mantel of thirteenth century style, set off with tiling of tortoise-shell glass. Some beautiful work has been done, besides, in the ceiling and in the walls, and the whole effect of carpet, furniture, and wall-tints is exceedingly rich and warm. Opening from this room is the State Dining-room, only used when large companies are entertained at dinner—a rather chilling apartment, in spite of the glowing yellows Mr. Tiffany has given to the walls. In early times this room was called the “company dining-room,” to distinguish it from the family dining-room across the hall. The long table seats thirty-eight persons. In the middle sits the President, and opposite him the mistress of the Mansion. No order of precedence is observed in going in to dinner, or in seating the guests. Something of this sort was attempted in early times, but abandoned as not practicable, and perhaps also as not sensible, in a country with democratic institutions. These state dinners are rather dull affairs. The cold-water régime lasted four years, and has left behind an interesting souvenir in the fine portrait of Mrs. Hayes, by Huntington,

which stands in the Green Room, and was presented to the Government by the Women's National Temperance Association, the money (\$3,500) being raised by a general subscription. With the exception of a small picture of Mrs. Tyler, which hangs in the corridor on the second floor, this is the only portrait of a President's wife to be found in the Mansion.

If a description of upholstery were of any interest, we might linger in the Green and Blue rooms to speak of the manner in which their

proached by two stair-ways, one leading from the grand corridor, used only by the family and their guests, and the other coming down from the office part of the building to the small hall between the vestibule and the East Room, forming a general passage-way for all people having business with the President or his secretaries. A broad hall runs from end to end of the second story, terminating in semicircular windows; but the fine effect of the ample length and width of this corridor is

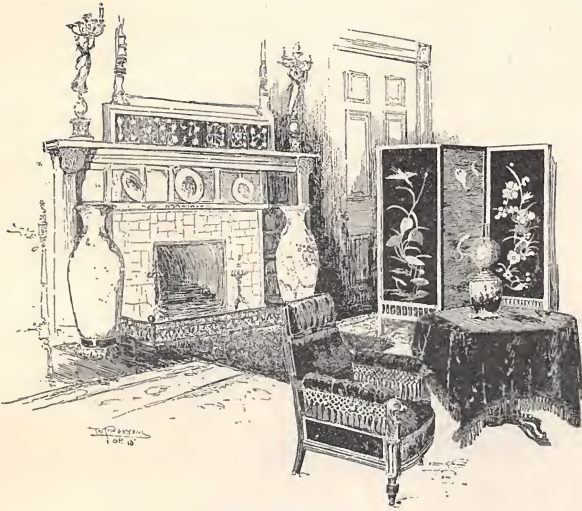


THE WHITE HOUSE BY NIGHT.

historic hues have been preserved in the invasion of the modern zeal for decoration. The East Room has not been much changed since President Grant's time, when the ceiling was broken into three panels by heavy beams supported by columns, and the profuse gilding was done. The ebony and old-gold furniture and the "greenery gallery" carpet are new. Gilding and color have been lavished of late all over the White House. Even the heavy iron railings in front of the house are tipped with gold, and the bomb-shells, supported on iron tripods, glisten like the balls of a pawnbroker's shop. In one of these bombs, during the war-time, a pair of birds built a nest, and gave John James Piatt a theme for his well-known poem.

The upper floor of the Mansion is ap-

spoiled by two low cross partitions: one long ago put in as a necessity to keep the throng of Congressmen and place-hunters from blundering into the family rooms, the other a cheap affair, looking as if it came second-hand from some junk-shop, erected lately to gain an additional office-room. It was no part of the plan of the White House, as we have said, that it should be a public office; but with the growth of the country and of the political patronage system, the proper use of the building as a dwelling for the chief magistrate has been more and more subordinated to its official use as a bureau of appointments and a rendezvous for the scheming politicians of the two Houses of Congress, who claim the Government offices in their States as their personal property, to



IN THE RED ROOM.

be parceled out by the President in accordance with their wishes. It will doubtless surprise many people to learn that hospitality, save in the restricted sense of giving dinners, is almost an impossibility to the President of the United States, for the reason that he has no beds for guests. There are only seven sleeping rooms in the Mansion, besides those of the servants on the basement floor. If a President has a moderately numerous household, as General Grant, Mr. Hayes, and Mr. Garfield had, he can hardly spare for guests more than the big state bedroom. A President may wish to invite an ambassador and his family, or a party of distinguished travelers from abroad, to spend a few days at the White House, but he cannot do so without finding lodgings elsewhere for members of his own household. It has been said over and over again, in the press, that Congress should either provide offices for the President, or should build for him a new dwelling, and devote the Mansion exclusively to business purposes; but Congress is in no hurry to do either.

The present office system in the White House is an affair of quite recent growth. Before President Johnson's time, no records or files were kept, and there were no clerks. President Lincoln had two secretaries, Mr. Nicolay and Colonel Hay; but the law recognized only one, the other being an army officer detailed for special service,—any extra clerical work being done by clerks detailed from one of the departments. Now there are four rooms occupied by the private secretary and his staff of clerks. Big ledgers of applications for office are posted up daily, numerous pigeon-holes are filled with letters and peti-

tions, the newspapers are read and scrap-books made, one room is devoted to telegraph and telephone service; in short, here are all the paraphernalia of a busy public office. One of the files of letters would furnish curious reading to students of human nature. It is called the eccentric file, and contains the epistles of advice, warning, and "gush" mailed to the President by cranks, fanatics, absurd egotists, and would-be philanthropists; and how numerous these peculiar people are, only those in high station know. A President gets two or three hundred letters a day, and probably not one-fourth of them are upon any subject that can properly be brought directly to his personal notice.

One might well suppose that in the White House, where the clerks and servants come into close relations with the President, there would be numerous changes with each new administration; indeed, there would be more excuse for rotation in office here than in any other branch of the Government, for a President might naturally prefer to have old friends in whom he had learned to confide in care of his house and correspondence; but the wise rule of service during good behavior obtains here to a greater extent than in any one of the departments, except perhaps the Department of State. One of the servants dates back to Fill-

more's administration, and has seen thir-



A CORNER OF THE STATE DINING-ROOM.

ty years of service; one of the clerks and one of the door-keepers were appointed by Lincoln; others came in under Grant. The private secretary is, of course, always the personal friend and confidant of the President, and goes out with his chief; but the rest of the staff remains, as a rule, and constitutes an efficient working force, familiar with the precedents, customs, and etiquette

warden of the private secretary's door. Their business must be explained to the secretary, and few of them ever get any nearer to the seat of power. The hours for callers are from ten to one, save on the days of regular Cabinet meetings. In the afternoon the President sees visitors by special appointment, and most of his evenings are filled in the same way,—the business in ninety-nine cases out of



IN THE CONSERVATORY.

of the Presidential office, and very valuable on this account to a man entering upon its trying duties.

Visitors who have business with the President wait in the antechamber, or walk impatiently back and forth in the hall. The President receives in the Cabinet Room—not the historic room where Lincoln signed the Proclamation of Emancipation. Mr. Johnson converted that into the private secretary's room, and took the former anteroom for the Cabinet meetings. At the door stands a quiet, sagacious, gray-haired man, who has an instinct for distinguishing people of consequence from the general multitude. Senators, judges, governors, and other men of note find their cards taken directly to the President; persons of small account are referred to a polite man of color, who is the

a hundred concerning the disposition of offices. The late President Garfield once said that he was obliged to see an average of about thirty persons for every office to be filled. If the question was one of removal, the number was much greater, including the friends of the incumbent as well as the candidates for the place. There is an amusing story, not a new one by any means, of the method Mr. Lincoln adopted to settle a contest over a postmastership which had greatly annoyed him. There were two candidates in the field, and petition after petition had poured in upon the weary President, and delegation after delegation had rushed to the White House to argue the claims of the rival aspirants. Finally, after he had been bored for half an hour by a fresh delegation, Mr. Lincoln said to his secretary, "This matter has got to end somehow. Bring

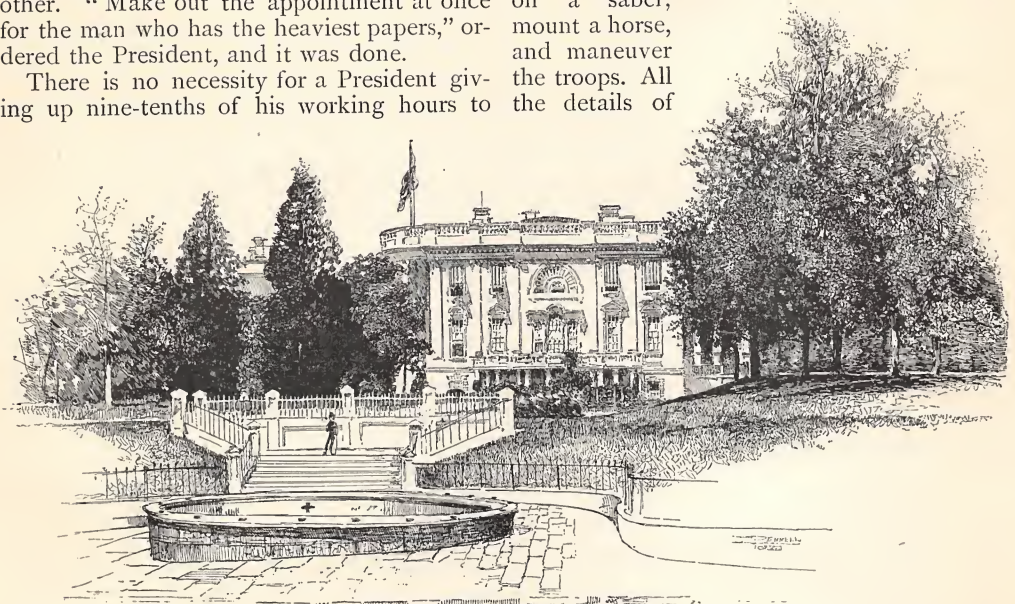


THE LIBRARY.

a pair of scales." The scales were brought. "Now put in all the petitions and letters in favor of one man, and see how much they weigh, and then weigh the other candidate's papers." It was found that one bundle was three-quarters of a pound heavier than the other. "Make out the appointment at once for the man who has the heaviest papers," ordered the President, and it was done.

There is no necessity for a President giving up nine-tenths of his working hours to

the consideration of claims to office, thus unfitting himself for the study of public questions, and depriving himself of time which should be given to social intercourse with men of ideas and high public station. The Constitution says he shall make appointments, but it also says he shall be commander-in-chief of the army. He is no more required to examine petitions and hear applications concerning all the post-offices, consulates, and collectorships, than he is to buckle on a saber, mount a horse, and maneuver the troops. All the details of



THE WHITE HOUSE, FROM NEAR THE TREASURY.



THE PORTICO.

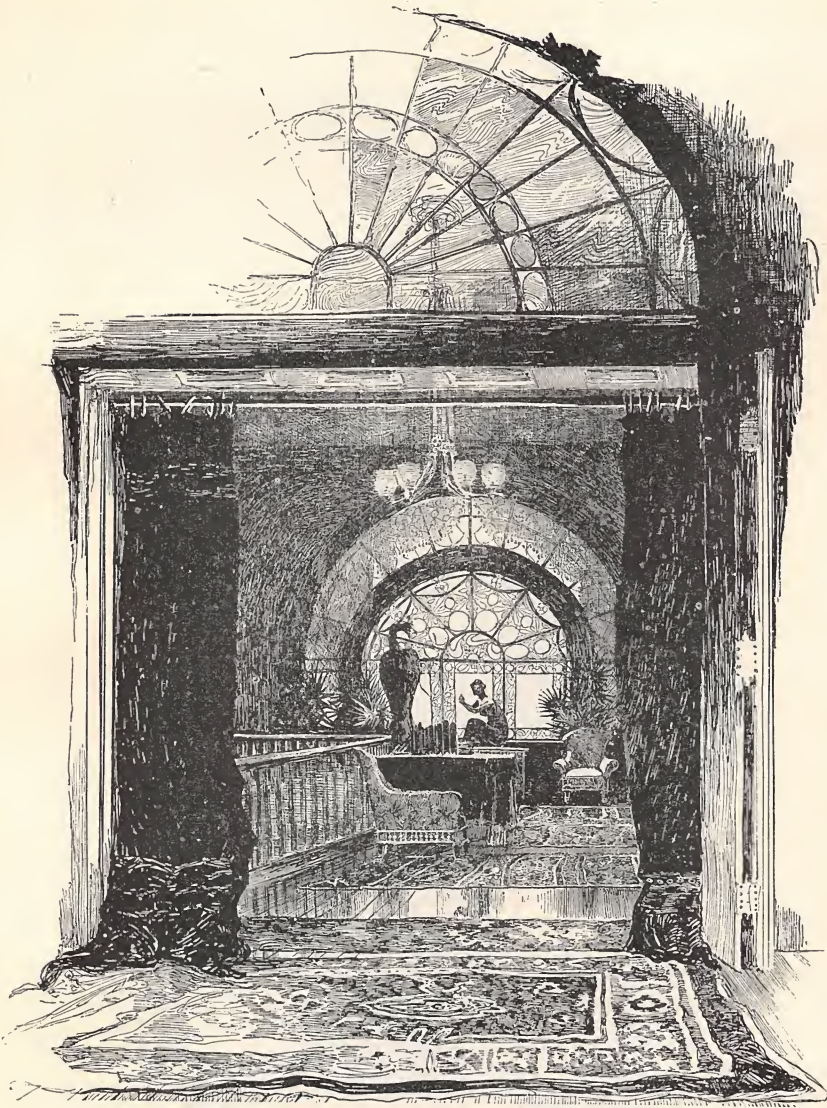
appointment business should be left to the members of the Cabinet, whose recommendations should be final, except in relation to a few of the most important offices, such as foreign missions, high posts in the military and naval service, and perhaps a few of the great collecting agencies in the chief cities which supply the Treasury with the greater part of its funds. Some day there will come to the White House a man of strong will and of a lofty patriotic purpose, with no relish for wielding personal power in the distribution or refusal of official favors; and he, revolutionizing the customs of the Executive office, which are stronger than law, will resolutely shut his door upon all place-hunters and their advocates in Congress, and be the President of the people and not the President of the office-seekers and office-holders.

SOCIAL life at the White House varies with different administrations. A tendency toward making it less public and more discriminating is noticeable of late years. President Johnson gave a public reception once a week during the winter season, and even in the stress and agony of the war-time President Lincoln shook hands with a mob of two or three thousand people surging through the Mansion as often as once a fortnight. Now,

one or two public receptions during a session of Congress are thought a sufficient concession to the democratic principle. A New-Year's Day reception is demanded by the unbroken custom of three-quarters of a century. First, the members of the diplomatic corps present themselves in all the splendors of court dress—the only occasion when they can display the uniforms, cocked hats, gold lace, and decorations of that costume, without being mistaken for people on their way to a masquerade ball; then come the Sena-

tors and Congressmen, officers of the army and navy, and last, the public in general and in mass, going in at the door and out of a window on a temporary bridge. Once or twice each season, a reception to Senators and Representatives in Congress and their families is given. For these occasions cards are usually sent out. Not long ago this custom was disregarded, and in place of cards an announcement of the event was published in one of the newspapers. The witty wife of an Eastern member of Congress, who attended the reception, said, when presented to the host, "Mr. President, you advertised for me, and I am here."

Formerly it was thought the duty of the President to invite each Senator and member of Congress to dinner once a year; but as the two Houses have grown in their membership,



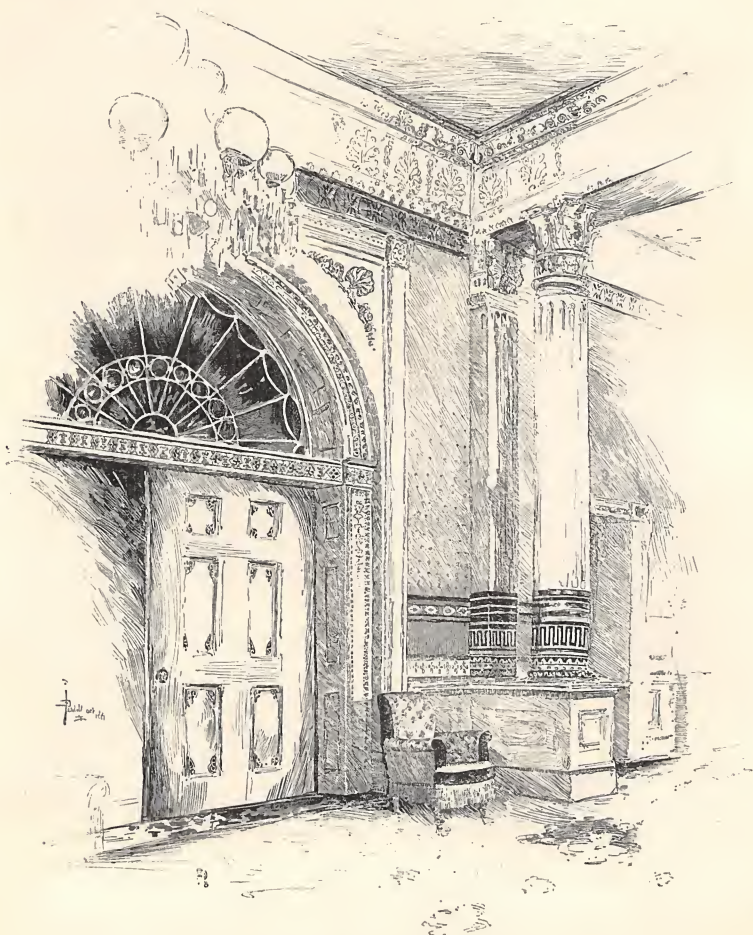
WEST WINDOW. (NEW DESIGN.)

this burdensome custom has fallen into disuse. President Johnson was the last to adhere to it. If a President's dinner invitations include, in a single season, the Senators, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the members of the Cabinet, the foreign ministers, and a sprinkling of influential members of the lower House and distinguished officers of the army and navy, he is now thought to have done his duty in this direction with sufficient liberality. Much the best of White House sociability is found at informal dinners and lunches, at which only a few guests are present with the President's family, and at evenings "at home," for which no cards are sent out. Then there is conversation and music, and

one may meet a score of famous men with their wives and daughters. Some Presidents are remembered for the number of their state dinners, others for their receptions, and others for the cordial social tone they gave to the life of the Mansion by small entertainments, by being accessible to all the world, and by making people feel at home. Each Presidential household has modified in some degree the customs of the place to suit its own tastes and habits. Perhaps the most important innovation on long-established precedent was made by General Grant, who broke through the traditional etiquette which forbade a President to make visits. Formerly a President saw the inside of no house but his own, and was in

some sort a prisoner during his term of office. He could drive out or go to the theater, but he could not make a social call, or attend a reception at a friend's house. Now he goes to weddings and parties, makes calls, and dines out, as freely as any other citizen. Indeed, the tendency of White House customs is toward less formality, and more ease and freedom of social intercourse, rather than in the other direction; and this is remarkable at

its coachman and footmen in powdered wigs and its white horses with blackened hoofs, would make a sensation on Pennsylvania Avenue in these modern times. It is safe to say that no chief magistrate nowadays, entertaining any hope of reelection, would venture to make a display in servants, equipage, or mode of living. The ado made over Martin Van Buren's gold spoons in the political campaign of 1840 has not been forgotten.



CORNER OF THE EAST ROOM.

a time when our new moneyed aristocracy is aping the manners of courts and surrounding itself with liveried flunkies. No servant at the White House wears a livery, unless the coachman's coat can be called such. It is often easier to get an interview with the President of the United States than with the editor of a metropolitan daily newspaper, or the president of a great railroad company. The ways of the Executive Mansion are much simpler now than in the days of the first Presidents. Washington's gilded coach, with

The country is wiser than it was then, and makes no outcry about the sumptuous decorations or elegant table furniture in the White House; but if the servants who attend the front door should appear one day in livery, the innovation would be condemned. Presidents no longer smoke corn-cob pipes as Andrew Jackson did, or take whisky at dinner, or put their feet on the table while talking with visitors—a rudeness I have myself seen within the last twenty years; but they are expected to be quiet, unpretentious



THE CABINET ROOM.

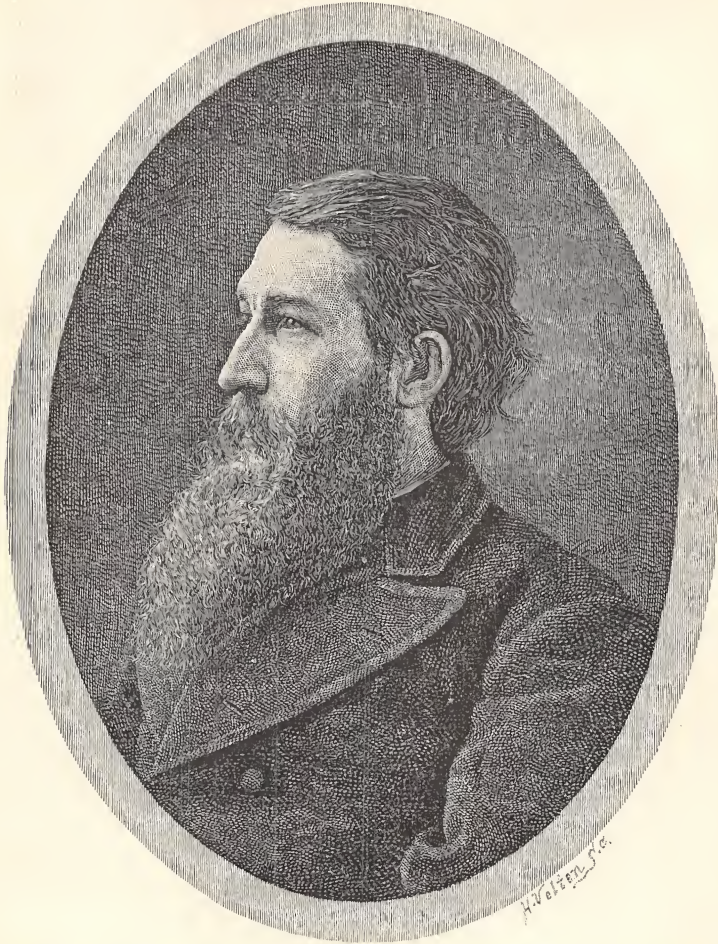
gentlemen in their manners and surroundings, and nothing more nor less. Wielding more real power to-day than any sovereign in Europe, save the Czar and the Sultan, they must avoid all the pomp and ceremony of courts, and meet people face to face with a shake of the hand and a "How d'ye do?" like plain citizens. No coats of arms adorn their coach panels, and no soldiers clear the way or ride at their heels. In the war period, when Lincoln rode out to his summer residence on the hills near the city, he was attended by a cavalry detachment; but this was necessary for his protection in a time of raids, surprises, and murderous plots. Since the war, no President has had a body-guard. Even the two cavalymen who used to wait at the White House portal, to ride with messages to the Capitol or the departments, have disappeared since the telephone came into use.

Looking at the portraits of the "Ladies of the White House" in a volume recently published, and reading the meager annals of their lives, one cannot resist the conclusion that Presidents' wives, with few exceptions, have been simple matrons who on their elevation to the first social station in the country have performed their duties creditably, with that ready adaptation to new conditions which is so marked a peculiarity of

American women. In recent times there has been a mistress of the Mansion who taught her boys Latin and Greek and read the best of current literature, and another who is remembered for her kindly and cordial ways and earnest interest in charities and reforms. One has left a tradition of elegant manners; one never appeared in public, but lived in seclusion, devoted to domestic duties, and making with her own hands butter from the milk of a favorite cow.

Coming back now from the social life of the White House to the house itself, let us note that the family sitting-room and parlor is the oval library above the Blue Room—a spacious and comfortable apartment; that the second room beyond is the bedroom occupied by Lincoln and Grant, and the one made historic by Garfield's long suffering; that President Arthur occupies as a bedroom a chamber across the hall looking toward Pennsylvania Avenue, and has fitted up for a private office one of the adjoining chambers, where he works late at night; and that the broad corridor between the two lines of sleeping-rooms is used as picture gallery, promenade, and smoking-room. The Executive Mansion, in these modern days of wealth, luxury, and display, appears a small and modest dwelling for the chief magistrate of fifty millions of people.

SIDNEY LANIER, POET.



SIDNEY LANIER. (ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KUHN & CUMMINGS.)

THERE are few to whom is due the creative name of poet. The forest of newspaper and magazine is full of birds. They chirp on every bough. But the true artist-singers are very rare and very dearly to be prized. Such a one was Sidney Lanier.

The sparrow and the lark are both birds, and both have their song; and there is a sense in which every writer who can marry beautiful thoughts to beautiful words, with skill enough to please, is a poet, even though thought and form have been heard a thousand times. They sing with easy variations the old songs which we have learned to understand, and they give us pleasure. The cleverness is not in the theme, but in the variation; and most of us are satisfied with clever-

ness. There is not much else in the literary world. Literature comes chiefly by knack and practice and facility. Little of it requires fresh eyes, or a passion for the truth one sees for himself, or a soul that tells the world what is beauty, and is not content to be told. And so it happens that pupils do not flock to the new teacher. He does well if he finds twelve disciples. He must live long enough to teach a second generation, or be content with his own silent confidence that the poetry is good poetry, the art good art, and that the world will find it out by and by. Is human nature so much more hospitable to the new, or is criticism so much keener-eyed than in the days of Shakspeare, or Milton, or Keats, that nowadays the singer of a new song will

find room and welcome and be heard? I am not sure.

I venture to say that Sidney Lanier was a poet; something other than a rhymers of clever convention. While we do not talk so much now about genius as we did thirty years ago, we can yet recognize the difference between the fervor of that divine birth and the cantering of the common Pegasus forth and back, along the common post-roads over which facile talent rides his daily hack. The poems on which Lanier's fame will rest are not numerous, nor are they yet gathered into a volume. He is better known by his two courses of lectures in Baltimore, "The Science of English Verse" and "The English Novel," and by "The Boy's Froissart," "The Boy's King Arthur," and "Mabinogion," three books belonging to a series he had planned which should teach again our boys and girls the old tales of chivalry. But these were only his interludes, tasks which he set himself,—tasks, though done with much love, for the day's bread. His best heart was put, as daily toil would allow, on higher work.

Sidney Lanier's father was a lawyer in Macon, Georgia, where our poet was born, February 3d, 1842. As a child his first passion was for music, and it was his last. He never quite settled in his own mind whether poetry or music is the higher art. While still a boy he played the flute, banjo, guitar, violin, piano, and organ. On the flute he was recognized as one of the most brilliant performers in the country. The revelation of music came to him before that of poetry. It seemed to him the larger part of life. How it is to be explained psychologically I do not pretend to say; but he seemed to hear music always sounding in his ears, and he had only to withdraw his attention from other thoughts for a moment, to listen to strains that came without will of his. In the one novel that he wrote, at the age of twenty-five, he makes one of his characters say:

"To make a *home* out of a household, given the raw materials,—to wit, wife, children, a friend or two, and a house,—two other things are necessary. These are a good fire and good music. And inasmuch as we can do without the fire for half the year, I may say music is the one essential." "Late explorers say they have found some nations that had no God; but I have not read of any that had no music." "Music means harmony, harmony means love, love means — God!"

At the age of fifteen young Sidney entered the Sophomore class of Oglethorpe College, Midway, Ga., from which he graduated with the valedictory honors three years later, in 1860. He was immediately called to a tutorship in the same institution, where he remained during that eventful year before the

outbreak of the civil war, devoting his studies to languages and philosophy, and trying his hand at verse. He was a hungry student all his life. He did not believe that art comes all by instinct without work. In one of his keen criticisms of poets, he said of Edgar A. Poe, whom he esteemed more highly than his countrymen at large are wont to do: "The trouble with Poe was that he did not *know* enough. He needed to know a great many more things in order to be a great poet." Lanier had a passion for the exact truth, and all of it. When the opportunity came to him at last to study, and the Peabody library was opened to him in the winter of 1874 and 1875, he worked with the eagerness of a famished man; and that date formed an epoch in his literary growth. Here he made himself a profound student of Anglo-Saxon and early and later English poetry, developed his keen critical power, and prepared himself for his courses of lectures on the Science of English Verse, the English Novel, and Shakspeare, which he delivered the three last years of his life before the Peabody Institute and the Johns Hopkins University.

The war closed the colleges of the South, and at the age of nineteen Lanier went eagerly from the class-room to the camp. When a child, he had formed a military company of boys from eight to twelve years old, armed with bows and arrows; and so thoroughly did he drill them that they had an honored position assigned them in the anniversary parades of the city military organizations. He served as a private in the Confederate army through the whole war. Three times he was offered promotion and refused it, because it would separate him from his younger brother, who was his companion in arms, as their singularly tender devotion to each other would not allow them to be parted. The first year of service in Virginia was easy and pleasant, and he spent his abundant leisure in music and the study of German, French, and Spanish. He was in the battles of Seven Pines, Drewry's Bluff, and the seven days' fighting about Richmond, culminating in the terrible struggle of Malvern Hill. After this campaign he was transferred with his brother to the signal service, the joke among his less fortunate companions being that he was selected because he could play the flute. His head-quarters were now for a short period at Petersburg, where he had the advantage of a small local library, but where he began to feel the premonitions of that fatal disease, consumption, against which he battled for fifteen years. The regular full inspirations required by the flute probably prolonged his life. In 1863 his detachment was mounted,

and did service in Virginia and North Carolina. At last the two brothers were separated, it coming in the duty of both of them to run the blockade. Sidney's vessel was captured, and he was for five months in Point Lookout prison at Fortress Monroe, until he was exchanged (with his flute, for he never lost it) near the close of the war. Those were very hard days for him, and a picture of them is given in a chapter of his "Tiger Lilies," the novel which he wrote two years afterward, published by Hurd & Houghton. It is a luxuriant unpruned work, written in haste for the press within the space of three weeks, but one which gave rich promise of the poet. A chapter in the middle of the book, introducing the scenes of these four years of struggle, is wholly devoted to a remarkable metaphor which becomes an allegory and a sermon, in which war is pictured as "a strange, enormous, terrible flower," which "the early spring of 1861 brought to bloom, besides innumerable violets and jessamines." He tells how the plant is grown; what arguments the horticulturists give for cultivating it; how Christ inveighed against it, and how its shades are damp and its odors unhealthy; and what a fine specimen was grown the other day in North America by "two wealthy landed proprietors, who combined all their resources of money, of blood, of bones, of tears, of sulphur, and what not, to make this the grandest specimen of modern horticulture." "It is supposed by some," says he, "that seed of this American specimen (now dead) yet remain in the land; but as for this author (who, with many friends, suffered from the unhealthy odors of the plant), he could find it in his heart to wish fervently that this seed, if there be verily any, might perish in the germ, utterly out of sight and life and memory, and out of the remote hope of resurrection, for ever and ever, no matter in whose granary they are cherished!"

When peace was declared, Mr. Lanier returned to his father's home in Macon; and after nearly three years spent in teaching and other pursuits, he entered upon the study of the law, and was associated with his father in the practice of that profession until December, 1872.

It was not merely because he felt that his sphere was something else than law that he escaped from it. His health had become exceedingly precarious, and, leaving his wife and little family, he went to San Antonio, Texas, hoping to recover his strength in an outdoor life. But he found no benefit from it, and, now fully determined to give himself wholly to music and literature so long as he could keep death at bay, he sought a land of books.

After some months in New York, he settled down in Baltimore in 1874, where he made his home, except for absences in search of health, until his death, September 7th, 1881.

If poetry is the wedding of music and high thought, the union of beautiful sentiment and beautiful expression, not all poets have had the fine art of marrying the two in equal wedlock. The soul of Emerson's poems gave Sidney Lanier the keenest delight, the purest exaltation; he called him the wisest of his contemporaries; but his poetic form he found very deficient, especially in the sense of music. Our own age is recovering in Tennyson and Swinburne this music of verse, almost lost since Milton's youth. Not only did Lanier have their keen sense of it, but he made it a scientific study, as no other poet or critic has ever done, and devoted to it a whole course of lectures before the Peabody Institute, which are published in his "Science of English Verse." It is well within the truth to say that it is the most complete and thorough original investigation of the formal element in poetry in existence. It breaks away from the classic grammarian's tables of trochees and anapests, and discusses the form of poetry in terms of music, treating of rhythm as measured time, and of feet as the equal divisions on a bar, and showing how the recurrence of euphonic vowels and consonants secures that rich variety of tone-color which music gives in orchestration. I think these investigations in the science of verse bore their fruit in the poems written in the last three or four years of his life, during which time his sense of the solemn sacredness of Art became more profound, and he acquired a greater ease in putting into practice his theory of verse. And this made him thoroughly original. He was no imitator either of Tennyson or of Swinburne, though musically he is nearer to them than to any others of his day. We constantly notice in his verse that dainty effect which the ear loves, and which comes from deft marshaling of consonants and vowels, so that they shall add their suppler and subtler reinforcement to the steady infantry tramp of rhythm. Of this delicate art, which is much more than mere alliteration, which is concerned with dominant accented vowels as well as consonants, and with the easy flow of liquids and fricatives, and with the progressive opening or closing of the organs of articulation, Tennyson's "Brook" is an example for minute study perhaps unequalled in English verse, though some verses in Milton's youthful "Hymn to the Nativity" are well worthy to be compared with it. Of the same rare quality Lanier quotes as a brief illustration two wonderful lines from "The Princess":

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

As an example of this same merit, Mr. Lanier's own "Song of the Chattahoochee" deserves a place beside Tennyson's "Brook." It strikes a higher key, and is scarcely less musical. The river is singing how it escaped the luring dalliance of weed and pebble that would hold its streams as they hurried from their mountain sources to turn the mills and water the parched plains below :

"All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, 'Abide, abide,'
The willful water-weeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said 'Stay,'
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, 'Abide, abide,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.'"

The last poem he ever wrote, his "Sunrise on the Marshes," penciled while lying in what seemed the death-fever from which he could not rise, when too weak to lift his food to his mouth, the largest and perhaps the greatest of his mature poems, is full of this elusive beauty. Take these lines which describe the steady sinking away of the eastern horizon as the sun rises out of the sea :

"Not slower than majesty moves, for a mean and a measure
Of motion, not faster than dateless Olympian leisure
Might pace with unblown ample garments from pleasure to pleasure,
The wave-serrate sea-rim sinks, unjarring, unreeling,
Forever revealing, revealing, revealing,
Edgewise, bladewise, halfwise, wholewise—'tis done!
Good-morrow, lord Sun!"

As another example of the highest art in the sound-element of poetry, we may take from the same poem the lines which find the poet standing by the open forest marshes, in the overarching beauty and tense silence of a starry morning, before a sign has come of the dawn which he expects and awaits :

"Oh, what if a sound should be made?
Oh, what if a bound should be laid
To this bow-and-string tension of beauty and silence
a-spring,
To the bend of beauty, the bow, or the hold of
silence, the string!
I fear me, I fear me yon dome of diaphanous gleam
Will break as a bubble o'erblown in a dream;
Yon dome of too tenuous tissues of space and of
night,
Overweighted with stars, overfreighted with light,
Oversated with beauty and silence, will seem
But a bubble that broke in a dream,
If a bound of degree to this grace be laid,
Or a sound or a motion made."

Mr. Stedman, poet and critic, raises the question whether Lanier's extreme conjunc-

tion of the artistic with the poetic temperament, which he says no man more clearly displayed, did not somewhat hamper and delay his power of adequate expression. Possibly; but he was building not for the day, but for time. He must work out his laws of poetry, even if he had almost to invent its language; for to him was given the power of analysis as well as of construction, and he was too conscientious to do anything else than to find out first what was best and why, and then tell and teach it as he had learnt it, even if men said that his late spring was delaying bud and blossom. The sharp criticism and unthinking ridicule which his Centennial Cantata received from those who did not understand its musical purpose made him believe, sometimes, that he could not hope to be understood generally without educating his audience; and the task was irksome to him. But so long as "the poetic art was suffering from the shameful circumstance that criticism was without a scientific basis for even the most elementary of its judgments," he believed his study of art and form necessary for the world if not for himself.

But it would be a great mistake to find in Lanier only, or chiefly, the artist. He had the substance of poetry. He possessed both elements, as Stedman says, "in extreme conjunction." He overflowed with fancy; his imagination needed to be held in check. This appeared in "Corn," and still more in "The Symphony," the first productions which gave him wide recognition as a poet. Take these chance lines from the latter poem :

"But presently
A velvet flute-note fell down pleasantly
Upon the bosom of that harmony,
And sailed and sailed incessantly,
As if a petal from a wild rose blown
Had fluttered down upon that pool of tone
And boatwise dropped o' the convex side,
And floated down the glassy tide,
And clarified and glorified
The solemn spaces where the shallows bide.
From the warm concave of that fluted note
Somewhat half song, half odor, forth did float,
As if a rose might somehow be a throat."

The intense sacredness with which Lanier invested Art held him thrall to the highest ethical ideas. To him the most beautiful thing of all was the Right. He loved the words, "the beauty of holiness," and it pleased him to reverse the phrase and call it "the holiness of beauty." When I read Lanier I think of two writers, Milton and Ruskin. These two men, more than any other great English writers, are dominated by this beauty of holiness. Lanier was saturated with it. It shines in every line he wrote. It is not that he never wrote a maudlin line, but that every thought

was lofty. Hear his words to the students in Johns Hopkins University :

"Cannot one say with authority to the young artist, —whether working in stone, in color, in tones, or in the character forms of the novel,—so far from dreading that your moral purpose will interfere with your beautiful creation, go forward in the clear conviction that unless you are suffused —soul and body, one might say—with that moral purpose which finds its largest expression in love—that is, the love of all things in their proper relation—unless you are suffused with this love, do not dare to meddle with beauty; unless you are suffused with beauty, do not dare to meddle with love; unless you are suffused with truth, do not dare to meddle with goodness; in a word, unless you are suffused with beauty, truth, wisdom, goodness, *and* love, abandon the hope that the ages will accept you as an artist."

And so it came into his verse,—a solemn, reverend, worshipful element, dominating it everywhere, and giving loftiness to its beauty. For he was the democrat whom he described in contrast to Whitman's mere brawny, six-foot, open-shirted hero, whose strength was only that of the biceps:

"My democrat, the democrat whom I contemplate with pleasure, the democrat who is to write or to read the poetry of the future, may have a mere thread for his biceps, yet he shall be strong enough to handle hell; he shall play ball with the earth; and albeit his stature may be no more than a boy's, he shall still be taller than the great redwoods of California; his height shall be the height of great resolution, and love, and faith, and beauty, and knowledge, and subtle meditation; his head shall be forever among the stars."

Illustrations could be taken at random from his poems. I select the shortest I can find, a pure lyric, the "Ballad of the Trees and the Master," intended first for an interlude in his partly completed "Hymns of the Marshes." The communion of the trees suggests their sympathy with the Master in Gethsemane:

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent;
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives, they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
When into the wood He came.

"Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew him—last
When out of the woods He came."

Though not what would be called a religious writer, Lanier's large and deep thought took him to the deepest spiritual faiths, and the vastnesses of Nature drew him to a trust in the Infinite above us. How naturally this

finds expression in his "Marshes of Glynn," the "Marshes" being, as ever, the wide coast marshes of Georgia, with their belts of live oaks and their reaches of sand and sea-grass:

"Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rain and the sun,
Yet spread and span like the Catholic Man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge, and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness, and purity out of a stain.

"As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God!
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies.

"By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God;
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn."

It is this quality, high and consecrate, as of a palmer with his vow, this knightly valiance, this constant San Grail quest after the lofty in character and aim, this passion for Good and Love, which fellows him rather with Milton and Ruskin than with the less sturdily built poets of his day, and which puts him in sharpest contrast with the school led by Swinburne,—with Rossetti and Morris as his followers hard after him, and Oscar Wilde far behind,—a school whose reed has a short gamut, and plays but two notes, Mors and Eros, hopeless death and lawless love. But poetry is larger and finer than they know. Its face is toward the world's future; it does not maunder after the flower-decked nymphs and yellow-skirted fays that have forever fled—and good riddance—their haunted springs and tangled thickets. It can feed on its growing sweet and fresh faiths, but will draw foul contagion from the rank mists that float over old and cold fables. For all knowledge is bread to a genius like Lanier. A poet genius has great common sense. He lives in to-day and to-morrow, not in yesterday. Such men were Shakspeare and Goethe. The age of poetry is not past; there is nothing in culture or science antagonistic to it. Milton was one of the world's great poets, but he was the most cultured and scholarly and statesmanlike man of his day. He was no dreamer of dead dreams. Neither was Lanier a dreamer. He came late to the opportunity which he longed for, but when he came to it he was a tremendous student, not of music alone, but of language, of science, and of philosophy. He had all the instincts and ambitions of this nineteenth century. But that only made his range of poetic thought wider, and its success

deeper. The world is opening to the poet with every question the crucible asks of the elements, with every spectrum the prism steals from a star. The old he has and all the new.

But how short was his day, and how slight his opportunity! From the time that he was of age he waged a constant hopeless fight for life. For months he could do no work. He was driven to Texas, to Florida, to Pennsylvania, to North Carolina, to try to recover health from pine breaths and clover blossoms. He was supported by the implicit faith of his devoted wife, who fully believed in his genius, and was willing to suffer everything if he could only find his opportunity; but there was, from the time he left Macon, the constant pitiful struggle not for health alone, but for bread which he must earn for his babes. Notwithstanding the generous help of his father, which was more than could be asked, there were long periods of the very slenderest support from chance writing for a magazine, or a few lectures or lessons when his strength would allow. But his courage and that of his wife never failed. He still kept before him first his ideal and his mission, and he longed to live that he might accomplish them. It must have been in such a mood that he wrote to his wife in 1874:

"So many great ideas for art are born to me each day, I am swept away into the Land of All Delight by their strenuous, sweet whirlwind; and I feel within myself such entire, yet humble, confidence of possessing every single element of power to carry them all out save the little paltry sum of money that would suffice to keep us clothed and fed in the mean time.

"I do not understand this."

As also the following sketch for a poem which he never put into rhyme:

"O Lord, if thou wert needy as I,
If thou shouldst come to my door as I to thine,
If thou hungered so much as I
For that which belongs to the spirit,
For that which is fine and good,—

Ah, Friend, for that which is fine and good,—
I would give it to thee if I had power.
For that which I want is first bread—
Thy decree, not my choice, that bread must be first;
Then music; then some time out of the struggle for
bread to write my poems;
Then to put out of care Henry and Robert, whom I
love.
O my God, how little would put them out of care!"

At last, when his strength was utterly gone, he seemed to have conquered success enough to assure him a livelihood, and a chance to write his poems. Then he died. It was with a terror, almost, that his friends listened to the last course of his lectures, fearing he might not live out the hour. He had risen from the sick-bed which he was not expected to leave, and with great pain and in much weakness he wrote out his notes. He was taken in a close carriage to the University, read the lectures sitting in the chair, too weak to rise, and then suffered a chill of exhaustion on the way home. Three months after, he died. Why was no Mæcenæ found who would gladly give the cost of an evening's party to supply him the rest which might prolong a life worth millions of common lives?

A man with real genius must know it, just as we know we have talent or shiftiness or resource. In 1874, at the very time of his new baptism into art, he wrote to his wife:

"It is of little consequence whether *I* fail; the 'I' in the matter is a small business; '*Que mon nom soit flétri, que la France soit libre!*' quoth Danton; which is to say, interpreted by my environment: Let my name perish; the poetry is good poetry, and the music is good music; and beauty dieth not, and the heart that needs it will find it."

How many hearts need it and will find it, it may be too soon to guess. For my part, I believe it will find a larger and a yet larger audience, and that his short half-dozen years of literary life, though much hindered, will fill a great space in our history of poetry and art.

William Hayes Ward.

[As we go to press, a complete edition of the poems of Sidney Lanier is announced by his publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The volume will be edited by his wife, and Dr. William Hayes Ward will furnish an introduction.—EDITOR.]

HOW WILKES BOOTH CROSSED THE POTOMAC.

THE most dramatic of historical assassinations has had, until now, an unrelated interval. The actor John Wilkes Booth shot President Abraham Lincoln about ten o'clock Friday night, April 14th, 1865. Near midnight he and his uninteresting road pilot, David E. Herold, called at Surratt's tavern, about ten miles south-east of Washington, and obtained the arms, field glass, etc., previously prepared for them there. Saturday morning they were at Dr. Samuel A. Mudd's, twenty miles farther on, where Booth's broken ankle was set and a crutch made for him; and that evening the two fugitives were guided in a roundabout way to the gate of Samuel Cox, a prosperous Southern sympathizer, about fifteen miles south-west.

The last witness in Maryland ended here. The Government, in its prosecution of the conspirators, took up the fugitive next at the crossing of the Rappahannock River in Virginia, on the 24th of April, having failed to trace Booth a single step farther in Maryland, although he did not cross the Potomac until Saturday night, April 22d. A whole week remains unaccounted for; and for the first time the missing links of the connection are here made public. Probably not half a dozen people are alive who have ever heard the narrative fully told.

When Annapolis was a greater place than Baltimore, and the Patuxent Valley the most populous part of Maryland, the main roads and ferries to all-powerful Virginia were on the lower Potomac, instead of being, as now, above Washington City. The most important of these ferries crossed at a narrow part of the river, where it is from two to three miles wide, near a stream on the Maryland side called Pope's Creek. Just below this spot, and not far above it, there are deep indentations from the river which narrow the open ground over which its banks are reached. A railroad, built since the war, for this reason has its terminus at Pope's Creek. About five miles north of the terminus is Cox's Station, which is about six miles south of the old courthouse village of Port Tobacco. A short distance east of Cox's Station is Samuel Cox's house; a short distance west of Cox's Station, perhaps two or three miles, is the old Catholic manor house of St. Thomas's, by an ancient church which gives the name to "Chapel" Point. Here the Potomac sends up Port Tobacco River, a broad tidal stream,

naturally indicated at the beginning of the war as the nearest safe point for spies and go-betweens to reach broad water from Washington. Mathias Point, on the Virginia side, makes a high salient angle into the waters of Maryland here, and is almost in the direct line from Washington to Richmond.

In this old region of the Calvert Catholics, a civilization existed at the close of the last century probably comparable with that of tide-water Virginia. The Episcopal Church, tobacco, and large landed estates, with slaves, were features of the high bluff country, which was plentifully watered with running streams amidst the hills of clay and gravel. But the Revolution emancipated the Catholic worship originally planted on the lower Potomac by the founders of Maryland, and a curious English society took root, with its little churches surmounted by the cross, its slaves attendants upon mass and confession; and much of the country, originally poor, was covered with decaying estates, old fields grown up in small pines, and deep gullies penetrating to the heart of the hills. The malaria almost depopulated the little towns and hamlets, tobacco became an uncertain crop, slavery kept the people poor, and intercourse fell off with the rest of the world, possibly excepting some of the old counties in Virginia in Washington's "Northern Neck."

Soon after the year 1820 Mr. Cox was born in the district below Port Tobacco, and his mother dying, he was put to nurse with a Mrs. Jones, the wife of a plain man, possibly an overseer, who inhabited the house. She had a son, Thomas A. Jones, who grew up with young Cox; they were playmates and attended the same log school-house, and Cox, as life progressed, had the ruling influence over Jones, who was a cool, brave man, but without the self-assertion of his comrade, who soon developed into one of the most energetic men in that region.

A portrait of Samuel Cox shows him to have been of an indomitable will, strengthened by that consumptive tendency which often gives desperation to men fond of life. At the breaking out of the war Mr. Cox had thirty to forty slaves, plenty of land, a large house with out-buildings, negro quarters, woodlands, and a superior appearance for those parts. He became the captain of a volunteer company, which he drilled at Bryantown, a small settlement in the eastern part of the county,

where the lands were unusually good and the neighbors plentiful in slaves. Hardly one of them an original secessionist, the course of events forced most of those slave-holders into sympathy with the South, if not through their sensitiveness about their slave property, yet from the fact that their sons often hastened to cross the river into the Confederate army, while in many cases their negroes slipped off in the opposite direction within the Federal lines. The responsibility for disloyalty did not rest with these humble people off the great highways of life, but followed from the political consequences of breaking the Union asunder, and leaving them on the Union frontier with all the necessities and traditions of slavery. The Government paid but little attention to them, seeing that they were below the line of military operations, divided by a broad river from the ragged peninsulas of the rebellion; and, therefore, there almost immediately sprang up in lower Maryland, a system of contraband travel and traffic which soon demoralized nearly everybody.

Thomas A. Jones, who had somewhat risen in the world and had a few slaves, sympathized warmly with the South; he owned a farm right at Pope's Creek, the most eligible situation of all for easy intercourse with Virginia. His house was on a bluff eighty to one hundred feet high, from which he could look up the Potomac to the west, across Mathias Point, and see at least seven miles of the river-way, while his view down the Potomac was fully nine miles.

The moment actual war broke out, and intercourse ceased at Washington and above it with Virginia, great numbers of people came to the house of Jones and to that of his next neighbor on the bluff, Major Roderick G. Watson, asking to be sent across the Potomac. These fugitives were of all descriptions: lawyers, business men, women, resigned army officers, adventurers, suspected persons, — even the agents of foreign bankers and of foreign countries.

Major Watson had a large frame house, relatively new, two stories high, with dormer windows in the high roof, and with a servants' wing. He had a son in the Confederate army, and grown-up daughters; and his house became the signal station for the Confederates across the river, one of his daughters setting the signal, which consisted of a shawl or other black object, put up at the dormer window, whenever it was not safe to send the boat across from Virginia. This window was kept in focus from Grimes's house on the other side, about two miles and a half distant, — a small low house, planted at the water's edge, from which the glass could read the signal,

which no Federal officer, whether in his gun-boat or ashore, could suspect. Major Watson was somewhat advanced in years, and died while his neighbor Jones was serving an imprisonment in the Old Capitol prison.

On Jones's return to his home, he therefore became the most trusted neighbor of the Watson family, and they accommodated him as he assisted them. The young lady in the family was as enthusiastic for the Confederate cause, and as discreet in all her talks and walks as Jones himself, on whose countenance no human being could ever read what was passing within his mind. He had attended to his fishery and his farm until the war broke out, without having had an incident to mark his life; but suddenly there was an incursion of strangers to whose needs his rooted ideas of hospitality, no less than his sympathy for the Confederates, led him to hearken. His farming was almost broken up, and he took to crossing the river nearly every night, and sometimes twice or more of a night, with boats, sometimes rowed by two pairs of oars, at others by three, while he steered with an oar in the stern. The interlopers could ride down from Washington to Pope's Creek in six or seven hours, and Jones could put them at Grimes's house opposite in less than an hour. The idea of making money in this traffic never seems to have occurred to the man at all: he regarded these strangers as intrusted to his care by Providence or pity; and although his liberty was constantly in danger, he seldom received more than a dollar or two for taking anybody across. Some persons argued with him that he did not charge enough, and told him to look out for his family and the future; but, as the sequel will show, he did a vast amount of hard and dangerous labor for next to nothing, and in the end the Confederate Government also left him unpaid.

The original rebel route from Pope's Creek to Richmond was through Fredericksburg; but this being considerably to the west, a new route was opened over the old road to Port Royal on the Rappahannock River. Adventurers were taken by Jones or his neighbors across to Grimes's, who, assisted by one or two of his neighbors, carried them by vehicles in three or four hours to Port Conway, where a ferry was maintained across the Rappahannock River to Port Royal, and eighteen miles beyond it the high road from Washington to Richmond was open. Mr. Jones says that he may have crossed the Potomac one hundred times before he was arrested, but has no record of the days.

In the latter part of June, 1861, General Sickles came with troops to the lower Po-

tomac to keep a watch on the contraband intercourse. Grimes was found on the Maryland shore and sent to Fort Delaware. Jones was arrested when he returned from his second visit to Richmond and sent to the Old Capitol prison at Washington, and kept there six months. He was allowed to write to his family, subject to the inspection of his letters, and to talk to any of them when an officer was by. This imprisonment, together with his adventurous cruises previously, sharpened his wits, increased his knowledge of men and the world, and educated him for the official position he was soon afterward to occupy of chief signal agent of the Confederacy north of the Potomac. Misfortunes, however, attended his affairs. His wife, who had a large family of children, was taken sick through care and confinement while he was absent, and died. His farm was mortgaged, and, not pursuing the regular vocations of peace, the mortgage slowly ate up the farm, and near the close of the war he had to remove from his river-side residence to an old place called Huckleberry, about two miles and a half inland.

Mr. Jones was released in March, 1862, by a general jail delivery ordered by Congress under the belief that the prisons were full of innocent men. He took an oath that he would not communicate with the enemy again, and was informed of the penalty of breaking it. He returned to his house on the river bluff, and soon an armed patrol and steam vessels were maintained on the river, and the Federal officers boasted that they had a spy on every farm. One of the fine old mansions on the river, Hooe's house, which had been the almost immemorial ferry-house, was set on fire by the Federal flotilla and burnt, for having given harborage to one of Grimes's boat parties.

Grimes again communicated with Jones, and asked him to go into an undertaking to carry the Confederate mail from Canada and the United States to Richmond. Jones replied that the risk was too great, and that his duty to his children required him to stay at home, although his heart was in the Confederate cause, and he would give it any assistance possible. Upon this, the Confederate signal officer, Major William Norris, who had been a Maryland man and is still alive, held an interview with Jones, and asked him to take charge of the rebel communications, stating that they were of the utmost consequence to the management of the Confederate cause and its intercourse with the outer world, the Federal blockade now being well maintained and every portion of the border closely watched, while the broad Potomac River and the pine-covered hills of lower Maryland afforded almost a sure crossing-place. Finally, Jones said that if he

were given absolute control, not only over the ferry, but over all agents to be retained in Maryland, the names of none of whom he should be called upon ever to mention, he would undertake the work. He said to the Confederate agent: "It is useless to expect me to maintain a boat service with you. You must keep the boat on the Virginia side, cross to my beach, and bring and take the mail there, so that I cannot be suspected." He then indicated a post-office in the hollow of an old tree which grew near the foot of his bluff.

His previous observations on the river had shown him that toward evening, when the sun had fallen below the Virginia woods, there was a certain grayness on the surface of the water, increased by the shadows from the high bluffs, which nearly erased the mark of a boat floating on the Potomac. The pickets that were now maintained along the bluffs were not set till toward night. Therefore it was arranged that the Virginia boat should come in just before the pickets were set, and its navigator noiselessly take out the mail from the old tree and deposit the Virginia packet, and then, with scarcely a word whispered or a sign given, slip back again to his Virginia cove. Generally the boat was hauled ashore in Virginia out of the observation of the patrol gun-boats and their launches, and sometimes it was kept back of Grimes's house, but sometimes back of Upper Machodoc Creek, which is six miles due south of Pope's Creek, and only about twelve miles from Port Royal.

When the rebel mail had been left in the stump, Jones obtained it, either in person or by one of his faithful slaves. It is a singular fact that not only were women the best co-operative agents in this spy system, but the slaves, whose interests might be considered as opposed to a Southern triumph, frequently adhered to their masters from discipline or affection. Jones had a slave named Henry Woodland, still alive, who not only pulled in his boat to Virginia during the early months of the war, but, imitating the habits of his master, was discreet down to the time that Booth escaped, while probably suspecting, if he did not know, all that was going on. He and his master seldom informed each other upon anything, and did not need even to exchange glances, so well did they know each other's ways. The negro was nearly a duplicate of his master in methods, went about his work without speech, and asked no questions. Two other negroes, named John Swan and George Murray, pulled oars in Jones's boats in the early part of the war. One of these, it is believed, turned spy upon his master, and finally ran away, but was sent back

to Jones by the commandant of the camp, received a flogging, and some time afterward deserted to a vessel in the river.

When the rebel mail had been put ashore, Jones would sometimes get it by slipping down through some of the wooded gullies cutting the bluff. The Federal patrol walked on the top of the bluff, and as the night grew dark would be apt to avoid these dark places, from which a shot might be fired or an assassin spring. Jones sometimes ran risks getting down the bluff, which was almost perpendicular, and after a time he constructed a sort of stairs or steps down one portion of it. His foster-brother Cox, who was more noisy and expressive, had contrived early in the war a set of post-offices for the deposit of the mail as it came up from the river, in stumps, etc. One of these post-offices was pointed out to me where the railroad now goes through a cutting below Cox's Station. The Maryland neighbors, however, became so careless about sending their letters through these stump post-offices, that when Jones made his agreement with the Confederate Government, he dispensed with that system altogether, and relied upon more ordinary methods. Having no passion for mere glory or praise, contented to do his work according to his own ideas of right and expediency, he merely made use of substantial, plain people, whose hearts were in the Confederate cause, but whose methods were all discreet. Thus he had a young woman to hoist his signal of black, and it never was hoisted if the course was open and clear on the river. He arranged that no mail matter should come close to his home, not even to Port Tobacco, which was perhaps ten miles distant. It was generally sent to Bryantown, fifteen to twenty miles distant, and collected there, or dispatched from that office, and it was carried by such neighbors as Dr. Stowten S. Dent, who died in 1883, at the age of eighty. This old gentleman had two sons in the Confederate army, and was a practicing physician, riding on his horse from place to place, and it seemed to be the case that some person in Major Watson's family was generally sick. There the good old doctor would go, wearing a big overcoat with immense pockets, and big boots coming high toward his knees. Everybody liked him, the Federal officers and soldiers as well as the negroes and neighbors, for he was impartial in his cures. At the greatest risk, even of his neck, the old man carried the rebel mail which Jones had delivered to him, and frequently went all the way to Bryantown with it. He would stuff his pockets, and sometimes his boots, with letters and newspapers.

There were one or two other persons some-

times made available as mail-carriers. Perhaps Mr. Cox himself would do a little work of this kind. A man on the opposite side of the river, by the name of Thomas H. Harbin, who now lives in Washington, was a sort of general voluntary agent for the Confederacy, making his head-quarters now in Washington and now in Richmond, and again on the river bank. In his desire to accommodate everybody, Harbin sometimes put too much matter in the mail; and Jones's cautious soul was much disturbed to find, on one occasion, two large satchels filled with stuff not pertinent to the Confederate Government. He sent word over that there must be more sense in the putting up of that mail, as it would be impossible to get it off if it grew larger.

Jones's house at this time was of dark, rain-washed plank, one story high, with a door in the middle, an outside chimney at each end, and a small kitchen and intervening colonnade which he added himself. The house was about thirty yards from the edge of the bluff. His farm contained five hundred and forty acres. Besides his neighbors the Watsons below, Mr. Thomas Stone had a place just above him, across Pope's Creek, on a high hill, called "Ellenborough," the mansion of which was one of the largest brick buildings in this region. Next above Stone's, on Port Tobacco River, was George Dent, who also had an interesting mansion. The third farm to the north was Brentfield, and back of it Huckleberry, from which Booth departed.

Mr. Jones himself is a man of hardly medium height, slim and wiry, with one of those thin, mournful faces common to tide-water Maryland, with high cheek-bones, gray-blue eyes, no great height or breadth of forehead, and thick, strong hair. The tone of his mind and intercourse is slow and mournful, somewhat complaining, as if the summer heats had given a nervous tone to his views, which are generally instinctive and kind. Judge Frederick Stone told me that he once crossed the river with Jones, when a Federal vessel suddenly loomed up, apparently right above them, and in the twinkling of an eye, the passenger said, he could see the interior of the Old Capitol prison for himself and all his companions; but at that moment Jones was as cool as if he had not noticed the vessel at all, and extricated them in an instant from the danger. Jones's education is small. He does not swear, does not smoke, and does not drink. When he was exposed on the river, he says, he sometimes took a little spirits to drive away the cold and wet; but he has few needs, and probably has not changed any of his habits since early life.

Born poor, somewhat of the overseer class, and struggling toward independence without greed enough ever to accomplish it, he was eminently made to obey instructions and to keep faith. His neighbor Cox was more subtle and influential, and, although he was rough and domineering, seldom failed to bring any man to his views by magnetism or persuasion. Jones's judgment often differed from Cox's, and in the end his courage was altogether superior; but still, from early habits, the humble farmer and fisherman always yielded at last to what Cox insisted upon.

Mr. Jones was not alone in his operations during the war, but he was the only trusted man in Maryland with whom the Confederate Government had an official relation. His very humility was his protection. He impressed the Federal officers and Union men generally as a man of rather slow wits, of an indolent mind, with but little intelligence or interest in what was going on around him. Yet a cunning which had no expression but acts, a devotion which never asked to be appreciated, and perseverance to this day remarkable, were his. Some of his neighbors were running boats across the river for hire or gain. In the little village of Port Tobacco most of the mechanics and loungers had become demoralized by this traffic, and among these was George A. Atzerodt, a coach-maker, of but little moral or physical stamina, who was afterward hanged among the conspirators. This man left his work after the war began, and took to the business of pulling a boat down Port Tobacco River to Virginia. Among the persons who occasionally crossed the river was John H. Surratt, a country boy of respectable aspirations until some time after the breaking out of the war, when he, too, was caught in the meshes of the contraband trade, and, possessing but little mind and too much vanity, was carried away with his importance. Jones went to Richmond once or twice toward the close of the war, and on one of these occasions Surratt and a woman under his care crossed in the same boat. Sometimes these boats would go so heavily laden that a gale on the broad river would almost capsize them. One portion of Jones's business was to put the New York and Northern newspapers every day into Richmond. These newspapers would go to Bryantown post-office, or sometimes to Charlotte Hall post-office, and would generally reach the Potomac near dusk, and being conveyed all night by the Confederate mail-carriers, by way of Port Royal, would be in the hands of the rebel Cabinet next morning, twenty-four hours only after the people in New York were reading them; and Jones says that there was

hardly a failure one day in the year to take them through.

The Federal authorities never had a tithe of the thoroughness of suspicion and violation of personal liberty which the Confederates always exercised. Hence the doom of Abraham Lincoln was slowly coming onward through these little country-side beginnings, starting without origin and ending in appalling calamity.

About the third year of the war, Jones understood that a very important act had been agreed upon, namely, to seize the President of the United States in the city of Washington, and by relays and forced horses take him to the west side of Port Tobacco Creek, about four miles below the town of that name, and dispatch him across the Potomac a prisoner of war. I possess the names of the two persons on Port Tobacco Creek who, with their sons, were prominent in this scheme; but the frankness with which the information was given to me persuades me not to print them. A person already named, in Washington, was in the conspiracy; and it was given out that "the big actor, Booth," was also "in it." Jones heard of this about December, 1864. It was not designed that he should take any part in the scheme, though he regarded it as a proper undertaking in time of war. From the time this scheme was proposed until the very end of the war, the bateau which was to carry Mr. Lincoln off was kept ready, and the oars and men were ever near at hand, to dispatch the illustrious captive.

That winter was unusually mild, and therefore the roads were particularly bad in this region of clay and marsh, and did not harden with the frost—a circumstance which perhaps spared Mr. Lincoln the terrors of such a desperate expedition. Inquiries were made from time to time as to when the thing was to be done, and it was generally answered that the roads were too heavy to give the opportunity. The idea Jones has of this matter is that Mr. Lincoln was to be seized, not on his way to the Soldiers' Home, but near the Navy Yard, and gagged quietly, and the carriage then driven across the Navy Yard bridge or the next bridge above, while the captors were to point to the President and wave their hands to the guards on the bridge, saying, "The President of the United States." When we consider that he was finally killed in the presence of a vast audience, and that his captors then crossed the same bridge without opposition and without passes, the original scheme does not seem extraordinary. There is no doubt but that in this original scheme the late Dr. Samuel A. Mudd was to play some part. Booth had

made his acquaintance during that fall or winter on his first visit to the country, and some of Dr. Mudd's relatives admit that he knew Booth well, and probably was in the abduction scheme. The calculation of the conspirators was that the pursuers would have no opportunity to change horses on the way, while the captors would have fresh horses every few miles and drive them to the top of their speed, and all they required was to get to the Potomac River, seven hours distant, a very little in advance. The distance was from thirty-six to thirty-eight miles, and the river could be passed in half an hour or little more with the boat all ready. Jones thinks that this scheme never was given up, until suddenly information came that Booth had killed the President instead of capturing him, and was supposed to be in that region of country. Jones had never seen Booth, and had scarcely any knowledge of him.

When Jones went to Richmond, just before the assassination, it was to collect his stipend, which he had confidently allowed to accumulate until it amounted to almost twenty-three hundred dollars, presumably for three years' work. He reached Richmond Friday, and called on Charles Caywood, the same who kept the signal camp in the swampy woods back of Grimes's house. The chief signal officer said he would pay five hundred dollars on Saturday, but if Jones would wait till Tuesday the whole amount would be paid him. Jones waited. Sunday night Petersburg fell, and on Monday Richmond was evacuated, so the Confederacy expired without paying him a cent. Moreover, he had invested three thousand dollars in Confederate bonds earlier in the war, paying for them sixty-five cents on the dollar, and keeping them till they were mere brown paper in his hands.

Jones heard of the murder of Lincoln on Saturday afternoon, April 15th, at or near his own farm of Huckleberry. Two Federal officers or cavalymen came by on horseback, and one of them said to Jones, "Is that your boat a piece above here?" "Yes," said Jones. "Then you had better take good care of it, because there are dangerous people around here who might take it to cross the river." "That is just what I am thinking about," said Jones, "and I have had it pulled up to let my black man go fishing for the shad which are now running." The two horsemen conferred together a minute or two, and one of them said:

"Have you heard the news from Washington?" "No." "Our President has been murdered." "Indeed!" said Jones, with a melancholy face, as if he had no friend left in the world. "Yes," said the horseman;

"President Lincoln was killed last night, and we are looking out for the men, who, we think, escaped this way."

On Sunday morning, the 16th of April, about nine o'clock, a young white man came from Samuel Cox's to Jones's second farm, called Huckleberry, which has been already described as about two and a half miles back from the old river residence, which Jones had been forced to give up when it appeared probable that the Confederate cause was lost. The Huckleberry farm consisted of about five hundred acres, and had on it a one-story and garret house, with a low-pitched roof, end chimneys, and door in the middle. There was a stable north of the house, and a barn south of it, and it was only three-quarters of a mile from the house to the river, which here runs to the north to make the indentation called Port Tobacco Creek or river. Although Jones, therefore, had moved some distance from his former house, he was yet very near tide-water. The new farm was much retired, was not on the public road, and consisted of clearings amidst rain-washed hills with deep gullies, almost impenetrable short pines, and some swamp and forest timber. Henry Woodland, the black servant, who was then about twenty-seven years old, was still Jones's chief assistant, and was kept alternately farming and fishing.

The young man who came from Cox's was told, if stopped on the road, to say that he was going to Jones's to ask if he could let Cox have some seed corn, which in that climate is planted early in April. He told Jones that Colonel Cox wished him to come immediately to his house, about three miles to the north. The young man mysteriously intimated that there were very remarkable visitors at Cox's the night before. Accustomed to obey the summons of his old friend, Jones mounted his horse and went to Cox's. The prosperous foster-brother lived in a large two-story house, with handsome piazzas front and rear, and a tall, windowless roof with double chimneys at both ends; and to the right of the house, which faced west, was a long one-story extension, used by Cox for his bedroom. The house is on a slight elevation, and has both an outer and inner yard, to both of which are gates. With its trellis-work and vines, fruit and shade trees, green shutters and dark red roofs, Cox's property, called Rich Hill, made an agreeable contrast to the somber short pines which, at no great distance, seemed to cover the plain almost as thickly as wheat straws in the grain field.

Taking Jones aside, Cox related that on the previous night the assassin of President Lincoln had come to his house in company

with another person, guided by a negro, and had asked for assistance to cross the Potomac River; "and," said Cox to Jones, "you will have to get him across." Cox indicated where the fugitives were concealed, perhaps one mile distant, a few rods west of the present railroad track, and just south of Cox's station. Jones was to give a signal by whistling in a certain way as he approached the place, else he might be fired upon and killed. Nobody, it is believed, ever saw Booth and Herold after this time in Maryland, besides Cox's overseer, Franklin Roby, and Jones. Cox's family protest that the fugitives never entered the house at all; his adopted son, still living, says Booth did not come into the house. Herold, who was with Booth, related to his counsel, as the latter thinks, that after they left Mudd's house they never were in any house whatever in Maryland. The negro who was employed to guide Booth from Dr. Mudd's to Cox's testified that he saw them enter the house; but as the Government did not use him on the trial, it is probable that he related his belief rather than what he saw.

But there is no doubt of the fact that when Dr. Mudd found Booth on his hands on Saturday, with a broken ankle, and the soldiery already pouring into Bryantown, he and Booth and Herold became equally frightened, and in the early evening the two latter started by a road to the east for Cox's house, turning Bryantown and leaving it to the north, and arriving about or before midnight at Cox's. There the negro was sent back. Herold advanced to the porch and communicated with Cox, and Booth sat on his horse off toward the outer gate. The two men cursed Cox after they backed out to where the negro was,—he remaining at the outer gate,—and said that Cox was no gentleman and no host. These words were probably intended to mislead the negro when they sent him back to Dr. Mudd's. This negro was arrested, as was a colored woman in Cox's family, and, with the same remarkable fidelity I have mentioned, the woman confronted the negro man and swore that what he said was untrue.

Nevertheless, Booth and Herold were sent into the short pines, and there Jones found them. He says that as he was advancing into the pines he came upon a bay mare, with black legs, mane, and tail, and a white star on the forehead; she was saddled, and roving around in a little cleared place as if trying to nibble something to eat. Jones took the mare and tied her to a tree or stump. He then advanced and gave what he calls the countersign, or whistle, which he does not precisely remember now, though he thinks it was two whistles in a peculiar way, and a whistle after

an interval. The first person he saw was Herold, fully armed, and with a carbine in his hand, coming out to see who it was. Jones explained that he had been sent to see them, and was then taken to Booth, who was but a few rods farther along.

Booth was lying on the ground, wrapped up in blankets, with his foot supported and bandaged, and a crutch beside him. His rumpled dress looked respectable for that country, and Jones says it was of black cloth. His face was pale at all times, and never ceased to be so during the several days that Jones saw him. He was in great pain from his broken ankle, which had suffered a fracture of one of the two bones in the leg, down close to the foot. It would not have given him any very great pain but for the exertion of his escape, which irritated it by scraping the ends of the broken bone perhaps in the flesh; it was now highly irritated, and whichever way the man moved he expressed by a twitch or a groan the pain he felt. Jones says that this pain was more or less continuous, and was greatly aggravated by the peril of Booth's situation—unable to cross the river without assistance, and unable to walk any distance whatever. Jones believes that Booth did not rise from the ground at any time until he was finally put on Jones's horse to be taken to the water-side some days afterward.

Booth's first solicitude seemed to be to learn what mankind thought of the crime. That question he put almost immediately to Jones, and continued to ask what different classes of people thought about it. Jones told him that it was gratifying news to most of the men of Southern sympathies. He frankly says that he himself at first regarded it as good news; but somewhat later, when he saw the injurious consequences of the crime to the South, he changed his mind. Booth desired newspapers if they could be had, which would convey to him an idea of public feeling. Jones soon obtained newspapers for him, and continued to send them in; and Booth lay there, where the pines were so thick that one could not see more than thirty or forty feet into them, reading what the world had to say about his case. He seemed never tired of information on this one subject, and the only thing besides he was solicitous about was to get across the river into Virginia.

Jones says Booth admitted that he was the man who killed Lincoln, and expressed no regret for the act, knowing all the consequences it involved. He harped again and again upon the necessity of his crossing the river. He said if he could only get to Virginia he could have medical attendance.

Jones told him frankly that he would receive no medical attendance in Maryland. Said he: "The country is full of soldiers, and all that I can do for you is to get you off, if I can, for Cox's protection and my own, and for your own safety. That I will do for you, if there is any way in the world to do it."

When I received this account from Mr. Jones, I asked him question after question to see if I could extract any information as to what Booth inquired about while in that wilderness. I asked if he spoke of his mother, of where he was going when he reached Virginia, of whether he meant to act on the stage again; whether he blamed himself for jumping from the theater box; whether he expressed any apprehensions for Mrs. Surratt or his friends in Washington. To these and to many other questions Jones uniformly replied: "No, he did not speak about any of those things. He wanted food, and to cross the river, and to know what was said about the deed." Booth, he thinks, wore a slouched hat. At first meeting Booth in the pines, he proved himself to be the assassin by showing upon his wrist, in India ink, the initials J. W. B. He showed the same to Captain Jett in Virginia. Jones says Booth was a determined man, not boasting, but one who would have sold his life dear. He said he would not be taken alive.

Mr. Jones went up to Port Tobacco in a day or two to hear about the murder, and heard a detective there from Alexandria say: "I will give one hundred thousand dollars and guarantee it to the man who can tell where Booth is." When we consider that the end of the war had come, and all the Confederate hopes were blasted and every man's slaves set free, we may reflect upon the fidelity of this poor man, whose land was not his own, and with inevitable poverty before him perhaps for the rest of his days, when the next morning he was told that to him alone would be intrusted that man for whom the Government had offered a fortune, and was increasing the reward. Mr. Jones says it never occurred to him for one moment that it would be a good thing to have that money. On the contrary, his sympathies were enlisted for the pale-faced young man, so ardent to get to Virginia and have the comforts of a doctor.

Said he to Booth: "You must remain right here, however long, and wait till I can see some way to get you out; and I do not believe I can get you away from here until this hue and cry is somewhat over. Meantime I will see that you are fed." He then continued to visit them daily, generally about ten o'clock in the morning. He always went alone, taking with him such food

as the country had—ham, whisky, bread, fish, and coffee. Part of the way Jones had to go by the public road, but he generally worked into the pines as quickly as possible. His intercourse at each visit with the fugitives was short, because he was in great personal danger himself, was not inquisitive, and was wholly intent on keeping his faith with his old friend and the new ones. He says that Herold had nothing to say of the least importance, and was nothing but a pilot for Booth. Not improbably Cox sent his own overseer into the pines sometimes to see these men or to give them something, but he took no active part in their escape. The blankets they possessed came either from Cox's or from Dr. Mudd's.

Booth, as has been said, rode a small bay mare from the rear of Ford's Theater to Cox's pines. Herold rode a horse of another color. These horses were hired at different livery stables in Washington. Jones is not conversant with all the facts about the shooting of these horses, but the testimony of Cox before he died was nearly as follows: After Booth entered the pines he distinctly heard, the next day or the day following, a band of cavalry going along the road at no great distance, and the neighing of their horses. He said to Herold: "If we can hear those horses, they can certainly hear the neighing of ours, which are uneasy from want of food and stabling." When Jones on Sunday morning came through the woods and found one of the horses loose, he told Cox, as well as Booth, that the horses ought to be put out of the way. Cox had Herold advised to take the horses down into Zekiah Swamp, and shoot them both with his revolver, which he did.

The weather during those days and nights was of a foggy, misty character—not cold, but uncomfortable, although there was no rain. At regular intervals the farmer got on his horse and went through the pines the two or three miles to the spot where still lay the yearning man with the great crime behind him and the great wish to see Virginia. Booth had a sympathetic nature, and seldom failed to make a good impression; and that he made this impression on Jones will presently appear. No incident broke the monotony of these visits for days. Jones sent his faithful negro out with the boat to fish with gill-nets, so that it should not be broken up in the precautions used by the Federals to prevent Booth's escape. Jones was now reduced to one poor boat, which had cost him eighteen dollars in Baltimore. He had lost several boats in the war, costing him from eighty to one hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece. This little gray or lead-colored skiff was the only

means by which the fugitives could get across the river. Every evening the man returned it to the mouth of the little gut or marsh called Dent's Meadow, in front of the Huckleberry farm. This is not two miles north of Pope's Creek, and from that spot Booth and Herold finally escaped.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday passed by, and more soldiers came in and began to ride hither and thither, and to examine the marshes; but they did not penetrate the pines at all, which at no time were visited. The houses were all examined, and old St. Thomas's brick buildings, of a venerable and imposing appearance, above Chapel Point, were ransacked. The story went abroad that there were vaults under the priests' house, leading down to the river, and finally the soldiers tore the farm and terraces all to pieces. Yet for six nights and days Booth and Herold kept in the woods, and on Friday Jones slipped over to a little settlement called Allen's Fresh, two or three miles from his farm, to see if he could hear anything. A large body of cavalry were in the little town, guided by a Marylander, and while Jones in his indifferent way was loitering about, he heard the officer say: "We have just got news that those fellows have been seen down in St. Mary's County." The cavalry were ordered to mount and set out. At that time it was along toward the gray of the night, and instantly Jones mounted his horse and rode from Allen's Fresh by the road and through the woods to where Booth and Herold were.

Said he, with decision: "Now, friends, this is your only chance. The night is pitch dark and my boat is close by. I will get you some supper at my house, and send you off if I can." With considerable difficulty, and with sighs and pain, Booth was lifted on to Jones's horse, and Herold was put at the bridle. "Now," whispered Jones, "as we cannot see twenty yards before us, I will go ahead. We must not speak. When I get to a point where everything is clear from me to you, I will whistle so," giving the whistle. In that way he went forward through the blackness, repeating the signal now and then; and although the wooded paths are generally tortuous and obstructed, nothing happened. For a short distance they were on the public road; they finally turned into the Huckleberry farm, and about fifty yards from the house the assassin and his pilot stopped under two pear-trees.

At this moment a very pathetic incident took place. Jones whispered to Booth: "Now I will go in and get something for you to eat, and you eat it here while I get something for myself." Booth, with a sudden longing, ex-

claimed: "Oh, can't I go in the house just a moment and get a little of your warm coffee?" Jones says that he felt the tears come to his eyes when he replied: "Oh, my friend, it would not be safe. This is your last chance to get away. I have negroes at the house; and if they see you, you are lost and so am I." But Jones says, as he went in, he felt his throat choked. To this day he remembers that wistful request of the assassin to be allowed to enter a warm habitation once more before embarking on the wide and unknown river.

The negro, Henry Woodland, was in the kitchen stolidly taking his meal, and neither looking nor asking any questions, though he must have suspected from the occurrences of a few days past that something was in the wind. "Henry," said Jones, "did you bring the boat back to Dent's meadow where I told you?" "Yes, master." "How many shad did you catch, Henry?" "I caught about seventy, master." "And you brought them all here to the house, Henry?" "Yes, master."

Jones then took his supper without haste, and rejoined the two men. It was about three-quarters of a mile to the water-side, and, although it was very dark, they kept on picking their way down through the ravine, where a little, almost dry stream ran off to the marshes. Not far from the water-side was a strong fence, which they were unable to take down.

Booth was now lifted from the horse by Herold and Jones, and they got under his arms, he with the crutch at hand, and so they nearly carried him to the water. The boat could be got by a little wading, and Jones brought it in. Booth took his place in the stern. He was heavily armed, and Jones says had not only his carbine, as had Herold, but revolvers and a knife. Herold took the oars, which had been left in the boat, and sat amidships. Jones then lighted a piece of candle which he had brought with him, and took a compass which Booth had brought out from Washington, and by the aid of the candle he showed Booth the true direction to steer. Said he: "Keep the course I lay down for you, and it will bring you right into Machodoc Creek. Row up the creek to the first house, where you will find Mrs. Quesenberry, and I think she will take care of you if you use my name."

They were together at the water-side an unknown time, from fifteen minutes to half an hour. At last Booth, with his voice full of emotion, said to Jones: "God bless you, my dear friend, for all you have done for me." The last words Jones thinks Booth said were: "Good-bye, old fellow!" There was a moment's sound of oars on the water, and the fugitives were gone.

For the danger and the labor of those six days Jones received from Booth seventeen dollars in greenbacks, or a little less than the cost of the boat which Jones had to surrender forever. Booth had about three hundred dollars in his possession, and he told Jones that he was poor, and intimated that he would give him a check or draft on some one, or on some bank. "No," said Jones; "I don't want your money. I want to get you away for your own safety and for ours."

It was not until months after this that Jones ascertained that the fugitives did not succeed in crossing the river that Friday night. They struck the flood tide in a few minutes, were inexperienced in navigating, and when they touched the shore sometime that night and discovered a house near by, to which Herold made his way, the latter saw something familiar about the place, he knowing all that country well. It was the residence of Colonel John J. Hughes, near Nanjemoy Stores, in Maryland, directly west of Pope's Creek, about eight or nine miles. The Potomac is here so wide, and has so many broad inlets, that in the darkness the Virginia shore and the Maryland shore seem the same. Herold went to the house and asked for food, and said that Booth was in the marsh near by, where they had pulled up the boat out of observation. The good man of the house was much disturbed, but gave Herold food, and it is supposed that after lying concealed that day they pushed off again in the evening, and this time successfully made the passage of the river, though they had to come back twelve to fourteen miles. The keeper of the house at Nanjemoy became frightened after they left, and rode into Port Tobacco and told his lawyer of the circumstance, who took him at once before a Federal officer.

Some time on Sunday morning, the ninth morning after the assassination, the fugitives got to Machodoc Creek, at Mrs. Quesenberry's, with whom they left the boat. It is not sure that they entered her house, but they went to the house of a man named Bryan on the next farm, and probably revealed themselves. Bryan next day took them to the summer-house of Dr. Richard Stewart, which is two or three miles back in the country. This Dr. Stewart was the richest man in King George County, Virginia, and had a very large brick house at Mathias Point on the river; but on account of the malaria and heat he went in summer to a large barn-like mansion back in the woodlands, a queer, strange house two stories high, with a broad passage. He was entertaining some friends just returned from the Confederate service, and was much annoyed to find

that on his place were the assassins of President Lincoln, after the war was all over. The men were not invited into the house, but were sent to an out-building of some kind, either the negro quarters or the barn; and Booth was so much chagrined at this welcome to Virginia that he took the diary which was found on his dead body and wrote a letter in lead pencil to Dr. Stewart, sorrowful rather than angry, saying that he would not take hospitality extended in that way without paying for it, and sending three dollars.

Booth procured a conveyance, or one was procured for him, from Dr. Stewart's to Port Conway: it was driven by a negro named Lucas. He probably spent Sunday in Bryan's house, and got to Dr. Stewart's house, it is said, on Monday, where he asked for breakfast, and the same day reached the Rappahannock River and went across with Captain Jett. This crossing was made on Monday, the twenty-fourth of April. That afternoon he was lodged at Garrett's farm three miles back. He spent the next day at this house and slept in the barn. Being informed that a large body of Federal cavalry had gone up the road this Tuesday, he became much distressed. On Wednesday morning, soon after midnight, the cavalry returned, guided by Captain Jett. The barn was set afire and Booth shot soon after three o'clock in the morning. He died a little after sunrise on Wednesday.

I may recapitulate Booth's diary during those days as Jones has indicated it. At ten o'clock Friday night, April 14th, Booth shot the President. A little after midnight he was at Surratt's tavern, where he received his carbine and whisky. (I forgot to say that, among the articles of comfort given to Booth by Jones when he went to the boat, was a bottle of whisky.) In gray dawn of Saturday morning Booth was at Dr. Mudd's, where he had his leg set, and a laboring white man there whittled him a crutch. On Saturday night, near midnight, he was at Cox's house, and some time between that and morning was lodged in the pines, where he remained Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; and Friday night, between eight and nine o'clock, he started on the boat, spent Saturday in Nanjemoy Creek, and arrived some time Saturday night or before light on Sunday at Mrs. Quesenberry's. It is understood that on the Virginia side he was welcomed by two men named Harbin and Joseph Badden, the latter of whom is dead. The boat in which Booth crossed the river he gave Mrs. Quesenberry, who was arrested. The boat was put on a war vessel and probably carried to Washington.

A few days after Booth crossed the river and had been killed, suspicion turned upon both Jones and Cox. The negro who had taken the fugitives to Cox's gate gave information. Negroes near Jones's farm said he had recently concealed men, and showed the officers a sort of litter or camp about two hundred yards from his house. Here, in reality, quite a different fugitive had hidden some time before. Jones looked at it in his mournful way, and expressed the opinion that it was nothing but where a hog had been penned up. He was arrested and taken to Bryantown, and kept there eight days in the second story of the tavern where Booth had stopped, and in sight of the country Catholic church where Booth first met Dr. Mudd and others, six months before. Cox was there, but was in two or three days sent to Washington. The detectives from all the cities of the East sat in the street under Jones, and described how he was to be hanged. He remarks of Colonel

Wells: "He were a most bloodthirsty man, and tried to scare out of me just what I'm tellin' of you now." In eight days Jones was sent to the old Carroll prison, Washington. There he contrived to communicate with Cox, who was completely broken in spirit, and told him by no means to admit anything; and when Jones, in about a month, saw Swan, the negro witness, going past his window toward the Navy Yard bridge with a satchel, Jones said to Cox: "You have nothing to fear." The Government soon released these men, who indeed had taken no part in Mr. Lincoln's death, though they may have been accomplices after the fact. Jones was kept six and Cox seven weeks.

Mr. Jones is married again, and now has ten children. He has filled some places under the Maryland and Baltimore political governments, and now keeps a coal, wood, and feed yard in North Baltimore.

George Alfred Townsend.

EVENING.

I.

It is that pale, delaying hour
When Nature closes like a flower,
And in the spirit hallowed lies
The silence of the earth and skies.

The world has thoughts she will not own
When shades and dreams with night have flown;
Bright overhead, the early star
Makes golden guesses what they are.

II.

A light lies here, a shadow there,
With little winds at play between;
As though the elves were delving where
The sunbeams vanished in the green.

The softest clouds are flocking white
Among faint stars with centers gold,—
Slowly from daisied fields of night,
Heaven's shepherd fills his airy fold.

John Vance Cheney.



NOTES ON THE EXILE OF DANTE.*

FROM HIS SENTENCE OF BANISHMENT WHILE IN ROME, 1302, TO HIS DEATH IN RAVENNA, 1321.

II.

CONVENT OF SANTA CROCE DI CORVO—1309.

TO VISIT this ruined convent, which is situated on the promontory that bounds the Gulf of Spezia on the east, the best way is to get a carriage at Sarzana and drive to a point on the river Magra where a boat can be taken to its mouth. I had a little basket-carriage, rough and strong, and a sturdy pony which suited the tangled and marshy road. The white and not carefully groomed pony was called Nina, and she was perpetually appealed to by her driver, with every modulation of which the Italian voice is capable. He never struck Nina, but he spoke to her often, putting into her name encouragement, reproof, coaxing, comforting, stimulating, warning,—all expressed in the one word Nina. It really appeared as if Nina paid very little attention to the voice of her mentor, so incessantly heard, but jogged on at the pace she liked best. The drive must have been three or four miles from Sarzana to the Magra, and then, following the wooded bank half a mile farther, we came upon a boat which appeared to be waiting for us, for up started from the bushes two boatmen, and much noisy talk ensued. Meantime I settled myself in the boat, and was pleased to find the driver was to go with us, leaving a boy in charge of the carriage. Two miles of rowing brought us to the place where the river opens into the sea, and we soon were on the little path leading up, under ilex trees, to the convent ter-

race. Of the building only a piece of the cloister wall remains. The terrace is a vineyard with fig-trees, children playing, and clothes hung to dry; for, built into the ruin is an apartment where the guardians of this interesting place have shelter. From here came the letter known to Dantean scholars as the Ilarian letter. In 1759 there was discovered and published a part of a letter from Fra Ilario, who was prior of this convent in the time of Dante. It was addressed to the friend of the poet, Uguccone da Faggiuola. It describes the visit of Dante to this place in 1308, and relates that he had consigned the completed manuscript of the "*Inferno*" to the prior, with direction that he should read it, and, after making such notes as should occur to him, that he should send it to Uguccone. The translation of this letter is here given as it is found in the *Illustrations to Longfellow's translation of the "Divina Commedia."* It is taken from Arrivabene, "*Comento Storico*," p. 379:

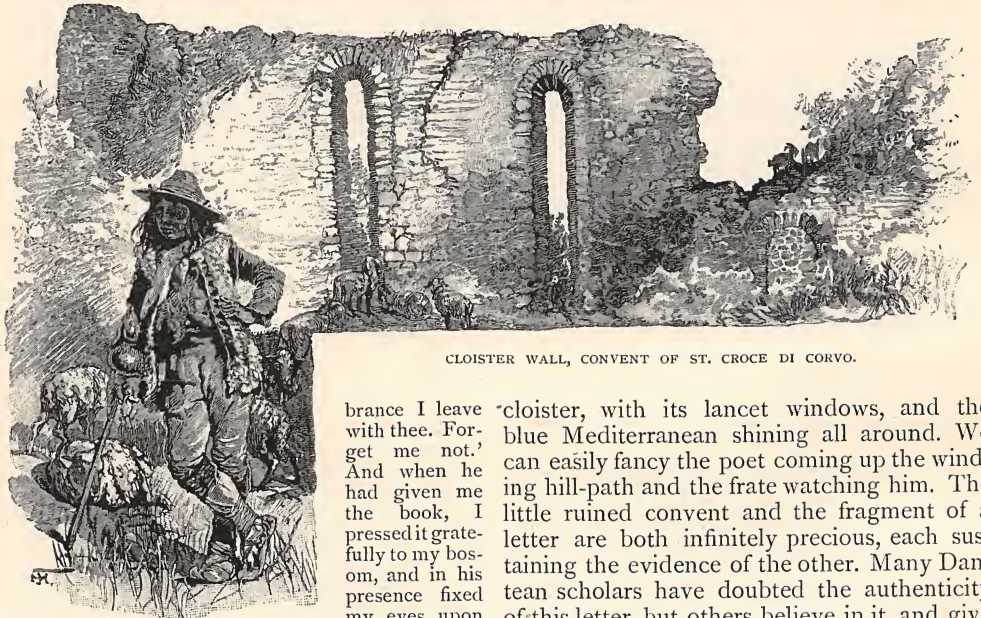
"Hither he came, passing through the diocese of Luni, moved either by the religion of the place, or by some other feeling, and seeing him, as yet unknown to me and to all my brethren, I questioned him of his wishings and his seekings there. He moved not, but stood silently contemplating the columns and arches of the cloister, and again I asked him what he wished and whom he sought. Then, slowly turning his head, and looking at the friars and me, he answered: '*Peace!*' Thence, kindling more and more the wish to know him and who he might be, I led him aside somewhat, and having spoken a few words with him I knew him; for although I had never seen him till

* THESE notes with pen and pencil were made to commemorate a pilgrimage of the author to the cities, convents, and castles that gave Dante refuge in exile, and to some other places known to have been visited by the poet, or that are mentioned in his verses. The order of his wanderings has been kept as nearly as possible, but the notes are necessarily incomplete.—S. F. C.

The illustrations are nearly all from Miss Clarke's drawings, which have been redrawn for engraving by Mr. Harry Fenn.—Ed.

that hour, his fame had long since reached me; and when he saw that I hung upon his countenance, and listened to him with strange affection, he drew from his bosom a book, did gently open it, and offered it to me, saying: 'Sir Friar, here is a portion of my work, which peradventure thou hast not seen. This remem-

This letter opens a glimpse into the life of Dante, delightfully picturesque and dramatic. We have here the scene almost as it existed more than five hundred and fifty years ago: the little terrace, the broken wall of the



CLOISTER WALL, CONVENT OF ST. CROCE DI CORVO.

it with great love. But I, beholding there the vulgar tongue, and showing by the fashion of my countenance my wonderment thereat, he asked the reason of the same. I answered that I marveled that he should sing in that language; for it seemed a difficult thing, nay, incredible that those most high conceptions could be expressed in common language; nor did it seem to me right that such and so worthy a science should be clothed in such plebeian garments. 'You think aright,' he said, 'and I myself have thought so; and when at first the seeds of these matters, perhaps inspired by Heaven, began to bud, I chose that language which was most worthy of them; and not alone chose it, but began forthwith to poetize therein after this wise:

"Ultime regna canam fluido contermina mundo,
Spiritus quæ lata patent; quæ præmia solvunt
Pro meritis cuicumque suis."

But when I recalled the condition of the present age, and saw the songs of the illustrious poets esteemed almost as naught, and knew that the generous men for whom in better days these things were written had abandoned, ah, me! the liberal arts into vulgar hands, I threw aside the delicate lyre which had armed my flank, and attuned another more befitting the ear of moderns; for the food that is hard, we hold in vain to the mouths of sucklings.' Having said this, he added with emotion that, if the occasion served, I should make some brief annotations upon the work, and thus appareled should forward it to you. Which task, in truth, although I may not have extracted all the marrow of his words, I have, nevertheless, performed with fidelity, and the work required of me I frankly send you, as was enjoined upon me by that most friendly man; in which work, if it appear that any ambiguity still remains, you must impute it to my insufficiency, for there is no doubt that the text is perfect in all points."

brance I leave with thee. Forget me not.' And when he had given me the book, I pressed it gratefully to my bosom, and in his presence fixed my eyes upon 'cloister, with its lancet windows, and the blue Mediterranean shining all around. We can easily fancy the poet coming up the winding hill-path and the frate watching him. The little ruined convent and the fragment of a letter are both infinitely precious, each sustaining the evidence of the other. Many Dantean scholars have doubted the authenticity of this letter, but others believe in it, and give perhaps as good reasons for doing so as those which are brought against it.

CORNICE ROAD—1309.

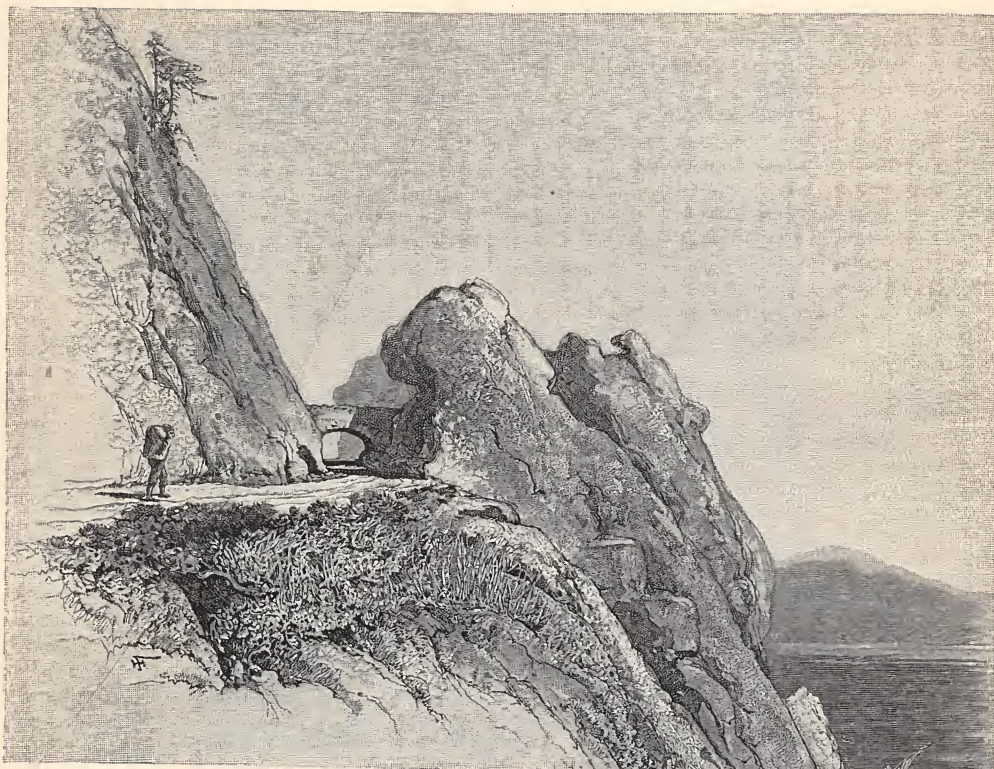
"Twixt Lerici and Turbia the most desert,
The most secluded pathway is a stair,"
Easy and open when compared to this."
Longfellow Tr. "Purg.," cant. iii. ver. 50.

It appears not unlikely that Dante passed along the Cornice road on his way to Paris. This was at that time the most practicable road, and when he speaks of the way between Lerici and Turbia as being rough and lonely, he speaks as one who knows the whole road between the two places. The "Purgatory" may have been partly written in Paris, and certain beautiful passages in the beginning of that part of the poem show that his mind was full of the scenery and images of the sea:

"The dawn had chased the matin hour of prime
Which fled before it, so that from afar
I spied the trembling of the ocean stream."
Cary Tr.

And the exquisitely touched sketch of a boat, a few lines further:

—"and he came to shore
With a small vessel very swift and light,
So that the water swallowed naught thereof."
Longfellow Tr.



ON THE CORNICE ROAD.

Then when an angel comes, it is like the sun's light shining on the water and refracted into one's eyes. Finding himself dazzled, he raises his hands to screen his eyes:

Whereat toward the summit of my brow
I raised my hands, and made myself the visor
Which the excessive glare diminishes;
As when, from off the water or a mirror,
The sunbeam leaps unto the opposite side,
Ascending upward in the self-same measure
That it descends, and deviates as far
From falling of a stone in line direct
(As demonstrate experiment and art).

Longfellow Tr.

Here is a morning scene:

"When I, who something had of Adam in me,
Vanquished by sleep, upon the grass reclined
There where all five* of us already sat,
Just at the hour when her sad lay begins
The little swallow, near unto the morning,
Perchance in memory of her former woes."

Longfellow Tr.

And what a morning picture in few words is this:

"I rose; and full already of high day
Were all the circles of the sacred mountain,
And with the new sun at our back we went!"

Longfellow Tr.

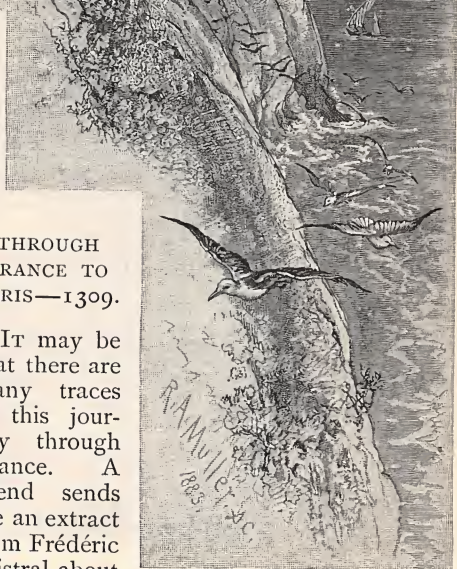
*"Virgil, Sordello, Dante, Nino, and Conrad. And here Dante falls upon the grass, and sleeps till dawn. There is a long pause of rest and sleep between this line and the next, which makes the whole passage doubly beautiful. The narrative recommences like the twitter of early birds just beginning to stir in the woods."
From Longfellow, Translator's Notes.

THROUGH
FRANCE TO
PARIS—1309.

It may be that there are many traces of this journey through France. A friend sends me an extract from Frédéric Mistral about

the grottoes near Arles, called L'Enfer, which place is supposed to have suggested to Dante the wild scenery described in the "Inferno."

It may easily have been that Dante looked on these weird rocks, and they would natu-

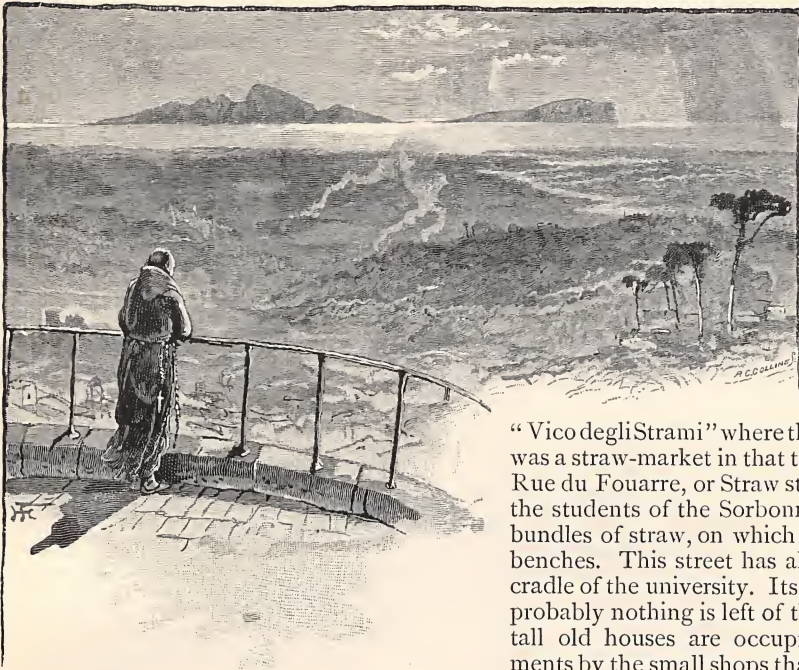




RUE DU FOUARRE, PARIS.

rally fascinate his somber imagination; but, as the "Inferno" was completed before he made the journey through France, it could not be that he then and there conceived and realized the idea and plan of the "Inferno." Indeed, there is scarcely a wild, rocky gorge, or chaos of rocks, that is not called in its neighborhood by some name that fixes its proprie-

torship on his Satanic Majesty. The devil's footstep, the devil's punch-bowl, his garden, his throne, his bridge, his castle are a few of these tributes to his power. Many such places have the credit of having suggested to Dante the form and character of his "Inferno." But these conjectures are idle. The poet's mind is a laboratory where all material is melted in



CAPRAIA AND GORGONA, FROM THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

the crucible of imagination, in which it crystallizes into new and more imposing shapes, and is charged with a new vitality from having passed through his mind. It should be said that Dante does, however, mention the tombs at Arles, "Inf.," ix., 112.

PARIS—1309.

"It is the light eternal of Sigieri,
Who, reading lectures in the street of straw,
Did syllogize invidious verities."*
Longfellow Tr. "Par.," cant. x. ver. 136.

It was much to be feared that the little old street would have been Haussmanized or Prussianized out of existence before one could reach Paris and make a sketch of it, but I found it quite uninjured. One can stand at one end and see Notre Dame and its

* Or, as we moderns say, declared unpopular truths.

"Vico degli Strami" where they were held. This was a straw-market in that time, and was called Rue du Fouarre, or Straw street. It is said that the students of the Sorbonne used to buy here bundles of straw, on which they sat for lack of benches. This street has also been called the cradle of the university. Its houses are old, but probably nothing is left of the year 1309. The tall old houses are occupied in their basements by the small shops that fill up the narrow streets and passages of Paris. I sat in the little carriage, looking through the dark tunnel of the street to Notre Dame in the light beyond, and made my sketch undisturbed. Dante, so far away from Italy, and coming here like a modern student for the advantage of the lectures, seemed even nearer than in Italy, where he stands like an ever-repeated figure woven into the ideal memorial tapestry that hangs about that land. Boccaccio seems to have been of opinion that Dante went also to England.

PISA—1317.

"Let the Capraia and Gorgona move,
And make a hedge across the mouth of Arno,
That every person in thee it may drown."
Longfellow Tr. "Inferno," xxxiii. v. 82.

WISHING to get a sketch of the two islands from the top of the leaning tower of Pisa, from which they may easily be seen in fair



THE RAMPARTS OF LUCCA.

weather, and from which point they appear nearly close together, opposite "*the mouth of Arno*," I went from Florence for that special purpose. On that day, however, there was no admittance to the tower. As this exclusion occurs only twice in a year, on the occasion of certain church festas, I was much annoyed. Again I went by the road that passes Pisa on my way to Rome, and on this second occasion an envious mist overspread the landscape and the sea, and I saw nothing. Only on the third attempt, six months later, was I successful; and even on that day there was a little mistiness in the usually clear atmosphere. But I succeeded in getting

THE railway from Leghorn to Rome passes Talamone, the ancient Telamon, where Marius landed on his return from Africa. It is on the coast and two miles from the station, where are no houses. The first time I passed the spot, and heard the guard call out Talamone, what a picture lay before me! It was just after sunset, and, breaking the shoreline, there were the old towers and walls of Telamon. The burning sky behind darkened the towers till they stood against it in beautiful relief. The train stopped two minutes, and if I had been prepared I might have got an outline. The next year, returning to Rome by the same road, and at nearly the



TALAMONE.

the outline that I wanted; yet he must have seen the islands from some other tower, since from the leaning tower they do not appear near enough to each other to suggest the fancy of bringing them quite together, closing up the river and driving the waters back to destroy the city. This burst of wrath was excited by the cruel treatment of Ugolino and his innocent grandchildren. At that time Pisa bristled with towers, now mostly removed.

TALAMONE.

"Them wilt thou see among that people vain,
Who hope in Talamone, and will lose there
More hope than in discovering the Diana;
But there still more the admirals will lose."

"Purg.," cant. xiii. ver. 152.

same date, I took the same train, hoping to reach Talamone at sunset, and having pencil and sketch-book ready to secure my prize. All happened as I had arranged. The train stopped as before, just where I caught the old town against the sunset sky, and, before it moved on, the outline was secured, and the gradations of light noted. The station was but a grassy track, so that I could not have stopped longer there, yet I had obtained all I wanted.

LUCCA—1317.

FROM Paris Dante returned to Italy, it is believed, by way of Milan. He made another visit in the Casentino, and then it is probable that he remained a long time with Can

Grande at Verona. He is thought to have been at Lucca between 1314 and 1317.

"This one appeared to me as lord and master,
Hunting the wolf and whelps upon the mountain
For which the Pisans Lucca cannot see."
Longfellow Tr. "Inf.," xxxiii. ver. 28.

Ampère says:

"To go from Pisa to Lucca you must pass the foot of Mount St. Julien, that mountain which prevents the two cities from seeing each other.

'Perchè il Pisan veder Lucca non ponno,'

as Dante said with his accustomed geographical precision. Lucca is placed in the center of a delicious country. There is nothing fresher, nothing more gracious than the environs of Lucca. It is a lake of verdure incased in admirable mountains. The city rises in the midst. The ancient ramparts have been changed into a promenade that completely surrounds it, and commands the elegant landscape.

"Lucca was not so gracious in the time of Dante. When his protector and friend Uguccone della Faggiola, to whom he wished to dedicate the 'Inferno,' after having oppressed Lucca, was driven from it by Castracani, that Thrasybulus of the middle ages of whom Macchiavelli was the Plutarch, its fields were not so well cultivated as they are to-day, the vine did not suspend its verdant draperies along both sides of a road which resembles the avenue of a villa. This now tranquil promenade was a high wall crowned with towers and flanked with bastions. However, at this epoch the industry of Lucca was, I believe, more flourishing than in our century. The industrial activity of this so stormy middle age is a remarkable fact. The trades were pursued in the midst of assaults and civil wars. During the residence of Dante there were three thousand weavers at Lucca, and about the same epoch the wool merchants of Florence raised at their own expense the cathedral that Michel Angelo emulated.

"It was probably here that Dante wrote his noble answer to the offer that was made him in 1317 of returning to his country, which he *saw in his dreams*, if he would submit to a sort of *amende honorable* that custom sanctioned, but to which the lofty soul of the poet could not bend."

Ampère, "Voyage Dantesque."

The following is the letter refusing amnesty on the terms proposed:

"In the latter part of the year 1316 Florence offered conditions of pardon and restoration to the exiles and banished men. The conditions were these: To pay a certain sum of money, and then, humbled and abased, with paper miters on their heads (a sign of infamy) and holding a wax torch, they should walk in procession behind the car of the mint to the Church of San Giovanni, and here make the offering to the saint in expiation of their crimes. It was an ancient custom of Florence to pardon certain malefactors, offering them to the saint, their patron; but to subject the political exiles to conditions, which put them on a level with robbers and homicides, was making them pay too dearly for a pardon. Notwithstanding this, many of Dante's companions in exile, such as the Tosenghi, the Rinucci, the Manelli, submitted to these humiliating conditions, and at the Feast of St. John (June 24th, 1317) received their

enfranchisement. But not so those who prized their own self-respect, that is to say, Dante; and to a friar, his relative, who sent him notice of the decree, begging him at the same time to return, he nobly answered as follows:

"From your letter, received by me with reverence and affectionate thanks, I have with careful consideration and a grateful spirit learned how much you desire my return to my country; for this I am so much the more obliged to you that it rarely happens to exiles to find friends.

"And if my answer cannot be such as the pusillanimity of some might wish, I beg of you affectionately that, before condemning, you will maturely consider it. Behold, then, that which through the letters of your and my nephew, besides those of other friends, is made known to me; namely, the decree lately issued in Florence concerning the pardon offered to the banished citizens: that if I will pay a certain quantity of money and suffer public shame, I may be absolved and presently return. In which, O father, to speak plainly, there are two ridiculous and ill-considered things. I mean ill-considered by those who so expressed themselves, since your letter, more discreetly and wisely conceived, contained nothing of the sort.

"Is this, then, the glorious mode by which Dante Alighieri is recalled to his country after the anguish of an exile of nearly three lusters? Does his innocence, well known to all, merit this? Is this the fruit of toil and sweat and fatigue in the hardest studies? Far from a man familiar with philosophy be this baseness of a heart of mud that he, like a certain Ciolo and other men of ill fame, should suffer himself, like a criminal in chains, to be offered for ransom!

"Far be it from the man known as a proclaimer of justice, that he, the injured one, should pay tribute to his injurers, as if they were his benefactors!

"Not this the way to return to my country, O father; but if another, through you or through others, can be found, whereby the fame and honor of Dante be not tarnished, I will promptly set out upon it. But if through an honorable road I cannot enter Florence, then I will never enter there. And why? Can I not from any corner of the earth behold the sun and stars? Can I not under any region of the sky speculate on sweetest truth, without first showing myself as a man deprived of glory and ignominious before the people and the city of Florence? Nor will bread, I trust, fail me.

Fratellucci's Life of Dante, cap. 7.

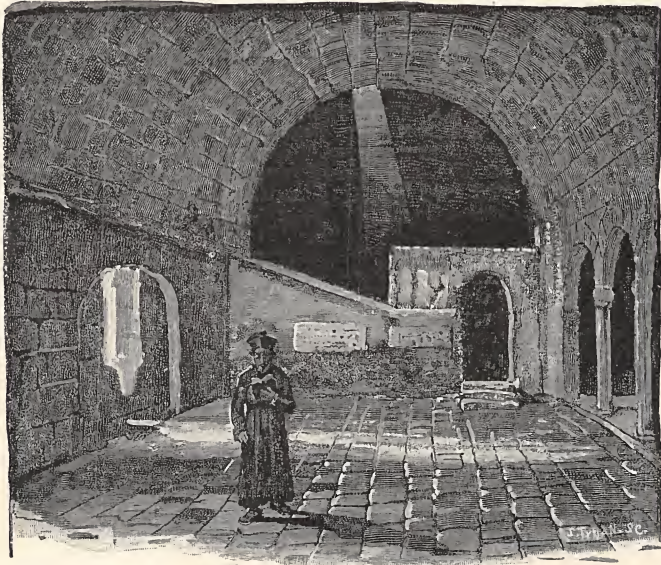
The date of Dante's visit to Lucca being known, Pisa and Talamone may be placed next in order. When at Lucca, being near the coast, he probably took that time to visit those old cities.

GUBBIO — 1318.

FROM Perugia is but five hours to Gubbio, and with a party of friends I made the excursion, engaging a carriage for a week. We began immediately to ascend and wind among the mountains where Gubbio is hidden. At Fratta, where we stopped to rest the horses and dine, we found a cattle fair, and such a show of the beautiful Umbrian oxen was well worth taking the journey to see. These cattle are white, short-horned, compact, and symmetrical. They are like the oxen in the

Greek sculptures, and a thousand times more beautiful than the long-horned, exaggerated creatures of the Roman Campagna. The younger ones, hardly as yet full grown, show their pink skin under the white hair as they move. They are beautifully proportioned, they move gracefully, and their large and liquid eyes recall and justify the Greek epithet, "ox-eyed Juno." It was a great pleasure to see so many of them together, and of

Higher on the hill we come to a terrace, where stands the wonderful town-hall on one side, on the other the library. This Palazzo Pubblico is a most picturesque building, but seems now to be unused. The grand hall of entrance is dusty and desolate, and the streams of sunshine that found their way through the side windows made a ghostly glimmer on the clouds of dust that our footsteps raised. We went up the grand stair-



THE TOWN-HALL OF GUBBIO.

the large number that filled the great square every one was white.

By the rugged mountain road we reached Gubbio some time after dark. We had wasted time in the morning, as our driver was late; we had wasted time at Fratta among the white oxen; and we had stopped along the road to sketch, for the mountain views and blue distances were enticing, and we arrived late. The town, like so many others, hangs on the side of a steep hill; but we did not climb it to-night, for our hotel was found in the large Piazza di San Francesco, near the gate. There is a desolation and slovenliness about these old Italian cities rather depressing to the traveler, but with a party of gay friends one soon laughs off the feeling. In the morning we began at once to climb the steep streets and seek for traces of Dante's residence. A street bears his name, and on a house is a tablet with this inscription:

HIC MANSIT
DANTES ALEGHIERIUS POETA,
Et carmina scripsit
Federicus Falcutius
Virtuti et Poster. P.

case, as invited, and looked over the city from a Gothic loggia. There is something everywhere in this old city, in its silent streets, its few inhabitants, and those few looking like strayed specters of the past, that is inexpressibly desolate. It has more remains of Etruscan walls than even Perugia. It seems like a corpse of the old time, just stirring, but neither alive nor yet quite dead.

We crossed the square and knocked at the door of the library, which was opened for us. This library is of some importance, especially as containing a piece asserted to be of Dante's handwriting. This is a sonnet addressed to his friend Bosone, the lord of Gubbio. This treasure is thoroughly believed in by those who guard it, the librarian and his assistant. It is framed and under glass. The writing is quite legible, and the sonnet is usually found in the collections of Dante's minor poems. Scholars do not believe in it, nor do they believe that any autograph of the poet exists. Ampère, in his "Voyage Dantesque," scoffs at its pretensions, as it is headed in this way:

DANTI ALIGHIERI A BOSONE D'AGOBIO.



THE CASTLE OF COLMOLLARO.

This critic says: "It may be supposed that Dante knew how to write his own name." Perhaps he did, and perhaps we do not. This does not seem a sufficient reason against the authenticity of the document. We know that Shakspeare wrote his name in three different ways in his own will. Fraticelli gives authorities for twenty-two different ways of writing the name of Dante, one of which is *Danti Alegerii*. All these different spellings are derived from old documents referring to the poet. The sonnet came into possession of the library from the family of Bosone d'Agobbio, to whom it was addressed. With the exception of one or two signatures, this sonnet is the only autograph known remaining of the man who wrote so much. Asking the librarian where the Castle of Colmollaro, mentioned as one of the refuges of Dante, might be found, to my joy he told me it was the castle of this very Bosone, and only seven miles away. The next day we visited Colmollaro. After a drive of four miles we reached a farm-house, and here the carriage road ended, and we took an ox-cart to go through the woods to the castle. This was not unwellcome. We liked the cart, which was painted with Etruscan figures, and we liked the beautiful white oxen, their heads decorated with scarlet tassels, which were to draw us. The forest was like the beautiful oak openings of

Wisconsin, the trees with plenty of space for air and sunshine to play among them. It was like America and like Greece. After three miles of this Arcadian progress, we came to the edge of a ravine, into which the road sank and rose again, to reach the castle. It is much ruined, and is used as a farm-house. The strong ivy-clad tower still stands; the court is entire; hay-ricks are planted about the castle, and pigs and chickens dispute the way. The farm wife was civil, and took us up the broken stairs to see the old rooms. It is all confused and infirm, but it is a veritable Dantean castle, and holds by its traditions. Beyond this ridge flows the river Linci, and that and the wooded hills both appear in the sonnet. It seems that the author had been engaged in teaching the son of Bosone Greek and French, and in the verses predicts that his pupil will become distinguished.

DANTE TO BOSONE D'AGOBPIO.

TRANSLATION, BY CHARLES LYELL, OF SONNET IN THE LIBRARY OF GUBBIO.

O thou who tread'st the cool and shady hill
Skirting the river which so softly glides,
That gentle Linceus 'tis by natives called,
In its Italian, not its German name,

Contented sit thee down at morn and eve,
 For thy beloved child already bears
 The fruit desired, and his march hath been
 Rapid in Grecian and in Gallic lore.

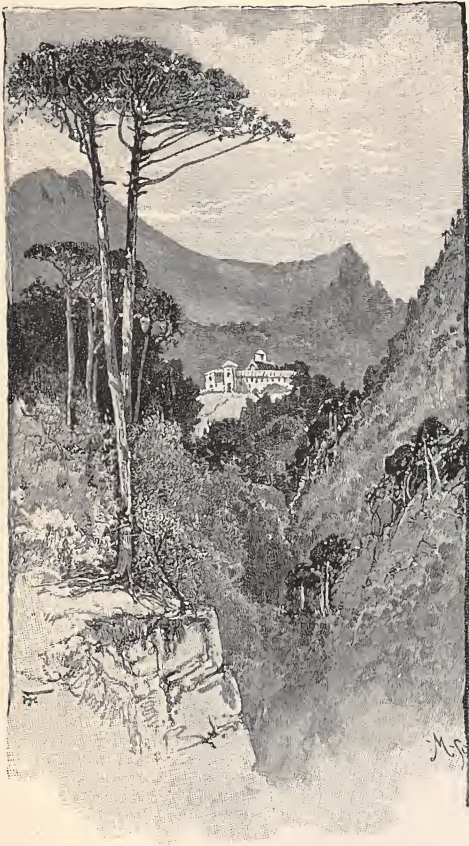
Genius, alas! no longer holds her throne
 In that Hespera, now the abode of woe,
 Whose gardens once such noble promise gave.

None fairer than thy Raphael; then rejoice,
 For thou shalt see him float amid the learned,
 Admired as a galliot on the wave.

AVELLANA — 1318.

FINDING that the convent of Avellana, where Dante passed several months, and within whose shelter he is supposed to have written much of the latter portion of his great work, could be conveniently visited from Gubbio, I persuaded one of my friends to accompany me on this rather difficult excursion. The carriage conveyed us early in the morning to a certain village, where we were to take asses and guides to help us to penetrate still deeper into the passes of the Apennines. This village had points of interest which we could not stop to enjoy, for the five hours' ride before us must be performed before sunset in the shortening September day; we must allow a little time for resting the asses and for possible delays, and our guides were impatient and spoke much of the accidents that might befall us *on such a road*. This was alarming, but our hearts were firmly fixed on the adventure; and we sent back the carriage with messages to our friends, and gave orders that it should meet us the next day in the afternoon at the same place, and then plunged into the wilderness. On these excursions much trust is required. The guides might be brigands, or the allies of brigands, for aught we knew; but we hoped they were honest men, seeking only the price of the two days' work. Soon the wild beauty of the road occupied our attention, and we put away our doubts and fears. We passed through two or three mountain villages, and saw beautiful women and still more beautiful children, who came out to look at the travelers. One boy, holding up a huge bunch of grapes, I shall never forget—he was of such superb beauty, a dark infant Bacchus. After an hour we came upon the path which leads along the edge of a deep ravine all the rest of the way. Charcoal-burners were at work far below us; and if we had fallen, we should have rolled into their fires, for the descent was perpendicular. We met vast flocks of pretty white goats, which were scrambling along the rocks below; and inquiring of our guides where such multitudes of *capretti* could be found, we were answered that they were all going to Rome. About half way we

found it convenient to dismount and walk awhile, and then had our lunch on the grass, making a party with our guides, and found much refreshment in a few minutes' rest. The guides would not allow us much time, since it was necessary to reach the convent before dark, the last part of the road being *stupendo*. We remounted unwillingly, and about half an hour before sunset came to the end of the long ravine, and reached a plateau, from which we saw the convent, superbly seated among the mountains, whose lower slopes, hitherto bare, were suddenly clothed with large trees, oaks and chestnuts. There was just time for a very hasty sketch from this point. We had now to descend a zigzag path through the woods to the bottom of another ravine, where a small stream was tumbling noisily along; and then to cross it and climb the opposite steep, where, on a mountain terrace, stood the immense pile of conventual buildings. As we mounted and came toward the level of the terrace, we saw something white moving among the bushes. "It is Fra Ubaldo trying to catch a chicken for your supper," cried the guide with much interest. The white-robed figure came forth, but without the chicken, and went toward the arched entrance to receive us. He was quite alone in the vast convent, which was disestablished, and had but two monks left to take care of the buildings. One of these had gone away on some business, and Fra Ubaldo was left to do the best he could for us, without assistance. The sun had now set, and he took us immediately to see the cell once occupied by Dante. I looked with deep interest on this little stone room where Dante lived seven months, and in which it is believed that he wrote much of his poem. From the little window are seen only mountain tops, now darkening in the twilight. Unfortunately the room, vaulted in stone, like all the rooms of this well-built convent, has been daubed with coarse fresco decorations, making it look like a fifth-rate *caffè*. Fra Ubaldo simply said that this had been done because so many people came to see it! I made a sketch from the window through which the poet must so often have looked, and near which he must have sat to write. We saw the library, but the books had all been removed, and it had been modernized with new shelves. They have here a marble bust of Dante, and a tablet recording his visit. As it was now nearly dark, Fra Ubaldo invited us into the refectory to partake of soup and pigeons. These birds had not, like the chickens, been able to avoid their fate. We ate from the long and broad carved oaken tables, sitting on the heavy oaken benches, and



CONVENT OF AVELLANA

wondered to find ourselves here. Then the good friar took the lamp, and proposed to show us to our bedroom. Passing through corridors heaped with grain, spread to dry, he showed us to a tiny cell which looked very clean and comfortable; and bidding us knock on the wall if we should want anything, he vanished. The strangeness of our situation in that vast, lonely convent, and the memories and almost the presence of Dante, made sleep nearly impossible. At day-break, Fra Ubaldo knocked and told us we would find a cup of coffee in the refectory. We hastily dressed, and already felt much invigorated by the keen and sweet mountain air. This convent stands on very high ground, and from the neighboring peak of Monte Catria you may discern the sea on both sides of Italy. I desired to see the outside of Dante's window, and went by a back door to that end of the convent just on the verge of the ravine. I had difficulty in finding a spot far enough from the wall to make a tiny sketch, so closely did the ravine crowd the convent; but at last found a projection that supported me. We now bade good-bye to our kind host, and had some difficulty in

persuading him to accept a trifle "for the use of the convent." This man was very kindly and very modest. He could not answer our many questions about the convent, even did not know its age, and lamented that he was not *capace* for those things, and that the other brother was not at home, who might have satisfied us. The morning was brilliant, the air so sweet and pure that we wished only to stay longer and enjoy it. The situation of this convent is magnificent, and sheltered on the east, north, and west by mountains; it is only open on the south. It was a delight, this early ride, climbing and scrambling through the forest; and when we had passed down to the bed of the stream, and climbed the opposite bank, and wound through the forest pathways till we came to the place where we must lose sight of this wonderful old building, we could hardly persuade ourselves to leave it. Some part of the building is very old; all the rooms are of stone and vaulted; no plaster or other inferior material is seen. There is no carriage-road leading to it. There are but three paths by which you can reach Avellana, and one of these, the best, is a rough cart-road. I give the passage in the "Paradiso" where Dante speaks of this retreat:

"Betwixt two shores of Italy rise cliffs,
And not far distant from thy native place,
So high the thunders far below them sound,
And form a ridge that Catria is called,
'Neath which is consecrate a hermitage,
Wont to be dedicate to worship only."

Longfellow Tr. "Par.," cant. xxi. 106-111.

DUINO CASTLE—1319.

It has been believed by some that in this old castle, on the Adriatic Sea, Dante was the guest of Ugone, Conte di Duino. This place is not far from the Venice and Trieste Railway, and Monfalcone is the station where one must descend to reach it. I came to it from Görz the day after leaving Tolmino. As it rained when I left Görz early in the morning, I put my luggage in for Trieste, and gave up my intention of visiting Duino that day. But, being arrived at Monfalcone, I found the sun shining, and again I changed my plans and descended. I found at the station one carriage, old and dusty, a wretched horse, and a ragamuffin driver. This man said that Duino Castle was eight miles away, and that he could bring me there in half an hour. We started and dragged over a dreary country, very ridgy and stony, and without any vegetation. Had it been more level, the sea would have been visible, for it was all around us; but the rough face of the country impeded the view everywhere. The driver

vexed me by perpetually teasing his wretched horse with the whip; I assured him I was in no haste, but he only laughed stupidly, as if he thought I must be joking. Finding he gave no heed to what I said, I remarked:

side of which was a wall, pierced with arched openings, with vines and pots of flowers decorating them, and showing the sea very near. Surprised, I said to the driver, "But this castle is inhabited! Who lives here?"



WINDOW OF THE CELL OCCUPIED BY DANTE IN THE CONVENT OF AVELLANA.

"Take care, or some fine morning you will wake and find yourself a horse! How would you like that? Even the Madonna could not help you then." He looked rather scared, laughed uneasily, used the whip less frequently, and now and then he glanced furtively at me, as if to see if I looked like a sorceress, of which I fear he found no signs. After four or five miles we came to a rather poor-looking village, beyond which was a large and high wall without windows, over which peeped a tower. This, the driver said, was Duino Castle, and asked, "did I want to go up to it?" Of course I did, both to see the ruin, and to find a good spot for sketching it. Now the guide-book says there is Duino Castle by the sea, and near it a modern *château*. We had already passed a smart-looking villa, which I supposed was the *château* referred to, and drew up to the high wall I have spoken of. As we turned the end of the wall we came into an avenue, one

"The Princess H." Then I stopped the carriage and walked into the court of the castle, where I found flower-beds, vines, and sculpture, and an old Roman tower rising out of a bed of ivy. I looked for a servant, and one presently appeared who would not take my message, but went for another, who also declined to receive it and called a third, the lady's maid. She took my message to her mistress, asking permission for me to make a drawing of the old tower, and adding that it was because Dante had been there that I wished to do it. The woman returned immediately with a cordial answer. The Princess begged me to draw what I pleased, and said a lady who spoke English would come down immediately. Just as I had fixed my seat for making a sketch of the tower, Madame de W., the English governess, accompanied by her pupil, the young Princess, came to me. They were full of kindness and interest, and presently the lady of the

castle herself appeared. She was very courteous, and thought it a charming work in which I was engaged, and inquired in perfectly good English how I came to think of anything so delightful. I explained that my interest in Dante, my interest in Italy, and my love of drawing had made it quite natural for me to undertake this enterprise, and that I found the quest more and more interesting. After a little conversation, she reminded me that there was no train to Trieste till evening, and invited me very cordially to dine and pass the day. I then remembered, with dismay, my dusty traveling dress, which I had thought quite suitable to meet the owls and bats of a ruined castle, and that I had no means to make a decent toilet for the dinner-table. But the lady would not admit my excuses, but would have me as I was, saying that she lived without ceremony, dining at one o'clock, and that she wished to show me her castle, Dante's balcony, Palladio's staircase, the picture gallery, and Paul Veronese's dome, and kindly adding, "I am sure you will enjoy this more than sitting at the station all day. You must remain." And I was easily conquered by such sweet and cordial kindness. The governess and her charge had returned to

Indians, and whether they were not very beautiful and very good. I could only say that they were sometimes so considered, remembering our own young enthusiasms. I ought to have had my friend H. H. by my side to describe their virtues and their wrongs; she would have found a willing listener. I was then asked to name a book that would tell all about these Indians. I could only think of Catlin's work on this subject; but, of course, it could not be procured at Duino. But there was a book that I was sure might be found there, and mentioned Longfellow's "Hiawatha," though fearing it might be somewhat too mythical food to offer to a young mind hungry for facts. The young lady declared that she would read it before to-morrow. "And why such haste? Why before to-morrow?" "Oh, because my brothers are coming home to-morrow, and I want to tell them all about the Indians." My young lady was a charming enthusiast of sixteen, as fair and fresh as a wild rose, and full of life, impatience, and gayety.

After dinner I was shown the castle. The young lady led me through the darkened library, and pushed open the shutters of a window which disclosed a wide stone balcony,



DOUBLE CAVE AT TOLMINO.

their studies, and when my sketch was finished the Princess came again, and herself walked with me through the castle, explaining its points of interest, and left me at the room where I was to make myself comfortable. Presently came Madame de W., who assisted me to prepare for dinner. We were here joined by the French governess and went together to the dining-room. The young Princess placed herself next to me, and asked many questions about the forests that she imagined still surrounded New York, about the poet Longfellow, and about the American

still called Dante's. From it is seen a most enchanting sea view. Something white glitters in the blue distance; that is Trieste. Nearer, a point is shown as Miramar. A line of cliffs, beginning near the castle, marks the shore till it is lost in the airy line of distance. The sea had that wonderful glitter, like blue diamonds, that it often has in hot and breezy weather; and if Dante saw it softened by a silvery mist, as it was to-day, it must have chased away even his gloom. Then came the interior of the castle, Palladio's circular staircase, and a fresco by Paul Veronese in

the dome above it. After this the picture gallery, where were many good Venetian pictures, and among them a very precious portrait by Vandyke. This gallery is very rich in good pictures for a private collection. I was then shown the state apartments and the chapel, and, lastly, the boudoir of the Princess, with all her favorite souvenirs, and a loggia filled with flowers and overlooking the beautiful Adriatic. There is a ruin on the shore, but it is of a much older castle than this one, and it must have been a hopeless ruin even in the time of Dante. This princess is the last of that Della Torre family to which Dante's hosts belonged, and I think the old Roman tower in the court-yard must have given the name to this family; but this is my own conjecture.

After this we came into the castle court and had coffee under the arcade, and one more pleasant hour was passed before leaving Duino; and, with many hopes of meeting again, I parted from these kind hosts, and ended a day which seemed as if I had passed it with old friends. On turning to take one last look at the castle, I noticed that it was almost immediately hidden behind the high wall, above which only the Roman tower now showed its head. This screen is on the north side of the castle, as the sea is on its south. I have no doubt that it was built as a protection against the bitter and furious north wind which sometimes sweeps that region. It is called the Bora, and must come from the Tyrolese Alps, being drawn over the Adriatic as through a tunnel. The head of the sea is much exposed to its fury. It is said that it can overthrow loaded wagons, and that even a railroad train has been upset by it. In Trieste some streets are supplied with ropes, by means of which pedestrians are glad to save themselves from being blown away. At Duino Castle the tutor and governess pleased themselves with the notion that Dante studied the horrible cries of the "Inferno" from the sounds the winter winds made in roaring through its passages. They, at least, thought no sounds could be more infernal.

VENICE — 1320 — TOLMINO.

THERE does not remain much in the old arsenal of that which kindled Dante's imagination — the boiling pitch, the black smoke, the laboring artisans. It is now a museum of curiosities, illustrating the naval achievements of Venice when she was a great power on the sea.

"As in the Arsenal of the Venetians
Boils in the winter the tenacious pitch
To smear their unsound vessels o'er again :

For sail they cannot; and instead thereof
One makes his vessel new, and one recalls
The ribs of that which many a voyage has made;
One hammers at the prow, one at the stern,
This one makes oars, and that one cordage twists,
Another mends the mainsail and the mizzen."
Longfellow Tr. "Inf.," cant. xxi. ver. 7.

Tolmino, where Dante is said to have visited Pagano della Torre, is in the Austrian Tyrol, thirty miles north of the Venice and Trieste Railway. At Görz I took the Austrian mail-coach for Vienna, which passes through Tolmino. At a quarter to four A.M. I was at the coach office, where all was still darkness and silence. The coach was hauled out, the horses attached, the driver mounted, and the guard, helmeted and trumpeted, placed himself on the coach. Then at last the door was unlocked and the passengers permitted to enter. Now there appeared nothing to detain us, but still there was no movement; five minutes passed in darkness and silence. Then the clock struck four, and at the fourth stroke the horses moved. All this system and discipline was Austrian, in sharp contrast to the Italian way of doing things, not many feet away on the southern side of the same railway. We moved on in the darkness. Soon a streak of dawn gave a glimpse of the river by which the road passes. This is the Isonzo. In the dusky morning it could be seen rolling far below us, and the mountains rising high in air beyond it, shutting off the eastern sky. The impression was mysterious and lonely; but as the



DANTE'S TOMB AT RAVENNA.

light stole softly into this darkness, the world began to awake and every object to be touched with a strange, fresh beauty. I have often had occasion to observe the charm that comes from a partial privation of light. As Corot said of his morning wanderings in the mist, "You can see nothing, but everything is there; when the sun comes up, you can see everything, and nothing remains." That is to say, the imagination has no more interest in the scene. But here, only when the sky became full of light could be seen the wonderful beauty of this little river. It rolls in its rocky bed like a shining green serpent, and its curves and its surprises are endless. The color, a milky green, contrasts with the deep shadowy tints of the forest that clothes the mountains above it.

At Canale we had a cup of coffee, and the other passengers left the coach. Here the conductor entered and took a seat. He seemed to be a person of a certain importance. He had seen from the way-bill that I was American, and had many questions to ask about my country. He was very curious. After a short silence, he would break out with something like this: "In America people can buy land, I have heard. Is it so, madame?" "Oh, yes, as much as they can pay for." "But you must pay much for such rich, good land, is it not so?" "On the contrary, very little. And you can take some of the best land and not pay for it till it is offered for sale by the Government, so that you can have it two or three years literally for nothing, while you live upon it and improve it; this gives you the first title to buy it. The price is fixed, and so low that I do not know how to say it in your currency; but if the settler has the money ready, he, and no one else, can buy it." "And you say he can buy as much as he can pay for!" This was what astonished the friendly conductor, who looked as if he could hardly believe me. He was accustomed to see the forests and large tracts of lands owned by the crown and the nobles, and no poor man allowed to buy more than a small holding. "In America, I have heard that every man votes. Is that so, madame?" "Oh, yes; that requires neither money nor wisdom." "Is it possible!" The man seemed to have no thought of going to this wonderful country—it seemed to him so far off, so mythical. It was evident that he but half believed my assertions regarding the privileges enjoyed by our citizens. He had friends who had gone to America, and he had heard of them no more; and when he mentioned their names to me, an American, and recently arrived from that country, I could not say that I had ever heard of them. He was unsur-

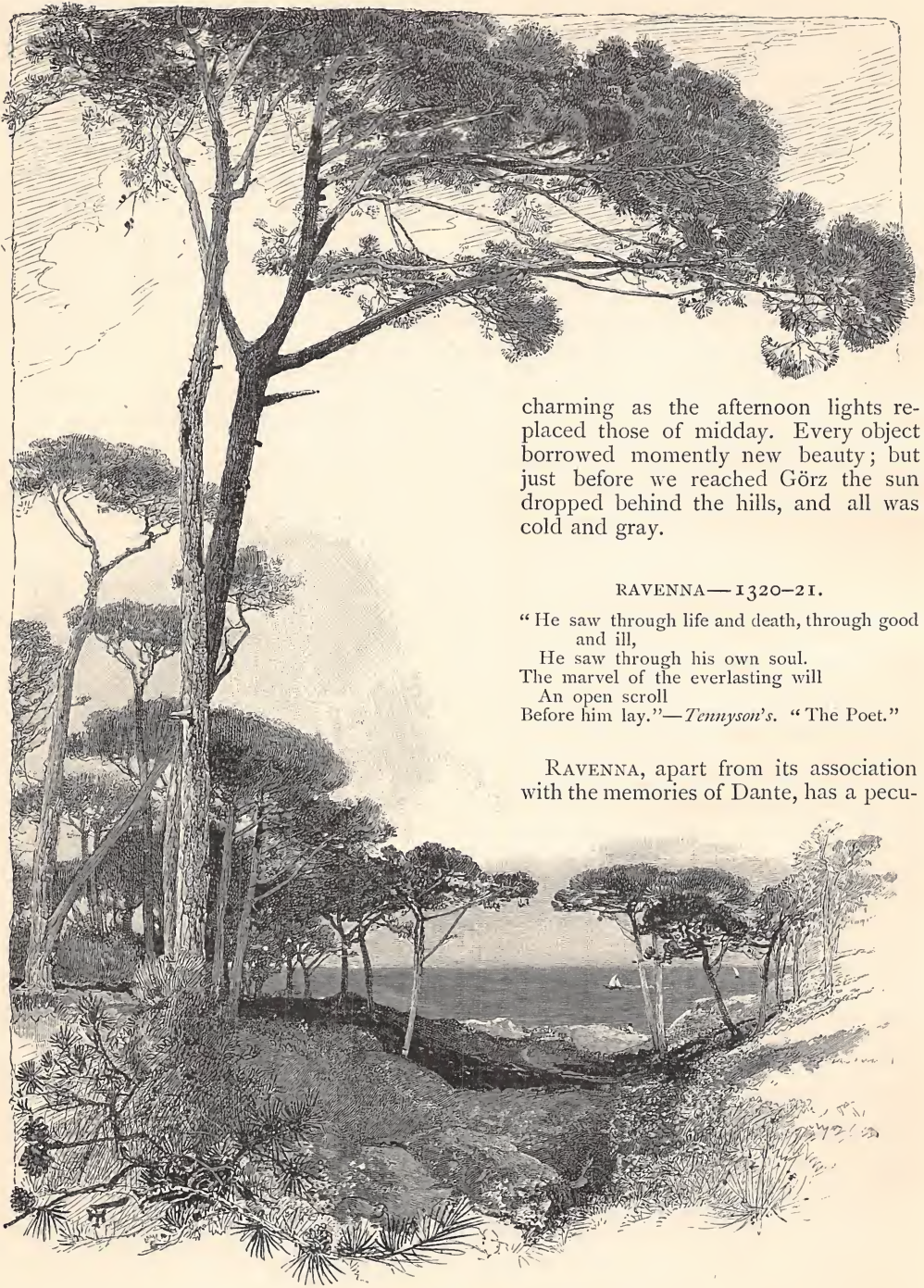
prised at this, not because America is a vast country, and I could not be expected to know every one there, but because it confirmed his skepticism about a land where such impossible advantages are promised to any poor man.

The last half of the way was charming—always the same wild beauty, and the serpent river ever more fantastic. At eleven we arrived at Tolmino. Here I must remain till the same time to-morrow, when the return coach would take me back to Görz. I found a guide who spoke a little Italian, and ascended the sugar-loaf shaped mountain, where at the very top may be seen the foundations of Pagano della Torre's castle, where he entertained Dante.

This mountain is covered with trees, and a pleasant path winds round and round it, till in about an hour we reach the top. Here one sees some walls and one or two chambers still remaining, and bits of pavement here and there. One chamber has in it a hole, down which it is supposed prisoners were lowered in the olden time. I suppose that a gentleman who owned a castle and a wine-cellar also provided himself with a private dungeon where he could place such unwelcome guests as he did not choose to invite to his table. From this terrace, raised so high above the world, all the lower landscape seemed of ideal beauty, and I thought of the poor prisoner in that dungeon, away from the glimpses of the beautiful world, and kept there at the pleasure of his tyrant, who, even were he the Patriarch of Aquileja and the friend of Dante, might be remorselessly cruel even as he was irresponsibly powerful.

Looking north-east from the mountain, my guide pointed out to me a distant spot, where he said was a cave frequented by Dante. There was not time to go to it and return to-day, but I arranged with the guide to come for me early in the morning, that I might visit that point also. The morning proved fine, and I had a delightful walk on the banks of the river in a path used by the country people, winding up and down, and avoiding all tameness.

Near the foot of the mountain, in the side of which is the cave, the path sinks into a rocky gorge, crosses the stream by a foot-bridge, and then begins to wind up to the cave. It is the tradition of the place that Dante loved this walk, and that he came every day from the castle to sit in the cave. The rock appears to be of limestone, which is so often hollowed into caves, and this one is double, one cave within another, so that, being in the first, you look on one side into a still darker cavern, and from the other hand you see through the mouth of the cave the world of light and sunshine.



charming as the afternoon lights replaced those of midday. Every object borrowed momentarily new beauty; but just before we reached Görz the sun dropped behind the hills, and all was cold and gray.

RAVENNA—1320-21.

"He saw through life and death, through good and ill,
He saw through his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will
An open scroll
Before him lay."—*Tennyson's*. "The Poet."

RAVENNA, apart from its association with the memories of Dante, has a pecu-

PINES OF RAVENNA.

From here you see the sugar-loaf mountain where the castle stood, as well as the valley and range of mountains. Here I rejoiced in seeing what Dante loved to look upon, and in treading the pretty path he daily trod. The drive to Görz became

liar gloom ever hanging over it, that distinguishes it even in that historic land where each old city has an individual character, a character stamped at its origin, and that has shaped its growth. Ravenna, with its magnificent Byzantine monuments, and its ancient and poet-

haunted pine forest by the sea, is quite unlike any other city, and was a fit surrounding for the closing scene of a tragic and stormy life. And here the most Italian of poets came to rest and to die. He, more than others, was

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

He, more than others, was capable of joy and sorrow, of tender, ideal love and of bitter hatred, of haughtiest pride, and most abased humility. His fervidly religious soul was free from the bonds of superstition and bigotry; superstition, indeed, he detested with a cordial hatred. In this fiery nature were bound together all the elements that make a man great. But in him these elements were warring energies which the struggling soul must by self-government fuse into harmony. Only thus could the great work of life go on, only thus could the sad soul be saved from despair. His burning, baffled patriotism must have consumed his life, had it not concentrated and kindled it into poetry.

The forest begins not far from Ravenna, and follows the sea for many miles along the southern shore. It is gloomy and wild where the sea-winds have tortured the trees. There are desolate ravines formed by the long-continued throwing up of sand by the sea, and these are often found filled with a growth of enormous pines, forming most inaccessible solitudes. Farther inland, the wood is full of beauty and tender grace. Dante often alludes to this wood. From the "Purgatory" I take the following beautiful lines:

"A softly breathing air, that no mutation
Had in itself, upon the forehead smote me
No heavier blow than of a gentle wind.
Whereat the branches, lightly tremulous,
Did all of them bow downward toward that side
Where its first shadow casts the holy mountain;
Yet not from their upright direction swayed,
So that the little birds upon their tops
Should leave the practice of each art of theirs;
But with full ravishment the hours of prime,
Singing, received they in the midst of leaves,
That ever bore a burden to their rhymes,
Such as from branch to branch goes gathering on
Through the pine forest on the shore of Chiassi,
When Eolus unlooses the Scirocco.
Already my slow steps had carried me
Into the ancient wood so far, that I
Could not perceive where I had entered it."
Longfellow Tr.

The "Divina Commedia," though begun in Florence before his banishment, had been almost forgotten by Dante, or perhaps it was only that he had abandoned the hope of seeing it again, when, being in exile, he received the manuscript from Madonna Gemma, his wife, who had found it while searching a chest for some necessary law papers. He

then resumed the work, and, through all the weary vicissitudes of his wandering years, he continued to write, and finished the "Paradiso" in his last days at Ravenna.

And here we may fitly conclude with the story, related by Boccaccio, of the finding of the last cantos after the death of Dante:

"And those friends he left behind him, his sons and disciples, having searched at many times and for several months everything of his writing to see whether he had left any conclusion to his work, could find in no wise any of the remaining cantos; his friends generally being much mortified that God had not at least lent him so long to the world that he might have been able to complete the small remaining part of his work; and having sought so long and never found it, they remained in despair. Jacopo and Piero were sons of Dante, and, each of them being rhymers, they were induced by the persuasions of their friends to endeavor to complete, as far as they were able, their father's work, in order that it should not remain imperfect; when to Jacopo, who was more eager about it than his brother, there appeared a wonderful vision which not only induced him to abandon such presumptuous folly, but showed him where the thirteen cantos were which were wanting to the 'Divina Commedia,' and which they had not been able to find. . .

"A worthy man of Ravenna, whose name was Pier Giardino, and who had long been Dante's disciple, grave in his manner and worthy of credit, relates that, on the eighth month after his master's death, there came to his house before dawn Jacopo di Dante, who told him that that night, while he was asleep, his father Dante had appeared to him, clothed in the whitest garments, and his face resplendent with an extraordinary light; that he, Jacopo, asked him if he lived, and that Dante replied, 'Yes, but in the true life, not our life.' Then he, Jacopo, asked him if he had completed his work before passing into the true life, and, if he had done so, what had become of that part of it which was missing, which they none of them had been able to find. To this Dante seemed to answer, 'Yes, I finished it,' and then took him, Jacopo, by the hand, and led him into that chamber in which he, Dante, had been accustomed to sleep when he lived in this life, and, touching one of the walls, he said: 'What you have sought for so much is here;' and at these words both Dante and sleep fled from Jacopo at once. For which reason Jacopo said he could not rest without coming to explain what he had seen to Pier Giardino, in order that they should go together and search out the place thus pointed out to him, which he had retained excellently in his memory, and to see whether this had been pointed out by a true spirit or a false delusion. For which purpose, although it was still far in the night, they set off together, and went to the house in which Dante resided at the time of his death. Having called up its present owner, he admitted them, and they went to the place thus pointed out; there they found a blind fixed to the wall, as they had always been used to see it in past days; they lifted it gently up, when they found a little window in the wall, never before seen by any of them, nor did they even know it was there. In it they found several writings, all moldy from the dampness of the walls, and, had they remained there longer, in a little while they would have crumbled away. Having thoroughly cleared away the mold, they found them to be the thirteen cantos that had been wanting to complete the 'Commedia.' " *"

Sarah Freeman Clarke.

* From Ballo's Life of Dante, Mrs. Bunbury's translation. See Longfellow's notes.

AN AVERAGE MAN.*

BY ROBERT GRANT,

Author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc.

IX.

ONE evening, within a week after Remington's dismissal, Woodbury Stoughton was sitting on the piazza of the Ocean House at Newport. He had just lighted a cigar, and, having obtained a purchase with his feet against the solid railing, was gently tilting his chair to the rhythm of his own reflections. He was sufficiently in shadow to escape the scrutiny of those who still strolled up and down the broad veranda, listening to the music wafted thither from the not far distant Casino. It was about midnight, but the form of entertainment known as a "hop" was therein progress, despite the heat of the atmosphere; and the attendant carriages of the revelers, seen through the foliage, passing and repassing each other, like huge solemn glow-worms, upon the avenue which fronts the hotel, gave a murmur to the darkness.

Woodbury would on the morrow be congratulated as one of the luckiest fellows going. Miss Isabel Idlewild, the only daughter of the rich banker, had plighted him her troth to-day, and he had just returned from an interview with the family, supplemented by a passage with her in the parlor. The old man, as his would-be son-in-law mentally styled Peter Idlewild, had thrown no obstacles in the way of an immediate engagement. Any disposition he might have had to complain at Stoughton's lack of means had been silenced by his wife, who took it upon herself to expound the advantages of the young man's social position. The lover had accordingly found the interview less terrible than convention painted it. The banker had declared Isabel's happiness to be his own.

"My daughter tells me, sir, that you and she have kind o' come to terms," he said, when he had taken the young man into the library and shut the door. This kind of thing was foreign to the experience of the ex-circus manager. He felt all at sea, and was doubtful whether propriety demanded from him a jocular or a sedate attitude.

"Yes, Mr. Idlewild, I believe so; that is, of course, with your consent. I love Miss Idlewild, and I have reason to think she is not indifferent to me."

"Well, sir," continued the father, with a curious smile, "I don't see that my consent has much to do with it. If you love Isabel, and she loves you, you're bound to get married somehow, aren't you? That's the way they did things when I was a boy. However, if my consent is all that stands in the way, I guess you won't have much trouble!"

Stoughton expressed his gratitude in an appropriate word or two.

"How old are you?" inquired the other, scrutinizing the young man's handsome face and genteel person.

"Just twenty-six."

"Humph! In the law, aren't yer?"

"Yes, sir; I have been practicing about two years."

"I suppose you don't make a very big income yet." There was a twinkle in the capitalist's eye, and Stoughton, in replying, blushed with some confusion. This question of money was one which he had dreaded to touch upon.

"No, sir, I can't say the law is very lucrative just yet. It's rather hard sledding for a young man at first, but I'm beginning to see my way ahead a little. There's plenty of room on the top benches, they say," he added, with an effort to be sprightly.

"I've a small property of my own, Mr. Idlewild," he continued presently.

"How much?"

"About fifteen thousand dollars."

"Humph! Well," the banker remarked, after a short pause, "I guess I sha'n't let my daughter come to want. How much now'll you need to set up with? I suppose a hundred thousand will keep you going for a year or two."

"You are very liberal, sir. I did not expect anything of the sort. I shall do my best to make your daughter happy," Stoughton went on to say, feeling perhaps, in his satisfaction, that something of the sort was incumbent on him.

"Very good, young man. If she's happy, I shall be." The millionaire paused a moment, and then with a relaxation of his dry tone, as if mindful that, after all, this was he whom his child had chosen for a husband, "She's a good girl, Mr. Stoughton,—a good girl. The man who gets her, gets a gold mine. If she's

fond of you, that's all I want. You have my consent, and I've money enough for you both."

There was a short silence, and Peter Idle-wild rose with a quizzical smile. "I guess you don't want to see me much longer, Mr. Stoughton; there's somebody waiting for you in the parlor."

In the parlor the successful suitor found his *fiancée*. She rose and stepped forward to meet him. Her face was somewhat pale, but her eyes sparkled with a happy brightness. "Was pa very terrible?" she asked, with a joyous laugh, as he grasped her fingers.

"He made no objection. He seems quite willing that we should be married, Isabel."

"Dear old pa! I knew he wouldn't say no. And are you quite happy?" she continued, as they sat down together on the sofa. "It is so funny to think we are actually engaged. Do you believe it will surprise people? Oh, how strange it all seems!"

"Doesn't it, dear?" and Stoughton reached out and took in his the girl's dimpled hand.

She turned her face toward him. "Do you truly, truly love me? And you will never laugh at me again?"

"Laugh at you? Isabel, do you think I would laugh at you? What I told you yesterday was true, every word of it. You are dearer than everything in the world to me. I love you, — I worship you, — I adore you. Isabel, Isabel, — look at me, tell me you believe me."

There was nothing of disordered passion in the young man's manner. His words were spoken in a low, sweet tone; and as he waited for a response, he threw his arm around her form in a caressing fashion. She trembled convulsively, and half sought to elude his embrace; but his grasp detained her.

She looked at him with a timid but fond playfulness. "Shall I believe you? You see, I really know you so little." She paused an instant. "Yes, I believe you," she said, softly and shyly.

He took her face between his palms with a delighted air. "Repeat now after me, 'I love you, Woodbury.'"

"Oh, I couldn't!" She disengaged herself, and turned away with an embarrassment that was charmingly coy.

"Yes, you can. Please." And the young man renewed his hold.

"Oh, I couldn't!" She trembled slightly again, and for a while was silent. Then at last, with a downcast glance and a diffident little laugh, she said, so low that it fell from her lips like a whisper, "I — I like you very much, — Woodbury."

"You darling!" and the lover pressed an ardent kiss upon her lips. Her eyes were bent upon her lap. Her breath came and

went quickly. She turned suddenly, and, shaking herself free from his pressure, bent her gaze full upon him. There was a strange light of joy on her face. He leaned forward toward her, and with a low cry she suffered herself to be clasped in his arms.

"Oh!" she cried, as she nestled her head against his shoulder, "and you do really love me, don't you, dear? For I love you so, — Woodbury," and she hid her shamefaced eyes again at the sound of his name.

He patted her hair softly. "I never thought I should care for any one but pa; but I do, you find." And she laughed with a happy, blissful glee.

These memories were present to Stoughton as he sat smoking on the hotel piazza. He had parted from Isabel an hour before. What his own sensations were he scarcely knew. He was very fortunate, and he ought to feel very happy; so he said to himself, as he watched the wreaths of smoke dissolve into the darkness. And yet, what meant this strange weight about his heart, which oppressed him? Had he not won what he had been striving for, accomplished what he had planned and desired? He was in love with Isabel, and he was going to marry her. She would make him very happy. She was a fine girl. He would be well off, and able to satisfy his ambition. He ought to be perfectly contented and happy. He *was* perfectly contented. Was he? Why, then, did he not feel a wild transport, a desire to throw his cap into the air and proclaim his rapture to the world? A man just engaged should be bubbling over with bliss, and here he was musing in a corner. That interview with Isabel should have driven away the last vestige of doubt, she was so sweet, so confiding, so full of love for him. Yes, and he — he had sat there, conscious that he was kissing her as a doll, as a beautiful toy, — conscious, though he had striven to banish the impression, that he regarded her in the light of an inferior being. And yet he had acted with his eyes open and of his own free will. Pshaw! these repinings were but the last throes of his subdued romanticism, resembling the muscular action which makes hens run about the barn-yard after their heads have been cut off. If it was to be done over again, would he not do it? Yes; and still this weight pressed upon his heart and numbed his sense of happiness.

Wherefore was this? Did he love Dorothy Crosby? Did he feel a regret that he had barred himself forever from the chance of making her his wife? Bah! He had taken this step with deliberation. One cannot have everything in the world, and he had made his choice. No, he did not love her; he did not

wish to marry her. Why, in Heaven's name, should he marry her? What was this tyrant that was oppressing his spirit with these sentimental doubts? He surely had a right to consult his own happiness in this respect? There was no tangible reason why he should wed a penniless girl merely because she was sweet and lovely. That might have been the philosophy of his ancestors, but he could not subscribe to it. But did he not subscribe to it in spite of himself?

He cast his eyes up toward the sky. Above the waving foliage of the trees, which the night air was now stirring, the stars were burning calm and clear. Their orbs, eloquent with chaste but impenetrable mystery, embittered, even while they softened, the young man's spirit. He had gazed so often at the stars before; and what had they ever brought him but thoughts which were not to be fathomed and aspirations that could not be fulfilled? They had been the bugbear of his days—these vague, intangible yearnings. They had fettered the play and scope of his natural impulses and desires. Ideals? Aspirations? What were they but the reflex of a craving for self-approbation based on the approval of his fellow-men? That which was called right and that which was called wrong were right and wrong merely by a reference to a human judgment founded upon the laws of nature and the laws of society. The latter varied with every clime and race. Why was it that this shadow of a curse should be hovering about him, like some pale specter? There were times when men had faith in ghosts; there were times when they believed in hell. But those days were past; at least they were past for him. The conception of an avenging Deity was no longer tenable by thinking beings. He had no more fear of future punishment than of a grave-yard at night; and what was there terrible in the vicinity of the tombs of the dead, but the damp and cold? What difference would it make whether or not he listened to the voice of this whispering tyrant? Time reconciles us to all things. Time had laid its moss over his wounds before, and would do so again. He had no fear of remorse. Remorse? And wherefore remorse? His act was but the selection of his own happiness, a mere choice between two agreeable methods of living. He liked the girl. He could get on with her perfectly,—and her money would be everything to him, for the last six months had treated him badly. He had lost fifteen thousand dollars in speculation.

His thoughts ran on in a swift and analytic vein. And yet, save for ideality, for the hope of something beyond the ken of man, the animal pleasures and passions were the sweet-

est. Was not all higher enjoyment based necessarily on an assumed or, at least, a longed-for sympathy between the unseen and the human? What was it that deterred him from vice and lower pursuits, that spurred him to intellectual endeavor, save a sense of kinship with something nobler? If he followed out the train of his materialistic logic to the end, where would it lead him? What would become of the race and civilization? The race! Civilization! What was it to-day? A surging mass of beings, each trying to outstrip the other. And whither were they tending? Who could tell? And here he sat—a man, a human creature, one of them. Above his head the stars were twinkling with silent poetry. Before his mental vision rose a picture of the throbbing interests and ambitions of real life. The unreal and the real, the material and the ideal! He was conscious of a sense of shame that he would fain have silenced, of a bitter pang that would not depart. Cursed fate, that he must be a victim of the momentum of bygone ages, of the superstition of the past! And yet, even while he murmured, was he not aware in his heart that in struggle and resistance lay the secret of the shining stars?

He sat and pondered. Presently he took from his pocket a letter-case, out of which he extracted a tiny note. It had the thumbed look which proceeds from frequent examination, and was in a feminine hand. Stoughton opened it and stared at the white page. Perhaps by holding it toward the adjacent gaslight he might have been able to decipher the writing. But this was quite unnecessary, for the young man knew the contents by heart. The note was from Dorothy Crosby, merely a few lines thanking him for a book he had lent her. He let it remain for a moment on his knee; then, slowly folding it into a narrow strip, he struck a match and watched the flame eat its gradual way up the paper. When it was well ablaze he lit his cigar with this precious *allumette*. As he tossed the remains, which threatened to burn his fingers, over the piazza rail, the hotel coach came bowling up to the entrance. It was the hour of arrival for those who had left New York that afternoon by the boat. There was but one passenger, a thick-set young man, well wrapped in an ulster. As he descended from the vehicle the light fell on his face and disclosed Finchley. Stoughton was standing close by the steps, and the young men recognized each other simultaneously. One who was alert might have noticed a slight scowl of annoyance flit across the new-comer's countenance, but he held out his hand cordially.

"Well, well, Finchley, you're about the last

man I expected to see in this place. How did you leave them all in New York? How are stocks?"

"Dull, dull as death. There was so little doing I thought I'd run down here for Sunday. It looks as if you had it pretty much all to yourself here," he said, glancing up at the wide-stretching wooden building, and along the broad piazza, which now lay silent and deserted.

"Yes, I'm rather a night-owl. You'll find it lively enough to-morrow, though. But you must be done up with the heat. Come in and have something to drink."

Stoughton led the way into the bar. While the attendant prepared their orders, the young men chatted on indifferent topics. "Here's luck. Ah," said Finchley, as he drained his glass, "that goes to the right spot. Tell me," he asked presently, turning toward the other, "are the Idlewilder still at Newport?"

"Oh, yes; they have a cottage for the summer—Colonel Patterson's old place on Leroy Avenue. I've seen a good deal of them."

"How long have you been down here?" inquired Finchley, after a little.

"About four weeks. You see there's some compensation for being a briefless lawyer; we get more time to play the butterfly." Stoughton spoke jocularly, but his companion might have noticed the confusion of his manner.

"I see," said Finchley, dryly. He changed the subject to stocks, and for some minutes discoursed glibly on the state of the market.

Stoughton felt puzzled what to do. Here it was past midnight. The engagement would be announced in the morning, and everybody would know it. There was no reason why he should not tell Finchley. It was much more natural he should. Finchley had been attentive to Miss Idlewild, he knew, but he had no ground for suspecting anything serious. Besides, if there was, he must hear of the news sooner or later.

"Look here, old fellow, let's have another drink." He had never used such familiarity with the broker before, but somehow his spirits seemed to be effervescing under the prospect of narrating his good fortune. There was no question people would think him immensely to be envied. "There's something I want to tell you. I've had a big slice of happiness put to my account to-day. The same again," he interjected to the bar-keeper.

"Is that so? Struck a bonanza?" said the other, with a grim effort at humor, but with his eyes fastened on the speaker's face.

"I'm engaged to be married. To Miss Idlewild," he added, by way of explanation.

"To Miss Idlewild? Well, you are a lucky

fellow," replied Finchley, quietly, but without flinching. He cast about his eyes as if in search of some vent for his feelings. His glance fell on the drinks, which were now prepared. He reached forward and seized his glass. "Here's my regards, Stoughton; you're a lucky fellow, an infernal lucky fellow," he cried with a fierce fervor, and he drained the glass to the bottom. "How much is it?" he asked of the bar-tender with a frown, and he tossed a silver dollar on the counter so that it rang.

"Stop, stop! it's my treat, Finchley. I asked you to drink with me," exclaimed Stoughton.

"No, it's all right; it's my affair; I drank with you before." But Finchley colored with annoyance. His mechanical action must have betrayed his feelings. "How long have you been engaged?" he inquired abruptly.

Stoughton was a little nettled by the impertinence of the question. He could afford, however, to be good-natured. "Only a short time. It is to be announced to-morrow," he replied quietly.

"Is that so?"

"I shall have to bid you good-night, Finchley; it's rather late for an engaged man," said Stoughton festively, looking at his watch.

The other had lighted a cigar, at which he was puffing vigorously. "All right. I guess I sha'n't turn in just yet. I want a smoke." Finchley seated himself on the edge of a side-table fronting the counter, which the bartender was polishing with a cloth. The latter was a sallow, drawn-out young man, without a shirt-collar, and arrayed in a soiled linen duster. He seemed to be in no hurry to bring matters to a close; for after having finished his occupation, he proceeded to pick his teeth reflectively.

"Hot in New York, sir, I dare say," he observed, by way of conversation.

"Right you are," was the laconic reply.

"Come by boat to-night, sir?"

"Cor-r-rect!"

There was something trenchant in the tone of his customer which doubtless warned this seeker after information that a continuation of his talkative vein might prove dangerous. At any rate he relapsed into silence, save for a consolatory low whistle, to the melody of which he proceeded to put things to rights, preparatory to closing up. He turned out all the lights except one small gas-jet. Revenge was here simple and perhaps justifiable. "Time to close the bar, sir."

"All right." Finchley was sitting on the table, his legs hanging over, and his pursed-up lips were sending forth now and again wreaths of smoke. One foot swung nervously to and fro. "I suppose there's no way of getting back to New York to-night?"

"Nothing till to-morrow." The tables were turned. The stranger was the interrogator now. But the victor, either generously content with a short triumph, or unable to resist—for the sake of a mere sentimental consideration, like pride—a chance of satisfying his propensity, asked, after a pause, "Expecting to make a lengthy stop, sir?"

Finchley made no reply. He passed out through the corridors on to the piazza again, where he walked up and down with a quick tread. He did not know exactly what to make of his sensations. A feeling of utter misery, as if—in the language of his own calling—the bottom had dropped out of everything, oppressed him. Little accustomed to analyze his impressions, he simply gritted his teeth in the ecstasy of a suffering he could not quite understand, and paced the platform much after the method of a wounded animal that is ignorant of all save the pain. Life seemed a void, a complete blank. There was nothing worth having. The handsome profit placed to his account the past six months, on a lot of Western bonds which his firm had floated with success, no longer caused him a thrill at its remembrance.

He stepped off the piazza and wandered along Bellevue Avenue, which was now wrapped in silence. No footfall but his own was stirring. On either side of the way, through a vanguard of dusky trees, handsome cottages slumbered on a sea of glittering lawn; for the moon had risen. He walked rapidly, with eyes cast on the ground. He was scarcely aware of a destination, and perhaps, if he had fully realized whither his steps were tending, would have rebelled. He had been to Newport once or twice already this summer, and this walk was familiar to him. Upon reaching a corner where one of the side streets crosses the main avenue, he turned down the same, but with a slackened pace. Close at hand rose, clear and white in the moonshine, a stately villa, built somewhat in the style of an ancient castle. A grove of chestnuts shut in the front; but there was a skirting of box-hedge upon the side of the grounds that bordered the cross-road, over which could be seen fantastic beds of flowers, and farther away a tennis-court. A neatly graveled avenue twisted its course through the lawn, like a shining snake.

Finchley stood still. The well-known sight had brought him to his senses, or rather opened his eyes more significantly to the sources of his sorrow. He sighed heavily, and, glancing up at the windows for an instant, turned on his heel. As he reached the corner of the avenue again, he almost ran upon a man who was reeling along the path, close to the fence, in a half-inebriated condition.

"G'd ev'ning. Say, boss, aint you got something for a poor feller?"

Finchley was going to pass on; but the man ran out in front of him with a beseeching, cringing air. He was a meager-faced, disheveled-looking wretch, with no suggestion of the highwayman about him. "Just a thrifle, boss."

"What do you want with money this time of night?"

"Well, boss," said the man, with a gaunt leer and a huskiness of tone which he intended to be wheedling, "I need a drink awful bad."

There was something of pathos in the appeal that harmonized with Finchley's mood. Here was another fellow-being, as miserable as himself perhaps, whose sorrows could be drowned for an hour by a glass of poor whisky. He reached down into his pocket and drew forth a handful of small coins. In their midst glistened a five-dollar gold bit, fresh from the mint. It was a habit with Finchley to carry a few gold pieces about with him. Perhaps their daintiness pleased him, or he thought they gave him an air of splendor. He tossed the coin in question to the beggar. It fell on the ground with a clink and described an arc into the gutter, from which the unsteady fingers of the searcher presently rescued it.

"Heaven bless yer, boss."

"That's all right. Go and get drunk now, —roaring, boiling drunk, mind. Have an A-number-one time for once in your life." He felt at odds with destiny and ripe to play the social iconoclast.

He strode on. His dream was dissipated. Not that it had been a soaring conception, this love of his; but the fervor had been genuine of its kind. A beautiful girl at the head of his table, in a snug little house bedizened with all that is pretty and cozy,—a soft, plump cheek, and radiant eyes to be proud of at the theater, or the supper parties he would give at Delmonico's,—such was its objective end. He had money enough, and she would have millions some day. But her wealth was by way of an after-thought. What had been ever present to him was the subtle tremor of excitement which her presence evoked, a consciousness that was strange to him, and delightful from its very vagueness. He had lived, so to speak, from hand to mouth through the years of his youth, with but one idea as a beacon—the necessity of becoming rich. He had taken existence as he found it. He had practiced the commonplace virtues with the best intention; but, in his haste and absorption, what others did had been good enough for him. His world had been the streets of New

York, and his laws the laws of trade. His knowledge of what was outside and beyond was but superficial, and his latter-day efforts to arrive thereat had, as we already know, been stamped with an ostentatious vulgarity.

The advent of his passion scarcely altered his habits, but a new train of perceptions had been awakened thereby. A certain tenderness of nature, hitherto unknown to him,—a coarse-grained, clumsy article, to be sure, but still a reality,—had manifested itself. A growing conviction of the grossness of his own mode of life had stirred under the breath of love, and been slowly fanned to a flame, which, though not prodigious, might have sufficed in time to keep the *penates* warm. Thoughts of public usefulness, such as a career in politics, that had been before merely hazy conceptions, assumed the form of distinct ambitions. This new master of his spirit demanded fealty, and he had been prepared to ratify his claims.

But now it was all over. The vision had vanished, and he was remanded to the society of his old companions. As the truth dawned upon him, he experienced the repulsion of one who comes out of the sunshine into an apartment stale with smoke and lighted by gas. He had never realized until this moment the extent to which his interest in Isabel had separated him from the past, and a sense of angry grief, mingled with despair, kept him tossing on his couch until the gray of morning.

x.

ONE evening, late in the following winter, Remington sat sipping his coffee after dinner at the club, which had become a favorite resort of his. He met there principally men who, like himself, had enjoyed the advantages of a university education. It was there that he had become more alive to the feverish energy of his own generation, and had grown to admire the ability and information of men who were but a few years older than himself. Many, of course, were to be found there who were simply votaries of pleasure—mere loungers, who read the newspapers and played cards as an existence; but the larger portion were intelligent, earnest-minded men, who came thither for relaxation. That they were an ambitious, hard-working set it was easy to see from the expression of their faces, and from the supineness with which they took their ease, as if they could not feel sure of ever being at leisure again. Shrewd and intelligent in matters of business, they were charmingly versatile in moments of recreation. Many of them had traveled abroad, and the conversation to be heard often bore the stamp

of sense and cleverness. Their speech was, however, tinged with that peculiar ironical humor common to all classes in this country, against which nothing is completely sacred. To touch serious topics with a light hand was there a custom; and yet they loved dearly to philosophize after dinner. For the rest, their dress was in excellent taste; they breakfasted very late on Sunday mornings; it was uncommon to find one who did not turn to the stock quotations before anything else in the newspaper; and, almost unanimously, they inveighed against the political debasement of the country. There were many who, though young, had already acquired reputation in their callings, and yet who delighted in company to scoff at ambition and harp upon the omnipotence of wealth.

Upon quitting Bar Harbor eight months before, life had seemed a terrible blank to Remington, and the wound caused by Miss Crosby's refusal had smarted far into the autumn. His love had been thoroughly genuine, and the sudden extinction of the beacon upon which his eyes had rested unwaveringly for the past two years left him in utter darkness. His catastrophe with Miss Maud Bolles sank into insignificance beside the desperation of this really heart-felt grief. After the edge of his suffering became so far blunted as to permit of rational thought, he had tried to analyze the situation, but without much comfort. He was all adrift as to Miss Crosby's feelings. Speculation as to his chances of success, in case he were to persevere, left him at the close precisely where he started from.

There had been a gradual sequel to this frame of mind. Her refusal had been decided—oh, yes, perfectly decided; still she had said there was no one else. Perhaps time would make a difference. If he went to work and showed himself worthy of her, she might come to like him some day. His best plan undoubtedly would be to neglect her for a while. He had heard that girls miss attentions to which they have become accustomed, and that a lover has much more chance if he fights shy of one who has given him the mitten. Little by little he began to take more interest in his down-town work. He felt that he ought not to allow his scheme of life to be interfered with by a disappointment of this kind. Marriage was only an incident in a man's career; and, however deplorable it might be to meet with disaster where hopes had been garnered up, despair ought not to be permitted to encroach too far. It may be, too, there was a dash of vengeance in his industry. He would like to distinguish himself, and prove to Miss Crosby how much she had

lost by throwing him overboard. Girls do not like to see their suitors recover from the effects of a somersault too easily. If she could hear that he was able to be so diligent, would not the sweetness of her triumph be sensibly diminished?

But the concomitant of these resolutions had been much thoughtfulness and some cynicism. It pleased him to represent to himself that a material view of existence was the most satisfactory, and that love was only a delusion. It was more difficult to remain faithful to the idealism which he used to woo in his younger days. Modern life, with its whirl of prosaic business cares and worldly pleasures, reminded him of a country road in midsummer, upon which a pitiless sun pours down, where the foliage on either side is shabby with choking dust, and no breeze stirs. He lived on from day to day; he enjoyed himself in a certain measure, but it was so difficult to extract from existence aught that was exhilarating or refreshing to that inner sense of aspiration. The spiritual oxygen of creation seemed to have become exhausted, and the world to lie, like the landscape of his vision, veiled in depressing dust.

It was best to take life quietly and sensibly. He enjoyed his profession, and he had the means to indulge in all rational amusements. His bachelor days were lapped in comfort, if he would but look at the matter philosophically. Ah, that was just what he did do—look at the matter philosophically! There was the whole difficulty. It was the philosophy of life which lay at the root of his trouble. It was that great enigma of the whence and the wherefore and the whither, rising up forever in his thoughts, that doomed him to unrest. Not purely selfish was his struggle for the means of living and the meed of fame; but with his daily work was mingled a desire to do the best he could, to contribute his mite toward the solution of that mystery which he could never expect to unravel. Others were working around him in the same spirit. They toiled until the flesh was weary, and then they drowned fatigue in full-fledged pleasure. But still it was a hard and hueless labor, like that of the mine, unilluminated by the rays of a warm and definite inspiration. It was, as it were, a standing face to face with fate, the heart whispering the while, "We will be faithful, but we have no hope." Whither was this strife of humanity tending? Has the world advanced in the drift and intensity of its aspirations from what it was a hundred years ago? Mankind were more comfortable now, doubtless; they understood better how to take care of themselves, to ward off disease, and to abbreviate suffering; but did the spirit that

animated men's breasts to-day soar above the cold and leaden realities of material things?

And yet, with changing mood, he would perhaps oftener dwell upon the sincerity of modern labor, on the enthusiastic, critical, and patient temper of research in all fields, the stern desire for truth at every cost. This, at least, was the attitude of a vast contingent of intelligent, sober-minded men, who neither flaunted in society nor figured in the newspapers. The new and marvelous inventions of science, the countless schemes and appliances for the bettering of the condition of the poor and ignorant, the vast foundations for the spread of knowledge, alike testified to the danger of judging the world's core by the pulsation of its extremities. The fashionable whirl and socialistic outcries were but as the chaff upon the threshing-floor, or the sparks from the grindstone.

On New Year's day he called upon Dorothy. She was not at home, and so it chanced that he scarcely saw her all winter. They had exchanged a few words at parties; that was all. But Remington rarely went to parties now. Indeed, it was a matter of comment that he was completely changed. Miss Lawton declared, as he shook hands with her at the last of the "Late and Plentiful" Germans, that she had hardly laid eyes on him for six months. "I hear you are *blasé*, Mr. Remington."

"Not so bad as that, I hope; call it busy."

The only person of the other sex with whom Remington had cultivated an intimacy of late was Mrs. Tom Fielding. He had got into the way of dropping in at her house in the evening. After coming up town he would dress himself, dine at the club, read the papers for half an hour, and then, if he did not play whist or go to the theater, would turn his steps toward her door, which was only a block distant. He had found her an extremely agreeable companion. She was very sympathetic, and evinced a keen interest in literary and artistic matters.

The early part of the winter, Remington had flattered himself that male society sufficed for all his needs in the way of companionship. He had been quite content to establish himself with his cigar in an easy-chair, and chat the evening away with some friend at the club—often with Lattimer, who was a suggestive spirit, and occasionally with Ramsay Whiting. During such hours time took unto itself wings. The conversation, beginning with the surroundings and the current gossip, would branch off to the stock market, travel by short stages from politics to sociology, and finally arrive at immortality. At length would come a pause,—a reflective

draining of the last drops of the beverage, as if there were an expectation of catching a glimpse of the infinite at the bottom of the glass,—and that glance at the watch which accompanies a return to consciousness.

"Another drink?"

"Thank you, I believe not."

Then followed the struggle back into his ulster, and the stroll in the cool night air along the deserted pavements. He would glance at the chaste stars, and feel their influence probe, as it were, his unhealed wound. He was perfectly happy in communion with his own sex. A fig for the society of the other!

That had been two months ago; but to-night he sat stirring his coffee in the pleasant consciousness that he was to spend the evening with an attractive woman—one who was intelligent enough to understand him, and clever on her own account withal. He glanced at the clock; it was later than usual, for he had been detained at the office. It would be time to go in a few minutes. He took up the evening paper, and came upon Woodbury Stoughton's name as a newly appointed director of several important concerns in which his father-in-law held a controlling interest. He had not seen so much of Woodbury since his marriage; their pursuits and ideas, too, seemed less in common than formerly; though he now and then dropped in to dinner at his friend's beautiful house. Stoughton was much absorbed in his career at Albany, but he and Remington had by tacit consent avoided conversing about politics. Isabel appeared happy. She was looking very handsome since her marriage, and had been a good deal in society.

Remington had the Stoughtons in his mind as he donned his overcoat and walked up the street. There was a tinge of envy to his thought concerning them. After all, Woodbury had shown himself a level-headed fellow. His friend seemed somehow always to fall on his feet. He had married a beautiful girl, and acquired with her a pot of money. That might just as well have happened to *him*. Why hadn't it? He was sacrificing his welfare to a mere sentiment. There were plenty of girls in New York just as attractive as Miss Crosby, if he would only choose to look at the matter without prejudice.

And yet this wavering on his own part annoyed him. He felt ashamed of himself for harboring the possibility of a doubt regarding the wisdom of his choice. He had always believed his attachment for Miss Crosby to be of the deepest kind, and yet of late he had constantly caught himself putting his hand on his heart, as it were, to see if it were beating with sufficient intensity; which reminded

him of children digging up seeds that they have planted, to find out whether they are growing.

Mrs. Fielding greeted him with cordiality. She was very grateful to him for coming, she said, as she was all alone and rather low-spirited. Her husband had gone to the meeting of some philanthropic society. He was wrapped up in model tenement houses and other schemes to better the condition of the poor. She was just reading the proofs of a report regarding coöperative housekeeping that Mr. Fielding had written. Would he like to look at them?

Remington took the sheets from her hand and ran his eye over them. "I often wonder," he said, "if the poor are really more unhappy than the well-to-do. Except in the case of actual suffering from cold or hunger, their very necessity to work without stopping to think must be in a certain sense a relief. The responsibility of choice is removed from them; or rather their only choice is between unceasing labor and starvation."

"I should prefer to starve."

"Perhaps, with your experience of something different. But the sweetness of toil has ever been proverbial. I, for one, can testify to the gratification of feeling at night the emotionless fatigue of the clown. Are you altogether certain that the liberty to split hairs with one's consciousness is to be esteemed a boon?"

"That is," she asked in soft tones, without looking up from her embroidery, "you regard the problem of existence as too complex for the highly evolved brain? It is preferable, you think, to be body-tired than mind-tired?"

"My remark was in the form of a question simply. Is it preferable to beat iron and brass or to beat the air? The artisan works for bread and meat, but what are you and I working for,—what are we seeking?"

"Yes; I have often thought of that."

"Look back a thousand, two thousand years, and what more do we know to-day concerning the purpose of existence? Centuries ago, men loved and laughed, and toiled and slept, and ate and mourned, and finally they died. That is what mankind is doing now. The world is a pleasanter place to live in, perhaps. We have discovered how to exist more comfortably. We have learned, from experience, that wars and dirt and polygamy and unwholesome food diminish the happiness of the individual. We no longer burn our brethren at the stake because they do not chance to agree with us, and we are able to communicate by word of mouth with those who are hundreds of miles distant. But what more have we grasped concerning the mystery of life? What has the nineteenth century to say to you and me, who have food to eat and clothes to wear?"

"Better food and more clothes," she answered, with a laugh. She was silent a minute, and, taking from the table a fan, moved mechanically to and fro its mother-of-pearl sticks, which were edged with white fluff. "You think, then, religion is an excellent thing for the masses, but that it is out of date for you and me?"

"Heaven forbid! With the advent of greater intelligence we have, to be sure, become exempt from the delusion and superstition which victimizes many others. We know that prayer will not save the life of a man wounded in a particular spot, and that human beings inherit their dispositions. But however much we may grope and wonder, every man is forced at last back upon himself, it seems to me. We cannot escape our own characters; and, despite logical demonstration to the contrary, we cling to a belief that we are responsible for our actions."

He paused a moment. "Go on," she said, glancing up at him. "I want to hear you through."

"There is not much to say," he answered; but he added that one tired of trying to unravel the mysteries of living, and sought refuge in action. There, at least, however difficult the path might be, it was tolerably plain. It was possible to distinguish between evil and good, between what is hurtful to society and the reverse. Unintelligible and bewildering as creation seemed as a whole, one was never at a loss as to the value of proximate conduct. "There are two things in life that seem to me certain," he said; "one is, that no man can be completely happy; the other, that the greatest chance of happiness lies in obedience to the promptings of one's own conscience. The world found that secret out ages ago, and it has outlived all philosophies."

Mrs. Fielding was silent a moment.

"And you mean," she said, "that it is more difficult for people who enjoy the so-called advantages of life to appreciate this?"

"Yes; for, being free from the superstitions that influence the ignorant, they are more susceptible to the arguments of materialism, from their very ability to make discriminations and reason from cause to effect."

"We have to give up more, too, if we obey our consciences," she said. Remington noticed that she held her lace handkerchief by the tips, and was twisting it round and round.

"Indeed we do. The thing we have to renounce is often so essential to happiness as to make the bar which separates us from it seem very shadowy."

"Do you ever feel like that?" She glanced

up quickly as she spoke. "I mean—that is," she continued, with some confusion, "do things affect you so strongly?"

Remington smiled. "You think me, then, incapable of intensity?"

"No, not that. I didn't mean that, of course." She looked into distance a moment, then turned her eyes toward the floor. "I suppose I was surprised to think any one could be as unhappy as I have been."

Remington was aware that she was conscious he knew her story, and remained silent. He knew, also, that they were friends, and felt that this confidence on her part was somehow as the act of one who is groping in the dark and seeks a helping hand.

"At least you have conquered—lived down your sorrow," he said presently, with the lack of appositeness of one at loss for a reply.

"Have I?" she replied, with a tremor of the voice. She passed her hand hastily across her eyes. "Oh, yes, I am happy, quite happy. You must not think I am not, Mr. Remington. Only, you see," and there were tears in her tone despite her effort to control herself, "when you spoke of it all in such a calm, analyzing way, as if faith were something to be accepted or not, just as one preferred, I couldn't help wondering if you had ever known what it is to care intensely for something that was forbidden you. A woman needs more than a code of morals, more than the husk of a belief to cling to. It must be real and burning, and a part of her life; for there are moments when, if it were otherwise——" She paused and covered her face with her hands. "And yet you all say religion is but a convention—a superstition."

Remington leaned forward and touched her shoulder. "No, no, my friend, you misunderstood me. I did not say that; I——"

The sound of footsteps in the entry interrupted his words, and the young woman scarcely had time to rouse herself from her position before the portière was drawn aside, and the servant announced Mr. Woodbury Stoughton. For an instant the latter stood as if surprised at the encounter. Perhaps, too, through Remington's mind passed the thought that the key to the confession he had just heard was at hand; for were not those words "convention" and "superstition" cornerstones in the oft-listened-to philosophy of his quondam friend? But Mrs. Fielding, veiling her countenance behind the mask that is part of the wardrobe of every clever woman, advanced with her head poised on one side, and a cordial greeting.

"Good-evening, Mr. Stoughton."

(To be continued.)

UNCLE TOM WITHOUT A CABIN.

IN the last year of his life General "Light Horse Harry" Lee made a visit to Dungeness,* the residence of General Nathaniel Greene, on Cumberland Island, Georgia. While there he was attacked with a sickness which in the end proved fatal. His nurse was an old negro woman, the "momma" of the household. One day, in a paroxysm of nervous pain, he became enraged at her officious benevolence and threw a slipper at the old woman's head. There was a skillful dodge of the red bandanna, and then she deliberately picked up the slipper and hurled it back at him, with the words, "Dah, now! I aint gwine to let no white chile sass me; / aint."

This incident, which is historic, illustrates the position of the "momma" or "mammy" in a Southern family in the olden time. She had rocked the cradle of her young master and crooned him to sleep with those weird melodies which are unsurpassed in the Mother Goose lore of any land. As he grew to manhood he was still her "chile," and she became, in turn, a grandmother in affection to the children of his household. In family affairs, in determining the components of a cake, the pattern of a garment, or some nice question of a neighbor's social status, she wielded that potent wand, "the wisdom of ancestors," and quoted "ole marster" and "ole missus" with oracular confidence, inspired by the impossibility of contradiction. Jealous was she for the honor of "our family." The authority thus assumed was always good-naturedly acquiesced in; and, when ignored, was overruled indirectly, so as not to shake the old soul's self-confidence in her infallibility or the children's veneration for her wisdom. The latter was a conservative influence too valuable to be sacrificed.

Very similar was the position of the "old uncle." Even the harsh overseer, dressed in a little brief authority, took counsel of his weather wisdom and his "sperence" in planting to suit the moon. Over the dwellers in the quarters he was wont to take a patriarchal jurisdiction. The children, white and black, revered him not only for the stories of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit, which a later Uncle Remus has told to all the world, but for the unexhausted stores of similar lore which

remained locked in his venerable bosom. He always impressed the pickaninnies with the fact that he only told the half he knew. No grandsire ever had a more eager audience for his garrulity.

What element in Cicero's charming picture "de Senectute" was lacking to make such an old age happy? Against all care and want these old attachés of the family were insured in the love of their owners, and, if that was not sufficient, in a legal obligation for their support. Who have had, more than they,

"That which should accompany old age,
As, honor, love, obedience, troops of friends?"

What a change in all this was wrought by that otherwise beneficent stroke of Abraham Lincoln's pen, January 1st, 1863. Its results to the aged and aging negroes are more perceptible to-day than just after the close of the war. There is a sort of conservatism which modifies the first shock of a great revolution in the condition of a people. Because of this, no immediate and general breaking up of the plantation system occurred in the South in 1865. Many of the planters attempted to farm their lands as before, substituting paid labor for slave labor. In such cases, it made little difference to the kindly owner that the old negroes on the place should be pensioners on the supplies furnished by him for the plantation. But this system is decaying. The owner of broad acres finds it profitable to divide them into "settlements" and rent them to the "hands." Small farms are the order of the day. Many of the thrifty negroes are acquiring the ownership of the "patches" they cultivate. There is no place in these new economies for those who cannot take care of themselves. "Every sun sets upon a change which strips them of some refuge." Many of their old masters have died, unable to survive the wreck of their hopes and their fortunes; most of those who survive are too poor to requite the faithful service of their aged servants with the bounty they would gladly bestow.

It might be supposed that this class of dependent negroes have their natural protectors in their children. But the separation of families which occurred during slavery, and which was one of its admitted evils, in most cases left parents and descendants ignorant even of each other's location. Many tenta-

* General Greene and General Lee are both buried at Dungeness. The place has recently passed into the hands of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, author of "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain."

tive letters addressed to places where a son or daughter was last heard from are confidently intrusted to the detective agency of the mails, and if they come back to the sender from that mute cemetery at Washington, a faith that is stronger than the death of the Dead Letter Office (for it has been reënforced by a dream) will unfailingly appeal to the amanuensis to write another letter to the same address, year after year. There is something pathetic in the launching of these annual missives into the realm of the No-Whither; nor is the pathos destroyed by the clause, which I have never known omitted, "Please send me a little money." In the instances where the separation of families has not occurred, it must be owned that an argument may be found for the development theory of the moral instincts. During the period of slavery, the old were never dependent upon their children, and the sentiment which responds to such a dependence was never awakened. The heart of the negro is kindly, and this sentiment will grow with time and occasion for its exercise; but meanwhile the old people are generally left to shift for themselves.

It was not long after "freedom come" before the freed people saw that they must find some substitute for the loss of the provision which slavery made for them in time of sickness and death. The majority of them were not capable of practicing the present self-denial required for "laying up something for a rainy day." But what was hard to do singly could be easily done by societies. These organizations for mutual help are very numerous throughout the entire South. Their names are startling, such as "The Independent Order of Immaculates," "The Military Sisters," "The White Ring Doves," "The Grand Champions of Distress," "The Rising Stars," etc. There are men's societies and women's societies, while some are composed of both sexes, as the "Sons and Daughters of Jacob." The members contribute monthly dues, usually twenty-five cents, for the following purposes: (1.) When any member is sick, a monthly benefit is paid, and all medicines prescribed by a physician are bought at the expense of the society. (2.) Upon the death of a member, the society pays the funeral expenses, which are on a somewhat extravagant scale, and a small benefit fund, supposed to be sufficient for pressing necessities at that time. The negroes pay a practical tribute to the usefulness of these organizations by sustaining them in spite of frequent defalcations on the part of their officers. The members are almost as loyal to them as to their churches. In all contracts for "service," the colored "help" invariably stipulates for the

day of the monthly meeting and "all de funerals." It will be seen from this description that these societies are mutual, and that, valuable as they are for their members, they do not admit to their benefits the aged who are too poor to pay the dues, or who would be likely in a short time to become charges on the treasury. To sum up the case: The results of emancipation have brought only distressing conditions to the negroes who were aged at the close of the war (many of whom are still living, such is their remarkable longevity) and to those who were at that time too far advanced in years to acquire a competence for themselves before the feebleness of age has come upon them. Deprived of the assured peace and plenty of the old régime, unable to reap any of the benefits of the new, they afford an instance in human life of the truth so often observed in geological history, that types existing at the close of one era and the beginning of another bear the brunt of the change and struggle for existence in an unfriendly environment. The present relation of master and servant is governed purely by business principles. It is not expected that the employer will keep an employé longer than the latter can give value received in work. The relation does not now continue long enough between the same parties to create the sentiments which have been described. The old uncle and the old momma are impossibilities to this generation. Time has broken the die which molded them, and we shall not look upon their like again.

The old plantation parceled out to strange tenants, the old master dead, the children scattered,—Uncle Tom is left without a cabin!

What, then, is the lot of the old negroes? The story of *my* Uncle Tom will partly tell. In it may be seen some of the lights and shadows of slavery. By the will of his master, who lived in one of the border States, he was entitled to manumission upon his arrival at the age of twenty-one. Shortly before that date he was "captured" by a slave-dealer, who paid a part of the profits of his sale to the young spendthrift who had become his master, and who had resolved to "set aside the old man's will." Tom's story of this outrage, delivered from the auction block, was regarded as the best joke of the sale day. No one would put himself to the inconvenience of believing it. But, after all, the lines fell to Tom in pleasant places. That such was his opinion of his lot, he had a unique opportunity of testifying. He became the body-servant of the gallant General B—, who had left one leg in Mexico during the war. Tom accompanied him in his summer

visits to Saratoga, and on one occasion was induced to attend an abolition meeting which was held at that time with no great publicity. A real Southern slave, a victim of the atrocities which were rehearsed, was an interesting figure. A kind-hearted disciple of Garrison, a believer in the "higher law," was so moved upon that he offered Tom money with which to make his escape. To the disgust and indignation of the gathering, Tom declined it. "I'm powerful 'bleeged," he said, "but I doan' know nuthin' 'bout all dis! I gits my keepin' at de hotel and dese clo'es, and 'fore God I doan' have nuthin' to do all de summer but shine one boot a day!"

Tom's master threw himself with Southern ardor into the wild war passion of 1860. He declared that he could stand on his one leg and rout a Yankee regiment with his derringer. He offered to drink all the blood that was spilt. The death of his gallant son was one of the first forms in which his prophecies came home to him. He could not long survive the cause which seemed to him to represent all for which life was worth living. Among the mourners who followed his bier, no one was more sincere than Tom, for Tom was orphaned by his death. Since then, Tom, in his age and feebleness, has maintained a precarious struggle for existence, earning a quarter occasionally by working in a garden or sawing wood about town when the "rheumatics let up" on him. On other days he may be seen on the streets, toiling painfully along with that indescribable motion made by two inward-curved legs, each alternately coming from behind, alongside and in front of the other. His appeal for eleemosynary nickels is made with a removal of the hat—which serves at once to emphasize his bow and collect the coin. His dwelling is an old freight box-car, lifted from its wheels and shoved aside from the busy railroad track. There is a subtle sympathy between the shattered tenement and its worn-out occupant, both left superfluous on the edge of the rushing life which has cast them aside.

But there are two days on which Uncle Tom is in his glory—a sovereign factor in their events. One is election day. In the Southern States poll-taxes are required of all voters under the age of sixty. There is no way of enforcing the payment of these taxes except where the voters have property out of which it may be raised by levy. Since the general ascendancy acquired by the white element in the South, in the years between 1872 and 1876, fully one-half of the negroes have quit voting. Having no stimulus to pay their annual poll-taxes, they are in default for periods ranging from five to ten

years. To bring up these arrears costs more than most of the negroes value the privilege of the ballot. (Thus, indirectly, it is coming to pass that suffrage rests, in the main, upon a property qualification.) Voters over the age of sixty are exempt from poll-taxes. Hence, precious in the eye of the candidate is the aged negro. He is worth more than a score of able-bodied men. In the elections frequently occurring in the South on local option, the liquor men, who receive aid from the West, pay the taxes of their colored allies in order that their votes may be counted; but in other campaigns the election funds are not adequate to such outlays. In the ordinary State and county elections, in which the rival candidates bid for the colored vote, the venerable sovereigns are always in demand. They are treated to free rides to the polls in the "phaetons" which, after they have been worn out by the gentry, are used as hacks. Under shrewd management they are voted, with perfect innocence on their part, early and often. In the elections on the liquor question Uncle Tom is always solid for license. "Whisky was here when I come," says he, "and I want it to stay till I go." "But, Uncle Tom, slavery was here when you came, and you didn't want that to stay." The argument had no force. Uncle Tom had evidently extracted some good out of both evils, and was as unsound on abolition as on prohibition.

The reference to elections brings up the negro problem. In a memorable interview with Mason and Vallandigham, John Brown said in 1859: "This question is still to be settled; this negro question, I mean. The end of that is not yet." This is as true to-day as when it was uttered. Immediately after the war, the bummers who followed the rear of the Federal armies, firing only with the torch, capturing only the jewelry of women, domiciled themselves in the land whose plunder had been their fatness. They became the controlling politicians of the era. They organized the negroes into leagues, and on election days marshaled these solid masses of ignorance with military discipline. Upon their votes these adventurers hoisted themselves and the worst types of their dusky confederates into power, and played such fantastic tricks as the world has never seen since the days of Masaniello. It was the period of negro supremacy—the reign of terror. The "mud-sills" of the social fabric were the pillars of state. "The bottom rail was on top." In the nature of things, this could not last. During the years already mentioned, the white race in the various Southern States, by a desperate struggle, threw

off the intolerable yoke. Their former "governors" returned to the North, one or two of them to figure in records of crime and thus furnished some testimony of the grievousness of the infiction which the South had borne. The means by which this revolution was accomplished are not to be apologized for: they can only be explained.

The instincts are regarded as outside of the region of ethics. The methods which overturned the carpet-bag and negro dynasties find their justification, if anywhere, in the instinct of self-preservation, which is a primary law of social as well as individual life. Of course, the high-souled men, whose simple faith in principle would prefer eternal martyrdom to expediency, protested against this phase of higher law. One of the greatest men in the South said in an address, frankly recognizing the state of public opinion:

"I will add, at the risk of meeting with some dissent possibly in my audience, certainly beyond it, that there is the same reason for rigid honesty in politics and public life, in elections and with electors and elected, as in ordinary private business or personal conduct. The political devil is no more to be fought with fire, without terrible consequences to the best interest of the community, than is the devil of avarice, or of envy, or of ambition, or any other of the numerous devils which infest society."

But the masses of the whites could see no consequences in any mode of riddance so terrible as the political devil of negro domination. When public opinion is practically a unit, there is no dearth of hands ready to execute its decrees.

Since this result has been accomplished, the rights of the colored population have been generally respected by the dominant element. A ruling race may in one day nominally accept its former slaves as its equals before the law; but the real adjustments in habits of thought and conduct must inevitably be gradual. Making allowance for this, it may be affirmed that, as a rule, justice is impartially administered. The purpose is to do that; failures come from the unconscious operation of past influences. The whites tax their property to maintain schools for the colored youth. The negro votes without molestation, and his vote is counted. General Toombs, the "old man terrible" of the South, declares, whenever an interviewer is within range, that every election in the South for ten years has been carried by fraud, intimidation, and violence. But the exaggeration of this statement is obvious from the fact that since the political "redemption" of 1872-6, these methods have been wholly unnecessary. The power of the negro organization has been effectually broken; no attempt to rally its forces on the

color line has had any approach to success. Many of the colored people see that the whites of the South have done as well for them as the rulers they themselves set up. They never got from the latter the promised forty acres and a mule. They realize that they are to stay among the Southern white people, and must earn a living chiefly through their employment and patronage. Political gratitude is a lively sense of future favors, and it is not a special wonder when a "sovereign" who owes his ballot to one political party casts it in favor of the other.

The strongest sentiment among the Southern whites is the determination to maintain their present supremacy. This is the meaning of the *Solid South*—solidarity in favor of home rule, and the domination of her intelligence in public affairs. She is not to be ruled by the blacks, nor by white men at home or from abroad who owe their election exclusively to the blacks. On other questions there are divergences of opinion, but on the color line the unity of public feeling is complete. In such a platform there is nothing of hostility to the African *per se*; no unwillingness to accept him as a citizen with rights which the white man is bound to respect. Indeed, it may be safely said that the temporary reign of the negro was submitted to with more forbearance, and its overthrow accomplished with less of passion and violence, than if the Caucasian and the Chinese had been the parties to the issue. The purpose to retain the political mastery does not rest upon dread of "social equality." Amalgamation of races is too abhorrent to the Southern mind to seem a threatening probability. It has a natural barrier in the instinct of race, and is prohibited by enactments which have been upheld as constitutional in the United States courts. It has been plausibly suggested that the intermingling will begin along the line of the highest development of the black and the lowest of the white; but this is opposed by two facts. (1.) The sporadic cases of miscegenation have occurred among the lowest types of both races. (2.) The highest developments of the negro type scorn such intermarriage with whites as is possible to them. In this fact lies a centrifugal force acting upon the negroes themselves. Of course, so long as there are gradations in society, we shall see exhibitions of that spirit which a French writer has defined "a desire to be equal to one's superiors and superior to one's equals." But among the negroes of intelligence and character, who believe they are as good as the white people because they are what God made them, there is growing up a self-respect and pride of race which forbids a pretentious

intrusion upon the social privileges of the whites. If the public carrier provides equal but separate accommodations for whites and blacks, it would be felt as a confession of personal inferiority, and an affront to their color, to insist upon mixing with the other race. When this view becomes general, as it must with increasing intelligence, the colored flunkey will be outlawed by the contempt of both races. The united feeling which keeps the South together is not founded upon opposition to the social or civil rights of the negro. It rests wholly upon the well-remembered horrors of a former experience, and the profound conviction that neither life, liberty, nor property is safe when it is in the power of the ignorant negro masses. The white element is solid politically simply through fear of a solid black element. No wedge can split the former until one has first penetrated the latter.

Where, then, lies the hope for the political education which the negro can acquire only by the use of the ballot? Obviously, it is to be found only in a state of political parties which will permit the white voters to divide, and, by their division, enable them to divide the four millions of enfranchised blacks.

In the minds of a majority, as I believe, of the Southern people, such a consummation is devoutly wished. The desire for it is based on many grounds. (1.) The danger is recognized of having a party in power without an opposition whose criticism and rivalry are sufficient to inspire a wholesome fear. The recent careers of several State treasurers in the South would have been impossible with an alert and vigilant opposition to scrutinize the administration of the public business. But the national office-holders and their small following have not the number or influence to make the dominant party watchful of its own rascals. (2.) The interest felt by the Southern people in politics is far more general than at the North. This results from the general cast and tendency of the Southern mind. "Its activity ran after affairs. It loved questions at issue. Contest was its delight. This mental predilection found its field of exploit in the twin sciences, politics and jurisprudence. Politics was the science of sciences, the art of arts, the absorbing popular study. Every hotel corridor was an open lyceum, every fireside an embryonic school of statecraft, every dinner-party a meeting of political scientists." These words explain why the South filled so large a place in politics before the war, but no place in literature. The tendency to political activity is as strong as it ever was, but it is cramped by the existing condition of affairs. There is but one side in pol-

itics, and many are beginning to chafe at its procrustean bed. The State offices within the gift of party are too few to "go around." Office-getting is coming more and more into the control of rings. In the "good old times" the party put forward its candidate, fought his battles, gave his barbecues, and paid the campaign expenses. Now all the candidates must enter into a "scramble" for the nomination (which is equivalent to election), and to secure it must ply their own resources. This has brought about a stagnation of political energy which is wholly unnatural to the people. Much of the seeming quietude is only the eager waiting for the stirring of the waters. (3.) Many persons are acting with the dominant party both in the North and South simply because they desire to ally themselves with the virtue and intelligence of their respective sections. This principle of political affinity allows no opportunity for the expression of individual opinion on the tariff, civil-service reform, or any of the questions of the time; yet such differences exist among the Southern people, and are increasing every day. Some of these may be here pointed out.

While the South is solid in its purpose to prevent a recurrence of negro control, yet there is a wide difference of opinion as to the method by which this is to be done. One view of this question has already been indicated — that it would be fortunate if the whites and blacks could be divided on issues which would divide both classes, and thus eliminate the race issue. But there is a strong sentiment which would crystallize into perpetuity the present condition of absolute white rule and negro subjection in political affairs. Its advocates see a menace to their policy in the education of the negro, and they are outspoken in their opposition to it. They claim that the experiment has been tried and failed; that education has had no effect but to make those who have been educated too conceited to work; that in most cases the educated negroes have simply used their advantages to prey on the ignorance of their fellow-men; and that no real progress has been made by the race since the war. It is frequently uncharitable to charge those who hold a doctrine with its logical consequences; yet, while admitting that those who entertain the views just stated would disclaim such an inference, it must be said that the inevitable sequence of their opinions is the reëstablishment of slavery. They are, in the main, the old men, whose opinions are too stiff with the fixity of age to bend to any pressure of truth. But it must also be owned that, even in the rising generation, there are young leaders who have

received no light from the past but the torch of its hatreds, and who flourish that as the only beacon of the future. Opposed to these errors is the spirit of the New South, a phrase which this magazine first made current. Its creed is found in Macaulay's words: "There is only one cure for the evils which a newly acquired freedom produces, and that is *freedom*." The negro must be educated in the responsibilities of citizenship, and this training must be made practical by the use of the ballot. Irrespective of the interests of the black race, the general welfare does not permit a mass of ignorant, easily duped voters in the nation's midst. The work of removing illiteracy which the Southern States have undertaken, but which they are without resources to accomplish, should be generously aided by the large hand of the Nation. The vanity and want of principle exhibited by a few educated negroes are not arguments for keeping millions in ignorance, but rather for removing the ground of conceit and the opportunity for knavery by making education common. Nothing is more beautiful than the zeal of these darkened people for enlightenment for themselves and their children. They have made, since the war, a general improvement, intellectually and morally. It was not to be expected that, in two decades, a nation could rise from a bondage preceded by barbarism to a high plane of development; but the steps of Providence are measured not by years, but centuries. In holding to a faith like this, the New South sees no treason to the Old. Slavery, it holds, was founded on clear constitutional right. "Every man who helped to make the Constitution was responsible for it." The sincerity of its defenders can never be questioned, since they sealed it with their blood. In its tutelage of a barbarous race, the New South sees Providence as clearly as in the freedom for which that made them ready; but she rejoices that slavery has been destroyed and the Union preserved.

The tariff also causes a division of public opinion; and the line of intersection on this subject is naturally coincident with that already drawn. The Old South, exclusively agricultural, was a unit for free trade; while the New, turning its attention to cotton-spinning and mining, favors a policy which will foster these interests. She sees in the tariff a temporary but necessary expedient for the upbuilding of new industries, and is naturally unwilling, after her section has paid tribute for a century to that policy, to abandon it at the very moment when it is beginning to aid in the development of her resources.

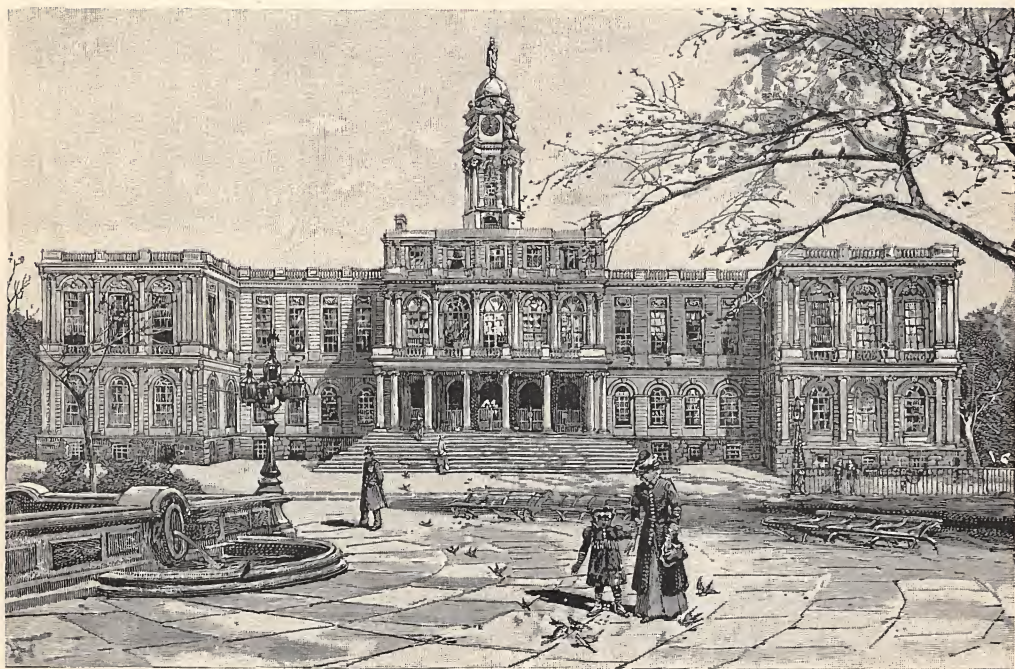
Another issue which is deeply agitating the Southern States is the liquor question. It has leaped from Maine to Georgia and from Iowa to Texas. It would seem that the next step which organized society is preparing to take toward the improvement of its conditions is in some way to abate the liquor nuisance as it now exists. This is a social question; yet the fact that it must be settled by election gives it a quasi-political character. Its introduction into party politics is to be deprecated; but if it should force its way there, the party which favored the suppression of the traffic as it is now carried on, or such taxation as would secure from it an indemnity against the cost of its evils, would carry more than half of the Southern States and heavy votes in all of them.

These are a few of the questions which, if the danger of negro ascendancy could be removed, would cleave asunder the "Solid South." If sectionalism could only be allayed in the North, if the handful of federal officeholders in the Southern States would cease their futile efforts to rally the negroes against the whites in general elections, there are thousands of white men ready to vote with those at the North in whom they recognize their natural allies in patriotism and principle. Until this is done, the ghost of negro supremacy will not down, and the friends of the negro at the South will be powerless to aid his sympathizers at the North. The sooner these facts are recognized, the better for those whose welfare they affect.

But there is another day besides that of an election when Uncle Tom will be a great hero. It is the day (may it not hasten!) of his funeral. In the negro mind, Death is a wonder-worker. The proverb that a living dog is better than a dead lion is, with them, exactly reversed. When one of them dies, has not his spirit passed at once to the "hallelujah land," and is not his body to be treated with a reverence befitting so grand a transition? At any rate, on that morning when the news is whispered on ashen lips that Uncle Tom is dead, all his neighbors who are none too kindly now, and all who ever knew him, and all who know that "they're gwine to have a funeralizin'," will vie with each other in the mournful solemnities of the occasion. The brass band will play the Portuguese hymn as the procession moves on to the church; the preacher will "hold his ear to the harp of heaven," and with ecstatic eloquence portray the bliss of "our bereaved brother." And we may be sure that the simple, faithful soul deserves it all.

Walter B. Hill.

THE NEW YORK CITY HALL.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW YORK CITY HALL.

AT this time, when architecture is being revived in America as an art, rather than practiced as a trade, attention is being drawn to the excellence of some of our public buildings erected in the last century or about the beginning of this,—when, fortunately, the purity of style in architecture maintained in England, especially by Sir William Chambers and certain of his pupils, and others, was gaining a footing in this country, and was taking shape in the New York City Hall and some other buildings of the time. If what is said here helps to fix attention upon these old buildings, and to stimulate efforts for their preservation, the object of the writer will have been attained.

When the City Hall was first occupied, in 1811, it had for its nearest neighbors the bridewell close by on the west, the almshouse behind it, and the jail, which was made over into the present Hall of Records. From the portico of the City Hall there was an unbroken view down Broadway, including St. Paul's, the odd little shops that occupied the site of the "Herald" building, the wooden spire of Trinity, and the cupola of Grace Church. Now the post-office shows its ugly back to its classic neighbor, and, on the

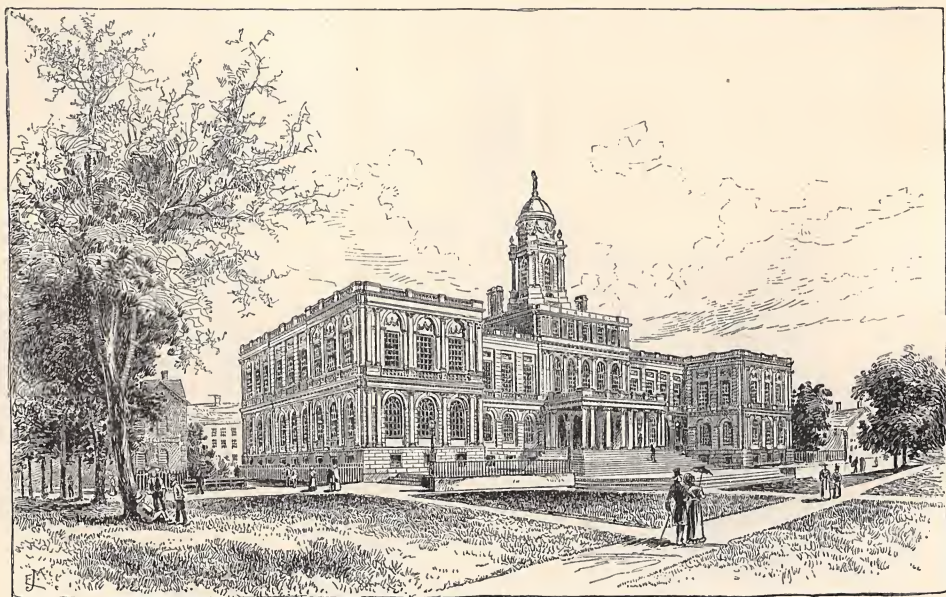
northern side, the new court house has been built on the site of the almshouse.

To tell the story of the building of the City Hall in all its details would be impossible here. From corner-stone to parapet it was more than ten years under way. Many a modern settlement has grown to cityhood in less time. The labors and dangers, constructive and financial, connected with it, rivaled those of carrying the gods to Latium. May 26, 1803, the corner-stone was laid in the southeast corner by Edward Livingston, then Mayor of the city.

The preceding three years had been spent by the corporation in the endeavor to settle upon a plan that would be acceptable to all. On March 24, 1800, they had appointed a committee to consider the expediency of erecting a new Hall, and to report their opinion as to the proper place, with a plan of the building, an estimate of the expense, and suggestions for the disposal of the old City Hall. In accordance with this resolution, the committee offered a premium of three hundred and fifty dollars for a plan and elevations of the four facades. From among the plans so obtained one was selected and adopted by the Aldermen, October 4, 1802. On the 11th

of the same month the Common Council appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars toward carrying it out, and appointed a building committee. Opposition to the undertaking now developed itself through a

by the late committee were discharged, and the moneys remaining in their hands were paid over to the city treasurer. The new committee immediately reappointed Mr. McComb architect, and fixed his pay at six dollars a



THE NEW YORK CITY HALL, FROM DRAWING BY W. G. WALL, PUBLISHED DECEMBER 20, 1826.

dilatory resolution offered in the Common Council, December 27. It was ingenuously worded and called for much detailed information. The hope of its promoter was to create dissatisfaction with the adopted plan as being too ornate, too expensive, and larger than the city required. Under the pressure thus brought to bear, the committee, although fully intent upon the use of marble, on February 21, 1803, reported estimates of the cost of using marble and of using stone for the front of the building.

They advised the Common Council that the plan might be somewhat curtailed, especially in the projecting wings, but were unanimously of the opinion that it was advisable that the Hall should be built in accordance with the adopted plans, with the exception mentioned; that the front should be of Stockbridge marble, the sides of Morrisania or Verplanck marble, and the rear of brown stone.

This report was rejected, and at the meeting of the Common Council a week later it was ordered that the committee should be discharged and a new one named, to consist of a member from each ward of the city. Aldermen Oothout, Van Zandt, Brasher, Barker, Minthorne, Le Roy, and Bogardus were accordingly appointed. All persons employed

day for each and every day he should be engaged upon the building.

I have had access to Mr. McComb's papers, which still remain in his family, and which include the original designs, a great part of the working drawings, the diary that he kept pertaining to the building, his accounts of marble, correspondence, etc. Many of the books of his library also remain, and through them one may trace the sources from which he had collected much of the information that enabled him to execute a work which, so long as it stands, will continue to be admired for the purity of the design and the elegance of its execution. It was probably in anticipation of the change which was to take place in the committee that the architect had been instructed on March 10 to make out a plan on a reduced scale, by taking away three windows from the extreme depth of the building, two of them to come away from the depth of the end projections of the main front; and by shortening the length of the building by taking out two windows, and to make estimates accordingly. The reduced plan and estimates were at once furnished, with the information that, should brown stone be used, the cost, exclusive of statuary and bas-relief, would not exceed \$200,000. On the 18th of the same month the new Building Committee

met at the almshouse, and determined "that the reduced plan for building the new City Hall presented by Mr. John McComb should be adopted; that the front, rear, and ends be built of brown freestone; that the said building be erected on the vacant ground between the jail and bridewell; that the wings, in front, range with Murray street, on a parallel line with the fence in front of the almshouse."

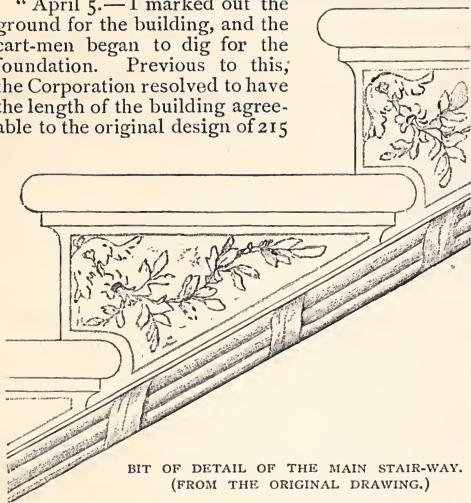
On the 21st the committee reported their action to the Common Council, and the plan and estimates above referred to, with the assurance that they had "endeavored to combine durability, convenience, and elegance with as much economy as the importance of the object will possibly admit of." This report was at once



STATUE FROM THE ARCHITECT'S ORIGINAL DESIGN.

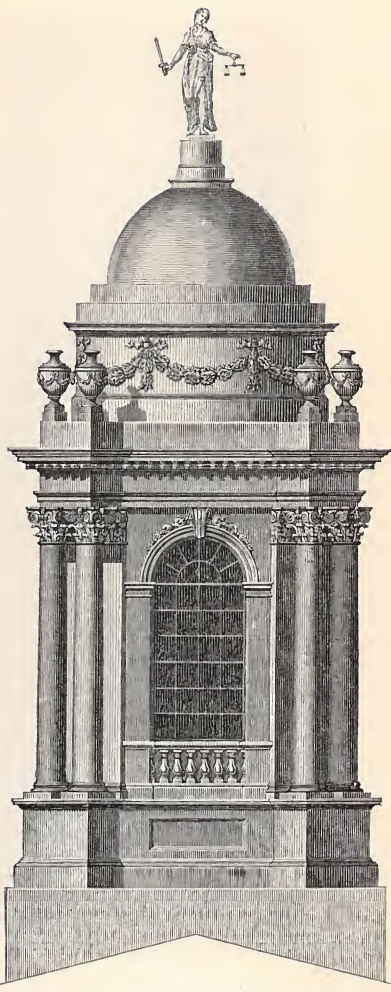
confirmed, and \$25,000 placed at the disposal of the committee, with instructions to proceed with the construction of the Hall with all expedition. During this time Mr. McComb had been indefatigable in his efforts to induce the committee to return to the original plan with the use of marble as the building material; and on April 4 they so far relented as to express to the Common Council their doubts as to the propriety of diminishing the length by leaving out two windows of the front. Fortunately, the Common Council seems to have been similarly impressed, and ordered the original dimensions of the front to be restored. Discussion as to the dimensions of the plan then ceased, for under date of the following day Mr. McComb's diary contains this entry:

"April 5.—I marked out the ground for the building, and the cart-men began to dig for the foundation. Previous to this, the Corporation resolved to have the length of the building agreeable to the original design of 215



BIT OF DETAIL OF THE MAIN STAIR-WAY. (FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING.)

feet and 9 inches, but insisted on its being reduced in depth as they had directed in March. Reducing the projections in front, I readily agreed to; but cutting off the depth of the building, I contended, was a very bad plan, as it spoils the proportion of the large court-rooms and cramps the whole of the work,—but no



THE CUPOLA, PRIOR TO 1830. (FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING.)

arguments could prevail. Several wished to cut off the projection in the rear, and two of the committee insisted that the north front had better be built of blue stone."

Steps were taken to procure the brown stone determined on as the material to be used from New Jersey. A quarry at Newark was leased, and arrangements were made to procure more from Second River. Notwithstanding the unhealthfulness of the city, the construction does not seem to have been retarded, for in the fall of the same year the foundation had been carried to the top of the basement window arches, at a cost of some \$46,000. Meanwhile the views of the committee seem to have been again enlarged, for on September 3 Mr. McComb records that he found some of the members of the Common Council in favor of white stone for the principal fronts, and that he was then requested



JOHN MCCOMB, ARCHITECT OF NEW YORK CITY HALL. (FROM A PAINTING BY WALDO, IN POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.)

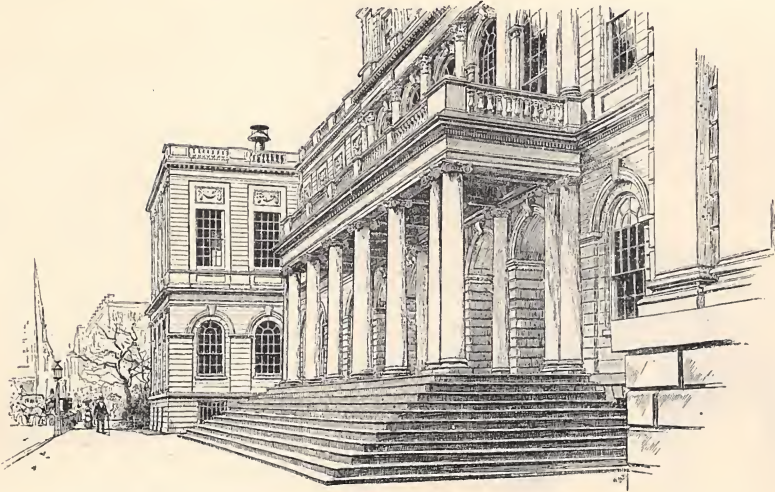
to estimate the additional cost of the use of marble for the three fronts. The estimate was furnished and reported to the Common Council. The report was made in October, and included the following argument in favor of a more liberal expenditure :

"It appears from this [the architect's] estimate, that the difference of expense between marble and brown stone will not exceed the sum of forty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, including every contingent charge. When it is considered that the city of New York, from its inviting situation and increasing opulence, stands unrivaled; when we reflect that as a commercial city we claim a superior standing, our imports and exports exceeding any other in the United States, we certainly ought, in this pleasing state of things, to possess at least one public edifice which shall vie with the many now erected in Philadelphia and elsewhere. It should be remembered that this building is intended to endure for ages; that it is to be narrowly inspected, not only by the scrutinizing eyes of our own citizens, but of every scientific stranger, and in an architectural point of view it, in fact, is to give a character to our city. The additional expense of marble will be fully counterbalanced when we recollect that, from the elegance and situation of this

building, the public property on the Broadway and Collect will much increase in value, and that the same influence will be extended to property far beyond these limits, and that in the course of a very few years it is destined to be in the center of the wealth and population of this city. A building so constructed will do honor to its founders, and be commensurate with our flourishing situation. Under these impressions, the Building Committee strongly recommend that the front and two end views of the new Hall be built with marble."

The report is in Mr. McComb's handwriting, but is signed by Wynant Van Zandt, Jr.

In accordance with this report, the Corporation authorized the use of marble in the "three fronts," and on November 14 concluded a contract for marble from West Stockbridge, Mass.; the price was \$1.06 per cubic foot, delivered in New York. Under this contract 33,274 feet and 10 inches of marble were delivered. In 1808 the same contractors furnished 2000 feet more, at \$3 a foot. The aggregate of these two bills gives us the amount used in the edifice.



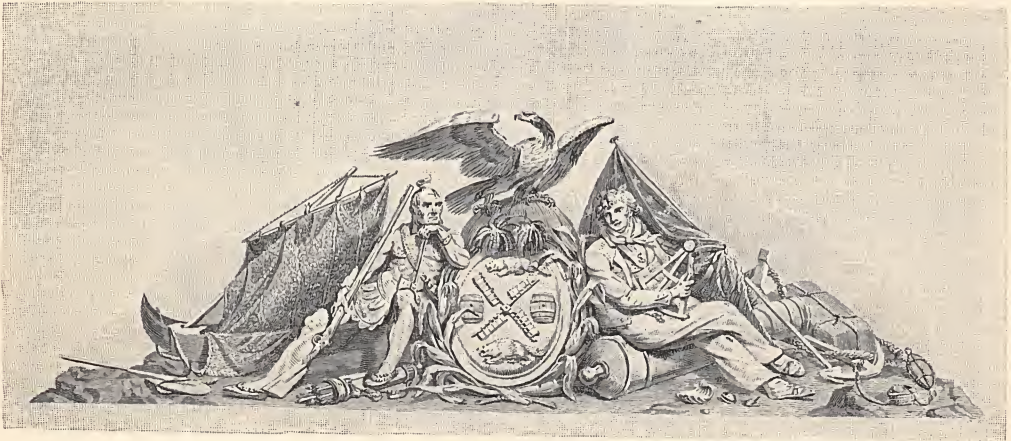
VIEW OF PORTICO.

Nearly all the building material was furnished by contract. The labor was by day's work. By December 1, 1807, the amount expended had reached \$207,000, and the walls were built up to the under side of the second story window-sills. The expenditures were always in excess of the appropriations, and the slowness with which the work was carried on is attributable probably to the reluctance of the Corporation to increase the burdens of taxation. The stirring political contests of the day induced both parties to act with great caution. At the same time, apart from the question of expediency, the ability of the city to raise money for extraordinary purposes was circumscribed.

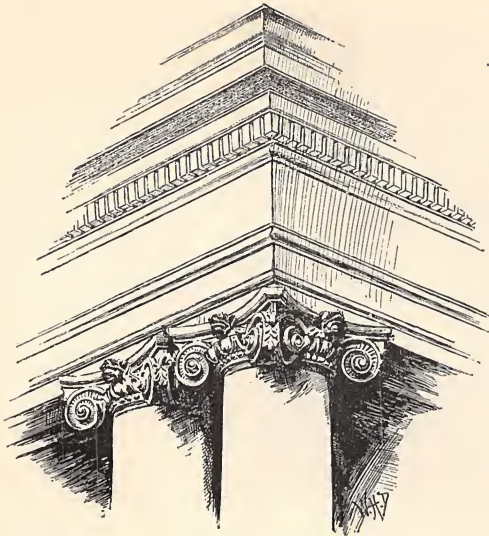
In 1808 the wages of the stone-cutters was reduced from \$1.25 to \$1 a day, and many were given employment who would otherwise have become a charge upon the city. The building was then retarded on account of

hard times, for the appropriation was small. In the spring of 1810 it was impossible to obtain workmen enough, and delay was caused by the return of prosperity. In the fall of this year, however, the interior walls had been carried up to their full height, and the interior roof of the wings in part slated. The copper for the upper roof, which was imported at a cost of £2425 13s. 9d. sterling, was daily expected. It did not arrive, however, in time to be used before the following spring. Considerable progress had been made toward finishing rooms for the accommodation of the Common Council, Mayor, Clerk, and Comptroller; and in 1811 the city fathers celebrated the Fourth of July in the new Hall.

On the second Monday in August the Aldermen bade adieu to their old quarters, and met for the first time in the room intended for the Mayor. The Comptroller and Street



PROPOSED FOIL TO THE BASE OF THE CUPOLA. (FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING.)



IONIC ORDER—FIRST STORY.

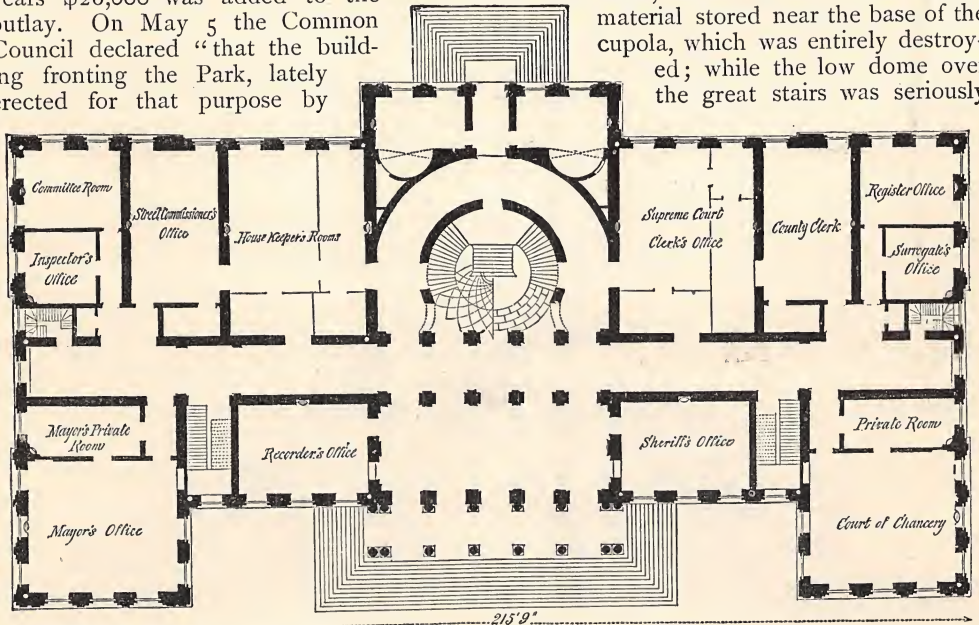
Commissioner moved in at the same time. In October the roof was complete, the window-sashes were about to be put in, and they were waiting for the capitals and statue to complete the cupola. The interior of the west wing, with the housekeeper's apartments, were finished that fall, and the east wing put under scratch-coat. The largest annual outlay was made in 1812, running well up to \$100,000, expended mostly upon the inside finish and embellishment. The center columns over the main stairs were put up, and the front steps were cut and set. During the next two years \$26,000 was added to the outlay. On May 5 the Common Council declared "that the building fronting the Park, lately erected for that purpose by

the corporation, shall be the *City Hall of the City of New York*."

On the corner-stone the building is called the "Hall of the City of New York"; but in 1831 by legislative enactment the designation of 1812 was adhered to. Early in May the old City Hall and grounds were ordered to be sold at auction, and the proceeds devoted to the new building. The old Hall stood nearly upon the present site of the Sub-Treasury at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, opposite Broad street.

The only notable change that has been made in the exterior of the building was not accomplished without opposition. In the original design, a clock was to have been placed in the middle window of the attic-story front; and when in 1828 the Common Council ordered one to be made, it was at first proposed to place it there. But the Committees on Repairs and Arts and Sciences, to whom the matter had been referred, recommended "that it is altogether practicable to alter the present cupola, by cutting it off near the bottom of the round part and raising it up to receive an octagonal section to show four dials. The proposed alterations, in the opinion of your committee, will not cost more than five or six hundred dollars, and will add materially to the usefulness and beauty of the building."

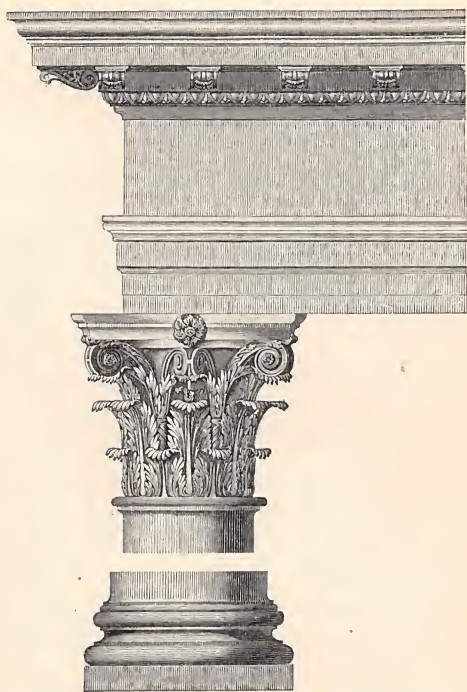
In the spring of 1830 this change was made, and a clock was placed in the cupola. In August, 1858, a spark from the fireworks displayed from the roof, at the celebration of the successful laying of the first Atlantic telegraph cable, set fire to some inflammable material stored near the base of the cupola, which was entirely destroyed; while the low dome over the great stairs was seriously



PLAN OF PRINCIPAL FLOOR AS FINALLY ADOPTED, APRIL 4, 1803. (FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING.)

damaged. Wall's drawing exhibits the cupola as it stood prior to the insertion of the clock, and the cut showing it detached is from the architect's original design. It appears that some slight changes were made during construction. In rebuilding the cupola and the dome over the stairs, but little effort was made to restore more than the general appearance of the originals, which accounts for the present deformity of both.

Notwithstanding this change, and the damage done less by time than by stupidity, the Hall stands to-day unsurpassed by any structure of the kind in the country. The design is pure. No pains or research was spared. The capitals of the first and second orders are marvels of execution. When some fault seems to have been found during the progress of the work by a competitor of the sculptor, in a communication upon that subject to the Building Committee Mr. McComb remarked: "I have visited the carvers' shop almost daily, and have been always pleased with Mr. Lemair's attention, mode of working, and finishing the capitals,—work which is not surpassed by any in the United States, and but seldom seen better executed in Europe, and which for proportion and neatness of workmanship will serve as models for carvers in future." The name of Mr. John Lemair, to whom this compliment was so deservedly paid, will be found cut in the top of the blocking course over the front attic story, together with the names of the Building Committee, architect, and master mechanics. The Ionic columns and pilasters, with their capitals, are remarkably like those in the portico of St. Paul's Church, New York. The latter, however, are fluted and cabled, and in turn resemble those by Ripley in the Admiralty Office, London. The second order is designed after Sir William Chambers, whose work on civil architecture had made its appearance a few years prior to the beginning of the century. The entablature of this order, however, after the Greek, is composed without the dentil, which gives prominence to the modillion and lightens up the cornice, the dentil being introduced in the Ionic order of the first story, where the soffit of the corona is worked into a plain drip with strong effect. The classic detail throughout is admirably wrought. There is a touch of the Adam Brothers in the leaves of the capitals to the pilasters of the attic-story front that is not displeasing. This part of the building has, in fact, never been finished. The undefined want was supplied in the design by a pedimental foil to the base of the cupola, composed of statuary representing the city arms as shown in the illustration, which was



CORINTHIAN ORDER—SECOND STORY. (FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING.)

simply intended to convey the architect's idea. This was to have covered the middle block, while the blocks at either end were to have held respectively the arms of the United States and those of the State of New York. In 1817 Mr. McComb, then Street Commissioner, endeavored to have this carried out, and stated, in a communication to the Common Council, that it had not been done before for the want of a sufficiently skilled resident artist; that a highly recommended sculptor having recently settled here, the difficulty no longer existed. He therefore recommended the subject to the consideration of the Board. The Committee on Arts reported adversely, the estimated cost being \$8,556. The outlay was considered too great. It was the same committee that in 1830 expended about \$6,500 in providing a bell and placing a clock in the cupola. The clock was destroyed in the fire of 1858, and the bell has been removed. In removing the bell, the cornice of the rear was damaged, and the decorative parts that were set aside have never been replaced, but still lie upon the roof. The scales have fallen from the hand of the statue of Justice, and the birds have built a nest in a break in her side. Heaven benignly wards the lightning from the broken rod on the cupola, but seems powerless to prevent the heavy telegraph cables from tugging at the chimneys. One of these wires stretches, other-

wise unsupported, to the roof of the Tract House. Holes for rain-water leaders have been hacked through the cornice, and on the west side the iron rust from a neglected chimney-top has discolored the marble, well down the building.

A glance at the plan of the main floor will serve to show the uses to which the different rooms were at first put. The Mayor's office is the only apartment that has been continuously occupied for the same purpose, and the room over it, which was the original Common Council Chamber, is the only one that retains much of its former appearance. The mantels of this room have been torn out, and the magnificent glass chandelier that hung from its ceiling has disappeared. But despite foreign paint, and dirty and dingy as it is, enough remains and can be retained to give some idea of its former beauty. The original Ionic pillars also remain in the present Aldermen's room, bedizened with color and gilt, but the doors and doorways throughout the building are fairly intact. The Governor's room has been lengthened by including the rooms formerly occupied by the Comptroller and grand jury. The portrait of Lafayette, together with some others, remain in this room, but several good portraits have been removed to glorify other walls. Of the present City Library, located in the south-east wing on the main floor, it were charity to say nothing. A comparison of the Hall of to-day with the Hall of 1814 is unsatisfactory. Yet it would not be difficult to restore much of the original appearance, and the building is as solid as ever.

Of the original plan, as reference has been made to the existing evidences of its origin, a word should be said. Cross-sectioned north and south, it bears a strong resemblance to the Register Office erected, in 1774, in Edinburgh by the Adam Brothers; the main stair-way is very like that in the new Assembly Rooms at Glasgow, built about that time by the same architects, but is superior in grace and proportion. Much of the interior detail shows a careful study of these architects; but the

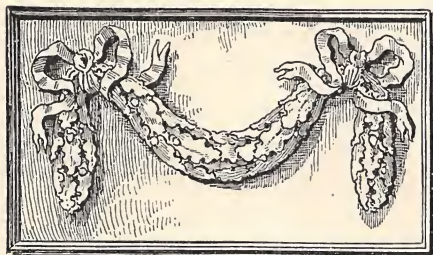
whole was most influenced by the genius of Sir William Chambers, whose works and productions Mr. McComb admired and followed above all others.

The principal elevations were undoubtedly suggested by Inigo Jones's design for the Palace at Whitehall, of which only the Banqueting House was built.

In fact, it may be said that, in the detail of the exterior and of the marble of the inside, Sir William Chambers was closely imitated; while in the plan and wood-work the Adams, Richardson, and Soane, and the examples in the "Vitruvius Britannicus" of both Campbell and Richardson, were followed to a certain degree. The execution of the wood-carving is inferior to the work done by Mr. Lemair, for great difficulty was experienced in obtaining competent workmen in this department. The aggregate cost of the building, exclusive of furniture, did not exceed half a million of dollars, a generous sum for those days, while some twelve millions are said to have been expended upon the New Courthouse.

John McComb, the architect of the City Hall, was born in this city October 17, 1763. His grandfather was a Malcolm of Scotland, and first settled in Maryland. At the beginning of the Revolutionary war the family removed to Princeton, but at its close returned to New York, where he pursued his studies, and was very successful in his profession. He furnished the designs for the front of the Government House in New York, which was executed in 1790, and for St. John's Church, the Murray and Bleecker Street churches, Washington Hall, and many other public and private buildings in New York, Philadelphia, and throughout the Eastern States. He was a governor of the hospital, "a strong supporter of Fulton, and shared with Clinton the obloquy of the day for his determined advocacy of the Erie Canal." He filled many positions of honor and trust, and died in New York May 25th, 1853.

Edward S. Wilde.



WINDOW HEAD — MAIN FRONT.

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

XXVI.

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN.

ROUND goes the wheel forever. Another sun rose up, not a moment hurried or belated by the myriads of life-and-death issues that cover the earth and wait in ecstasies of hope or dread the passage of time. Punctually at ten Justice-in-the-rough takes its seat in the Recorder's Court, and a moment of silent preparation at the desks follows the loud announcement that its session has begun. The perky clerks and smirking pettifoggers move apart on tiptoe, those to their respective stations, these to their privileged seats facing the high dais. The lounging police slip down from their reclining attitudes on the heel-scraped and whittled window-sills. The hum of voices among the forlorn humanity that half fills the gradually rising, greasy benches behind, allotted to witnesses and prisoners' friends, is hushed. In a little square, railed space, here at the left, the reporters tip their chairs against the hair-greased wall, and sharpen their pencils. A few tardy visitors familiar with the place, tiptoe in through the grimy doors, ducking and winking, and softly lifting and placing their chairs, with a mock-timorous upward glance toward the long, ungainly personage who, under a faded and tattered crimson canopy, fills the august bench of magistracy with its high oaken back. On the right, behind a rude wooden paling that rises from the floor to the smoke-stained ceiling, are the peering, bloated faces of the night's prisoners.

The recorder utters a name. The clerk down in front of him calls it aloud. A door in the palings opens, and one of the captives comes forth and stands before the rail. The arresting officer mounts to the witness-stand and confronts him. The oath is rattled and turned out like dice from a box, and the accusing testimony is heard. It may be that counsel rises and cross-examines, if there are witnesses for the defense. Strange and far-fetched questions, from beginners at the law or from old blunderers, provoke now laughter and now the peremptory protestations of the court against the waste of time. Yet, in

general, a few minutes suffices for the whole trial of a case.

"You are sure she picked the handsaw up by the handle, are you?" says the questioner, frowning with the importance of the point.

"Yes."

"And that she coughed as she did so?"

"Well, you see, she kind o'—"

"Yes, or no!"

"No."

"That's all." He waives the prisoner down with an air of mighty triumph, turns to the recorder, "trusts it is not necessary to," etc., and the accused passes this way or that, according to the fate decreed,—discharged, sentenced to fine and imprisonment, or committed for trial before the courts of the State.

"Order in court!" There is too much talking. Another comes and stands before the rail, and goes his way. Another, and another; now a ragged boy, now a half-sobered crone, now a battered ruffian, and now a painted girl of the street, and at length one who starts when his name is called, as though something had exploded.

"John Richling!"

He came.

"Stand there!"

Some one is in the witness-stand, speaking. The prisoner partly hears, but does not see. He stands and holds the rail, with his eyes fixed vacantly on the clerk, who bends over his desk under the seat of justice, writing. The lawyers notice him. His dress has been laboriously genteel, but is torn and soiled. A detective with small eyes set close together, and a nose like a yacht's rudder, whisperingly calls the notice of one of these spectators who can see the prisoner's face to the fact that, for all its thinness and bruises, it is not a bad one. All can see that the man's hair is fine and waving where it is not matted with blood.

The testifying officer had moved as if to leave the witness-stand, when the recorder restrained him by a gesture, and, leaning forward and looking down upon the prisoner, asked:

"Have you anything to say to this?"

The prisoner lifted his eyes, bowed affirm-

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atively, and spoke in a low, timid tone. "May I say a few words to you privately?"

"No."

He dropped his eyes, fumbled with the rail, and, looking up suddenly, said in a stronger voice, "I want somebody to go to my wife—in Prieur street. She's starving. This is the third day"—

"We're not talking about that," said the Recorder. "Have you anything to say against this witness's statement?"

The prisoner looked upon the floor and slowly shook his head. "I never meant to break the law. I never expected to stand here. It's like an awful dream. Yesterday, at this time, I had no more idea of this—I didn't think I was so near it. It's like getting caught in machinery." He looked up at the recorder again. "I'm so confused"—he frowned and drew his hand slowly across his brow—"I can hardly—put my words together. I was hunting for work. There is no man in this city who wants to earn an honest living more than I do."

"What's your trade?"

"I have none."

"I supposed not. But you profess to have some occupation, I dare say. What's your occupation?"

"Accountant."

"Hum; you're all accountants. How long have you been out of employment?"

"Six months."

"Why did you go to sleep under those steps?"

"I didn't intend to go to sleep. I was waiting for a friend to come in who boards at the St. Charles."

A sudden laugh ran through the room. "Silence in court!" cried a deputy.

"Who is your friend?" asked the Recorder.

The prisoner was silent.

"What is your friend's name?"

Still the prisoner did not reply. One of the group of pettifoggers sitting behind him leaned forward, touched him on the shoulder, and murmured: "You'd better tell his name. It won't hurt him, and it may help you." The prisoner looked back at the man and shook his head.

"Did you strike this officer?" asked the Recorder, touching the witness, who was resting on both elbows in the light arm-chair on the right.

The prisoner made a low response.

"I don't hear you," said the Recorder.

"I struck him," replied the prisoner; "I knocked him down." The court officers below the dais smiled. "I woke and found him spurning me with his foot, and I resented it. I never had expected to be a law-breaker.

I—" He pressed his temples between his hands and was silent. The men of the law at his back exchanged glances of approval. The case was, to some extent, interesting.

"May it please the court," said the man who had before addressed the prisoner over his shoulder, stepping out on the right and speaking very softly and graciously, "I ask that this man be discharged. His fault seems so much more to be accident than intention, and his suffering so much more than his fault—"

The Recorder interrupted by a wave of the hand and a preconvinced smile. "Why, according to the evidence, the prisoner was noisy and troublesome in his cell all night."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed the prisoner, "I was thrown in with thieves and drunkards! It was unbearable in that hole. We were right on the damp and slimy bricks. The smell was dreadful. A woman in the cell opposite screamed the whole night. One of the men in the cell tried to take my coat from me, and I beat him!"

"It seems to me, your honor," said the volunteer advocate, "the prisoner is still more sinned against than sinning. This is evidently his first offense, and—"

"Do you know even that?" asked the Recorder.

"I do not believe his name can be found on any criminal record. I—"

The Recorder interrupted once more. He leaned toward the prisoner.

"Did you ever go by any other name?"

The prisoner was dumb.

"Isn't John Richling the only name you have ever gone by?" said his new friend; but the prisoner silently blushed to the roots of his hair and remained motionless.

"I think I shall have to send you to prison," said the Recorder, preparing to write. A low groan was the prisoner's only response.

"May it please your honor," began the lawyer, taking a step forward; but, the recorder waved his pen impatiently.

"Why, the more is said the worse his case gets; he's guilty of the offense charged, by his own confession."

"I am guilty and not guilty," said the prisoner, slowly. "I never intended to be a criminal. I intended to be a good and useful member of society; but I've somehow got under its wheels. I've missed the whole secret of living." He dropped his face into his hands. "O Mary, Mary, why are you my wife?" He beckoned to his counsel. "Come here; come here." His manner was wild and nervous. "I want you—I want you to go to Prieur street, to my wife. You know—you

know the place, don't you? Prieur street. Ask for Mrs. Riley——"

"Richling," said the lawyer.

"No, no! you ask for Mrs. Riley! Ask her—ask her—oh! where are my senses gone? Ask——"

"May it please the court," said the lawyer, turning once more to the magistrate and drawing a limp handkerchief from the skirt of his dingy alpaca, with a reviving confidence, "I ask that the accused be discharged; he is evidently insane."

The prisoner looked rapidly from counsel to magistrate, and back again, saying in a low voice, "Oh, no! not that! Oh, no! not that! not that!"

The Recorder dropped his eyes upon a paper on the desk before him, and, beginning to write, said, without looking up:

"Parish Prison—to be examined for insanity."

A cry of remonstrance broke so sharply from the prisoner that even the reporters in their corner checked their energetic streams of lead-pencil rhetoric and looked up.

"You cannot do that!" he exclaimed. "I am not insane! I'm not even confused now! It was only for a minute! I'm not even confused!"

An officer of the court laid his hand quickly and sternly upon his arm; but the recorder leaned forward and motioned him off. The prisoner darted a single flash of anger at the officer, and then met the eye of the justice.

"If I am a vagrant, commit me for vagrancy! I expect no mercy here! I expect no justice! You punish me first and try me afterward, and now you can punish me again; but you can't do that!"

"Order in court! Sit down in those benches!" cried the deputies. The lawyers nodded darkly or blandly, each to each. The one who had volunteered his counsel wiped his bald Gothic brow. On the recorder's lips an austere satire played as he said to the panting prisoner:

"You are showing not only your sanity, but your contempt of court also."

The prisoner's eyes shot back a fierce light as he retorted:

"I have no object in concealing either!"

The Recorder answered with a quick, angry look; but instantly restraining himself, dropped his glance upon his desk as before, began again to write, and said with his eyes following his pen:

"Parish Prison, for thirty days."

The officer grasped the prisoner again and pointed him to the door in the palings whence he had come, and whither he now returned,

moaning as he went, "O my wife! my wife! O Mary, my wife! my wife!"

Half an hour later the dark omnibus without windows, that went by the facetious name of the "Black Maria," received the convicted ones from the same street door by which they had been brought in out of the world the night before. The waifs and vagabonds of the town gleefully formed a line across the sidewalk from the station-house to the van, and counted with zest the abundant number of passengers that were ushered into it one by one. Heigh ho! In they went. All ages and sorts; both sexes; tried and untried, drunk and sober, new faces and old acquaintances; a man who had been counterfeiting, his wife who had been helping him, and their little girl of twelve who had done nothing. Ho, ho! Bridget Fury! Ha, ha! Howling Lou! In they go; the passive, the violent, all kinds; filling the two benches against the sides, and then the standing room; crowding and packing, until the officer can shut the door only by throwing his weight against it.

"Officer," said one, whose volunteer counsel had persuaded the reporters not to mention him by name in their thrilling account,—"Officer," said this one, trying to pause an instant before the door of the vehicle, "is there no other possible way to——"

"Get in, get in!"

Two hands spread against his back did the rest; the door clapped to like the lid of a bursting trunk, the padlock rattled, away they went!

XXVII.

"OH, WHERE IS MY LOVE?"

At the prison the scene is repeated in reverse, and the Black Maria presently rumbles away, empty. In that building, whose exterior Narcisse found so picturesque, the vagrant at length finds food. In that question of food, by the way, another question arose, not as to any degree of criminality past or present, nor as to age, or sex, or race, or station; but as to the having or lacking fifty cents. "Four bits" a day was the open sesame to a department where one could have bedstead and ragged bedding and dirty mosquito-bar, a cell whose window looked down into the front street, food in variety, and a seat at table with the officers of the prison. But those who could not pay were conducted past all these delights, along one of several dark galleries, the turnkeys of which were themselves convicts who, by a process of reasoning best understood among the harvesters of perquisites, were assumed to be undergoing sentence.

The vagrant stood at length before a grated iron gate while its bolts were thrown back and it growled on its hinges. What he saw within needs no minute description; it may be seen there still, any day: a large, flagged court, surrounded on three sides by two stories of cells with heavy, black, square doors all arow and mostly open; about a hundred men sitting, lying, or lounging about in scanty rags,—some gaunt and feeble, some burly and alert, some scarred and maimed, some sallow, some red, some grizzled, some mere lads, some old and bowed,—the sentenced, the untried, men there for the first time, men who were oftener in than out,—burglars, smugglers, house-burners, highwaymen, wife-beaters, wharf-rats, common “drunks,” pickpockets, shop-lifters, stealers of bread, garroters, murderers,—in common equality and fraternity. In this resting and refreshing place for vice, this caucus for the projection of future crime, this ghastly burlesque of justice and the protection of society, there was a man who had been convicted of a dreadful murder a year or two before, and sentenced to twenty-one years’ labor in the State penitentiary. He had got his sentence commuted to confinement in this prison for twenty-one years of idleness. The captain of the prison had made him “captain of the yard.” Strength, ferocity, and a terrific record were the qualifications for this honorary office.

The gate opened. A howl of welcome came from those within, and the new batch, the vagrant among them, entered the yard. He passed, in his turn, to a tank of muddy water in this yard, washed away the soil and blood of the night, and so to the cell assigned him. He was lying face downward on its pavement, when a man with a cudgel ordered him to rise. The vagrant sprang to his feet and confronted the captain of the yard, a giant in breadth and stature, with no clothing but a ragged undershirt and pantaloons.

“Get a bucket and rag and scrub out this cell!”

He flourished his cudgel. The vagrant cast a quick glance at him, and answered quietly, but with burning face:

“I’ll die first.”

A blow with the cudgel, a cry of rage, a clash together, a push, a sledge-hammer fist in the side, another on the head, a fall out into the yard, and the vagrant lay senseless on the flags.

When he opened his eyes again and struggled to his feet, a gentle grasp was on his arm. Somebody was steadying him. He turned his eyes. Ah! who is this? A short, heavy, close-shaven man, with a woolen jacket thrown over one shoulder and its sleeves tied

together in a knot under the other. He speaks in a low, kind tone:

“Steady, Mr. Richling.”

Richling supported himself by a hand on the man’s arm, gazed in bewilderment at the gentle eyes that met his, and with a slow gesture of astonishment murmured, “Ristofalo!” and dropped his head.

The Italian had just entered the prison from another station-house. With his hand still on Richling’s shoulder, and Richling’s on his, he caught the eye of the captain of the yard, who was striding quietly up and down near by, and gave him a nod to indicate that he would soon adjust everything to that autocrat’s satisfaction. Richling, dazed and trembling, kept his eyes still on the ground, while Ristofalo moved with him slowly away from the squalid group that gazed after them. They went toward the Italian’s cell.

“How are you in prison?” asked the vagrant, feebly.

“Oh, nothin’ much—witness in shootin’ scrape—talk ’bout aft’ while.”

“Oh, Ristofalo,” groaned Richling, as they entered, “my wife! my wife! Send some bread to my wife!”

“Lay down,” said the Italian, pressing softly on his shoulders; but Richling as quietly resisted.

“She is near here, Ristofalo. You can send with the greatest ease! You can do anything, Ristofalo,—if you only choose!”

“Lay down,” said the Italian, again, and pressed more heavily. The vagrant sank limply to the pavement, his companion quickly untying the jacket-sleeves from under his own arms and wadding the garment under Richling’s head.

“Do you know what I’m in here for, Ristofalo?” moaned Richling.

“Don’t know, don’t care. Yo’ wife know you here?”

Richling shook his head on the jacket. The Italian asked her address, and Richling gave it.

“Goin’ tell her come and see you,” said the Italian. “Now, you lay still little while; I be back t’reckly.” He went out into the yard again, pushing the heavy door after him till it stood only slightly ajar, sauntered easily around till he caught sight of the captain of the yard, and was presently standing before him in the same immovable way in which he had stood before Richling in Tchoupitoulas street, on the day he had borrowed the dollar. Those who idly drew around could not hear his words, but the “captain’s” answers were intentionally audible. He shook his head in rejection of a proposal. “No, nobody but the prisoner himself should scrub out the

cell. No, the Italian should not do it for him. The prisoner's refusal and resistance had settled that question. No, the knocking down had not balanced accounts at all. There was more scrubbing to be done. It was scrubbing day. Others might scrub the yard and the galleries, but he should scrub out the tank. And there were other things, and worse—menial services of the lowest kind. He should do them when the time came, and the Italian would have to help him too. Never mind about the law or the terms of his sentence. Those counted for nothing there." Such was the sense of the decrees; the words were such as may be guessed or left unguessed. The scrubbing of the cell must commence at once. The vagrant must make up his mind to suffer. "He had served on jury!" said the man in the undershirt, with a final flourish of his stick. "He's got to pay dear for it!"

When Ristofalo returned to his cell, its inmate, after many upstartings from terrible dreams, that seemed to guard the threshold of slumber, had fallen asleep. The Italian touched him gently, but he roused with a wild start and stare.

"Ristofalo," he said, and fell a-staring again.

"You had some sleep," said the Italian.

"It's worse than being awake," said Richling. He passed his hands across his face. "Has my wife been here?"

"No. Haven't sent yet. Must watch good chance. Git captain yard in good humor first, or else do on sly." The cunning Italian saw that anything looking like early extrication would bring new fury upon Richling. He knew *all* the values of time. "Come," he added, "must scrub out cell, now." He ignored the heat that kindled in Richling's eyes, and added, smiling, "You don't do it, I got to do it."

With a little more of the like kindly guile, and some wise and simple reasoning, the Italian prevailed. Together, without objection from the captain of the yard, with many unavailing protests from Richling, who would now do it alone, and with Ristofalo smiling like a Chinaman at the obscene ribaldry of the spectators in the yard, they scrubbed the cell. Then came the tank. They had to stand in it with the water up to their knees, and rub its sides with brickbats. Richling fell down twice in the water, to the uproarious delight of the yard; but his companion helped him up, and they both agreed it was the sliminess of the tank's bottom that was to blame.

"Soon we get through we goin' to buy drink o' whisky from jailer," said Ristofalo; "he keep it for sale. Then, after that, kin

hire somebody to go to your house; captain yard think we gittin' mo' whisky."

"Hire?" said Richling. "I haven't a cent in the world."

"I got a little—few dimes," rejoined the other.

"Then why are you here? Why are you in this part of the prison?"

"Oh, 'fraid to spend it. On'y got few dimes. Broke ag'in."

Richling stopped still with astonishment, brickbat in hand. The Italian met his gaze with an illuminated smile. "Yes," he said, "took all I had with me to bayou La Fourche. Coming back, slept with some men, in boat. One git up in night time and steal everything. Then was a big fight. Think that what fight was about—about dividing the money. Don't know sure. One man git killed. Rest run into the swamp and prairie. Officer arrested me for witness. Couldn't trust me to stay in the city."

"Do you think the one who was killed was the thief?"

"Don't know sure," said the Italian, with the same sweet face, and falling to again with his brick bat,—“hope so.”

"Strange place to confine a witness!" said Richling, holding his hand to his bruised side and slowly straightening his back.

"Oh, yes, good place," replied the other, scrubbing away; "git him, in short time, so he swear to anything."

It was far on in the afternoon before the wary Ristofalo ventured to offer all he had in his pocket to a hanger-on of the prison office, to go first to Richling's house, and then to an acquaintance of his own, with messages looking to the procuring of their release. The messenger chose to go first to Ristofalo's friend, and afterward to Mrs. Riley's. It was growing dark when he reached the latter place. Mary was out in the city somewhere, wandering about, aimless and distracted, in search of Richling. The messenger left word with Mrs. Riley. Richling had all along hoped that that good friend, doubtless acquainted with the most approved methods of finding a missing man, would direct Mary to the police stations at the earliest practicable hour. But time had shown that she had not done so. No, indeed! Mrs. Riley counted herself too benevolently shrewd for that. While she had made Mary's suspense of the night less frightful than it might have been, by surmises that Mr. Richling had found some form of night-work,—watching some pile of freight or some unfinished building,—she had come, secretly, to a different conviction predicated on her own married experiences; and if Mr. Richling

had, in a moment of gloom, tipped the bowl a little too high, as her dear lost husband, the best man that ever walked, had often done, and had been locked up at night to be let out in the morning, why, give him a chance! Let him invent his own little fault-hiding romance and come home with it. Mary was frantic. She could not be kept in; but Mrs. Riley, by prolonged effort, convinced her it was best not to call upon Dr. Sevier until she could be sure some disaster had actually occurred, and sent her among the fruiterers and oystermen in vain search for Raphael Ristofalo. Thus it was that the Doctor's morning messenger to the Richlings, bearing word that if any one were sick he would call without delay, was met by Mrs. Riley only, and by the reassuring statement that both of them were out. The later messenger, from the two men in prison, brought back word of Mary's absence from the house, of her physical welfare, and Mrs. Riley's promise that Mary should visit the prison at the earliest hour possible. This would not be till the next morning.

While Mrs. Riley was sending this message, Mary, a great distance away, was emerging from the darkening and silent streets of the river front and moving with timid haste across the broad levee toward the edge of the water at the steam-boat landing. In this season of depleted streams and idle waiting, only an occasional boat lifted its lofty, black, double funnels against the sky here and there, leaving wide stretches of unoccupied wharf-front between. Mary hurried on, clear out to the great wharf's edge and looked forth upon the broad, softly moving harbor. The low waters spread out and away, to and around the opposite point, in wide surfaces of glassy purples and wrinkled bronze. Beauty, that joy forever, is sometimes a terror. Was the end of her search somewhere underneath that fearful glory? She clasped her hands, bent down with dry, staring eyes, then turned again and fled homeward. She swerved once toward Dr. Sevier's quarters, but soon decided to see first if there were any tidings with Mrs. Riley, and so resumed her course. Night overtook her in streets where every footstep before or behind her made her tremble; but at length she crossed the threshold of Mrs. Riley's little parlor. Mrs. Riley was standing in the door, and retreated a step or two backward as Mary entered with a look of wild inquiry.

"Not come?" cried the wife.

"Mrs. Richlin'," said the widow, hurriedly, "yer husband's alive and found."

Mary seized her frantically by the shoulders, crying with high-pitched voice:

"Where is he? — where is he?"

"Ye can't see um till marning, Mrs. Richlin'."

"Where is he?" cried Mary, louder than before.

"Me dear," said Mrs. Riley, "ye kin easy git him out in the marning."

"Mrs. Riley," said Mary, holding her with her eye, "is my husband in prison? — O Lord God! O God, my God!"

Mrs. Riley wept. She clasped the moaning, sobbing wife to her bosom, and with streaming eyes said:

"Mrs. Richlin', me dear, Mrs. Richlin', me dear, what wad I give to have my husband this night where your husband is!"

XXVIII.

RELEASE.—NARCISSE.

AS SOME children were playing in the street before the Parish Prison next morning, they suddenly started and scampered toward the prison's black entrance. A physician's carriage had driven briskly up to it, ground its wheels against the curbstone, and halted. If any fresh crumbs of horror were about to be dropped, the children must be there to feast on them. Dr. Sevier stepped out, gave Mary his hand and then his arm, and went in with her. A question or two in the prison office, a reference to the rolls, and a turnkey led the way through a dark gallery lighted with dimly burning gas. The stench was suffocating. They stopped at the inner gate.

"Why didn't you bring him to us?" asked the doctor, scowling resentfully at the facetious drawings and legends on the walls, where the dampness glistened in the sickly light.

The keeper made a low reply as he shot the bolts.

"What?" quickly asked Mary.

"He's not well," said Dr. Sevier.

The gate swung open. They stepped into the yard and across it. The prisoners paused in a game of ball. Others, who were playing cards, merely glanced up and went on. The jailer pointed with his bunch of keys to a cell before him. Mary glided away from the doctor and darted in. There was a cry and a wail.

The doctor followed quickly. Ristofalo passed out as he entered. Richling lay on a rough gray blanket spread on the pavement with the Italian's jacket under his head. Mary had thrown herself down beside him upon her knees, and their arms were around each other's neck.

"Let me see, Mrs. Richling," said the

physician, touching her on the shoulder. She drew back. Richling lifted a hand in welcome. The doctor pressed it.

"Mrs. Richling," he said, as they faced each other, he on one knee, she on both.—He gave her a few laconic directions for the sick man's better comfort.—"You must stay here, madam," he said at length; "this man Ristofalo will be ample protection for you; and I will go at once and get your husband's discharge." He went out.

In the office he asked for a seat at a desk. As he finished using it he turned to the keeper and asked, with severe face:

"What do you do with sick prisoners here, anyway?"

The keeper smiled.

"Why, if they gits right sick, the hospital wagon comes and takes 'em to the Charity Hospital."

"Umhum!" replied the doctor, unpleasantly,— "in the same wagon they use for a case of scarlet fever or small-pox, eh?"

The keeper, with a little resentment in his laugh, stated that he would be eternally lost if he knew.

"I know," remarked the doctor. "But when a man is only a little sick,—according to your judgment,—like that one in there now, he is treated here, eh?"

The keeper swelled with a little official pride. His tone was boastful.

"We has a complete dispensary in the prison," he said.

"Yes? Who's your druggist?" Dr. Sevier was in his worst inquisitorial mood.

"One of the prisoners," said the keeper.

The doctor looked at him steadily. The man, in the blackness of his ignorance, was visibly proud of this bit of economy and convenience.

"How long has he held this position?" asked the physician.

"Oh, a right smart while. He was sentenced for murder, but he's waiting for a new trial."

"And he has full charge of all the drugs?" asked the doctor, with a cheerful smile.

"Yes, sir." The keeper was flattered.

"Poisons and all, I suppose, eh?" pursued the doctor.

"Everything."

The doctor looked steadily and silently upon the officer, and tore and folded and tore again into small bits the prescription he had written. A moment later the door of his carriage shut with a smart clap and its wheels rattled away. There was a general laugh in the office, heavily spiced with maledictions.

"I say, Cap', what d'you reckon he'd 'a' said if he'd aseen the women's department?"

In those days recorders had the power to release prisoners sentenced by them, when in their judgment new information justified such action. Yet Dr. Sevier had a hard day's work to procure Richling's liberty. The sun was declining once more when a hack drove up to Mrs. Riley's door with John and Mary in it, and Mrs. Riley was restrained from laughing and crying only by the presence of the great Dr. Sevier and a romantic Italian stranger by the captivating name of Ristofalo. Richling, with repeated avowals of his ability to walk alone, was helped into the house between these two illustrious visitors, Mary hurrying in ahead, and Mrs. Riley shutting the street door with some resentment of manner toward the staring children who gathered without. Was there anything surprising in the fact that eminent persons should call at her house?

When there was time for greetings she gave her hand to Dr. Sevier and asked him how he found himself. To Ristofalo she bowed majestically. She noticed that he was handsome and muscular.

At different hours the next day the same two visitors called. Also the second day after. And the third. And frequently afterward.

RISTOFALO regained his financial feet almost, as one might say, at a single hand-spring. He amused Mary and John and Mrs. Riley almost beyond limit with his simple story of how he did it.

"Ye'd better hurry and be getting up out o' that sick bed, Mr. Ritchlin'," said the widow in Ristofalo's absence, "or that I-talian rascal 'll be making himself entirely too agree-ble to yer lady here, ha, ha! It's *she* that he's a-comin' here to see."

Mrs. Riley laughed again, and pointed at Mary and tossed her head, not knowing that Mary went through it all over again as soon as Mrs. Riley was out of the room, to the immense delight of John.

"And now, madam," said Dr. Sevier to Mary, by and by, "let it be understood once more that even independence may be carried to a vicious extreme, and that"—he turned to Richling, by whose bed he stood—"you and your wife will not do it again. You've had a narrow escape. Is it understood?"

"We'll try to be moderate," replied the invalid, playfully.

"I don't believe you," said the Doctor.

And his skepticism was wise. He continued to watch them, and at length enjoyed the sight of John up and out again with color in his cheeks and the old courage—nay, a new and a better courage—in his eyes.

Said the doctor on his last visit, "Take good care of your husband, my child." He held the little wife's hand a moment, and gazed out of Mrs. Riley's front door, upon the western sky. Then he transferred his gaze to John, who stood, with his knee in a chair, just behind her. He looked at the convalescent with solemn steadfastness. The husband smiled broadly.

"I know what you mean. I'll try to deserve her."

The doctor looked again into the west.

"Good-bye."

Mary tried playfully to retort, but John restrained her, and when she contrived to utter something absurdly complimentary of her husband, he was her only hearer.

They went back into the house, talking of other matters. Something turned the conversation upon Mrs. Riley, and from that subject it seemed to pass naturally to Ristofalo. Mary, laughing and talking softly as they entered their room, called to John's recollection the Italian's account of how he had once bought a tarpaulin hat and a cottonade shirt of the pattern called a "jumper," and had worked as a deck-hand in loading and unloading steam-boats. It was so amusingly sensible to put on the proper badge for the kind of work sought. Richling mused. Many a dollar he might have earned the past summer, had he been as ingeniously wise, he thought.

"Ristofalo is coming here this evening," said he, taking a seat in the alley window.

Mary looked at him with sidelong merriment. The Italian was coming to see Mrs. Riley.

"Why, John," whispered Mary, standing beside him, "she's nearly ten years older than he is!"

But John quoted the old saying about a man's age being what he feels, and a woman's what she looks.

"Why—but—dear, it is scarcely a fortnight since she declared nothing could ever induce —"

"Let her alone," said John, indulgently. "Hasn't she said half a dozen times that it isn't good for woman to be alone? A widow's a woman—and you never disputed it."

"Oh, John," laughed Mary, "for shame! You know I didn't mean that. You know I never could mean that."

And when John would have maintained his ground, she besought him not to jest in that direction, with eyes so ready for tears that he desisted.

"I only meant to be generous to Mrs. Riley," he said.

"I know it," said Mary, caressingly; "you're always on the generous side of everything."

She rested her hand fondly on his arm, and he took it into his own.

One evening the pair were out for that sunset walk which their young blood so relished, and which often led them, as it did this time, across the wide, open commons behind the town, where the unsettled streets were turf-grown, and toppling wooden lamp-posts threatened to fall into the wide, cattle-trodden ditches.

"Fall is coming," said Mary.

"Let it come!" exclaimed John; "it's hung back long enough."

He looked about with pleasure. On every hand the advancing season was giving promise of heightened activity. The dark, plummy foliage of the china trees was getting a golden edge. The burnished green of the great magnolias was spotted brilliantly with hundreds of bursting cones, red with their pendent seeds. Here and there as the sauntering pair came again into the region of brick sidewalks, a falling cone would now and then scatter its polished coral over the pavement, to be gathered by little girls for necklaces, or bruised under foot, staining the walk with its fragrant oil. The ligustrums bent low under the dragging weight of their small, clustered berries. The oranges were turning. In the wet, choked ditches along the interruptions of pavement, where John followed Mary on narrow plank footways, bloomed thousands of little unrenowned asteroid flowers, blue and yellow, and the small, pink spikes of the water-pepper. It wasn't the fashionable habit in those days, but Mary had John gather big bunches of this pretty floral mob, and filled her room with them—not Mrs. Riley's parlor—whoop, no! Weeds? Not if Mrs. Riley knew herself.

So ran time apace. The morning skies were gray monotones, and the evening gorgeous reds. The birds had finished their summer singing. Sometimes the alert chirp of the cardinal suddenly smote the ear from some neighboring tree; but he would pass, a flash of crimson, from one garden to the next, and with another chirp or two be gone for days. The nervy, unmusical waking cry of the mocking-bird was often the first daybreak sound. At times a myriad downy seeds floated everywhere, now softly upward, now gently downward, and the mellow rays of sunset turned it into a warm, golden snow-fall. By night a soft glow from distant burning prairies showed the hunters were afield. The call of unseen wild fowl was heard overhead, and—finer to the waiting poor man's ear than all

other sounds—came at regular intervals, now from this quarter and now from that, the heavy, rushing blast of the cotton compress, telling that the flood tide of commerce was setting in.

Narcisse surprised the Richlings one evening with a call. They tried very hard to be reserved, but they were too young for that task to be easy. The Creole had evidently come with his mind made up to take unresentfully and override all the unfriendliness they might choose to show. His conversation never ceased, but flitted from subject to subject with the swift waywardness of a humming-bird. It was remarked by Mary, leaning back in one end of Mrs. Riley's little sofa, that "summer dresses were disappearing, but that the girls looked just as sweet in their darker colors as they had appeared in mid-summer white. Had Narcisse noticed? Probably he didn't care for —"

"Ho! I notiz them an' they notiz me! An' thass one thing I 'ave notiz about young ladies; they ah juz like those bird'; in sum-meh lookin' cool, in winteh waum. I 'ave notiz that. An' I've notiz anotheh thing which make them juz like those bird'. They halways know if a man is lookin', an' they halways make like they don't see 'im! I would like to 'ite an i'ony about that—a lill i'ony—in the he'oic measuh. You like that he'oic measuh, Mizzez Witchlin'?"

As he rose to go he rolled a cigarette, and folded the end in with the long nail of his little finger.

"Mizzez Witchlin', if you will allow me to light my ciga'ette fum yo' lamp —? I can't use my sun-glass at night, because the sun is nod theh. But, the sun shining, I use it. I 'ave adop' that method since lately."

"You borrow the sun's rays," said Mary, with wicked sweetness.

"Yes; 'tis cheapeh than matches in the longue 'un."

"You have discovered that, I suppose," remarked John.

"Me? The sun-glass? No. I believe Ahchimides invend that, in fact. An' yet, out of ten thousan' who use the sun-glass only a few can account 'ow 'tis done. 'Ow did you think that that's my invention, Mistoo 'Itchlin'? Did you know that I am something of a chimist? I can tu'n litmus papeh 'ed by juz dipping it in SO₃HO. Yesseh."

"Yes," said Richling, "that's one thing that I have noticed, that you're very fertile in devices."

"Yes," echoed Mary, "I noticed that, the first time you ever came to see us. I only wish Mr. Richling was half as much so."

She beamed upon her husband. Narcisse laughed with pure pleasure.

"Well, I am compel' to say you ah co'ect. I am continually makin' some discove'ies. 'Necessity's the motheh of inventions.' Now thass anotheh thing I 'ave notiz — about that month of Octobeh: it always come befo' you think it's comin'. I 'ave notiz that about eve'y month. Now, to-day weah the twennieth Octobeh! Is it not so?" He lighted his cigarette. "You ah compel' to co'obo'ate me."

XXIX.

LIGHTING SHIP.

YES, the tide was coming in. The Richlings' bark was still on the sands, but every now and then a wave of promise glided under her. She might float, now, any day. Meantime, as has no doubt been guessed, she was held on an even keel by loans from the doctor.

"Why you don't advertise in papers?" asked Ristofalo.

"Advertise? Oh, I didn't think it would be of any use. I advertised a whole week, last summer."

"You put advertisement in wrong time and keep it out wrong time," said the Italian.

"I have a place in prospect, now, without advertising," said Richling with an elated look.

It was just here that a new mistake of Richling's emerged. He had come into contact with two or three men of that wretched sort that indulge the strange vanity of keeping others waiting upon them by promises of employment. He believed them, liked them heartily because they said nothing about references, and gratefully distended himself with their husks, until Ristofalo opened his eyes by saying, when one of these men had disappointed Richling the third time:

"Business man don't promise but once."

"You lookin' for book-keeper's place?" asked the Italian at another time. "Why don't dress like a book-keeper?"

"On borrowed money?" asked Richling, evidently looking upon that question as a poser.

"Yes."

"Oh, no," said Richling, with a smile of superiority; but the other one smiled too, and shook his head.

"Borrow mo', if you don't."

Richling's heart flinched at the word. He had thought he was giving his true reason, but he was not. A foolish notion had floated, like a grain of dust, into the over-delicate wheels of his thought,—that men would employ him the more readily if he looked needy. His hat was unbrushed, his shoes unpolished; he had let his beard come out, thin and untrimmed; his necktie was faded. He looked battered. When the Italian's gentle warning

showed him this additional mistake on top of all his others, he was dismayed at himself; and when he sat down in his room and counted the cost of an accountant's uniform, so to speak, the remains of Dr. Sevier's last loan to him was too small for it. Thereupon he committed one error more,—but it was the last. He sunk his standard and began again to look for service among industries that could offer employment only to manual labor. He crossed the river and stirred about among the dry-docks and shipcarpenters' yards of the suburb Algiers. But he could neither hew spars, nor paint, nor splice ropes. He watched a man half a day calking a boat; then he offered himself for the same work, did it fairly, and earned half a day's wages. But then the boat was done, and there was no other calking at the moment along the whole harbor front, except some that was being done on a ship by her own sailors.

"John," said Mary, dropping into her lap the sewing that hardly paid for her candle, "isn't it hard to realize that it isn't twelve months since your hardships commenced? They *can't* last much longer, darling."

"I know that," said John. "And I know I'll find a place presently, and then we'll wake up to the fact that this was actually less than a year of trouble in a lifetime of love."

"Yes," rejoined Mary, "I know your patience will be rewarded."

"But what I want is work now, Mary. The bread of idleness is getting *too* bitter. But never mind; I'm going to work to-morrow;—never mind where. It's all right. You'll see."

She smiled, and looked into his eyes again with an unreserved confession of trust. The next day he reached the—what shall we say?—big end of his last mistake. What it was came out a few mornings after, when he called at Number 5 Carondelet street.

"The Doctah is not in pwesently," said Narcisse. "He ve'y hawdly comes in so soon as that. He's living home again, once mo', now. He's ve'y un'estless. I tole 'im yes-tiddy, 'Doctah, I know juz 'ow you feel, seh; 'tis the same way with mieseff. You ought to git ma'ied!"

"Did he say he would?" asked Richling.

"Well, you know, Mistoo 'Itchlin', so the povub says, 'Silent give consense.' He juz look at me—neveh said a word—ha! he couldn't! You not lookin' ve'y well, Mistoo 'Itchlin'. I suppose 'tis that waum weatheh."

"I suppose it is; at least, partly," said Richling, and added nothing more, but looked along and across the ceiling, and down at a skeleton, in a corner, that was offering to shake hands with him. He was at a loss how to talk to Narcisse. Both Mary and he had

grown a little ashamed of their covert sarcasms, and yet to leave them out was bread without yeast, meat without salt, as far as their own powers of speech were concerned.

"I thought the other day," he began again, with an effort, "when it blew up cool, that the warm weather was over."

"It seem to be finishin' ad the end, I think," responded the Creole. "I think, like you, that we 'ave 'ad too waum weatheh. Me, I like that weatheh to be cole, me. I halways weigh the mose in cole weatheh. I gain flesh, in fact. But so soon 'tis summeh something become of it. I dunno if 'tis the fault of my close, but I always reduct in summeh. Speakin' of close, Mistoo 'Itchlin',—egscuse me if 'tis a fair question,—w'at was yo' objec' in buyin' that tawpaulin hat an' jacket lass week ad that sto' on the levee? You din know I saw you, but I juz 'appen to see you, in fact." (The color rose in Richling's face, and Narcisse pressed on without allowing an answer.) "Well, thass none o' my bizness, of co'se, but I think you lookin' ve'y bad, Mistoo 'Itchlin' ——" He stopped very short and stepped with dignified alacrity to his desk, for Dr. Sevier's step was on the stair.

The doctor shook hands with Richling and sank into the chair at his desk. "Anything turned up yet, Richling?"

"Doctor," began Richling, drawing his chair near and speaking low —

"Good mawnin', Doctah," said Narcisse, showing himself with a graceful flourish.

The doctor nodded, "Narcisse," then turned again to Richling. "You were saying—"

"I 'ope you well, seh," insisted the Creole, and as the doctor glanced toward him impatiently, repeated the sentiment, "'Ope you well, seh."

The doctor said he was, and turned once more to Richling. Narcisse bowed away backward and went to his desk, filled to the eyes with fierce satisfaction. He had made himself felt. Richling drew his chair nearer and spoke low.

"If I don't get work within a day or two, I shall have to come to you for money."

"That's all right, Richling." The doctor spoke aloud; Richling answered low.

"Oh, no, Doctor, it's all wrong! Indeed, I can't do it any more unless you will let me earn the money."

"My dear sir, I would most gladly do it; but I have nothing that you can do."

"Yes, you have, Doctor."

"What is it?"

"Why, it's this: you have a slave boy driving your carriage."

"Well?"

"Give him some other work and let me do that."

Dr. Sevier started in his seat. "Richling, I can't do that. I should ruin you. If you drive my carriage——"

"Just for a time, Doctor, till I find something else."

"No, no! If you drive my carriage in New Orleans, you'll never do anything else."

"Why, Doctor, there are men standing in the front ranks to-day, who ——"

"Yes, yes," replied the doctor, impatiently, "I know,—who began with menial labor; but—I can't explain it to you, Richling, but you're not of the same sort; that's all. I say it without praise or blame; you must have work adapted to your abilities."

"My abilities!" softly echoed Richling. Tears sprang to his eyes. He held out his open palms,—“Doctor, look there.” They were lacerated. He started to rise, but the doctor prevented him.

"Let me go," said Richling, pleadingly, and with averted face. "Let me go. I'm sorry I showed them. It was mean and foolish and weak. Let me go."

But Dr. Sevier kept a hand on him, and he did not resist. The doctor took one of the hands and examined it. "Why, Richling, you've been handling freight."

"There was nothing else."

"Oh, bah!"

"Let me go," whispered Richling. But the doctor held him.

"You didn't do this on the steam-boat landing, did you, Richling?"

The young man nodded. The doctor dropped the hand and looked upon its owner with set lips and steady severity. When he spoke, he said:

"Among the negro and green Irish deck-hands, and under the oaths and blows of steam-boat mates!—Why, Richling!"—He turned half away in his rotary chair with an air of patience worn out.

"You thought I had more sense," said Richling.

The doctor put his elbows upon his desk and slowly drew his face upward through his hands. "Mr. Richling, what is the matter with you?" They gazed at each other a long moment, and then Dr. Sevier continued: "Your trouble isn't want of sense. I know that very well, Richling." His voice was low and became kind. "But you don't get the use of the sense you have. It isn't available." He bent forward: "Some men, Richling, carry their folly on the surface and their good sense at the bottom,"—he jerked his thumb backward toward the distant Narcisse and added, with a stealthy frown,—“like that

little fool in yonder. He's got plenty of sense, but he doesn't load any of it on deck. Some men carry their sense on top and their folly down below ——"

Richling smiled broadly through his dejection, and touched his own chest. "Like this big fool here," he said.

"Exactly," said Dr. Sevier. "Now you've developed a defect of the memory. Your few merchantable qualities have been so long out of the market, and you've suffered such humiliation under the pressure of adversity, that you've—you've done a very bad thing."

"Say a dozen," responded Richling, with bitter humor. But the doctor swung his head in resentment of the levity:

"One's enough. You've allowed yourself to forget your true value."

"I'm worth whatever I'll bring."

The doctor tossed his head in impatient disdain.

"Pshaw! You'll never bring what you're worth, any more than some men are worth what they bring. You don't know how. You never will know."

"Well, Doctor, I do know that I'm worth more than I ever was before. I've learned a thousand things in the last twelvemonth. If I can only get a chance to prove it!" Richling turned red and struck his knee with his fist.

"Oh, yes," said Dr. Sevier; "that's your sense, on top. And then you go—in a fit of the merest impatience, as I do suspect—and offer yourself as a deck-hand and as a carriage-driver. That's your folly, at the bottom. What ought to be done to such a man?" He gave a low, harsh laugh. Richling dropped his eyes. A silence followed.

"You say all you want is a chance," resumed the doctor.

"Yes," quickly answered Richling, looking up.

"I'm going to give it to you." They looked into each other's eyes. The doctor nodded. "Yes, sir." He nodded again.

"Where did you come from, Richling—when you came to New Orleans—you and your wife? Milwaukee?"

"Yes."

"Do your relatives know of your present condition?"

"No."

"Is your wife's mother comfortably situated?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll tell you what you must do."

"The only thing I can't do," said Richling.

"Yes, you can. You must. You must send Mrs. Richling back to her mother."

Richling shook his head.

"Well," said the doctor, warmly, "I say

you must. I will lend you the passage money."

Richling's eye kindled an instant at the doctor's compulsory tone, but he said, gently:

"Why, Doctor, Mary will never consent to leave me."

"Of course she will not. But you must make her do it! That's what you must do. And when that's done, then you must start out and go systematically from door to door—of business houses, I mean,—offering yourself for work befitting your station—ahem!—station, I say—and qualifications. I will lend you money to live on until you find permanent employment. Now, now, don't get alarmed! I'm not going to help you any more than I absolutely must!"

"But, Doctor, how can you expect——" But the doctor interrupted.

"Come, now, none of that! You and your wife are brave; I must say that for you. She has the courage of a gladiator. You can do this if you will."

"Doctor," said Richling, "you are the best of friends; but, you know, the fact is, Mary and I—well, we're still lovers."

"Oh!" The doctor turned away his head with fresh impatience. Richling bit his lip, but went on:

"We can bear anything on earth together; but we have sworn to stay together through better and worse——"

"Oh, pf-f-f-f!" said the doctor, closing his eyes and swinging his head away again.

"—And we're going to do it," concluded Richling.

"But you can't do it!" cried the doctor, so loudly that Narcisse stood up on the rungs of his stool and peered.

"We can't separate."

Dr. Sevier smote the desk and sprang to his feet:

"Sir, you've got to do it! If you continue in this way, you'll die! You'll die, Mr. Richling—both of you! You'll die! Are you going to let Mary die just because she's brave enough to do it?" He sat down again and busied himself nervously placing pens on the pen-rack, the stopper in the inkstand, and the like.

Many thoughts ran through Richling's mind in the ensuing silence. His eyes were on the floor. Visions of parting,—of the great emptiness that would be left behind,—the pangs and yearnings that must follow,—crowded one upon another. One torturing realization kept ever in the front—that the doctor had a well-earned right to advise, and that, if his advice was to be rejected, one must show good and sufficient cause for rejecting it, both in present resources and in

expectations. The truth leaped upon him and bore him down as it never had done before—the truth which he had heard this very Dr. Sevier proclaim—that debt is bondage. For a moment he rebelled against it; but shame soon displaced mutiny, and he accepted this part, also, of his lot. At length he rose.

"Well?" said Dr. Sevier.

"May I ask Mary?"

"You will do what you please, Mr. Richling." And then, in a kinder voice, the doctor added, "Yes; ask her."

They moved together to the office door. The doctor opened it, and they said goodbye, Richling trying to drop a word of gratitude, and the doctor hurriedly ignoring it.

The next half hour or more was spent by the physician in receiving, hearing, and dismissing patients and their messengers. By and by no others came. The only audible sound was that of the doctor's paper-knife as it parted the leaves of a pamphlet. He was thinking over the late interview with Richling, and knew that, if this silence were not soon interrupted from without, he would have to encounter his book-keeper, who had not spoken since Richling had left. Presently the issue came.

"Dr. Seveeah,"—Narcisse came forward, hat in hand,—"I dunno 'ow 'tis, but Mistoo 'Itchlin' always wemine me of that povvub, 'Ully to bed, ully to 'ise, make a pusson to be 'ealthy an' wealthy an' wise.'"

"I don't know how it is, either," grumbled the doctor.

"I believe thass not the povvub I was thinking. I am acquainting myseff with those povvubs; but I'm somewhat gween in that light, in fact. Well, Doctah, I'm goin' ad the —shoemakeh. I burs' my shoe yistiddy. I was juz——"

"Very well, go."

"Yesseh; and from the shoemakeh I'll go——"

The doctor glanced darkly over the top of the pamphlet.

"—Ad the bank; yesseh," said Narcisse, and went.

XXX.

AT LAST.

MARY, cooking supper, uttered a soft exclamation of pleasure and relief as she heard John's step under the alley window and then at the door. She turned, with an iron spoon in one hand and a candlestick in the other, from the little old stove with two pot-holes, where she had been stirring some mess in a tin pan.

"Why you're"—she reached for a kiss—"real late!"

"I could not come any sooner." He dropped into a chair at the table.

"Busy?"

"No; no work to-day."

Mary lifted the pan from the stove, whisked it to the table, and blew her fingers.

"Same subject continued," she said laughingly, pointing with her spoon to the warmed-over food.

Richling smiled and nodded, and then flattened his elbows out on the table and hid his face in them.

This was the first time he had ever lingered away from his wife when he need not have done so. It was the doctor's proposition that had kept him back. All day long it had filled his thoughts. He felt its wisdom. Its sheer practical value had pierced remorselessly into the deepest convictions of his mind. But his heart could not receive it.

"Well," said Mary, brightly, as she sat down at the table, "may be you'll have better luck to-morrow. Don't you think you may?"

"I don't know," said John, straightening up and tossing back his hair. He pushed a plate up to the pan, supplied and passed it. Then he helped himself and fell to eating.

"Have you seen Dr. Sevier to-day?" asked Mary, cautiously, seeing her husband pause and fall into distraction.

He pushed his plate away and rose. She met him in the middle of the room. He extended both hands, took hers, and gazed upon her. How could he tell? Would she cry and lament, and spurn the proposition, and fall upon him with a hundred kisses? Ah, if she would! But he saw that Dr. Sevier, at least, was confident she would not; that she would have, instead, what the wife so often has in such cases, the strongest love, it may be, but also the strongest wisdom for that particular sort of issue. Which would she do? Would she go or would she not?

He tried to withdraw his hands, but she looked beseechingly into his eyes and knit her fingers into his. The question stuck upon his lips and would not be uttered. And why should it be? Was it not cowardice to leave the decision to her? Should not he decide? Oh! if she would only rebel! But would she? Would not her utmost be to give good reasons in her gentle, inquiring way why he should not require her to leave him? And were there any such? No, no. He had racked his brain to find so much as one, all day long.

"John," said Mary, "Dr. Sevier's been talking to you."

"Yes."

"And he wants you to send me back home for a while."

"How do you know?" asked John, with a start.

"I can read it in your face." She loosed one hand and laid it upon his brow.

"What—what do you think about it, Mary?"

Mary looking into his eyes with the face of one who pleads for mercy, whispered, "He's right," then buried her face in his bosom and wept like a babe.

"I felt it six months ago," she said later, sitting on her husband's knee and holding his folded hands tightly in hers.

"Why didn't you say so?" asked John.

"I was too selfish," was her reply.

When on the second day afterward they entered the doctor's office, Richling was bright with that new hope which always rises up beside a new expedient, and Mary looked well and happy. The doctor wrote them a letter of introduction to the steam-boat agent.

"You're taking a very sensible course," he said, smoothing the blotting-paper heavily over the letter. "Of course, you think it's hard. It is hard. But distance needn't separate you."

"It can't," said Richling.

"Time," continued the doctor—"may be a few months—will bring you together again, prepared for a long life of secure union; and then, when you look back upon this, you'll be proud of your courage and good sense. And you'll be——" He inclosed the note, directed the envelope, and, pausing with it still in his hand, turned toward the pair. They rose up. His rare, sick-room smile hovered about his mouth, and he said:

"You'll be all the happier—all three of you."

The husband smiled. Mary colored down to the throat and looked up on the wall, where Harvey was explaining to his king the circulation of the blood. There was quite a pause, neither side caring to utter the first adieu.

"If a physician could call any hour his own," presently said the doctor, "I should say I would come down to the boat and see you off. But I might fail in that.—Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Doctor."—A little tremor in the voice.—"Take care of John."

The tall man looked down into the upturned blue eyes.

"Good-bye!" He stooped toward her forehead, but she lifted her lips and he kissed them. So they parted.

The farewell with Mrs. Riley was mainly characterized by a generous and sincere ex-

change of compliments and promises of remembrance. Some tears rose up; a few ran over.

At the steam-boat wharf there were only the pair themselves to cling one moment to each other and then wave that mute farewell that looks through watery eyes and sticks in the choking throat. Who ever knows what good-bye means?

"DOCTOR," said Richling when he came to accept those terms in the doctor's proposition which applied more exclusively to himself, — "no, Doctor, not that way, please." He put aside the money proffered him. "This is what I want to do: I will come to your house every morning and get enough to eat to sustain me through the day, and will continue to do so till I find work."

"Very well," said the doctor.

The arrangement went into effect. They never met at dinner; but almost every morn-

ing the doctor, going into the breakfast room, met Richling just risen from his earlier and hastier meal.

"Well? Anything yet?"

"Nothing yet."

And unless there was some word from Mary, nothing more would be said. So went the month of November.

But at length, one day toward the close of the doctor's office hours, he noticed the sound of an agile foot springing up his stairs three steps at a stride, and Richling entered, panting and radiant.

"Doctor, at last! At last!"

"At last, what?"

"I've found employment! I have, indeed. One line from you, and the place is mine! A good place, Doctor, and one that I can fill. The very thing for me! Adapted to my abilities!" He laughed so that he coughed, was still, and laughed again. "Just a line, if you please, Doctor."

(To be continued.)

" *THY KINGDOM COME!* "

BATTLE's red banner frights the shrinking sky,
His fierce foot tramples earth's prone, rended heart;
But some time will be hushed his orphan's cry,
And Peace rejoice in meadow and in mart.

Wrong throttles Right, Injustice reigns in guile,
Self, the base robber, riots mid his gains;
But some time Right will come with golden smile,
Victorious virtue spread its heavenly reign.

Genius, unnoticed, shrinks at jest and sneer;
Wealth, Rank combine to blight his glorious life;
But some time up his bay-wreathed brow will rear,
And his keen sword hew way amid the strife.

Money reigns king: its slaves cheat, lie, and steal,
Mean flatterers bow the knee and bare the head;
But some time Worth his presence will reveal
And spurn the spaniels with his stately tread.

Hail the blest time! 'twill not be alway night!
Earth's sounding song will not be ever dumb!
Hasten, O Thou, Thy grand Millennial light!
Sovereign and Father! "Let Thy Kingdom Come!"

Alfred B. Street.

AMONG THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

THE CRUISE OF THE "ALICE MAY." III.

HAVING arrived at the Magdalen Islands, we anchored at Havre Aubert, the chief town. There is a small, snug port here, but difficult to enter, and the channel is narrow and only good for small vessels. The roads are formed by the bight inside of the group, which are so situated as to resemble a boot. This anchorage is reasonably secure in good weather, but is open to northerly and easterly winds. Vessels caught there in a gale of wind dodge around the islands, unless the wind shifts too rapidly for this manœuvre to be accomplished.

In the memorable cyclone of 1873 a large fleet of American mackerel schooners were making a lee at Amherst, when the storm suddenly shifted from south-west to north-east. Thirty-one schooners were driven on shore at their anchors in an hour, and proved a total loss.

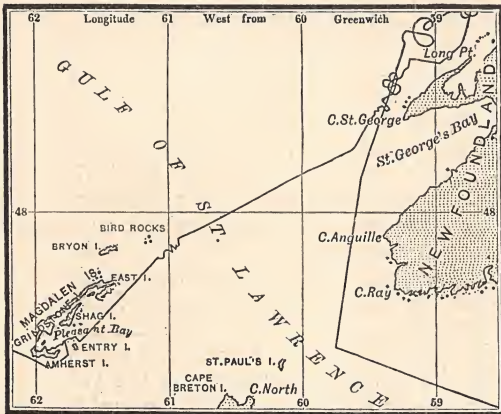
There is nothing very inspiring about the insular metropolis called Havre Aubert. It receives character from the lofty eminence called *Demoiselle Hill*, which springs vertically from the sea. But there is an extraordinary air of solitude and woe-begoneness over the place, which grows on one, because there are no trees or shrubs, and the wrecks bleaching in the slime or on the beach seem to suggest that this is the grand central spot to which decayed vessels come, a sort of hospital for disabled and superannuated ships. And indeed, no place in the world is responsible for more shipwrecks than this savage, solitary cluster of sand dunes in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The Magdalen Islands extend about sixty miles north and south. The main group is practically one island; that is, it consists of several islands composed of real soil and rocks more or less covered with trees, connected by long stretches of sand which are broken at intervals by inlets. Between are shallow lagoons, generally not deep enough for a boat. Thus Amherst is connected with Grindstone Island, and Grindstone and Alright are connected with Coffin Island. Were it not for the inlets, one might go continuously dry-shod from Amherst to Coffin Island. But the water in the inlets is so shoal that in places they can be forded — not, however, without some danger, as quicksands abound. Several detached islands lie outside of the main group. These are Deadman Island, Entry, Bird Rock,

and Bryon islands. The last is a great resort of sea-birds, and offers manifold attractions to naturalists and sportsmen.

These islands were a royal grant to Admiral Coffin in the last century. They are peopled, with the exception of Entry Island, by Acadian French, who retain all the characteristics of their race. The present population is 4,316. It is curious that, although the French were but a short time in Acadie, yet the impression of the life there and their subsequent expulsion is yet so vivid that the good people of these islands visit Canada as an American returns to England, as though it were the old home. They are a quiet, well-behaved folk, somewhat inclined to indolence. But they can hardly be blamed for lack of enterprise and spirit when the circumstances in which their lives have been cast are so forbidding. For six months in the year they are shut out from the rest of the world by the ice which incloses the islands. They might as well be at the south pole. Two years ago a cable was laid to Prince Edward Island, but it does not extend to the detached islands, and does not appear to be of much use to any of them. When we were there, the operator at Havre Aubert was absent; he had actually left for the main-land, to be gone several weeks. During the summer a steamer runs from Pictou to Amherst. She is old as the "remainder biscuit after a voyage," and plies twice monthly on this course when really unfit for service, probably because the good people of these islands are charitably supposed to be more ready to go to heaven by sea than most travelers. Almost the sole means of livelihood is found in the fisheries, and when these fail, which is not rarely, life becomes a burden. Last year a famine occurred which came within an ace of decimating the population. The fisheries had been a failure; then the ship which was expected to bring the winter's supply of flour before the ice formed foundered in a storm. By the time spring came, starvation stared the people in the face. Many would have died if it had not been that a large ship with produce was wrecked on the ice off Coffin Island. The news spread like wild-fire. The whole population turned out, and from the cargo of a shipwrecked vessel drew a new lease of life. But these repeated calamities are at last having their effect. The people are attached to

these naked isles, for here is their home. But fate is against them, and, scraping together a few dollars, they are gradually emigrating to Labrador or Canada. During the long winters they sometimes catch seals on the ice, occasionally upwards of 30,000 in one season. The hunt after seals is one of the most exciting incidents of winter-life at these desolate isles. The ice forms for several miles entirely around the group, besides welding them fast together with its iron-like grip.



MAP OF THE CRUISE FROM THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS TO CAPE ST. GEORGE.

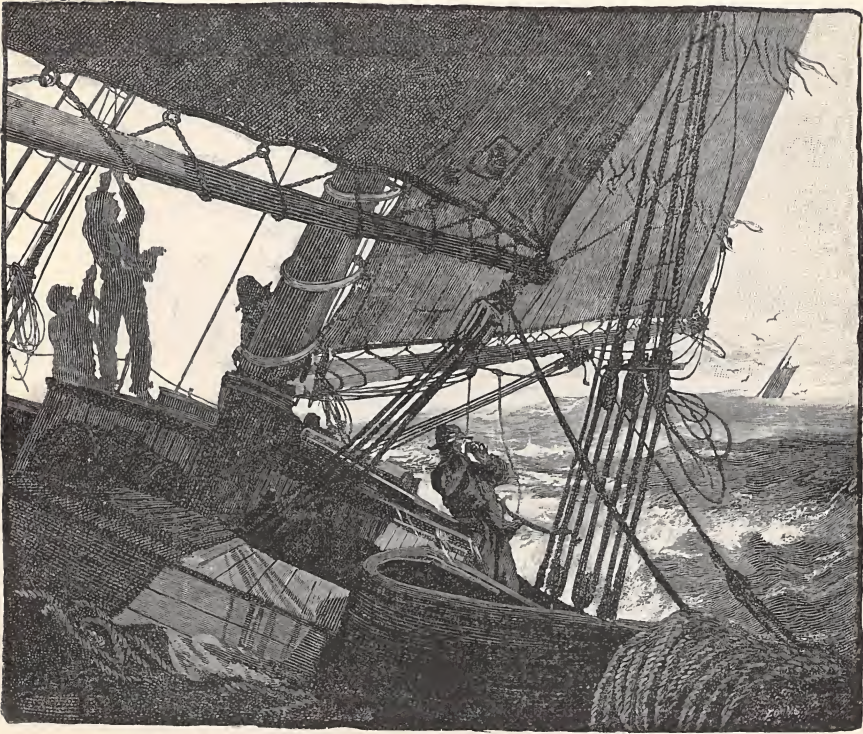
The seals have no regular haunt, but are liable to appear at any spot. A keen look-out is kept for them, and from the hills their dark forms can be discerned for a long distance away on the ice. When they are discovered the news spreads rapidly. From every quarter the people hasten toward the prey in feverish excitement, armed with knives, clubs, and spears. In their eagerness these sportsmen often forget all caution, and venture out a long distance from the shore. But this is attended with great hazard, as a sudden wind is liable to break up the ice, which is, in any case, brittle along its outside barrier. Every winter one or two men are lost in the seal hunt. A year or two ago three poor fellows were carried off on a cake of floating ice before the eyes of their neighbors, who were helpless to aid.

Another winter occupation here is to go to the forests of dwarf spruce at Amherst and Grindstone Islands and build fishing boats and small schooners. When the vessel is completed, the owner invites his neighbors to help him haul her to the beach; she is drawn thither on rollers and launched on the ice. After that follows a dance, for which he provides simple refreshments. Liquors, it may be added, are little drunk here, chiefly because of a prohibitory law. Seven lobster canneries have been established quite recently

which give employment to a number; 434,758 lobsters were exported in 1881. But the continuance of even this business is precarious, as it depends upon the lobsters, which are liable to take a sudden whim, like the mackerel, and leave for other parts. The cannery of our courteous consular agent, Mr. Ogilby, at Amherst, is a very well regulated establishment, and due regard seems to be given to the condition and cleanliness of the lobster before it is canned, which is a matter very little considered at some lobster factories which we might name. Capitalists have repeatedly offered to purchase the Magdalen Islands of Colonel Coffin, their present owner. There is considerable coloring matter in the soil, which it is thought might be turned to account for pigments. But the proprietor justly reasons that, if any one is willing to give \$30,000, the sum offered, the islands must undoubtedly be worth more. The revenue from the islands is trifling; but to a man of large fortune like him, it is interesting to be called Lord of the Magdalen Islands, and to hold them, as it were, in fief to the Crown. He charges a mere nominal annual rent of one shilling the acre, and does not press his tenants for immediate payment. It would, therefore, be difficult to foment rebellion here.

The Magdalen Islands were a few years ago one of the most frequented resorts of the Gloucester fishermen. Sometimes one hundred and fifty sail might be seen fishing there at one time. At night or in foul weather they would run in and make a lee in the bight of the islands. At such times there have been upward of ten hundred fishermen on shore. Often they were noisy and "flown" with liquor, and great merriment and rioting, as one might easily imagine, was the result, frequently to the annoyance of the inhabitants, among whom there were not all told that number of male adults. But these fishermen were, on the other hand, an appreciable source of revenue, the loss of which is greatly felt since our schooners ceased to frequent the Gulf. The great storm previously alluded to appears to have had a depressing influence on the mackerel.

Havre aux Maisons, or House Harbor, is next in size to Havre Aubert, and the only other inclosed port in the group. But the entrance is tortuous and difficult; and in order to avoid getting the *Alice May* again aground, we decided to leave her at Amherst, with directions to run her into the inner harbor in case it came on to blow from the north-east, while we proceeded to Grindstone Island in one of the large schooner-rigged fishing-boats of Amherst. It was thirty feet long and shaped



THE DASH TO AMHERST.

somewhat like a whale-boat. She was manned by a highly respectable old French fisherman, whose hair was grizzled, and whose features were seamed and bronzed by a life of hardship and danger. His son accompanied us. We were privately informed that they belonged to upper society at Amherst, for the sister of the old man lived in one of the best houses there, and kept a boarding-house, although boarders must be rather scarce. There was much quiet dignity in the bearing of this venerable habitant, albeit he wore a sou'wester and smoked a spliced clay pipe. The crow's feet in the corners of his dimmed eyes, the hard look as he gazed over the sea, and the pursed-up mouth indicated the struggles of a long life of sea toil and suffering. We started with a strong breeze at early morning. It was blowing half a gale, and our sails were reefed down. But the wind moderated as the sun rose higher, and the distance of nine miles across the bay was made in good season.

Things were apparently more quiet at Havre aux Maisons than at Amherst. The liveliest object there was the sail-boat which ferried across the inlet from Grindstone to Alright. But in reality there is more commercial activity here than at any other port in the Magdalen. This is due, in part, to the energy

of M. Nelson Arseneaux, who owns several schooners and a trading establishment, besides vats for trying out seal oil. He is a man of frank and hearty disposition and of hospitable bent. He is ever ready to extend a welcome to travelers; and those who have experienced his courtesy will always remember him and his amiable family with lively interest.

We found a comfortable lodging and capital board at the house of Madame Baudreau, a native of Nova Scotia, whose Highland origin is unmistakably evident in her matronly features, her galliard manner, ready wit, and keen intelligence. If a beneficent Providence had placed her in a more active society, she would have been a woman of affairs. Her husband superintended a lobster cannery at Grand Entry Island, while she remained at home and gave a lodging to such stray wanderers as might come there during the summer. She had the history of the island and its every inhabitant at her fingers' ends. Excellent, also, were the meals she served. It is a fact worth remembering that women of masculine strength of character are generally good cooks. The islands are so poor that any attempt at an elaborate *menu* must prove a failure there. There is much, however, in cooking well what is at hand,



THE OLD SKIPPER.

and in this quality our hostess excelled. The chops were admirable; the wild strawberries and cream were delicious; the tea was steeped just enough, and the potatoes were mealy and toothsome.

To cap the climax, Madame gave us at breakfast trout that Lucullus might have envied. Noble three- and four-pound trout they were, and cooked as if Izaak Walton himself had been there to give directions. There was no difficulty in swallowing these beautiful fish; but when it came to swallowing the account of the manner in which they were caught, there was some demur. I tell the story, but do not vouch for it; although, as I heard it elsewhere also, without any collusion between the narrators, it would seem to have some basis in fact. These fish were caught by hand; not with a net or a gaff, but actually by grasping them with the bare hand, and taking them out of the water! No fly-makers or rod-fashioners need expect custom for their wares in places where trout are caught by hand. The explanation given is that the streams are very small, which is perfectly true; and that, when the fish get up near the head of the brook, it becomes so narrow and shallow that a three-pound trout finds it hard work to turn around. While the fish are in this predicament, an active lad can get a fast hold of them and land them on the grass.

After returning from mass, Madame Baudreau placed her carriage at our disposal. It was after the latest style of phaeton in use at the islands; to be sure, it looked like a very primitive sort of a cart, but it was the only sort of vehicle to be had; and although its jolting made our teeth chatter, we had a very jolly ride to the fishing village of Étang du Nord. The distance was five miles over a very broken country. This village is by far the most bustling of any settlement in the group. It appears even more populous than it is, because the shore of the semicircular harbor is lined with fish-houses built on piles, which look very much like the huts of the lake-dwellers of Switzerland. A large fleet of fishing-boats belong to this place, and when they are at anchor on a holiday, or during a westerly gale, the little port has a most animated appearance.

At a cost which it would seem must be altogether beyond the means of the poverty-stricken people, a breakwater is in course of construction across the mouth of the harbor, which lies exposed to north and west winds. The great drawback to Étang du Nord is the unspeakable filth around the fish-houses. The stench of decaying fish exceeds belief. A board of health would seem a prime requisite at this place.

It was pleasant to turn from these fish-

houses to a characteristic scene, to which we were attracted by the sweet strains of a violin floating on the calm summer air. On proceeding in the direction from which it came, we discovered the village musician seated bare-headed on the door-step of a small house, absorbed in the harmonies of the fiddle-bow.

scouring the neighborhood, we succeeded in obtaining two carts and a guide, who would also bring back the vehicles. Passing again through Étang du Nord, we entered on the dunes, and for some ten miles the course lay along a beach of sand, through which the wheels were dragged with difficulty. The strong north-



ÉTANG DU NORD.

He was a character whose fine cranial development and sapient eye might have enabled him easily to pass himself off for a philosopher. We set him down as the village pedagogue, if there be one—a question we did not ask. Around him a group of eager listeners had collected. Some were seated on chairs or stools; others had planted themselves on the ground; while the younger members of this rustic audience lay on their stomachs, supporting their faces on their elbows and flourishing their feet in the air. It was a delicious bit of nature, unaffected by the restraints of city life. A far greater musician might envy the uncritical delight with which the audience testified their appreciation of the pleasure afforded them.

The following day opened with a gale of wind, which sang wildly over the lonely wolds of Grindstone Island. As it was blowing too hard for the boat, and we had no time to lose, we decided to return to Havre Aubert by land along the sand dunes. The fords had been shifted by recent storms, and we were told that the passage was more hazardous than it had been for years. But a man had been over the road the previous week without accident, and we decided to take the risk. After

west wind drove the great breakers shoreward on our right with deafening thunder. At times the surf encroached on our path and splashed over the wheels. Wrecks, or the skeletons of ill-fated vessels, were seen frequently, either entirely exposed or deeply embedded in the sand. Many a poor ship has been picked up by these dunes at night, or driven on them by the fury of irresistible tempests. Water was on either hand—the open sea on the right and a great lagoon on the left. The gusts swept furiously over that scene of solitude and desolation. The air was misty with spray, and the screaming fish-hawks and cormorants wheeled past us like lightning borne down on the wind. Like a gray cloud, Deadman Island loomed faintly in the southern horizon. Not a soul was in sight on that desolate shore. Alone, we labored slowly over the sand toward Amherst, which looked far enough away directly ahead. At last we arrived at a place where a long break occurred in the beach on which we were traveling. Before us rolled the sea. We could reach the opposite shore only by venturing to try a shoal which lay across the inlet, curving inward, and somewhat removed from direct exposure to the surf, or it would have been impassable.



THE FIDDLER.

The ford was marked by twigs fixed in the bottom at rare intervals, and also by land bearings known to the guide. But it was narrow, and great care was necessary to avoid getting into deep water. The water came up repeatedly over the hubs into the bottom of the carts. The poor horses panted with the exertion. The passage was successfully accomplished after we had proceeded a distance of a mile through the water. From that point there were no further difficulties to encounter, and we stopped to rest the horses and partake of the lunch we had brought. What we had most apprehended was the quicksands, exceedingly subtle foes, which take one unawares, and out of which there is no escape. Having passed this danger, we were able to enjoy our sandwiches and pipes with unusual zest, as we sat under the lee of a great white sand-hill, over which the wind whistled with a shrill wail.

The shores of Amherst Island, to which we had crossed, were quite different from those of Grindstone Island. There we traversed a bare beach of fine sand; but here we found a line of high and very picturesque sand-hills, covered with long salt grass, running along the coast like a breastwork erected to protect the land from the ravages of the sea. Many highly pictorial effects, replete with sentiment, presented themselves as we slowly rode to-

ward the hills of Amherst. When we reached there we found a soil sufficiently rich to support forests of dwarf spruce and pine, and farther on, to yield potatoes and cabbages. From these spruce trees the islanders brew spruce beer, which is the chief beverage in the Magdalen Islands.

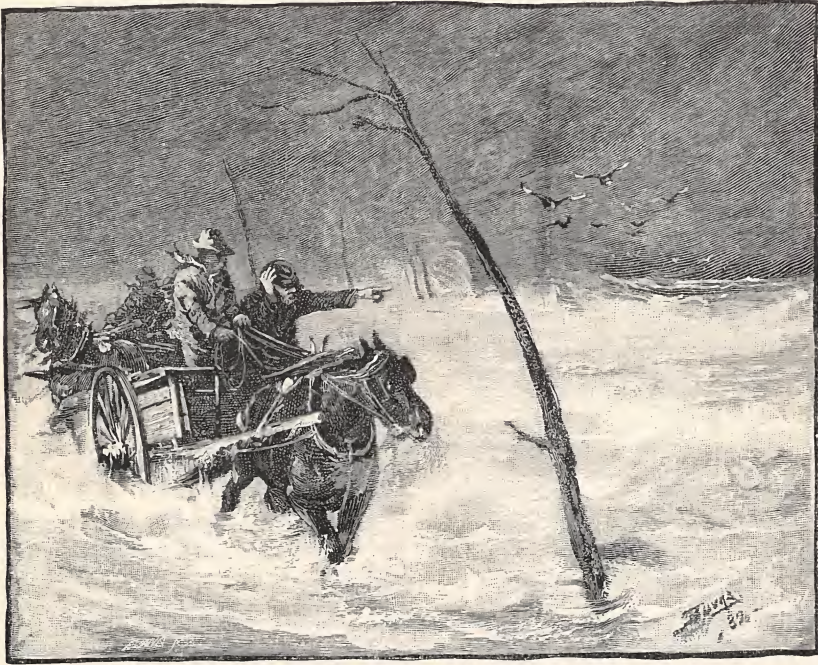
At Anse aux Cabanes the cliffs became abrupt, and we found a small cove where a group of fishing-boats were drawn up on the beach. A little beyond this we came to a lake forming the foreground of a very agreeable landscape, whose features were so combined as to suggest some fair prospect in southern seas instead of an actual scene in the bleak Magdalen Isles. In the extreme distance the noble outline of Entry Island loomed up beyond the blue sea, suffused with a deep, warm lilac hue; the water was of a superb azure, like amethyst and turquoise. Demoiselle Hill gave emphasis to the middle distance, and a lawn-like slope, clothed in verdure, encircled the small lake which formed the foreground of an exquisite natural composition.

We reached Havre Aubert without further incident, and went on board our schooner hungry as wolves. We found calkers in possession of the deck. The heat at Gaspé had melted the tar out of the seams, and our cabin had for several days leaked badly.

Captain Welsh had succeeded in engaging calkers when at mass on the previous Sabbath. It was difficult to get them at this season, as it was the time for making hay at the Magdalen Islands—that is, for catching fish, which is the chief harvest of the people.

On the following day the sky was reasonably clear, but looked smoky in the south-

tinted red and brown, are to be seen in its entire circuit, which, at the eastern end, are over four hundred feet high. A most beautiful undulating plateau, covered with long waving grass, breast high, on the western half of the island, rises, first gradually, then rapidly, into a central range, terminating in twin peaks, the loftiest of which is called St. Law-



CROSSING THE FORD TO AMHERST.

west, and the glass was falling; but we concluded to run over to Entry Island at least, where we could make a lee if it should blow hard. Before starting, we laid in a supply of eggs and salt herrings, and were lucky enough to meet a woman with a bucket full of wild strawberries. They were so ridiculously cheap, that for two days all on board luxuriated on the berry of which Walton said, "Doubtless God might have made a better berry, but doubtless He never did."

A boat having come over from Entry Island to trade, we secured one of her crew to pilot us to a good anchorage there, and made sail. A very fresh breeze of wind drove us rapidly across the bay. We came to anchor under the lee of a sandy point and bar. The appearance of Entry Island is very impressive, differing altogether from that of the islands already described. It stands entirely isolated, ten miles from Havre Aubert. It is about three miles long, and in proportion to its size as mountainous as Madeira. Abrupt and magnificently shaped cliffs, beautifully

rency Hill, and is about six hundred feet high. The adjoining height is absurdly called Pig Hill. The slopes are partly covered by a miniature forest of dwarf cedars and spruces, which look like forest trees of larger growth. The soil is arable, and affords fine grazing. The summit of St. Lawrence Hill was whitened by a flock of nibbling sheep.

We landed on a sand beach near two lofty columnar red rocks, grotesquely shaped and called the Old Man and Old Woman. These names frequently occur in the nomenclature of those waters. From the frequent repetition of geographical epithets in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, one has a right to infer paucity of invention or verbal weakness among the early navigators who opened those regions. It was a good two miles' walk to the settlement, which is near the center of the island. The general aspect of things at Entry seemed like Pitcairn's Island, and I was constantly haunted by the idea that I was there. Entry Island is shaped something like a tadpole, a long point running out toward the west.

We first went to the light-house. It is kept by Mr. James Cassidy, a very civil and intelligent man, who has been there since the light was first erected. He invited us into his house, which adjoins the tower. Mrs. Cassidy also received us with refined affability. Books and magazines were abundant on the tables, and there was a true home-like aspect to everything about the house, which seemed very attractive, and was almost unexpected in that solitary spot. Mrs. Cassidy lamented the lack of educational advantages at Entry Island, and said she had been obliged to send her children to Nova Scotia for a schooling. She seemed to occupy an unusually lonely position, because the house is a mile from any other and the Cassidy's are entirely unrelated to the other residents at Entry.

After buying a sheep from Mr. Cassidy, we rambled over to Mrs. Dixon's house. This is the oldest of the ten dwellings on the islet, and she is both the oldest inhabitant and the first settler. Mrs. Dixon is now eighty-eight years of age, and came to Entry Island with her husband in 1822, sixty years ago. Still hale and hearty, she is full of animation and keen observation, and is virtually the queen of Entry Island, for she has twelve children and forty-seven grandchildren, besides a number of great-grandchildren, all of whom, with one or two exceptions, live there. There are ten families at Entry, all but one of whom are related to her; she is looked up to by all with reverence; her advice is asked and her counsels are followed, and she rules by a sort of mild patriarchal sway.

On reaching Mrs. Dixon's, we were cordially invited to enter, and bowls of fresh milk were brought to us. A flock of rosy, barefooted grandchildren clustered by the door and gazed at the strangers, until gradually they gathered courage to come in and talk with us. Mrs. Dixon welcomed us to her old home with a hearty cordiality, in which one could discern a certain air of authority natural to one who was at once an uncrowned sovereign and the progenitor of the subjects who peopled her insular realm. Had she ever wearied of such a lonely existence? we asked. Oh, no, she replied. She had been once off the island in sixty years; but there was always plenty to do, and with her children about her she was content. During the long winters they threshed grain, or made butter, or spun yarn, and wove the cloth they wore. Sometimes they had a fiddle and a dance, and at any rate there was always something to be done. She regretted that only during the summer could they have

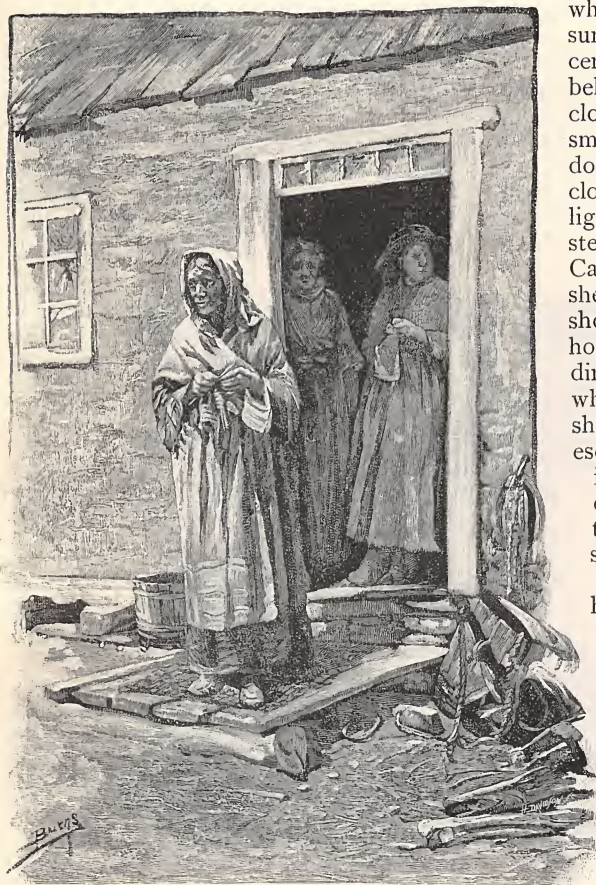
religious services, when a clergyman would come over two or three times and baptize the babies or confirm the young. From December to February Entry Island is cut off from all communication with the other isles of the group. In February or March the broken ice generally becomes solid, and people can then cross over to Grindstone Island until May, when the ice disappears.

The old lady sat in the ample smoke-blackened chimney corner of her kitchen, while entertaining us, knitting a stocking. There was no dimness in her eyes, no quavering in her utterance. Her voice was clear and strong, and her speech was spiced with shrewd and witty remarks. She was evidently a woman of remarkable strength of character. It was with great interest that I heard her talk, for it is not often in this age that a woman is found occupying such a position, the virtual sovereign of an island which for six months in the year is shut out from the world. It was interesting to see the deference shown to the old lady by her sons when they entered the room where she was seated. A large family Bible was a prominent object in the best room; and from all we could gather, these people are honest and piously inclined.

From Mrs. Dixon's we made our way through the long grass to the grand precipices at the eastern end of the island. These cliffs are upward of four hundred feet above the sea, and are remarkable for their color and form. At the extreme easterly point there is a small inaccessible peninsula connected with the main island by a narrow curtain of rock, which comes up into a very sharp edge, four hundred feet high. A few foxes hide on this point, and at night creep over on this sharp edge, and make a raid on the hen-roosts. There seems to be no way of reaching these stealthy rogues, without great risk of destruction to the hunter.

The highest of the Entry Island cliffs is four hundred and forty feet high, and comes to a point like a turret erected to watch the coast. It is, in fact, called the Watch Tower. As we gazed over the edge of the precipices on the sea side of these cliffs, I was vividly reminded of the celebrated rocks of the Channel Islands.

There is great beauty and variety in the formation of Entry Island. Its surface is so broken into miniature valleys, gorges, and plateaus, that it seems very much larger than it is. There are several deep pits near the east end, to which one must give a wide berth, for they contain water to an unknown depth, while the mouths are almost concealed by a growth of rank grass. Everything about



A FEW OF THE NATIVES.

the interior of Entry Island suggested pastoral ease and happiness. The flocks and herds grazed on the hills. Healthy children, fowls, calves, geese, and pigs jostled together before the farm-houses in good-natured rivalry of friendship. If there were no evidences of wealth among the good people, there were also no signs of squalor or discontent. As the day declined, and the shadows grew long, the cattle from all parts of the island gathered to a common stock-yard or byre. It was pleasing to hear the bells tinkling as the cattle wended home. When they had all come, the milk-maids entered the inclosure with their pails.

After purchasing a supply of eggs, we turned our faces toward our floating home riding in the bay. The ramble of the afternoon and the keen sea-wind had whetted our appetites. But the state of the weather also warned us to hasten on board without further delay. All the afternoon the wind had been rising, until now it blew a gale from the south-west, with every prospect of increasing in violence. It swept over the hills in shrill blasts, and the reefs were

white with the foam of the beating surges. Vessels could also be discerned putting back to make a lee behind the island. A great bank of cloud had gathered in the west like a smoke, and fully an hour before sun-down the sun had buried itself in this cloud, and an early and ominous twilight came on apace. Hastening our steps, we at last reached the boat. Mr. Cassidy was waiting there with the sheep. He advised us to remain on shore, and offered us a lodging at his house. Although protected from the direct force of the waves, the cove where the *Alice May* was anchored showed the influence of the under-tow escaping around the bar. She was rolling heavily, surrounded by a fleet of schooners which had collected there during our absence, seeking a shelter.

We found our boat's crew in bad humor, because they had been detained so long after eight bells, or supper-time. Punctuality at meals is one of the important points in a sailor's life; his fare may be poor, but it is the best he has, and he looks forward to it. Nothing irritates Jack more than to be late to meals. We desired to go aboard without delay. The fury of the wind soon drove the boat out to the vessel, but it required great caution to round to and get aboard without swamping the boat. As we had but one boat, and it was now dark, it would be all up with us if the yawl capsized. To make matters worse, the men were scared as well as cross, and I found it no small matter to bring her to with the steering oar.

"Keep cool; one at a time, boys," was the word as we lay alongside and grasped the line which was thrown to us. As the schooner rolled her side down toward us, there was a general scramble, and we all grasped the rail at once and leaped safely on board.

"Well, Henry, is supper ready yet?"

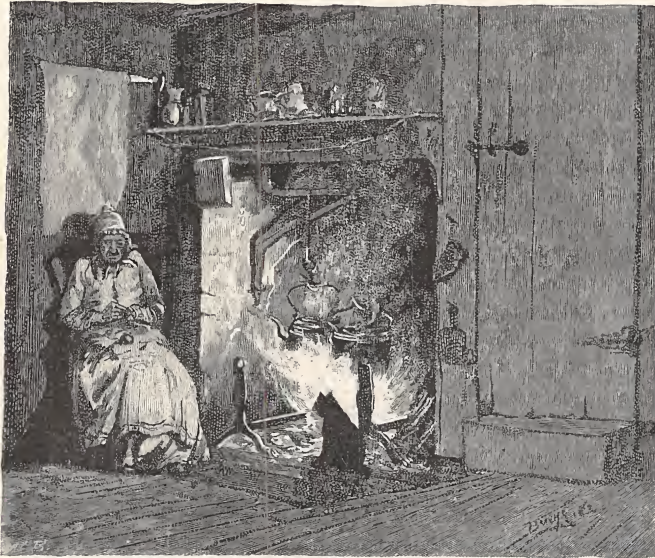
"Yes, sir, all ready; it's waiting for you below, sir."

The faithful fellow had kept the supper warm, and, as soon as he saw us coming off, knowing our eagerness for something warm, he lighted the lamp and laid the dishes on the table. Out from the wind, we stepped below into our homely but cozy cabin, and were greeted with the grateful fragrance of a savory meal. Among other dishes was a mess that was new to us. A ragout of lamb, highly sea-

soned, was surrounded by a wall of potatoes, mashed and richly browned.

Many were the expressions of ecstasy and impatience with which we hailed the supper, and especially this dish. It was frequently encored until it was exhausted. Whenever a new dish appeared, we gave it an appropriate name. Bean soup we called "Potage à la Pompadour"; then, too, we had a *fricassée au cheval de maître d'hôtel*, which was composed of salt

The glass was still falling, and if the wind should shift to the north-east or north-west we were in a nice box. But we preferred to regard this as a summer blow that would die out before morning, and accordingly enjoyed the grandeur of the night without apprehension. About midnight the wind began to cant, with that whiffing uneasiness of direction which always demands a sharp lookout. It was preparing to shift. All hands were



OLD FIRE-PLACE AT ENTRY ISLAND.

beef. Our favorite dish was *œufs au dindon du Cap Cod*, which, freely translated, means fish-balls garnished with poached eggs. This dish was, perhaps, Henry's *chef d'œuvre*.

But while we were enjoying our supper with such zest, the little schooner was rolling more heavily, and the hum of the wind in the rigging showed that the force of the gale was increasing.

When the moon rose it added to the wildness and splendor of the night. The sky was clear from clouds, but a thin haze slightly obscured the stars. A tremendous surf was breaking on the low spit which protected us from the brunt of the gale. As the spray shot high up in vast sheets of foam, it caught the light of the moon, and was turned into molten silver. Before us loomed the dark mass of Entry Island, vague and mysterious. From time to time the dark outline of a schooner could be seen coming around the island under short sail to make a lee. Then would be heard the rattle of the cable, and soon the schooner would add the gleam of her anchor light to those already twinkling and bobbing in the roads.

called, close reefs were put in the fore and main sails, and the crew manned the windlass. This preparation had come none too quickly, for, with a flurry of rain and several vivid flashes of lightning, the wind suddenly came out of the west-north-west. Quickly hoisting the reefed main sail and jib, we hastened away from an anchorage which, from being a safe lee, had become a lee shore. As we passed from the shelter of the island, we encountered a wild, tumultuous sea, which decided us to head on our original course, instead of running to the leeward of Entry Island. If it should come on to blow hard, we considered that it would beat down the old sea, and we could then run for the southern side of Entry; while, if the wind moderated, we were gaining in every mile we sailed. Cruising among the Magdalen Islands is not a trifling sport; it requires judgment and caution, for there are no harbors accessible in bad weather, and the lee under the land made with one wind may become a deadly foe the next hour, while the seas which the winds raise in the Gulf are exceedingly dangerous, not because they are unusually high, but be-



THE GALE AT ENTRY ISLAND.

cause they are short and steep—just the sort of waves which trip vessels rolling in a calm, or cause them to founder when hove to.

But the wind soon began to moderate, and we headed north-east for the Bay of Islands, two hundred and fifty miles away. It was with enthusiasm that we saw the *Alice May* at last shaping a course for what promised to be one of the most interesting points in our cruise. The reports we had heard regarding the grandeur of the scenery on the west coast of Newfoundland, together with the savage reputation of the cliffs and people, had fired our imagination. Bryon Island and Bird Rock bore about west at noon; the latter was only two miles distant. It is indeed a lonely spot, entirely bare, and occupied only by the three light-keepers. Access can be had to it only by a crane overhanging the water from the precipice. A chair is lowered, and visitors are hoisted from the boat. The Rock has been the scene of two disasters within the last fifteen months. When the keepers were firing the fog-gun, it exploded and killed two of them on the spot. It was several days before the poor survivor could contrive to induce a passing sail to touch there and carry the news to the mainland. Previous to this sad event, Bird Rock was at one time destitute of provisions after a prevalence of long bad weather, and the light-keepers were forced to consider seriously the possibility that one of the Magdalen Islands might become a cannibal island. But their signals were finally seen when the weather moderated, and a passing ship came to their aid at the last moment. It is dreadful that such a condition of things should be

possible so near to civilized life. There is not the slightest excuse for a light-house to be allowed to run out of provisions. In this day of canned and preserved meats and hard bread, a supply sufficient for a year would not spoil, and would prevent peril from starvation. No light-house, difficult of access in bad weather, should be at any time left with less than a double supply of light-keepers, and stores for fully six months. The smaller Bird Rock lies about half a mile distant from the one on which the light-house stands. It is a low, jagged, dangerous ledge. There is a passage between the two islands, or rocks, but no vessel should try it, unless pressed by the wind too near the rocks without the ability to tack or claw off from such perilous proximity. Although the wind was light, there was still such a high swell that we did not think it expedient to attempt to try landing on Bird Rock. Bryon Island resembles Entry Island, being well fitted for pasturage; it is occupied by several English farmers. But it is more flat than Entry Island, and every way less interesting, except for its large variety of sea-fowl. Owing to its distance from the other islands of the group, and the entire absence of harbors, Bryon Island is rarely visited by boats or ships. A party of naturalists and sportsmen from Boston were there during our visit to the Magdalen Islands.

The sunset was superb, the colors being brilliant, but tender, and finally merging in a deep orange hue, lasting for hours, until imperceptibly absorbed in the purple veil of night. It was emphatically a fair-weather sky, which was exactly what we hoped for when cruising along the tremendous coast of

the west of Newfoundland. A light wind fanned the schooner on her course all night, and at sunrise land was made out on the lee bow. Never does the first sight of a new coast, or in fact of any coast, become a commonplace event, even to the most experienced old salt. All the senses seem at once on the alert to ascertain what point it can be. The various bearings are considered, the chart is studied afresh, and each one has his own opinion to express. Of course there are times when the characteristics of the land are so salient, or so well known, that there can be no question as to its identity. But, as a rule, when land is first descried at sea, its whereabouts continues for a while a matter of speculation. Then, too, the imagination is stimulated, and actively surmises the nature of the country, its people, and special peculiarities. Particularly is this the case when one approaches an island he has not seen before. When one travels by rail, the social or topographical changes come by gradation, and there is rarely a striking contrast apparent at any one point. But when one arrives in sight of a new country by sea, the transition from the one to the other is rapid, and often violent. When he lands on the new shore, it seems to be like coming to another planet, and he is constantly saying to himself, "How strange it appears to see these people. Here they have been existing for ages; they are real human beings, marrying and giving in marriage, and engaged in human pursuits, and going through the endless round of destiny like my own people, and yet I never saw them or heard of them before. They seem quite able to do without the rest of the world!"

We made out the land in sight to be Cape St. George. It was yet very distant, and loomed like a gray cloud in the offing. A long and lofty and forbidding coast-line gradually came into view, trending north and south for a great distance. The larger part of the day a calm prevailed. Numerous whales were to be seen sporting in schools, their smoke-like spouting suggesting the firing of muskets. One of these unwieldy leviathans passed under our stern near enough to strike the schooner with a stroke of the tail, if he had so chosen. The high westerly swell drifted the vessel shoreward quite near to the inaccessible precipices of Cape St. George. This is a terrible coast in stormy weather. For sixty miles there is not a place where a ship attacked by westerly gales could make a lee or get an anchorage. The coast is many hundreds of feet high, without any beach at the foot except at rare intervals. When south of Cape St. George, a ship can make a lee of it in a nor'wester or run into

Georgetown. A lee can also be made in the bight of the cape, which is shaped not unlike a fish-hook. But this bight, or bay, is dangerous in a north-east wind, and the entrance is at best hazardous, as it is beset with reefs which are not buoyed. A very precarious lee resembling a forlorn hope may be made behind Red Island, a rock near the outer angle of Cape St. George. Red Island, by the way, is a summer station of the large French cod-fishing firm of Camolet Frères et les Fils de l'ainé, whose head-quarters are at St. Pierre.

What adds to the perils of this coast is the scarcity of the population and the desperate character of those who live there, occupying rough shanties among the rocks. It is a matter of fact and not of rumor that, when a shipwrecked vessel happens to be so situated that the crew can not escape, they are in great danger from these ruffians of the sea, whose object is to plunder the ship. It is most disgraceful that such miscreants should be permitted to live on any part of the British or French dominions. The perils of the sea are already sufficient without adding to them, by allowing the coast to be infested with sea-pirates. Probably each government would shirk the responsibility on the other, because the western and southern shores of Newfoundland are debatable ground, where each claims, but fails to obtain, unrestricted jurisdiction.

It is also very discreditable to somebody that there is no light-house between Cape Ray and the straits of Belle Isle, a distance of four hundred miles, on a coast passed by many vessels during six months of the year. Some would reply to this that the coast is high, and is easily discernible in all weathers, and that the entrances to the bays are free from shoals. This is true enough; but this very boldness of the coast makes it difficult to distinguish the ports until a ship is very close in, while it is quite impossible at night. The few ports are likewise so very far apart that it is highly dangerous for a ship to make a mistake in a gale of wind, for she is sure to be driven on shore before she can make the next port; whereas, with four or five prominent light-houses, this danger might be mitigated to a considerable degree. Two years ago a fleet of six schooners came out of the Bay of Islands in the afternoon. As it was late in the season, there were many passengers on board who were leaving the bay before the inclemency of the season should close navigation. It came on to blow hard from the westward during the night. The schooners could not carry sail against the savage wind and sea; under their lee was a pitiless coast without

anchorage or harbor, and haunted by demons in human shape. Before morning every one of this fleet had struck on the rocks and all hands perished; whether any of them came to land and were murdered remains a matter of conjecture.

Three winters ago a square-rigged vessel struck on the coast north of the Bay of Islands and lodged high up in a hollow of the cliff. All the crew but two were lost in trying to get to land. The survivors lingered on board, looking for a chance to get off safely or to be rescued by the inhabitants. After some weeks the fuel gave out, or at least the means for kindling a fire. Then one of the men died. For two months the single survivor lived in this appalling situation, with

only a frozen corpse for companionship and without fire, while the deafening din of the breakers constantly reminded him of his own impending doom. In the spring, when navigation opened, the wreck was discovered by some fishermen. They boarded her, and found a man alive lying by the side of a corpse, and in the last stages of despair and glimmering vitality. After receiving sustenance he revived, and was able to narrate the details of an experience never surpassed by the most harrowing tales of suffering at sea.

It was a fact attracting attention that, although the weather was fine, we saw no sea-birds in this region excepting Mother Carey's chickens. Even the noisy and ubiquitous gull failed to put in an appearance.

S. G. W. Benjamin.



OFF DEADMAN ISLAND.

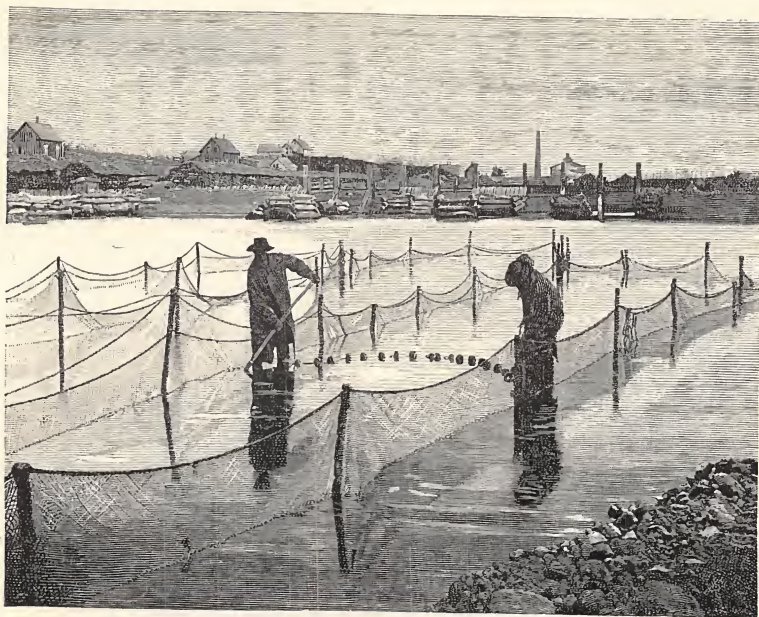
THE MASTER.

AN IMITATION.

- Q. TELL me, O Sage! What is the true ideal?
 A. A man I knew,—a living soul and real.
 Q. Tell me, my friend! Who was this mighty master?
 A. The child of wrong, the pupil of disaster.
 Q. Under what training grew his lofty mind?
 A. In cold neglect and poverty combined.
 Q. What honors crowned his works with wealth and praise?
 A. Patience and faith and love filled all his days.
 Q. And when he died what victories had he won?
 A. Humbly to live and hope—his work was done.
 Q. What mourning nations grieved above his bier?
 A. A loving eye dropped there a sorrowing tear.
 Q. But History, then, will consecrate his sleep?
 A. His name is lost; angels his record keep.

William Preston Johnston.

PROGRESS IN FISH-CULTURE.



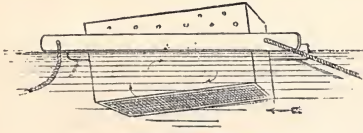
ATKINS'S METHOD OF PENNING SALMON.

Few persons not specially interested in fish-culture are aware of the rapid advance made in the last ten years. It seems but a short time ago when fish-culture was regarded merely as a curious discovery, or, at best, a plaything for people of means to amuse themselves with; and from the time of its discovery by the German, Jacoby in 1741, and the publication of the fact in France in 1770, and in England eight years later, down to the middle of the present century, little or nothing had been done in a practical way, although John Shaw, of England, began hatching a few salmon in 1837. Even the successful rearing of brook-trout in America by Dr. Theodatus Garlick and his partner, Professor Ackley, in 1853, was not at that time regarded as having any bearing on the question of the food supply of the people. And the publication of a treatise on the subject by the former, in the proceedings of the Cleveland Academy of Natural Science, in the following year, failed to awaken interest in it in this country outside of scientific circles. Two years after Drs. Ackley and Garlick began their work they published an account of it, and thereupon the Rev. Dr. Bachman made the claim that he had hatched trout in Charleston in 1804. The governments of Belgium, Holland, and Russia began, in a small

way, to cultivate fish about the year 1853. Public attention in America was first called to the subject, as one which promised to be of future benefit, by an act of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1856, appointing three commissioners to report such facts concerning the artificial propagation of fish as might tend to show the practicability and expediency of introducing the same into the Commonwealth, under the protection of law. Three years later, Stephen H. Ainsworth began trout-breeding in the State of New York, at West Bloomfield, Monroe County, and achieved a limited success with a scant supply of water.

With the creation by Congress of a Commission of Fisheries for the United States, in 1871, and the appointment of Professor Spencer F. Baird as Commissioner, fish-culture began to extend its usefulness; and from a means of growing a few brook-trout for the angler, or of increasing in a small way the food fishes of a few rivers, it has become a system of propagating both sea and freshwater fishes, of introducing the best native and foreign species, and also of investigating the food and habits of those fishes which are inhabitants of our coasts during a part of the year only, and whose migrations and life history can be worked out by trained scientific observers alone. From the beginning of the

work on this extended scale dates the great improvement in apparatus, which has made



GREEN'S SHAD-BOX.

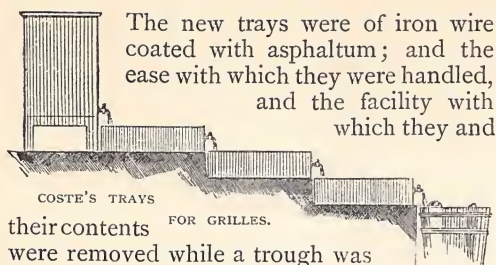
the past ten years a period of constant progress in methods and in knowledge, and which has stimulated the work, not only in America but throughout the civilized world, by the very complete manner in which the results have been accomplished and published. Previously, the introduction of salmon into Tasmania, from England, by Mr. Francis Francis, was the only attempt at sending the eggs of fishes long distances, while now each season sees millions of eggs of different species crossing the ocean.

The very important discovery was made by the Russian Vrasski that the best mode of fertilizing the eggs of the salmon family was by the dry method, or without the use of water at first; this was translated by Mr. G. S. Page some years after, and was found to have been also an original discovery of Mr. Atkins, of Maine, who had written of it previous to Mr. Page's translation. These, and the invention of Mr. Seth Green's floating shad-hatching box, were really all the important improvements or experiments made previous to the formation of the United States Fish Commission. Since that time the numerous labor-saving devices, the extensive operations undertaken, as well as the important discoveries made, have placed the United States far in advance in both the science and practice of fish-culture. There are but few States in the Union which have not their fishery commissioners, and the present methods enable one man to do the work that formerly required several persons. In the mode of obtaining salmon eggs, a great step in advance was made by Mr. Atkins, on the Penobscot, when, instead of depending on the accidental capture of salmon with ripe eggs, he found that he could keep the fish in pens, in fresh water, until their spawn ripened, and thus could obtain a hundred-fold more than had been got before. At Bucksport, Maine, after the eggs are taken from the salmon, a metal tag with a number on it is attached to the posterior part of the first dorsal fin. A record is kept of the sex, length, and weight of each fish, and the date of its liberation, thereby showing what growth is made up to the time of its second capture. A reward is offered for the return of these tags accompanied by statements of the time

and place of capture, the weight of the fish, and other information. A female salmon, liberated at Bucksport, November 10, 1875, which weighed sixteen pounds after spawning, was captured two years later, and was found to have grown a foot in length, and to have increased eight and a half pounds in weight. Mr. Buckland also marked salmon by punching holes in the second dorsal fin with a conductor's punch, but we have no records of their subsequent capture and rate of growth. Mr. Stone, also, corralled the salmon on the McCloud River, California, and thereby obtained enormous quantities of the eggs of the salmon of the Sacramento. Thus at Bucksport, Maine, and at Baird, Shasta County, California, the supply of salmon eggs on our eastern and western coasts was surprisingly increased. This increase naturally resulted in taxing the working force of these hatcheries beyond their capacity, which led to the discarding of the old system of hatching on gravel as too laborious, and as requiring too much work to keep the dead eggs from destroying the living ones. Then the Brackett trays came into use. Similar trays had been used before, but they were of glass grilles, easily broken, and expensive.



TAGGING SALMON.

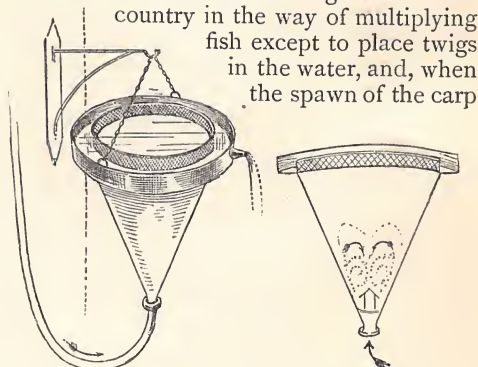


The new trays were of iron wire coated with asphaltum; and the ease with which they were handled, and the facility with which they and their contents were removed while a trough was cleaned, commended them above all other apparatus. For bringing forward eggs to the point where the eyes were visible, and the eggs ready for shipment, they were placed in the troughs, five or six trays on top of each other, and thus the capacity of the hatching-troughs was increased many times, and the labor much simplified. This has been the great object of American fish-culturists—to get the maximum of results with the minimum of labor, a most important thing in our country, and one which the fish-culturists of Europe, on account of the cheapness of labor there, do not strive for as we do.

Germany is far in advance of any other European country in the propagation of fishes, and is second only to the United States and Canada; but their apparatus is bulky, even when made after American models, and the fish-breeders of that country seem to care little about economizing either space or labor. France has done something, and so has England. The latter has been far behind without knowing it, and is now awakening to the fact. At a recent meeting to organize a national fish-cultural association, Lord Exeter plainly told the English fish-culturists that they were not up to the times; and this statement has been seconded by such able men as Mr. R. B. Marston and Mr. W. O. Chambers, who have been foremost in promoting the above-mentioned society. The late Mr. Frank Buckland was regarded as the fountain-head of all piscicultural knowledge in England, but he really made little progress in a matter affecting the people at large, and which had no public recognition. With the forming of the new association, and the clamor for governmental aid, it may safely be prophesied

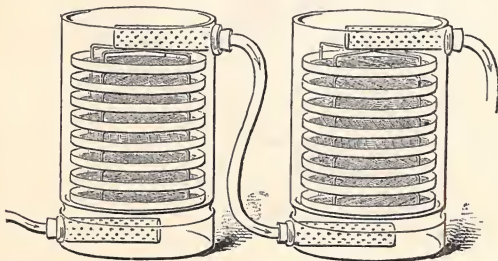
that England will soon take rank beside other nations in the art of cultivating the waters and of producing food from them. Hungary has an influential society for fish-culture. Sweden sustains a school wherein pupils are taught, and salmon culture is fostered by sending men to the different fisheries to instruct the fishermen how to take and hatch the eggs of their fish.

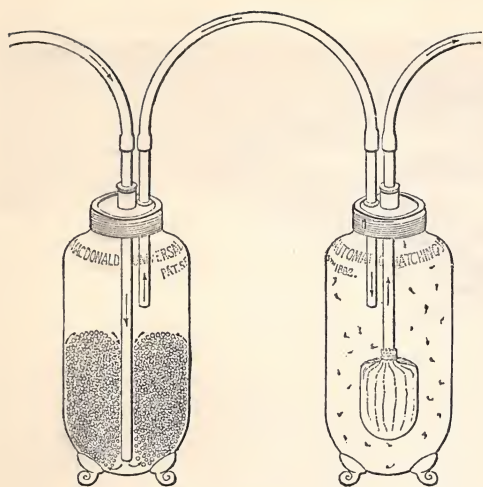
The first hatching of fish in all countries, excepting China, was begun by propagating the brook trout, and in all cases the work was done on gravel until the invention of Coste's glass grilles and the improved system of wire trays, which rendered it possible to remove the eggs and clean the trough. China was said by missionaries and travelers, who knew nothing of fish-culture, to be far advanced in the art and to have practiced it for an indefinite number of years. Inquiry has shown that there is nothing done in that



country in the way of multiplying fish except to place twigs in the water, and, when the spawn of the carp is found to be deposited upon them, to remove them to other waters and allow them to hatch. How long the Chinese have done this is not known, but they have never made any improvement upon it.

The difficulties that beset the fish-culturist in dealing with a fish whose breeding habits are unknown are many. His former experience is often of little value, because the eggs of different fishes usually require different treatment. The eggs of the salmon family, except those of the smelt, are comparatively large and considerably heavier than water; the eggs of the shad have little specific gravity and will sink in perfectly still water and die. The salmon eggs may lie in a trough and a strong current be passed over them, while under the same conditions the shad eggs would be washed down stream. The ova of the shad require a buoying current which forms an eddy, while the eggs of the smelt, herring, carp, and some other fishes are covered by a glutinous coating which adheres to twigs, stones, etc. Again, the eggs of the





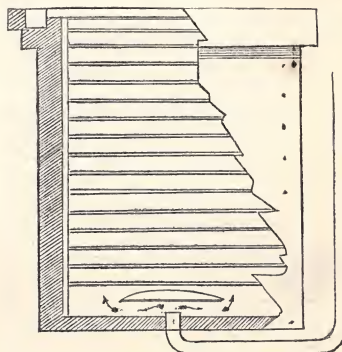
McDONALD JARS.

common yellow perch are in a ribbon-like mass which is hung over twigs but does not adhere to them, and the small egg of the cod-fish follows a slight current. These varying conditions have tasked the ingenuity of fish-culturists to devise means to develop the different eggs; and, with the exception of those of the cod, they have been successful with all. A perfect arrangement for the eggs of the cod has not yet been found, unless the new McDonald jar should prove to be the proper one. This apparatus, the latest fish-hatching device, will be referred to again. One of the first improvements on the old methods with which the public are familiar was the use of glass jars by Major T. B. Ferguson, then of the Maryland Commission, but now of the United States Fishery Commission; his jar allowed the different layers of eggs to be inspected without removal. The same gentleman also devised a system of plunging buckets, to be worked by machinery on an old scow, whereby shad eggs might be developed in waters where neither tide nor currents were available.

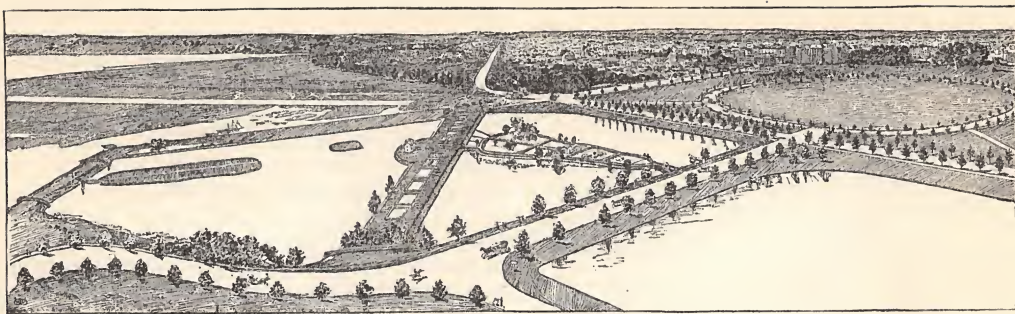
Another invention, in 1875, by the writer and his assistant, C. F. Bell, known as the Bell and Mather hatching cones, superseded the hatching of shad in floating boxes. The eggs were placed in a conical vessel, with the water entering from below and sustaining them in mass with a gentle motion. The Chase jar, for whitefish eggs, and its modification by Mr. Clark, in both of which the water is delivered at the bottom by a glass tube, followed, and in the hatching of whitefish eggs seemed perfection until McDonald improved upon it by sealing the jar and drawing out the dead eggs through a sliding tube let down through the stopper. This

latest improvement is adapted to hatching the eggs of shad, whitefish, and perhaps cod; and these glass jars have, in most large hatcheries, superseded the earlier troughs and boxes of Williamson, Holton, Clark, Green, and others. Their simplicity, the perfect inspection of the eggs through the glass, and the great saving of labor, commend them to all. All these improvements are of American invention. To them we should add the McDonald fish-way, a device for permitting the ascent of fishes to upper waters, which permits of a steeper incline and more perfect checking of the down-flow than any other form of fish-ladder. These fish-ways are now in operation on the Rappahannock, Savannah, and Oswego rivers, and another will be built at the Great Falls of the Potomac. Thus we have a record showing that our specialists have been busy with their brains as well as with their hands.

From a meeting of a few trout-breeders in Albany, nearly twelve years ago, to arrange a tariff to regulate the sale of their products, has sprung the American Fish-cultural Association—a society which holds annual meetings and listens to papers from experts and scientists from all parts, and which numbers among its members the Crown Prince of Germany and many gentlemen from other lands. This association is only second in importance and influence to the powerful Deutsche Fischereiverein of Germany, which, under its President, the Hon. Herr von Behr, has organized societies for fish-culture in all parts of Germany, and has exchanged valuable species of food fishes with the United States. Within the past six years many kinds of adult fish and eggs have passed between this German society and the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries. The Germans have thus received six species of American Salmonidæ, viz.: the eastern brook trout, the rainbow trout of California, the quinnat or California salmon,



HOLTON'S BOX.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CARP-PONDS AT WASHINGTON.

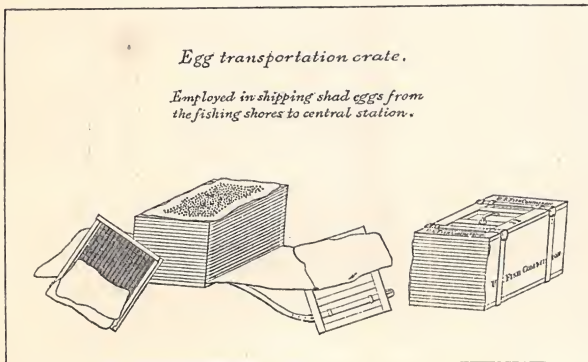
the lake trout, the land-locked salmon of Maine, and the whitefish of the great lakes. They have also received our black bass. In return, Professor Baird has received the salbling, *Salmo salvelinus*, a large lake char which grows to a weight of fifteen to twenty pounds, and is as bright and beautiful as our brook trout; the common trout of Europe, *Salmo fario*; the gold-orfe or golden-ide, a fish bred for both ornament and the table; and the more useful carp, which has been bred in such numbers in the national carp ponds as to allow thousands of the young to be sent to the different States, and which will prove of incalculable value to those parts of the country which have no running streams, and consequently no good table fish. This exchange of the best things in each country has not been confined to Germany and America, although they have led in the matter of important exchanges of the greatest number of species and of specimens. Two years ago some South American gentlemen residing in Ecuador wished to introduce the German carp from America to the vicinity of Quito, and Professor Baird left the details of shipment to Mr. E. G. Blackford, of Fulton Market, who is also a member of the New York Fishery Commission. Cans were made to fit the backs of peons, or burden-bearers, who were to carry the fish over the mountains—a journey occupying a week or more under a

tropical sun. The cans were protected from the heat by a covering of felt, and arranged with the necessary straps to enable the toiling peon to grope his way with his alpenstock up the wearisome mountain-paths and down the other side. The fish arrived safely, pauses having been frequently made to aërate the water by means of dippers; and they are reported as doing well in their new home. Last January, a lot of trout eggs and young carp, the former from the United States Fish Commission station at Northville, Michigan, in charge of Mr. Frank N. Clark, and the latter from Mr. Blackford's stock, were taken by Mr. Decerro to Bogotá, Colombia, also a mountainous journey, on the backs of men and mules; and, while the carp may thrive, it is doubtful if the trout will find there the necessary cool and congenial waters. In sending eggs to foreign countries, the writer has been intrusted with their repacking for the warm ocean voyage. A package has been devised wherein the eggs are surrounded by ice, which retards the development of the embryo and prevents premature hatching. Most of the eggs are received in living moss, which retains moisture and gives off oxygen. From this they are transferred to wooden frames with a bottom of canton flannel, and the frames are packed in a box of ice. The success of this mode has been such that the average loss in transportation has not been greater than if the eggs had remained in the hatching-troughs.

In the distribution of fishes within our own borders, the most notable events are: the introduction of shad into California, at different times, by Messrs. Green and Stone; the taking of eels, lobsters, and oysters to the same State by Mr. Stone; and the accidental stocking of the Elkhorn River, a tributary of the Missouri, with black bass and other fish, through the breaking of a bridge and the upsetting of a car in which Mr. Stone had an assortment of fishes destined for

Egg transportation crate.

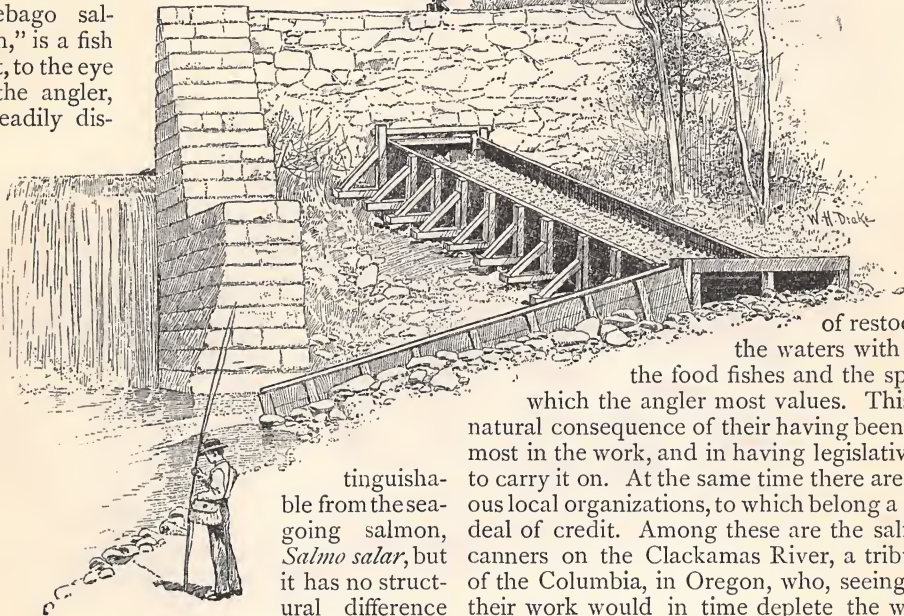
Employed in shipping shad eggs from the fishing shores to central station.



California. Eels have been planted by the Michigan Fish Commission in the great lakes above Niagara, with what result is not yet known; black bass have been introduced into eastern New York and the New England States, to which they are not native; and the rainbow trout has been brought east from California by both Mr. Clark and Mr. Green. The quick growth of this fish indicates a voracious appetite, which may result in depriving our native species of food. Like the English sparrow, they may be more easily introduced than banished. The land-locked salmon, called in its Maine habitat, from the lakes to which it is indigenous, the "Schoodic salmon" and the "Sebago salmon," is a fish that, to the eye of the angler, is readily dis-

tinguishable from the sea-going salmon, *Salmo salar*, but it has no structural difference that warrants the ichthyologist in classing it as a different species. It appears to be a salmon whose ancestors have been cut off from access to the sea and obliged to live and breed in fresh water. Their descendants have lost the migratory instinct, and, although the obstruction to their descent to salt water has been removed by some convulsion of nature, they are content to remain in the lakes throughout the year. This fish has been in great demand, and Mr. Atkins, of the United States Fish Commission, has paid great attention to it; he has gathered the eggs for several years in increasing numbers, and the fish has been introduced into many new waters. They love deep, cool lakes, and General R. U. Sherman, of the New York Fish Commission, has planted them in Woodhull Lake, Oneida County, New York, and other Adirondack lakes, and last year

took specimens of five pounds weight. He regards this valuable fish as peculiarly fitted for those waters, and intends to stock many other lakes of that elevated region with it. The New York Fish Commission has been a most useful one, and, with the commissions of the New England States, the most prominent among State commissions in the work



THE McDONALD FISH-WAY AT RAPPAHANNOCK, VA.

of restocking the waters with both the food fishes and the species which the angler most values. This is a natural consequence of their having been foremost in the work, and in having legislative aid to carry it on. At the same time there are various local organizations, to which belong a great deal of credit. Among these are the salmon-canners on the Clackamas River, a tributary of the Columbia, in Oregon, who, seeing that their work would in time deplete the waters and ruin the industry that they had established, concluded to build a hatchery there and keep up the supply; and to this end they sent for Mr. Stone, who established such a hatchery for them, which is now in running order, turning out as many fish as possible in the hope of keeping the stream up to its full salmon-bearing capacity,—a prevision so rare among fishermen as to be worthy of special note.

The United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries was created for the purpose of investigating the cause of the decrease of our marine food fishes, and afterward devoted much attention to fish-culture as a means of increasing the food resources of the country. It keeps up the annual scientific investigations on the coast, and has added much to our knowledge of the life history of fishes. Stations have been established for the season at Noank, Conn.; Eastport, Me.; Wood's

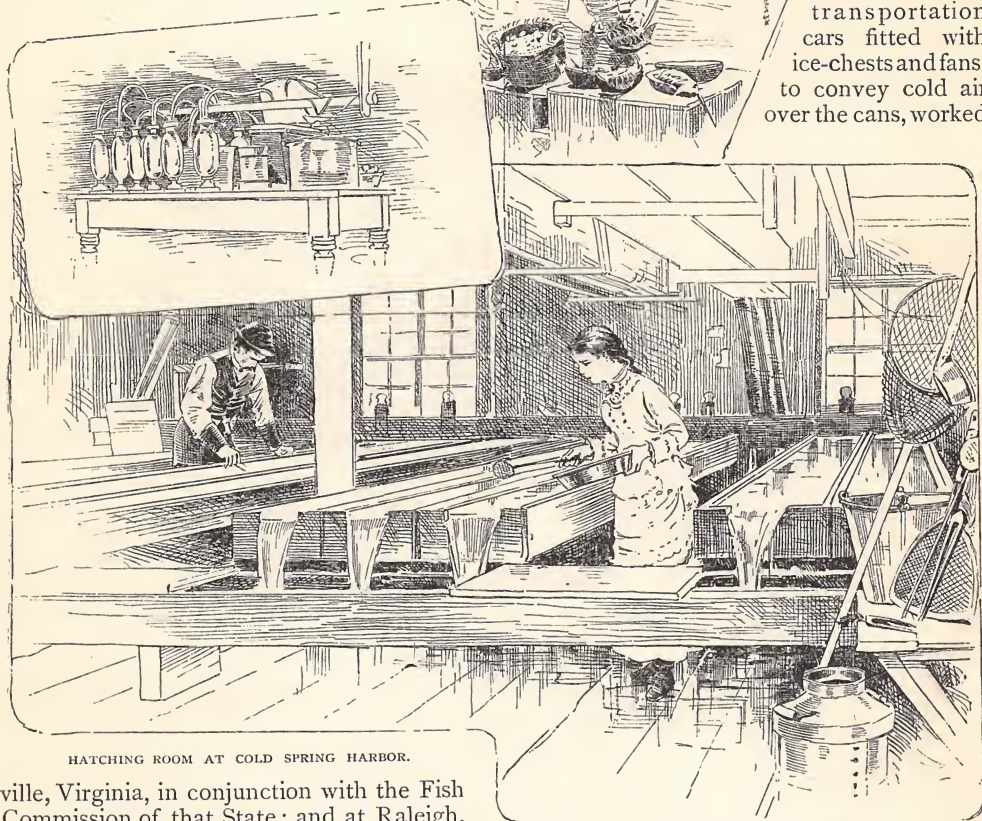
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Holl, Gloucester, and Provincetown, Mass., and at Newport, R. I., where valuable collections of marine fauna have been made, the food, habits, and migrations of fishes studied, and testimony taken from the best informed fishermen. Besides these stations for scientific observation, hatcheries for different fishes have been built at Bucksport and Grand Lake Stream, Maine; at Baird, Shasta County, California; at Northville and Alpena, Michigan; at Wythe-

upper deck, and a cam on a shaft works the Ferguson plunging buckets on her sides. The other steamer, the *Albatross*, is fitted with machinery for deep-sea soundings, taking temperatures, dredging, etc., and a

naturalist's room with microscopes, ice-chests, and alcohol tanks for preserving specimens. The

Commission has also two transportation cars fitted with ice-chests and fans, to convey cold air over the cans, worked



HATCHING ROOM AT COLD SPRING HARBOR.

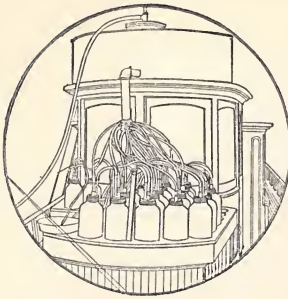
ville, Virginia, in conjunction with the Fish Commission of that State; and at Raleigh, North Carolina, and much support has been given the station of the New York Commission at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. At first, a small tug-boat, the *Bluelight*, was borrowed from the Navy Department, and most efficient aid has been rendered by Captains Beardslee and Tanner, of the navy, who volunteered for this service. Following the *Bluelight*, the yacht *Lookout* was fitted up for river work. Two new steamers have since been built by the Government especially for the work of the Commission. The *Fish-Hawk* is a flat-bottomed vessel with twin screws, designed to go up the rivers, and fitted with the most approved apparatus for hatching shad wherever caught. Her pumps supply a copious flow of water to the Bell and Mather hatching cones on her

by the axles when the car is in motion, bunks and kitchen for the men, and all that is necessary to transport live shad, carp, or other fish anywhere by rail, with only the labor of taking on water where the engines are supplied. These cars have taken fish from Washington to Texas and California, in the most perfect manner.

Within the past two years the propagation of oysters has received attention, and, while not yet a complete success, approaches have been made toward it that give promise of future benefit. Professors Brooks, Rice, and Ryder, and Lieutenant Winslow, U. S. N., have all made valuable experiments in this line, and we at least know more of the life

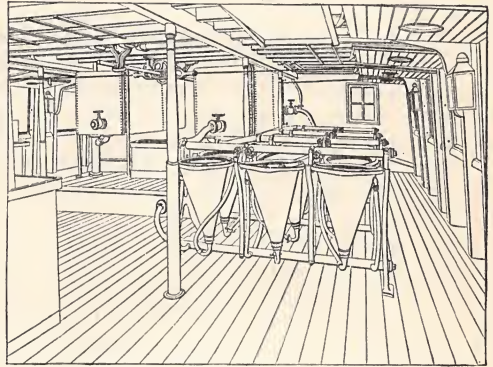
history of the toothsome mollusk than formerly. Abroad, oyster-culture is practiced to the extent of placing twigs, shells, and other objects, in the water, to arrest the free-swimming "spat" until it fastens itself and settles down to steady habits and the accumulation of a sufficient amount of succulent protoplasm to entitle it to the honor of being laid on the "half shell." In the Poquonnock River, near New London, Connecticut, the tops of trees are placed in the water at the proper season, and when loaded with oyster spat are hauled out by oxen, when the twigs with the juvenile "East Rivers" are scattered on the beds. It is the desire of the Commission to be able to express the eggs and milt from oysters, and fertilize the eggs and grow them, as is done with the fishes. Professor Ryder has also experimented with clams.

It is only within a few years that the propagation of the cod has been attempted. While the Commission was at Gloucester, Massachusetts, some three years ago, the eggs of the cod were taken and hatched. The young fish were turned out in the harbor, and now they are taken by boys from the docks. When it is remembered that the inshore cod are small and red in color, and the same fish from the different "banks" are gray and more slender, with shorter fins and clear-cut forms, it will readily be seen that it does not require an ichthyologist to determine whether a cod-fish comes from the banks or is a "rock cod," and no gray fish were ever taken in Gloucester harbor before. This fact has been



McDONALD JARS ON THE "LOOK-OUT."

so encouraging, that efforts toward a perfect hatching apparatus for the delicate eggs of the cod-fish have been made by several persons. Captain H. C. Chester, formerly of the *Polaris* expedition, but now with the United States Fish Commission, made a semi-rotary vessel which promised fairly; but last year Colonel McDonald devised the closed hatching-jar, already referred to, which has its inlet and outlet below the surface of the water, and this promises to do the work without danger that the almost floating eggs will escape with the outflow. The suggestion of Mr. E. G. Blackford, that millions of cod eggs could be obtained from the fish brought alive in the well-smacks to Fulton Market, has been acted upon, and eggs were gathered there last year and sent to the old Armory at Washington, which has been turned into a hatchery. It had been decided to turn the eggs loose in the waters about



PART OF THE INTERIOR OF THE "FISH-HAWK."

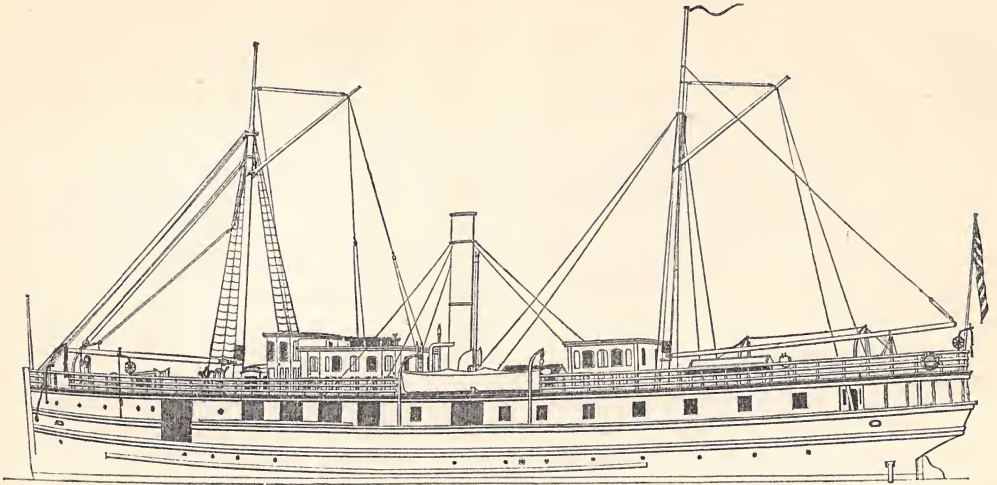
New York; but in December, 1882, just at the spawning season, the severe weather prevented the arrival of many ripe fish.

The introduction of the improved German carp, which has been of great value to warm inland waters where no good food fish was before found, has been a boon to those living far from the sea-coast. These fish have made most wonderful growth in many states, especially in the South, and their progeny have even been asked for by the Germans who sent the original stock.

One of the amusing phases of fish-culture is the numerous specimens of small, indigenous species which are sent to the National Museum on the supposition that they are the newly planted shad, trout, carp, or salmon. They are generally some small cyprinoids which never grow to large size, and consequently have hitherto escaped the observation of the sender. This, and the confusion of the names of fishes in different localities, tend to mislead those whose desire for knowledge



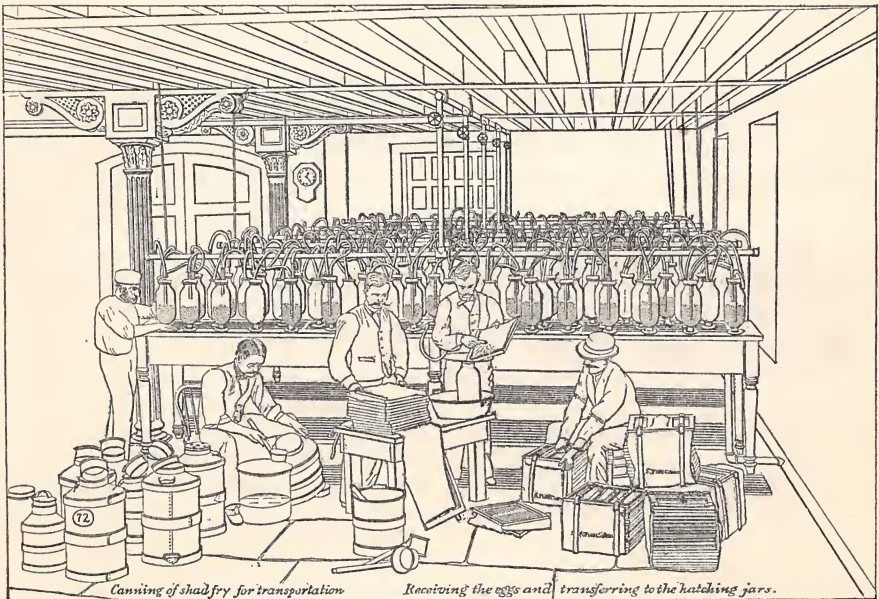
SECTION OF "FISH HAWK," SHOWING FERGUSON'S PLUNGING BUCKETS.



UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION STEAMER "FISH-HAWK."

and new fishes is but just awakened. The fish which is most commonly known as a black bass in the North and West becomes a "chub" in Virginia, a "welshman" in North Carolina, and a "trout" farther south. The name of "trout" is also applied in the South to a salt-water fish called "squeteague" and other names in the New England States, and "weak-fish" in New York; while the pike-perch becomes a "salmon" in the Susquehanna, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers. Old names were applied by the early settlers to new fishes, and, as a consequence, each state has certain misnomers for its fishes and birds, which errors are persistent, and often lead to

misunderstandings. Among the new fishes lately brought to yield their eggs to the fish-culturist, in addition to those mentioned, are the Spanish mackerel (which were discovered at the spawning season in Chesapeake Bay by Mr. R. E. Earll), the haddock, and moon-fish,—the last being a valuable food fish, but little known, and sometimes appearing on the bill of fare in New York as "angel-fish." A few turbot and soles have been brought over from England and released on our coasts, but not in numbers sufficient to hope for important results; but from the introduction into New Hampshire lakes of the German salbling, *Salmo salvelinus*, a large



Canning of shad fry for transportation

Receiving the eggs and transferring to the hatching jars.

CENTRAL STATION UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

lake char, or trout of high color and fine flesh, much may be expected.

The general awakening of the people of the United States to the benefits of fish-culture has been a source of gratification to the pioneers

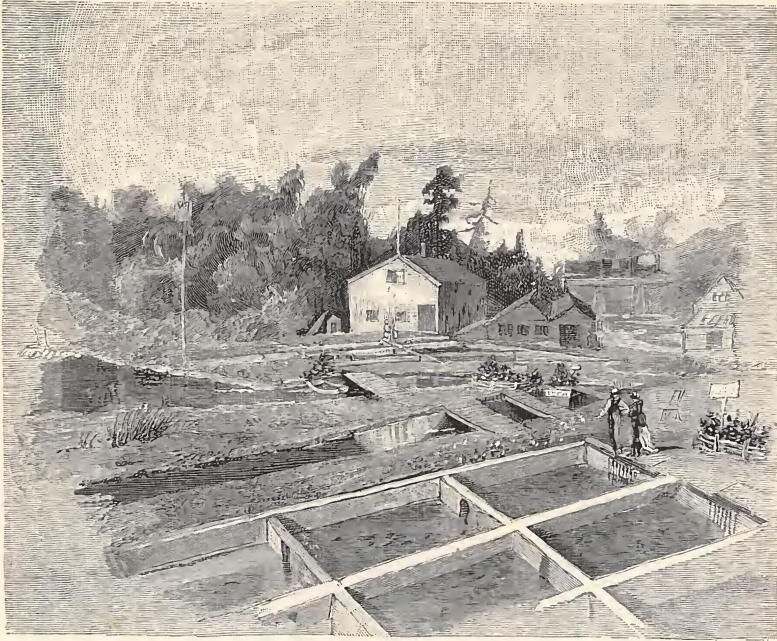
have their waters stocked and for protection of the fish during the spawning seasons. The different townships on Cape Cod protect the alewife, or "river herring," and only allow each inhabitant to take two or three barrels of them



HATCHERIES AND REARING PONDS AT COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.

in the art, whose early enthusiasm was occasionally ridiculed, but many of whose prophecies have been fulfilled. The fishermen have been the last ones to see its benefits, for they seem to have a firm faith in the inexhaustibility of the waters, even though they acknowledge that the supply of fish has rapidly decreased in the past twenty years. A few of them have begun to look favorably upon pisciculture, and the first indication of it is a desire to

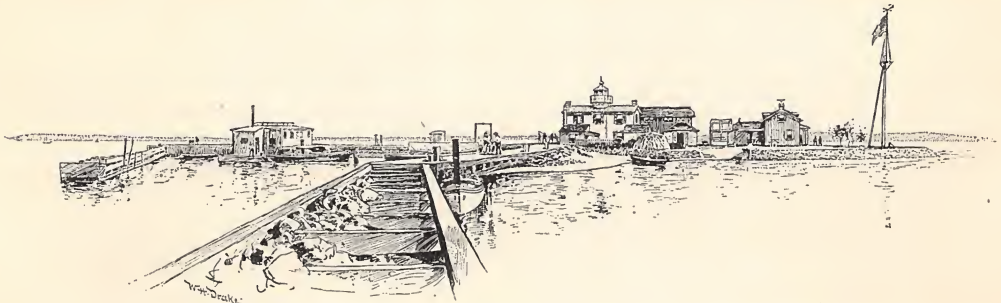
from the artificial run-ways, constructed of three planks, which sometimes extend for five or six miles. Each one pays a certain sum for his fish, and the money is applied to the school fund. The remainder of the alewives are allowed to spawn, in order to keep up the stock. The number of private and public fish-cultural establishments in America is astonishing to one who has but recently looked into the subject. The number of them sixteen



NEW YORK STATE HATCHERIES AT CALEDONIA.

years ago, when the writer first engaged in fish-culture as a private enterprise, could be almost numbered on the fingers of one's hand; while to-day it would take many pages of this magazine to record them. Of the different States and Territories, thirty-seven have appointed fishery commissioners, and the private hatcheries and ponds are almost innumerable. Among the latter may be mentioned the South Side Sportsmen's Club, of Long Island, which has over five miles of trout streams and more than a hundred acres in ponds. This club keeps a fish-culturist, who takes the eggs from the fish and hatches them; and while its members have all the fishing which they allow themselves, they sent a surplus of a ton of trout, alive and dead, to Fulton Market in 1882. The Blooming Grove Park Association, of Pennsylvania, is now building a hatchery to replenish their

streams and lakes, which once abounded with trout. Among the notable private fish-cultural establishments are the trout ponds of Mr. James Annin, at Caledonia, New York; Mr. Livingston Stone, Charlestown, New Hampshire; Messrs. Eddy and Mosher, Randolph, New York; Mr. Geo. F. Parlow, New Bedford, Massachusetts; Mr. W. H. Furman, Smithtown, New York; and Mr. A. R. Fuller, of Malone, Franklin County, New York. Mr. Fuller is deserving of especial mention from the fact that his work has been directed toward stocking the waters of the Adirondack region in the vicinity of Meacham Lake, which are open to public fishing. He has stocked Clear Pond, where trout were before unknown, and are now found of five pounds weight, the largest brook trout found wild in the State of New York; and this has been done without public assistance, or even



SHAD-HATCHING STATION AT HAYVE DE GRACE.



STRIPPING SHAD.

recognition. The New York Fish Commission, in addition to its well-known hatchery at Caledonia, has, since the appointment of Mr. Blackford as a member of its board, established a supplemental hatchery on Long Island, at Cold Spring Harbor, where salt water is pumped into an elevated reservoir and brought into the hatchery, and fresh and salt water fishes may be hatched side by side, and where it is easy to make preserves for either native or foreign marine fishes. To this station Professor Baird has sent many thousand eggs of both the Atlantic and land-locked salmon, for distribution in the Adirondack waters, he having previously used the private hatchery of Mr. Thomas Clapham, at Roslyn, Long Island, for the same purpose. The land-locked salmon of Maine is especially valuable for deep, cool lakes, and therefore the Adirondack waters are suited to them, as has been proved by the few specimens which were planted in the Bisby Lakes a few years ago. The new hatching station at Cold Spring Harbor has distributed many of these fish, and its proximity to salt water will give it great facilities for storing foreign marine fishes or hatching native ones. The work of taking, hatching, and distributing the eggs of the lake whitefish has been most successfully done in Michigan, both by the Fishery Commission of that State at its Detroit hatchery, and by the United States Commission at its stations at Northville and Alpena, under Mr. F. N. Clark, a fish-culturist of much experience and good judgment. This fish and the shad are the most important of the commercial fishes which are propagated; the former spawning in

the fall, and the latter in early summer. Attempts have been made to introduce the shad into Europe, but have not been successful. Mather and Anderson took 100,000 fry as far

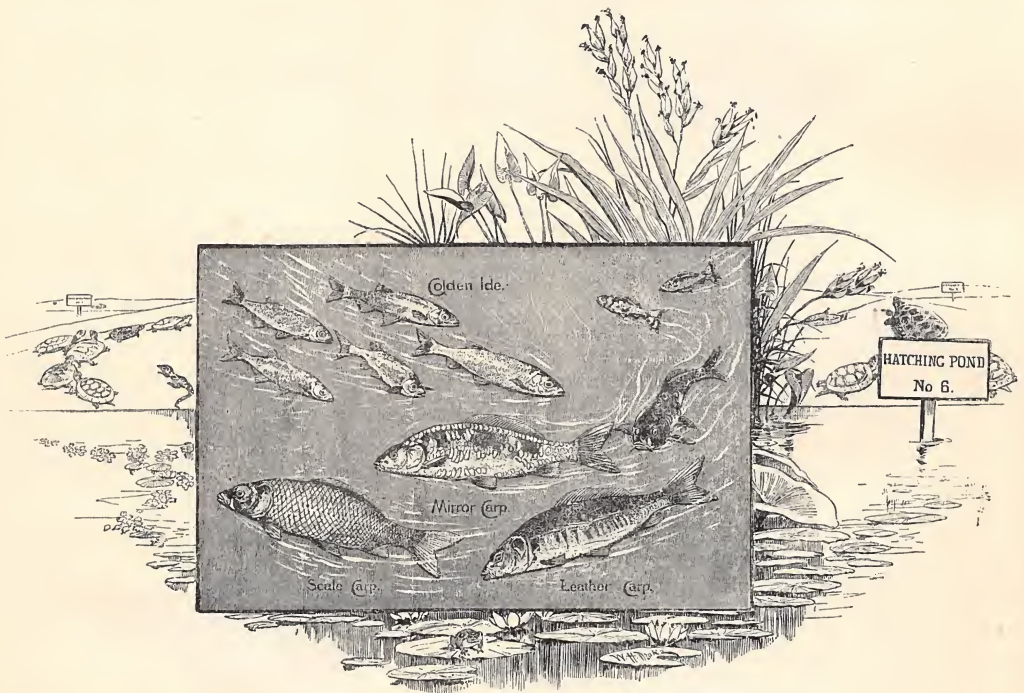


FIRST PRIZE AT BERLIN, AWARDED TO PROFESSOR SPENCER F. BAIRD.

as Southampton in 1874, and the next year Mr. M. A. Green and Mr. H. W. Welsher started with eggs, which died outside Sandy Hook. Both Rice and McDonald have since made experiments on the retardation of the development of the embryo which promise good results. The Germans, becoming impatient at the delay in sending them this fish, point to the fact that Meyer, of Kiel, retarded the eggs of the herring for nearly a month by means of ice; overlooking the fact that fishes like the winter spawners will bear to have their eggs retarded by cold, because they develop them on a falling temperature, while the eggs of fishes which spawn in spring, on a rising

A great breeding ground was discovered in Chesapeake Bay, and at Havre de Grace a station was established which yielded great numbers of eggs. The process of stripping the shad is similar to that of other fishes, but the impregnation requires less time to become apparent than with species which spawn in colder waters.

Progress in fish-culture may be noted not alone in the multiplication of hatcheries, the creation of fish commissions, and the publication of journals like "Forest and Stream" and the reports of the fish commissioners. Public interest in it is shown by the recent exhibitions of fisheries and their products in



CARP POND AT WASHINGTON.

thermometer, are killed by a lowering of the temperature. The fact is, that fishes of some kind are spawning during every month in the year, and their eggs require to be hatched, or kept, under natural conditions. This makes it possible to ship the eggs of the fall and winter spawning fishes any distance, if kept cold and not allowed to freeze; while the quick-hatching eggs of summer spawners will not bear to be retarded in their development by ice to any great extent, although the experiments of Rice and McDonald seem to point to a different conclusion. In the propagation of shad, the main difficulty in producing great numbers lay in the fact that the ripe fish could not be obtained in sufficient quantities.

Germany, England, and Scotland. One of the first and largest of these was the great International Fisheries Exhibition at Berlin, in 1880. At this exhibition, all the countries except France made more or less of a display of their fishery resources and products. The exhibition was a complete success, both from a utilitarian point of view and financially. It became the fashion; ladies flocked there to see not only the displays of pearls and amber, but the fountains and the decorations. On some days as many as twenty thousand persons visited it. The American exhibit was prepared, under direction of Professor Baird, by Professor G. Brown Goode, who accompanied it to Berlin and

remained in charge, with a staff of assistants. It included everything, from the knives used by fishermen to their clothing, boats, apparatus of all kinds, and even their food; models of fish-curing houses, the hooks of bone, wood, or iron of the inhabitants of Greenland and Alaska, as well as the appliances of the modern angler. Fish-culture in all its branches was illustrated, and a majority of the awards in this class came to America. At the distribution of awards by the Crown Prince of Germany, no surprise was shown when the grand prize of honor offered by the Emperor for the best collective exhibit was given to Professor Baird. A National Fisheries Exhibition was held the next year in England, at Norfolk, and another the year following at Edinburgh, Scotland. The great interest manifested in these displays led to a grand International Exhibition in London, which opened in May of last year, and which eclipsed all others in the size and character of the exhibits. The American exhibit by Professor Baird was again in charge of Professor Goode, and was more extensive than at Berlin, owing to greater facilities and the longer time allowed for preparation.

The day when fish-culture was regarded as an experiment passed several years ago, and it is now one of the recognized industries in Europe and America. ("Most *all* countries" are in great part outside of these.) Its results in restoring food fishes to depleted waters, and the introduction of new fishes, have popularized it, until the supply of young fish and eggs cannot keep pace with the demand. It has not cheapened fish food to any extent, owing to the growth of population, but it has increased the supply in American waters, which were becoming exhausted in both the older and some of the newer States, and promised to become entirely barren. It restored the salmon to the Connecticut River, where they were taken and sent to market for three years, until the rapacity of the fishermen exhausted the supply by cutting off the fish from their spawning grounds. It has placed shad in San Francisco markets, where they were before unknown, and has materially added to the supply of our lake and river fishes, and now promises to increase those of the sea-coast.

Fred Mather.



WRITTEN IN EMERSON'S POEMS.

FOR A CHILD.

MIDNIGHT or morning, eve or noon,
Torn March or clover-scented June,—
Whene'er you stand before this gate,
'T will open—if but not too soon
You knock, if only not too late.

Ere you have banished Mystery,
Or throned Distrust, or less shall be
Stirred by the deep and fervent line
Which is the poet's sign and fee:
Be this your joy that now is mine.

Well shall it be if, boyhood gone,
A boy's delight you still may own
To play the dawn-new game of life,—
If what is dreamed and what is known
In your still startled heart have strife.

When comes the hour, be full and bright
Your lamp, as the wiser virgins' light!
Choose some familiar shrine-like nook,
And offer up in prayer the night
Upon the altar of this book.

Always new earth, new heavens lie
The apocalyptic spirit nigh:
If such be yours, oh, while you can,
Bid unregretted Youth good-bye,
For morning shall proclaim you Man.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

THE DESTINY OF THE UNIVERSE.

EVERY night there glides along above us in the sky the corpse of a dead world. Sometimes shrouded in the glare of sunshine, she dimly appears in the sky of day; sometimes full and round, she is bright with a cold splendor; sometimes wan and shorn of her beams, she rises late and chill, forerunning the sun; sometimes following his departing light, she delights us with the graceful crescent and its nightly growing radiance; sometimes coming between earth and sun, she casts that baleful shade which made the heart of the elder world to quake, and still smites uncultured nations with fear. To the eye of the poet the very type and emblem of inconstancy, she is to the thought of the astronomer only the dead-world satellite, the airless, waterless, lifeless mass of rock that swings slowly along the orbit of the earth, swaying mundane tides, and, by the aid of science, helping the sailor to find his way upon the trackless ocean.

But we know she was not always such as she now is. Rugged with mountains like earth's loftiest, and with volcanic craters of vast diameter and depth, her surface shows that the elemental war of fire and earth raged here most fiercely; that she was once hot and flaming; and that from this state of ignition and self-shining she has become dark and cold; whatever of atmosphere and water she may have had has retired deep into her substance; and in the long presences and absences of the sun's heat she is alternately parched and frozen. Life, either vegetable or animal, is impossible; for to life, as we know it, there are necessary water and air, and such temperance of temperature as finds no place in the moon.

But the earth, too, is cooling. The geologists tell us of the time when it was a molten mass. Professor Newcomb, in his "Popular Astronomy," says that water may have existed upon the earth in a fluid state ten millions of years, but no longer; it is probable that this period is much too long. Our mountains have become so cold, though some were thrown up hot from the flaming bowels of the earth, that everlasting snow lies on their summits, and glaciers creep down to their feet. The cooling of the earth has reached the point at which the influence of the sun not only antagonizes it, but furnishes the surplus of heat which makes life on the earth a possibility.

But modern science tells us that the sun

himself must fade; that his brightness must pale and his heat exhaust itself; that his brilliance and beauty, measured by ages and æons, is at last transitory, and must end in darkness and frost; and that causes are perpetually at work to produce this result. And what then shall become of the sun, and of all the myriads of suns that bedeck the firmament and are to us the purest, grandest emblems of ineffable beauty? What shall be the End of the World, the Destiny of the Cosmos?

Science teaches us to trace causes forward to their results and backward to their antecedents. Before we come to the final end of the cosmos, let us follow the chain of mighty links and vast induction back through thousands and millions of years, and see how the world was made, so far as this same science can show us by reasoning from the facts she has to those she infers. We find ourselves in a stream of causes and effects of which we know not the extremes, but may infer them; there are stairs above and below like those on which we tread.

Emerson says:

"The astronomers said, 'Give us matter and a little motion, and we will construct the universe. It is not enough that we have matter: we must also have a single impulse: one shove to launch the mass and generate the harmony of the centrifugal and centripetal forces. Once heave the ball from the hand, and we can show how all this mighty order grew.' 'A very unreasonable postulate,' said the metaphysicians, 'and a plain begging of the question. Could you not prevail to know the genesis of projection, as well as the continuation of it?' Nature meanwhile had not waited for the discussion, but, right or wrong, bestowed the impulse; and the balls rolled."

This is Emerson's pregnant comment on world-making as practiced by the astronomers. The seer has put his finger on the heart of the question. We must have matter and motion to begin with, and for the present ask no further questions.

The current theory of world-making is the famous Nebular Hypothesis, to which have contributed one of the greatest philosophers of modern times, Immanuel Kant; the greatest astronomical observer, Sir William Herschel; and the greatest mathematician and physicist, Laplace. Kant, getting a hint from an obscure English writer named Wright (Thomas Wright, of Durham, whose astronomical works were published about the middle of the last century), developed the notion of the shape of the universe which Herschel adopted—

namely, that it is a host of stellar bodies occupying a portion of space in the shape of two dinner plates placed with their faces toward each other; so that as we look in one direction, into the Milky Way, we look into the vast mass of heavenly bodies; but as we look another way, we see fewer, because we look out of the mass. Kant, whose earlier works were on physics, mathematics, and astronomy, set himself to world-making, and calculated what would be the result of motion in a mass of tenuous matter, nebulous matter, filling the space of the physical universe. Herschel's adoption and development of the theory arose from his observations, and especially from his study of the nebulae, of which there are over four thousand in our sky. Laplace took up the matter as Kant had done; and assuming a condition of the solar system in which the matter of the sun and planets should be diffused through the whole space of the solar system, forming an orb surpassing the limits of the present orbit of Neptune, he calculated the results of a gradual condensation and cooling of this vast mass of star-mist, and in theory produced the existing system.

Since this development of the scheme, it has received constant accessory support from later discoveries in physics. Indeed, it seems to be certain now that some of the nebulae in our sky are masses of glowing gas, shreds of the original material of the universe that have survived in this shape, and that are now in the very process of world-making. The physicists say that a nebulous body, in order to shine by its own light, as these do, must have heat, and must be losing heat through the very radiation by which it becomes visible. As it loses heat, it must undergo successive changes, among which will be contraction; and this contraction cannot cease until it becomes either a solid body or a system of such bodies revolving around each other or around a central body. The nebular hypothesis was popularly set forth in the "Vestiges of Creation" about forty years ago; and it is given in all astronomies. It was elaborated in the "Westminster Review" in 1858, by Herbert Spencer, whose statement may be condensed thus:

Assuming, for the sake of the argument, a rare homogeneous nebulous matter widely diffused through space, certain changes will, on physical principles, take place in it: (1) mutual gravitation of its atoms; (2) atomic repulsion; (3) evolution of heat by overcoming this repulsion. [Right at this point it is easy to see that this theorist has by this time assumed the whole matter and introduced that push of which Emerson speaks, for there is no proof of any necessity for overcoming atomic repulsion except this, that the world must be made by a theory, and this is necessary for the theory, and thus vortices can be started in this star-mist.] There will be after this push is given: (4)

molecular combination, followed by (5) sudden disengagement of heat; (6) lowering of temperature by radiation; (7) consequent precipitation of binary atoms aggregating into irregular flocculi, floating in a rarer medium, as water precipitated from clouds floats in air; (8) motion of the flocculi toward a common center of gravity; but as these are irregular masses in a resisting medium, it follows (9) that the motion will not be rectilinear, but spiral; (10) the rarer medium will be involved in this motion, and thus at last comes (11) the grand rotation of the whole mass of the universe, the balanced whirl of the cosmos.

But this form of the nebular hypothesis has not been accepted by physicists. It is at fault in several points; but most of all, and most fatally, in the very part of it which is original with Spencer, in the attempt to develop a rotary motion of the system from the mutual action of the parts upon each other, gravitation and the qualities of matter only being assumed. This is as contrary to the accepted laws of physics as would be a theory that motion in a wheel may arise by the attraction of the rim for the hub. The spiral movement which is needed cannot be generated by simple gravitation, as Laplace showed in proving that any system left to itself will always have the same amount of rotary motion. Physicists now claim as necessary fundamental assumptions for a nebular hypothesis, first, dissemination of matter; and second, rotary motion of the mass. From these two conditions will flow everything else that is needed for the development of systems. No discovery since Laplace's time has done away with the need of the original impulse, as stated by Emerson.

The nebular hypothesis has sundry great advantages in elucidating very many of the existing arrangements of the stellar universe, but it fails to accord with all of them. To account for the existing order, it must be assumed that there were many independent centers of movement and system-making; for if there were but one, there would be a similar motion of all the stars, or, as said above, a balanced whirl of the cosmos, a grand rotation of the whole mass of the universe. In this case, Mädler's speculation that the universe revolves around the star Alcyone, one of the Pleiades,—this, or something like it, would be true. But this has met with no favor from astronomers, and is deemed a baseless imagination. Proctor has given the name "star-drift" to the special and proper movement of groups of stars in certain regions, as of groups in Taurus and in Ursa Major which have motions not shared by other stars. Says Professor Newcomb: "So far as our observation can inform us, there is no reason to suppose that the stars are severally moving in definite orbits of any kind. . . . If the stars were moving in any regular circular

orbits whatever, having a common center, we could trace some regularity among their proper motions. But no such regularity can be seen." If the Kantian galaxy-theory were true, the motions of the stars should be in lines nearly parallel to the Milky Way; but they do not so move. There is one star, known as "Groombridge 1830" in the catalogues, whose motions are inconsistent with any theory that can be devised to make it a part of any system. Its velocity is certainly over two hundred miles a second, and is probably much more; and this speed is such as to counter-vail the attractive force of all the stars in the known universe, since it is greater than such attractive force can produce. Its erratic course must carry it out of the stellar universe, according to all known laws.

The nebular hypothesis, then, while admirably fitting our solar system and several systems of similar motion, does not fit the total cosmos. It may be true that some systems are so formed, but not the universe as a whole: applied to this, it becomes, not the nebular, but the nebulous hypothesis.

Approaching now again the question of the duration of the universe, we find ourselves deprived of the centrifugal force which might be asserted if the whole cosmos were in a well-balanced rotation. To keep up a stable system, it is almost imperatively necessary that there should be a central body vastly greater in mass than all the outlying bodies, just as our sun vastly outweighs all the planets. Hence the stars do not form a stable system in the same sense of the term as when we say that the solar system is stable, with recurring and nearly compensating revolutions. Such a central body could be dispensed with only if the separate stars should have a regularity of motion and arrangement which does not exist in the present stellar system. And a most conclusive proof that the stars do not revolve around definite attracting centers is found in the variety and irregularity of their observed movements.

Assuming that the law of gravitation is universal throughout the cosmos and extends to all bodies, we can foretell "the wrecks of matter and the crush of worlds" remote from us, says Professor Newcomb, by millions of years, but inevitable. To quote his language:

"All modern science seems to point to the finite duration of our system in its present form, and to carry us back to the time when neither sun nor planet existed, save as a mass of glowing gas. How far back that was it cannot tell us with certainty; it can only say that the period is counted by millions of years, but probably not by hundreds of millions. It also points forward to the time when the sun and stars shall fade away, and Nature shall be enshrouded in darkness and death, unless some power unseen shall uphold or restore her."

Some of the causes tending to produce this latter result are to be considered. The revolution of the earth around the sun is what now prevents its falling straightway and directly into the sun. It is a yet unsettled question whether the planets and the sun move in a resisting medium; the nebular hypothesis of Mr. Spencer evidently assumes such a medium for a part of the world-formation; certain phenomena of Encke's comet during this century gave considerable reason to suspect that the ether which the physicists postulate is dense enough to have a perceptible effect upon at least the light bodies of the solar system. But at present a resisting medium is not asserted as verified by observation. Yet, if light and heat are ether-waves, as is now universally held, there is something to be thrown into waves; this something is a resisting medium,—for only something capable of resistance can be moved,—and to some extent, the movements of the stars must be affected by it.

Another fact to be noted is that space is full of meteoric bodies which retard the planets as they fall upon them. They increase the weight of the earth thousands of tons every year, and all increase of weight diminishes speed of motion in the orbit. The same cause is increasing the weight and attractive power of the sun. These are but small matters, it is true; but small matters acting constantly in the eternities, or in the vast tracts of space and periods of time, produce great effects. Even the works of man may affect the rotation of the planet. From the substance of the earth men make bricks, dig rocks, bring up heavy metals; and these are spread on its surface or put up in buildings, so that the crust of the earth is made relatively heavier; that is, the average distance of the crust of the earth from the axis of revolution is made greater. In effect, this diminishes rotation. But, on the other hand, some of man's works have an opposite tendency. He cuts down the forests and hastens the wash from the mountains; he levels and cuts through hills, and makes embankments for his railroads. Ericsson has shown that a diminution of speed is resulting from the deposits made by the great rivers, varying in influence according to the latitude of their mouths, as well as the amount of their débris. He calculates that the effect of these upon the earth will be enough to alter the length of the day. But Ericsson may be wrong, for all this débris is brought from the mountains, producing another counteracting influence. Observations do not yet show the influence of these causes, because only in recent times have instruments and calculations been able to cope with such a problem.

A thousand years hence, the variations, if any, may be distinctly stated.

But another running down of the stellar system must be noted. According to modern science, radiant heat and light are forms of energy; they are a real expenditure of work; they can be changed into other forms of motion, and *vice versâ*. Now all the stars and our sun are bodies radiating heat; they are putting forth energy and producing effects by it. But what is the source of their heat? and can they continue to give it out without exhausting themselves? There is a perpetual radiation of heat from all visible objects, which is to some extent an interchange; and this has been going on from the beginning. There has been forever a transformation of motion into heat, and a radiation of heat into space. This heat and heat-energy is wasted, because it is never returned; radiated in every direction, only a small part of it is caught by any body and thrown back. For example, the sun gives out two thousand one hundred and seventy million times as much heat as the earth receives; and very little of that is ever returned to him. As Sir William Thompson expresses it, "There is a constant dissipation of energy going on in nature." The stars, on the average, give each more light than the sun; hence, they lose more heat. This cannot go on forever. The sun cannot have been radiating at his present rate for more than eighteen millions of years; and as he continues to give out heat, he must contract, grow smaller and denser and less luminous. In twelve million years more he will, changing at the present rate, become as dense as the earth, and his fires will have paled or will have been quenched.

Science is here confronted with a great difficulty. Is this heat annihilated? Science may not say "Yes" to this question without a denial of one of her fundamental doctrines. She cannot admit that heat, which is one of the forms in which energy is manifested, is annihilated, for she holds that neither motion nor matter is either created or destroyed. But this doctrine itself is one which can neither be proved nor disproved experimentally; it is one which, however verified by its leading on to discoveries, and however uncontradicted by experience, runs nevertheless upon the verge of metaphysics; it rests mainly upon the impossibility of our conceiving of either creation or annihilation, and upon the metaphysical necessity which scientists feel that the substances or realities with which science deals, namely, matter and motion, shall remain constant. But scientists generally, while ready to make sport of the metaphysics of other people, in which they have

no interest, vigorously defend their own metaphysics, and contend for their own notions of atoms and molecules with their interspaces, vortices, attractions, and repulsions, which are mere products of the scientific imagination, and not of scientific knowledge.

Or does heat go on traveling forever into space, beyond all ponderable matter? As heat is a mode of motion of ponderable matter, or of the ether which is conceived of as the medium of transmitting it, we must say that the radiated heat is lost to ponderable matter, but produces endless agitation in the illimitable ether. To space we can set no limit; the human power of conception finds equal difficulty in limited or unlimited space; one is inconceivable because absurd, the other because it eludes our grasp. Is the ether limited or unlimited? As this question cannot be answered, all the result we reach is this, that the vibrations of heat go out into ether of which we know no limit; and as there is no boundary of ponderable matter to reflect it back, it is practically lost; it does work only as it encounters ponderable matter. There is but one alternative, and that is suicidal. If science could only affirm that a straight line is in fact a curve, and that the outgoing heat radiating in straight lines really moves on a curve of infinite radius and comes back again, she might save the vital warmth and the universe. But this would upset the whole Euclidian geometry, as well as belie the fundamental conceptions of mankind, and set all science itself afloat; for that is founded upon the common experience, necessary processes of thought, and fundamental conceptions of men. Science must therefore admit a never-ending dissipation of energy; all forms of energy tend to fritter away into heat, and to disappear in an objectless radiation.

We may, therefore, as taught by modern science, picture the long agony and dissolution of the cosmos. The planets lose their heat and life; all animals and then all plants die; the globes slacken their speed; they approach the sun in a gradually narrowing spiral, drawn out through millions of years; but, as fast as one after another touches the sun and becomes a part of its mass, the predominating centripetal attraction of the central globe increases; and, the perturbations which arise from planetary attractions ceasing, the rest more easily yield to his overpowering sway. These collisions for a time light up his fires; but when, Kronos-like, he has devoured all his children, like Kronos he too shall begin to fail. The same process is meanwhile going on in other systems, and now the overgrown suns become planets to each other; vortices of suns take the place of solar systems; and

suns fall into suns, till all are united into one vast glowing mass containing all the matter of the universe, from which much of the energy that once animated and vivified it has departed by the infinite and eternal radiation. Else we might say that the crash of worlds had generated heat to rehabilitate the star-mist and inaugurate a new nebular globe or disk, to repeat the long formation of the worlds and the procession of the ages; but Science herself has shown this cannot be.

And now the central mass is cooling for thousands of centuries; from the bright white heat and light which no nerve feels and no eye sees, it fades away to a bright red, a dull red, and finally the last ray of light, the last life-producing quiver of the ether, has gone out into the void of boundless space, pursued by the swift-flying darkness. But the heat-waves continue in the everlasting night; these too spread vainly out into space, growing fainter and fainter, until the absolute zero of cold is reached; there is the faint shudder of an eternal chill; heat too has perished; the last throb of the ether has passed, and the universe is dead.

This is the funeral to which modern Science invites us; for I have but followed out legitimately her teachings to their acknowledged ultimate results. We have been told that the universal star-mist, in whose nebulous bosom arose the first vortices and chance movements that built a cosmos of order and beauty, contained the promise and potency of all things—

“Of Cæsar’s hand and Plato’s brain,
Of Lord Christ’s heart and Shakspeare’s strain.”

But I submit that, if this is the result of science, the physicists need not wonder that

men turn rather to theology and to poetry. If the system of nature, running with matter and motion or force for an eternity of time in an infinity of space, results in everlasting death and nothingness, we must believe that the motion was created by some greater power extraneous to matter, and superior to the sum of cosmic motion. The powers and potencies of matter are evidently not inherent in it; if they were, they could not be wasted and lost; they must have been communicated to it. Whatever be said of matter, whether matter was created or not, motion must have come from some unseen Power behind the cosmos. Whatever difficulties there may be in theories of creation and in doctrines of teleology or final causes, they are no greater than those which belong inevitably to the assumptions of modern science; and the doctrines of creation and of purpose in creation accord better with human reason, with the impulses of the heart, and with the imperative demands of the conscience. With Fichte and Schopenhauer, two very different men, agreeing in one fundamental doctrine, we may recognize an Infinite Will as the substratum and substance of the universe, behind and under and over all phenomena, into which it can flow with renewing life and energy; with Kant and Fichte we may assert the “Emphasis of the Moral Ego,” the supremacy of moral laws, which afford a final end to account for the existence of the universe; and with the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews we must say, “The worlds were framed by the word of God, so that the things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.”

Samuel Willard.

THE SOUL'S REFLECTION.

ONCE in the night-time I was looking up,
And saw the stars slow circling 'round the pole,—
Orbs that through endless epicycles roll
And worlds on worlds. Lo, in a daisy's cup
A tiny dew-drop did reflect the whole,
And all the azure sky and countless spheres
That gleam in Heaven, through the varied years,
Lay in this tiny globule. Oh! my soul,
Thou mote in Nature, is not this to thee
An image of thyself? Ere thou hast passed
Beyond Time's threshold, and God's purpose vast
Breaks on thy sight, yet canst thou clearly see
The one great goal man must attain at last,
And mirror in thyself Eternity.

R. T. W. Duke, Jr.

NEW ZEALAND IN BLOOMING DECEMBER.

It was midsummer—in other words, the last week of December—when we reached the shores of New Zealand, whither we had fled from Fiji and the steaming heat of stifling summer days.

We were more fortunate than we at first realized in the time of our arrival; for, being Christmas week, there was unwonted stir in the quiet city of Auckland, and crowds of Maoris, laughing girls and stalwart men, thronged the streets, this being the only season when they assemble in any number in the white man's town, drawn thither by the annual gifts which have hitherto been so freely dispensed by the English Government, in carrying out what is commonly called the sugar-and-blanket policy.

Never in our previous wanderings had we met with a colored race who could assume the broadcloth of civilization without being thereby hopelessly vulgarized; but here we found splendid fellows, who in their European clothes could scarcely be distinguished from well-bronzed whites, while some occasional touch of color, such as a brilliant scarf around the hat or thrown over the shoulders, lent something of Spanish grace to the wearer. Only on a few of the older men did the deep lines of blue tattooing over nose and cheeks appear in curious contrast with the adopted dress. On the girls, however, the arts of millinery were less successful, and hats trimmed with artificial flowers scarcely looked in keeping with the wild shock of unkempt hair, overhanging the great dark eyes and long earrings of greenstone, and the lips and chin disfigured by curves of blue tattooing. It also struck us strangely to observe a casual meeting of friends, when the ceremony of pressing noses together (not sniffing each other, as in Fiji) was substituted for the kiss, which to our notion seems the natural form of greeting.

Many of the girls wore bright tartan shawls, for all the race are extremely sensitive to cold, and even on these hot summer days both men and women apparently delight in warm clothing, and like to exclude every breath of air from their wretched, stuffy little cottages. The inferiority, dirt, and discomfort of these, and their total lack of drainage, struck us all the more from contrast with the cleanliness, comfort, and well-raised foundation of the Fijian houses with which we had become familiar. As a general rule, a traveler would find the prospect of claiming a night's

shelter in a Maori *wharre* quite as uninviting as being driven to accept the hospitality of a very poor Highland bothie. A certain number of the chiefs, however, now own good houses (in most instances built for them by Government as rewards, or bribes for good behavior), and pride themselves on their excellent carriages and furniture, even adopting such effeminacies as white muslin covers for dressing-tables, with dandy pink trimmings.

Much as we admired the Maori race, we were even more struck by the half-castes, all our previous experience in other lands having led us in a great measure to sympathize with the aversion commonly felt toward mixed races, which generally seem to unite the worst characteristics of both. Here, however, this rule is reversed, and the most casual observer can scarcely fail to note the physical and intellectual superiority of the Anglo-Maori. I am told, however, that the physique is not in reality so good as at first sight appears, and that the tendency to consumption is even greater than in the pure Maori, whose ranks have been so terribly thinned by this insidious foe.

Next in interest to the old lords of the land are the geological surroundings of the city of Auckland, which is situated in the midst of a cluster of extinct volcanoes. The largest and most perfect specimen of these retains its true native name, Rangi-Toto, but the principal crater in the immediate neighborhood of the town has had to submit to the common custom of colonies, where old places must perforce receive new names; so it is now known as Mount Eden, and its grassy slopes are dotted with pleasant homes. Only its summit retains traces of the old Maori fortifications, in artificially leveled terraces surrounding the deep crater, wherein, in case of dire attack, a whole tribe might have taken refuge. Every green hillock, far and near, partakes of the same character.

I cannot say we were much struck by the beauty of Auckland, though there are some fine views, such as that from the cemetery, looking across the blue waters of the harbor to the great triple cone of Rangi-Toto, which rises from a base of black, broken volcanic refuse,—a suggestive contrast to the foreground of beautiful tree ferns, which have been suffered still to survive in the valley just before us. But the noble primeval forest which formerly clothed this district has almost entirely been swept ruthlessly away, and wholesale burning has destroyed

what the woodman's axe had spared, so that there now remains literally no shelter from the summer sun, save such English oak and other trees as have been planted by the settlers.

It was not till we found ourselves on Kawau, Sir George Grey's fascinating island home, that we had an opportunity of seeing something of a carefully preserved New Zealand bush. Here every headland is crowned with magnificent pohutukawa trees (*Metrosideros tomentosus*), literally rendered, "the brine-sprinkled,"—so called by the Maoris, because they are said only to flourish close to the sea; but known to the settlers as the Christmas tree, since it invariably blossoms in Christmas week, when boughs of its glossy green and scarlet are used in church decoration as a substitute for the holly berries of Old England. Like many of the flowering trees of the Pacific, its blossom when gathered possesses small attraction, its brilliant color being derived solely from the clusters of bright scarlet stamens, which, however, when seen in masses, produce such an effect of intense color that the whole tree appears aflame, and the overhanging boughs seem to be dripping fire into the clear blue water, while the ground on every side appears as if tinged with blood, the grass being fairly hidden by the showers of constantly falling stamens.

To us, so long wanderers in tropical isles, where a grassy meadow is a thing unknown, and the most inviting green hill-side invariably proves to be a matted sea of tall reeds, it was a positive delight to find ourselves once more rambling over grassy downs, where sheep and cattle pasture peacefully and mushrooms grow abundantly, and where a multitude of English sky-larks make their homes and fill the air with their thrilling warblings. The larks, the bees, and the thistles are alike imported, and all equally thriving. As to the thistles, the size and beauty of their purple blossoms must gladden the heart of every true Scot, especially as the farmers praise them and vow that they actually improve the new soil.

Even the grass itself is not indigenous, all these hills having till recently been densely clothed with a thicket of tea-tree, which is a shrub somewhat resembling juniper or a gigantic heather-bush, its foliage consisting of tiny needles, while its delicate white blossoms resemble myrtle. It is called by the Maoris manakau, but the settlers have a tradition that Captain Cook and his men once made tea of its twigs; hence, they say, the name. It is, however, noteworthy that this plant is called ti by the Australian blacks, so it is probable that the name was brought thither by some colonist from the sister isle. Curi-

ously enough, the Maoris give this same name, ti-tree, to the *Cordyline indivisa*, a kind of dragon-tree, which here flourishes on all moist soils. The settlers with strange perversity have dubbed this the cabbage-tree, though its cluster of handsome long leaves, crowning a tall stem, is nowise suggestive of that familiar vegetable.

New Zealand seems to be the very paradise of acclimatization, so readily does she accept the office of foster-mother to the products of other lands. Though the combinations did not appear to me so startling as some in Queensland and New South Wales,—where I first saw holly-trees (with wealth of crimson berries) overshadowed by tall palms, and luxuriant camellias loaded with blossoms growing side by side with broad-leaved plantains and tree ferns, beneath the shelter of great pines from Norfolk Island, with a carpet of mignonette and violets,—I believe the kindly soil and climate of New Zealand can nurture almost any plant that finds its way thither.

Here and there the banks are clothed with a handsome green flag, the precious New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*), whose tall, red, honey-laden blossoms, growing on a stem fully ten feet high, offer special attractions to the bees; and great are the treasures of wild honey to be found in these parts, where the busy creatures apparently do not learn the idle habits attributed by some to their brethren when imported to tropical isles, where the supply of flowers never fails through all the circling year. For the first season the newcomers work diligently; but, after having made the pleasant discovery that they have no need to gather a winter store, they are said to abstain from useless toil and thenceforth live a life as careless and idle as any butterfly. I am, however, inclined to look upon this story as savoring of bee calumny.

The long leaves of the flax are nature's ready-made cords and straps, so strong is the fiber and so readily do the leaves split into the narrowest strips, while at the base of each lies a thick coating of strong gum. This, I believe, is the chief difficulty in employing machinery in the manufacture of this flax so as to render it a profitable article of commerce.

With all this natural vegetation the foliage of other lands mingles so freely that in a very few years it will be hard to guess what is indigenous and what imported. For here we find pines and cypresses from every corner of the globe, oaks and willows, Australian gums, and all manner of fruit-trees, more especially apples and pears, peaches, apricots, and figs, which grow in luxuriant thickets wherever they are once planted, and bear fruit abundantly. And after feasting on these,

we may pass through some romantic glen, where the sunlight flickers through the delicate tracery of tall tree ferns, and thence emerge where some quiet brook, fringed with water-cresses, flows sparkling through the meadow.

As with the vegetable world, so with the animal. Though New Zealand, in common with other isles of the South Pacific, could originally boast of literally no four-footed creature save a small rat, she gives such cordial welcome to all new-comers, that all living things imported seem certain to increase and multiply to any extent. Already, in this island home, large herds of fallow deer and Indian elk roam at large; pheasants are abundant, and a good day's sport may be had in pursuit of wild cattle; while kangaroos, or wallabies, as they are commonly called, are so numerous and such easy prey as to be almost beneath the dignity of a true sportsman, so very deliberate is their strange leaping retreat, and so frequently do they pause to gaze wistfully at the intruder. A rare and beautiful variety of kangaroo, called the tree wallaby, because of its squirrel-like habits, has been imported from New Guinea, and is already so abundant on this island of Kawau that a very large number annually have to be shot. It is a small animal, with the richest brown fur, and when feeding in the grassy glades might at first sight be mistaken for a hare, till at the faintest sound of danger it sits upright; then, standing on its long hind legs, it bounds away with a succession of leaps, and reappears springing from branch to branch, and peering cautiously from among the dark foliage of the pohutukawa.

But if tree wallabies sounds strange to Australian ears, what would a Londoner think of gathering oysters from the lower branches of the same "brine-sprinkled" trees? Here, however, he will find them abundantly and of excellent flavor; for these branches literally dip in to the water, and overshadow rocks, all of which are oyster-beds extending entirely round the island, a coast-line of perhaps thirty miles. Indeed the oysters seem equally abundant in all the neighborhood of Auckland, and here, as at Sydney, we found a simple and enticing form of afternoon picnic greatly in favor, where bread and butter and a hammer were the only accessories carried to the feast. True gourmets brought lemons and spoons. I confess to having frequently dispensed with all these superfluities, and to have greatly enjoyed the simple process of knocking my oysters on the hinge with a stone, thereby removing the upper shell, and leaving the dainty morsel unprotected. This did at first sight appear a very savage feast, and for awhile I stood aloof in some disgust; but *ce n'est que le premier pas*

qui coûte, and, having once overcome this natural repugnance so far as to *try* (as the colonials say) just one, I plead guilty to having thenceforth been foremost at every oyster festival.

The island being now simply the private estate of an English gentleman, its inhabitants are all his comfortable and well-cared-for dependents, if such a word can possibly be applied to a race so thoroughly independent, and who require to be humored to an extent that would greatly astonish land-owners and housekeepers in the old country.

Only once a year do the Maoris return to this coast to fish for sharks; not the dreaded white sharks, though these also are frequent visitors, but a hideous creature resembling a dog-fish, and from four to six feet in length, which the Maoris split and dry for winter fare. One day a large party of natives arrived in half a dozen good English boats. We rowed out to join them, and they invited us on board the largest boat, in the hold of which were already stowed about fifty of these small sharks. They caught ten more while we were watching,—fishing with line and bait. Each shark, as it was drawn up, received a severe blow on the nose, which was then cut off, and the sufferer apparently died at once. When the fishing was over the boats departed to a small island, where the sharks are hung up to dry, and horrible must be the effluvia. A gentleman who accompanied us told me that in one season they had caught fifteen thousand off this island, and that he had himself seen a pile of dried fish three hundred feet long by six deep, ready for winter use. One of the fishers was introduced to me as the Queen's godson, a fine, stalwart fellow. His father, having visited England, and having been honored by presentation to her Majesty, was granted this further privilege on behalf of his son, together with the accustomed christening cup.

While looking down from my window to the lovely little bay—a beautiful scene, framed by large trees and tall, flowering aloes—I saw on two different occasions a wonderful effect of phosphorescence. The 11th of February had been marked by violent thunder-storms, vivid lightning, and downpours of rain, leaden skies, and a bright green sea. I chanced to look out about eleven P. M., and saw the whole bay glowing with pale white light, and fiery waves rolling right up beneath the trees and around the rocks, which stood out sharp and black. The effect was as of a sea of living light. For about ten minutes I watched it, entranced; then it slowly faded away, and the scene was changed to dense obscurity. Next night I looked out at the same hour, and be-

held only darkness; but about midnight I was awakened by a deafening crash of thunder, followed by heavy rain. I guessed this would stir up whatever creatures caused the strange, weird light; perhaps they are disturbed by the electricity-laden rain-drops, and seek safety in flight, or it may be that they receive a small electric shock which starts them all dancing. Whatever be the cause, the result proved as I expected. Ere I could reach the window, the bay was illuminated by tiny ripples of fire, which gradually increased in size and number till all was a blaze of glowing, dazzling light. This lasted for about five minutes, and then died completely away.

Returning to Auckland, our next expedition was a five-hours' trip by steamer to Grahamstown—in other words, the Thames Gold Fields. We sailed at sunset, with a good three-quarter moon. This was obscured for a few minutes by a slight shower, which was followed by a very beautiful lunar rainbow—a phenomenon which must surely be more common in the southern hemisphere than with us, for the ship's officers spoke of it as by no means rare, whereas this was my first sight of the ghostly, pallid rainbow of the night.

Ere midnight we were luxuriously housed near the great baby town, where, till about ten years ago, not a sound disturbed the deep stillness, save the ripple of the sea around the steep, richly wooded shores. But swift change followed the discovery of gold. Too quickly the hills were denuded of all their timber, and left bare, and red, and ugly. Adventurers poured in and burrowed for the precious ore, till the hills now resemble one vast rabbit-warren. So great is the amount of refuse thus cast out that it has served to reclaim a tract of land from the sea, thus considerably enlarging the site for building purposes, which, even thus, is but a narrow strip between the sea and the steep hills. Here a large, straggling town has sprung up, and mighty batteries, whose tall chimneys darken the air with black smoke, work with deafening noise, crushing the auriferous quartz; for you must not confuse the gold fields with "diggings" where the precious nuggets lie embedded in alluvial deposit, and entail only digging and washing. Here the gold is traced to its original home, where it forms part of the quartz veins which traverse the hard rock, and has to be sought by tunneling and by the pickaxe with patient toil. Truth to say, a few days' acquaintance with Grahamstown greatly disturbed my preconceived ideas of life at the diggings. Here I found a large, scattered town, peopled wholly by miners, but nowhere have I seen a more orderly and respectable community. Every miner

has his tidy house and garden; most have a wife and children. On Sunday all work save that of the great pump ceases, and the large churches of every denomination are crowded by congregations who certainly retain no trace of having been working in mines all the week. Various volunteer corps, including a fine force of Naval Reserve, a large regiment of Scotch volunteers, and one of cadets, turn out in excellent order, and march to one or other of the places of worship. The law of order prevails here as thoroughly as in any quiet English village. All matters relating to the mines are regulated by a printed code of rules, and inspectors are appointed, whose duty it is continually to visit every corner of the mines, and who, in their turn, are responsible to the Warden of the Gold Fields. The great pump is one of the marvels of the place. Its shaft is six hundred and ninety feet deep, and it drains the whole neighborhood. The water pumped up deposits silica in such quantities that the great tubes through which it passes are coated every few days with an incrustation about an inch thick, which has to be removed with a chisel. Small objects, such as wicker baskets, are occasionally left to soak for a short period, and re-appear apparently carved in white stone.

We were fortunate in the time of our arrival, as large quantities of gold had just been discovered in the Moanitairi mine, hitherto considered almost worthless. Of course the shares flew up, and the excitement was tremendous. We saw fortunate holders of old shares who, a few days previously, had been poor men, suddenly transformed into men of large capital. Indeed, we ourselves were sorely exasperated by the persistency with which our friends in Auckland and elsewhere would congratulate us on the successful speculation which they assumed we must have made. Unfortunately our sole acquaintance with the gold was as sight-seers; and first of all we were taken along the great main tunnel whence the side-drives diverge in all directions, following the lead of the quartz veins.

The great tunnel extends three-quarters of a mile, and is lighted by gas, to say nothing of the tiny green lamps of multitudinous glow-worms, which, together with a fluffy white fungus, cover the sides and roof. On reaching the far end, we came to the shaft leading down to the lucky Moanitairi, and were urged to descend and have a look at the gold; but the journey appeared so uninviting that we contented ourselves with exploring some of the side-drives, where we found the men, generally in couples, working hard with pickaxe and shovel, each in his own bur-

row, like so many rabbits. On our appearing they worked with renewed energy, that they might "show us the color"; and though the particles thus revealed were infinitesimal, we had the satisfaction of having ourselves seen them brought to light.

Next we were taken to see the huge batteries, where the quartz is pounded into white mud, through which quicksilver is run to amalgamate the gold. The mixture is then distilled, when the quicksilver evaporates, and is again condensed, ready for use, leaving the gold comparatively pure. The refuse from the batteries, known as tailings, is heaped up to be eventually subjected to closer scrutiny.

Our last visit was to the bank, to see the process of making golden bricks. Twelve thousand ounces of Moanitairi gold was brought in, already roughly run into lumps the size of a man's head. These had to be broken up with wedge and sledge-hammer into pieces sufficiently small to find room in the melting pots which stood ready on the furnace. I confess the use of such tools in working gold was to me quite a new impression! The molds were then well oiled, and into them was poured the liquid ore, which, being cooled with water, soon formed a heap of solid golden bricks, bearing the bank stamp—very pale gold, however, the proportion of silver therein contained being about thirty per cent.

Leaving Grahamstown one lovely afternoon in the comfortable little steamer *Te Aroha*, we proceeded up the river Thames to Paeroa, where we arrived at sunset. It is a most beautiful river, flowing sometimes through rich pasture land, alternating with large forests of white pine, called by the Maoris kakikatea, while here and there the banks are fringed with graceful weeping-willows, which were imported not many years ago from Britain, and have already attained a larger growth than is often to be seen there, showing that, like the sweet-brier and peach-trees, they take kindly to their adopted land. The latter have already overspread the country, forming thickets where the traveler may halt and feast to his heart's content, while his horse munches the red berries of the sweet-brier which covers large tracts of land, filling the air with fragrance.

As we neared our destination, we had the opportunity of seeing a Maori pah in full fighting condition, two of the neighboring tribes being at variance. It did not appear very imposing, its fortifications consisting of the usual red fences. Nevertheless, its defenders were all on the alert to prevent the passage of any foe, for which purpose the river was barred, only leaving space enough for the steamer to pass.

At Paeroa we found horses awaiting us, and a lovely moonlight ride brought us to

Mackaytown, where we were gladdened by a bright fire and a cordial welcome. Sorely did we regret that we had not so planned our days as to allow time to see something more of this beautiful district of Ohinimuri and its gold-fields, where life in the heart of wild forests and mountains must necessarily be of a far more primitive stamp than in the orderly city of Grahamstown—perhaps more like our ideal, derived from Bret Harte and kindred writers. But ruthless fate urged us on, and at the first peep of day we started, having before us a twenty-five miles' ride, which was considerably prolonged by the necessity of making wide circuits to head treacherous swamps.

Our first mile lay through the most exquisite tract of bush it has ever been my good fortune to behold in any land; groups of tall red or black pine (native names, rimu and matai) mingled with fine trees of various sorts, matted by luxuriant creepers, through which the sunlight stole tenderly, to reveal the treasures of beauty below. For the glory of this fairy dell lay in its tree ferns, no new delight to me, for I have seen such wealth of these in the various isles of the Pacific as I thought could never be excelled. But in this one tract of New Zealand bush it seemed to me that Nature had surpassed herself, that she might revel in her own loveliness, so artistic was the grouping of each several cluster of these dainty trees, some of them towering above their fellows, with foliage crowning stems from twenty to thirty feet high, and so rich was the undergrowth of all manner of humbler ferns. Imagine my feelings of disgust when, on alluding to this dream of beauty to a practical settler, he at once recognized the spot, saying: "Oh, yes! that block has been reserved for fire-wood!"

Above us lay a magnificent forest of the giant kauri pine, which is found only in this northern part of the North Island. It is a noble tree, and the tall, upright stems were ranged like the pillars of some mighty cathedral; and so highly is it prized as timber that it is largely exported both to the South Island and to Australia. So extensive a demand has already well-nigh denuded many vast tracts, which but a few years ago were clothed with primeval forest. Hence the necessity which has caused Government to take what remains under its special protection. It is from the scrub-land which was formerly occupied by kauri forests that are dug the large, amber-like lumps of gum which are so valuable in commerce. They are found within two feet of the surface, and are by some supposed to have been formed by the melting of the resin when the forests were burned. The industry affords a livelihood to a large

class of men, both Maori and European, known as gum-diggers.

Beyond the dark forest we could see the tiny tents of the gold-miners gleaming like white specks, high on the mountain side,—a most romantic site for a camp, and one which we would fain have visited, had time allowed. We found no cool shade inviting us to halt, till we reached a Maori village on the shore. Thence our route lay for some miles along the hard, yellow sands, with the wavelets rippling right up to the horses' feet,—a beautiful ride, had there been leisure to enjoy it; but before us lay a wide tidal creek which it behooved us to cross before the waters should rise, so we had to get over the ground at a swinging pace, which, however pleasant under ordinary circumstances, is scarcely so enjoyable when you are holding on to a large umbrella, with opera-glasses flying and bumping on one side, and a large traveling-bag, containing night-gear and sketching materials, somewhat insecurely strapped to the pommel, and all beneath a burning sun. I was a novice at bush travel, and had not yet learned how little can be carried in lands where no patient and much-enduring coolies await the white man's pleasure.

After all, we reached the ford too late, and had to wait a couple of hours at a lonely little telegraph station till a boat was ready to take us across; a circumstance which, in my secret heart, I did not much regret; for, under any circumstances, the creek is very wide and muddy, and the ford difficult and insecure. So we left the horses to enjoy their supper, while we found friendly shelter at Kati Kati, a district inhabited solely by settlers from Belfast. The next afternoon we rowed down the lake to Tauranga in a small boat, a distance of about twenty-five miles. It was midnight before we arrived, and bitterly cold, but all weariness was soon forgotten in the cordial kindness of our reception by total strangers, previously known to us only by name, as friend's friends,—a title, however, which we found in every case to be a sure passport in this genial land.

The interest of Tauranga centers around the Gate Pah, in the capture of which so many brave English soldiers and officers were slain during the Maori war in 1864. They were buried (together with many others, including sailors and marines, who perished in the same useless strife) on a green headland beside the sea,—a lovely spot, and lovingly cared for, where bright blossoms bloom beneath the shelter of weeping-willows, and scented geraniums grow in wild profusion among the rocks. On the many head-stones and crosses are inscribed names still precious to many a home

in Britain. The Gate Pah itself, despite its historic interest, has been leveled with the ground and nothing now remains to mark its site.

Of the unsatisfactory results obtained at the cost of so much bloodshed there can, I suppose, be no doubt. It seems as if it had but taught the Maoris their own strength, and left them in a position which, to the settlers, must be galling indeed, they being often compelled to submit patiently to overbearing insolence on the part of the natives, who know full well that their white neighbors are practically without redress in a land where the Queen's writ does not run. Imagine that, within twenty miles of Auckland itself, a murderer is safe from British law, no officer of justice daring to pursue him into "the King Country," where no white man may travel, save by special permission of the chiefs—a permission often withheld, even when the traveler carries letters of introduction from their oldest and long-tried friends, as one of our party proved, much to his annoyance.

Even the white man's religion has fallen into contempt with a vast multitude, who previous to the war were apparently most reverent and devout Christians, but who at that time either banished or murdered their teachers, and invented new religions for themselves—strange compounds of many creeds, mingled with the most utter absurdities. One sect has retained the custom of reading daily lessons, but the Scriptures from which they are drawn are the ancient Maori legends collected and published by Sir George Grey, which the natives consider on the whole more edifying than those of Syria and Palestine. Many of the once flourishing mission stations are now deserted, and the churches stand silent and forsaken.

As regards the future, there are many who consider that the attitude of the Maoris is decidedly hostile, and that a fresh war may even now be imminent. Should this prove to be the case, the whites would now fight at a greater disadvantage than ever, both owing to the loss of prestige due to over-familiarity and to the fact that the natives have now accumulated such stores of fire-arms as they formerly could never have hoped for. But, after all, it is only within their own reserved lands that they show so firm a front, and perhaps we have small right to blame their determination to resist further aggression. Undoubtedly, their dealings with white men have, on the whole, been just and honorable; and, possibly, had their positions been reversed, we might be disposed to view matters very differently.

Constance F. Gordon Cumming.

ARNOLD ON EMERSON AND CARLYLE.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S lecture upon Emerson was also incidentally a lecture upon Carlyle, with glances at Cardinal Newman and at Benjamin Franklin. The gist of the speaker's view of Emerson was briefly as follows: Emerson was not a great poet, was not to be ranked among the legitimate poets, because his poetry had not the Miltonic requirements of simplicity, sensuousness, and passion. He was not even a great man of letters, because he had not a genius and instinct for style; his style had not the requisite wholeness of good tissue. Who were the great men of letters? They were Plato, Cicero, Voltaire, La Bruyère, Milton, Addison, Swift,—men whose prose is by a kind of native necessity true and sound. Emerson was not a great philosopher, because he had no constructive talent,—he could not build a system of philosophy. What then was his merit? He was to be classed with Marcus Aurelius, who was "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." This was Emerson's chief merit and service: he was the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. The secret of his influence was not in his thought; it was in his temper, his unfaltering spirit of cheerfulness and hope.

In the opinion of the speaker, even Carlyle was not a great writer, and his work was of much less importance than Emerson's. As Wordsworth's poetry was the most important work done in verse in our language during the nineteenth century, so Emerson's essays were, in the lecturer's view, the most important work done in prose. Carlyle was not a great writer, because he was too impatient, too willful, too vehement; he did not work his material up into good literary form.

It will be seen that this criticism of these eminent men is wholly with reference to what many of us consider of secondary importance, namely, their style, or manner of delivery; a criticism from the technical and academic side of literature, which makes little account of their intrinsic quality of genius and of the real force and stimulus they left embodied in literary forms,—imperfect or inadequate forms if you will, but still *literary* forms. Did the speaker disengage for us and impart to us what of worth and significance there was in these men? Did he convey to us a lively impression of their genius? I think not. And yet he has told us in his essay on Joubert that this is the main matter; he asks "What is

really precious and inspiring, in all that we get from literature, except this sense of an immediate contact with genius itself and the stimulus toward what is true and excellent which we derive from it?" Like all other writers, when Arnold speaks from the traditions of his culture and the influence of his environment he is far less helpful and satisfactory than when he speaks from his native genius and insight, and gives free play to that wonderfully clear, sensitive, flexible, poetic mind of his. And in this verdict upon Emerson and Carlyle, it seems to me, he speaks more from his bias, more from his dislike of nonconformists, than from his genius. I read in it something that we might almost call the provincialism of the academy.

We have had much needed service from Arnold; he has taught his generation the higher criticism, as Sainte-Beuve taught it to his. A singularly logical and constructive mind, yet a singularly fluid and interpretive one, giving to his criticism charm, as well as force and penetration.

All readers of his know how free he is from anything strained or fantastic or paradoxical, and how absolutely single his eye is. His page flows as limpid and tranquil as a meadow brook, loitering under this bank and under that, but yet really *flowing*, really abounding in continuous currents of ideas that lead to large and definite results. His works furnish abundant illustrations of the principle of evolution in literature, which he demands of others. He makes no use of the Emersonian method of surprise; his ideas never suddenly leap out full-grown from his brain, but slowly develop and unfold before you, and there are no missing links. Any given thought is continuous with him, and grows and expands with new ramifications and radiations, from year to year. This gives a wonderful consecutiveness and wholeness to his work, as well as great clearness and simplicity. Yet one sometimes feels as if he were the victim of his own admirable method, as if his keen sense of form and order sometimes stood between him and the highest truths. I believe the notions we get from him of the scope and function of poetry, and of the value and significance of style, are capable of revision.

Less stringency of form is to be insisted upon, less servility to the classic standards. We live in an age of expansion, not of con-

centration, as Arnold long ago said; "like the traveler in the fable, therefore, we begin to wear our cloak a little more loosely." In literature, we are coming more and more to look beyond the form into the substance; yea, into the mood and temper that begat the substance.

"The chief trait of any given poet," says a recent authority, "is always the spirit he brings to the observation of humanity and nature—the mood out of which he contemplates his subject. What kind of temper and what amount of faith reports these things?"

Of like purport is the well-known passage of Sainte-Beuve, wherein, after referring to the demands and standards of the classic age, he says that for us, to-day, "the greatest poet is not he who has done the best"—that is, written the most perfect poem from the classic standpoint; "it is he who suggests the most,—he, not all of whose meaning is at first obvious, and who leaves you much to desire, to explain, to study, much to complete in your turn."

In the decay of old traditions, and in the huge aggrandizement of physical science, the refuge and consolation of serious and truly religious minds is more and more in literature, and in the free escapes and outlooks which it supplies. The best modern poetry, and the best modern prose, takes down the bars for us and admits us to new and large fields of moral and intellectual conquest in a way the antique authors could not and did not aim to do. New wants, and therefore new standards, have arisen. It were far better for us to have Wordsworth without style (Arnold says Wordsworth has no style, but at best plain force of expression) than Milton with his un-failing style, because the intrinsic purity and force of the poetic inspiration, though it come rarely, is of more value to us than any grandeur of extrinsic form and movement Milton ever attained to. Of Milton's style I think one is justified in saying that it is like the finest and most aristocratic china, but that the refection itself few modern readers can face. A dinner of game and wild fruits and herbs, served upon birch chips, as in Wordsworth, is far more in keeping with the modern taste. If we must have partial men, let their partiality be toward the intrinsic, not toward the extrinsic, in literature, as well as in other things.

The type of men of which Emerson and Carlyle are the most pronounced and influential examples in our time, it must be owned, are comparatively a new turn-up in literature,—men whose highest distinction is the depth and fervor of their moral conviction, whose greatness of character is on a par with their

greatness of intellect; a new style of man writing poems, essays, criticisms, histories, and filling these forms with a spirit and a suggestiveness far more needful and helpful to us than the mere spirit of perfection in letters—the classic spirit, which Mr. Arnold himself so assiduously cultivates.

To say that Carlyle is not a great writer, or, more than that, a supreme literary artist, is to me like denying that Angelo and Rembrandt were great painters, or that the sea is a great body of water. His life of Herculean labor was entirely given to letters, and he undoubtedly brought to his tasks the greatest single equipment of pure literary power English prose has ever received. Beside some of the men named by the lecturer, his illuminating power is like the electric light beside a tallow dip. Not a perfect writer certainly, nor always an agreeable one; but he exhibited at all times the traits which the world has consented to call great. He bequeathed to mankind an enormous intellectual force and weight of character, embodied in enduring literary forms.

I know it has become the fashion to disparage Carlyle's histories; it is said he has been superseded by the more scientific historians. When the scientific artist supersedes Michael Angelo, and the scientific poet supersedes Shakspeare, then probably the scientific historian will supersede Carlyle. The scientific spirit, when applied to historical research, is—like chemistry applied to agriculture—valuable, but good crops have been and can be grown without it. Scientific method can exhume the past, but cannot breathe the breath of life into it, as Carlyle did. Your scientific critic is usually a wearisome creature. We do not so much want history explained after the manner of science as we want it portrayed and interpreted after the manner of literature. And the explanations of these experts is usually only clever thimble-rigging. If they ferret the mystery out of one hole, they run it to cover in another. How clever, for instance, is Taine's explanation of those brilliant epochs in the history of nations when groups of great men are produced, and literatures and arts get founded. Why, it is only the result of a "hidden concord of creative forces"; and the opposite periods, the periods of sterility, are the result of "inward contrarieties." Truly, a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. What causes the hidden concord, etc., so that we can lay our hand upon the lever and bring about the splendid epochs at a given time, the astute Frenchman does not tell us. I like better the explanation of the old Roman, Paterculus, namely, emulation among men;

yes, and emulation in Nature herself. One great orator, or poet, will make others. Or Emerson's suggestion, which is just as near the truth, and much more taking to the imagination :

"Heats or genial periods arrive in history, or, shall we say, plenitudes of Divine Presence, by which high tides are caused in the human spirit, and great virtues and talents appear, as in the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and again in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the nation (England) was full of genius and piety."

Carlyle's bias does not, in my opinion, mar his histories at all, and we can always allow for it when he writes upon any subject,—upon America, for instance, or "Shooting Niagara." It does not mar his "Cromwell," but lends zest to it. He was himself the fiery partisan he was portraying. It does not mar "Frederic," though the author's partialities and prepossessions crop out on every page. What vivid portraiture, what rapid grouping, what *reality*, what exhaustless wit and humor, what entertainment for both heart and head this book holds !

It was unworthy of Arnold to try to twist Carlyle up on the subject of happiness, as if his casual utterance on this subject formed the measure of his merit as a writer. Carlyle simply taught that there was a higher happiness, namely, blessedness—the spiritual fruition that comes through renunciation of self, the happiness of heroes that comes from putting thoughts of happiness out of sight ; and that the direct and persistent wooing of fortune for her good gifts was selfish and unmanly,—a timely lesson at all seasons.

Emerson, too, is a great figure in modern literary history, and to his worth and significance, in this connection, the speaker did very inadequate justice. We know there is much in Emerson's works that will not stand rigid literary tests ; much that is too fanciful and ethereal, too curious and paradoxical,—not real or *true*, but only seemingly so, or so by a kind of violence and disruption. The weak place in him as a literary artist is probably his want of continuity and the tie of association—a want which, as he grew old, became a disease, and led to a break in his mind like that of a bridge with one of the piers gone, and his power of communication was nearly or quite lost. The greatness of his work consists in the measure of pure genius and of inspiration to noble and heroic conduct which it holds. As a writer he had but one aim, namely, to inspire, to wake up his reader or hearer to the noblest and the highest there was in him ; and it was no part of his plan to enter into competition with the Addisonian writers for the production of perfect literary

work—perfect from the standpoint of extrinsic form, argument, logic, evolution. His purpose did not require it, his genius did not demand it. He was to scatter the seed-germs of nobler thinking and living, not to rear a temple to the Muses ; and from our point of view the former is by far the more important service. To get at the full worth of Emerson, I say, we must appraise him for his new and fundamental quality of genius, not for his mere literary accomplishments, great as these were.

If it is replied that this is just what the lecturer did, I say the word of highest praise, all through the discourse, was given to the master of mere literary form. There was a tone of disparagement toward Emerson as a man of letters, when there should have been generous approval of the quickening and liberating spirit he brought to letters. But in saying he was not a true man of letters, the emphasis of the criticism, if there be criticism, really falls upon the men of letters, not upon Emerson.

Of a writer of the order of Emerson or Carlyle, we shall only demand that he have something of the first importance to say, and that he say it with force and felicity. Emerson's message is of the highest importance, and he renders it with rare effectiveness and charm. His page is an enticement to the æsthetic sense of the intellect, and a stimulus and tonic to the ethical sense of the moral nature.

But let us see the extent of Emerson's offending against this divinity called style, a divinity of whom Mr. Arnold is the prophet, and the best she has had for this long time, it must be admitted,—perhaps the best she ever had among the English-speaking people.

The masters of literary art, like the masters of sculpture, of painting, of music, of architecture, exhibit style in two ways : in design or conception, and in finish or treatment. Now the larger style of design, it is to be admitted, Emerson did not possess. There is no artistic conception that runs the length and breadth of any of his works ; no unity of scheme or plan like that of an architect, or of a composer, that makes an inevitable whole of any of his books or essays ; seldom a central and leading idea of which the rest are but radiations and unfoldings. His essays are fragmentary, successions of brilliant and startling affirmations, or vaticinations, with little or no logical sequence. In other words, there are seldom any *currents* of ideas in Emerson's essays, but sallies and excursions of the mind, as if to get beyond the region of rational thinking into the region of surmise and prophecy,—jets and projectiles of thought under great pressure, the pressure of the moral genius. He says,

speaking more for himself than for others: "We learn to prefer imperfect theories and sentences, which contain glimpses of the truth, to digested systems, which have no one valuable suggestion." It would be almost impossible to condense any of his essays; they are the last results of condensation; we can only cut them up and abridge them. So far as this criticism tells against Emerson as a literary artist, it must be allowed.

But of style in treatment, in finish, the perfection of paragraph, felicity of utterance, he is the consummate master. How vital and flexible his sentences are; how instinct with life and music; how genial, lucid, and flowing are many whole chapters, filling the spirit with a fine excitement, elation, and joy.

The logical texture of the sentences in "English Traits," and in "Representative Men," and in all his historical and biographical sketches, and political tracts and speeches, lately published, seems to me to have unquestionably "the requisite wholeness of good tissue"; it is true and sound prose, and, as a specimen of the free play of the mind upon ideas and traits of character, is far enough above the tame pages of Addison.

The essay, I say, makes no unit of impression, though undoubtedly the personality of the writer does; and this, I think, largely makes up, in such a writer as Emerson, for the want of inclosing design to which I have referred. The design that gives unity and relevancy to these isolated paragraphs is the personality of Emerson, his peculiar type and idiosyncrasy. This is the plan, the theme which these musical periods illustrate. The artist, says Goethe, "make what contortions he will, can only bring to light his own individuality." Of men of the Emersonian and Wordsworthian stamp, this is preëminently true; and it is this which finally interests us and gives the totality of impression in their works. The flavor of character is over all; the features of the man are stamped upon every word. From this point of view, much faultless and forcible writing—the writer always under the sway of Arnold's law of pure and flawless workmanship—is destitute of intrinsic style, because it is destitute of individuality. I should say that such a writer as Gladstone, for instance, had no style; such a man as Edward Everett, very little, though he had logic and plenty of verbal grace and finish. In the case of Emerson, the only new thing in the book is the man; this is the surprising discovery; but this makes all things new; we see the world through a new personal medium.

Everything Emerson wrote belongs to literature, and to literature in its highest and

most serious mood. If not a great man of letters, then a great man speaking through letters, and delivering himself with a charm and a dignity few have equaled. We cannot deny him literary honors, though we honor him for much more than his literary accomplishments. No more could a bird fly without wings, than could Emerson's thought have reached and moved Arnold in his early Oxford days, as the latter said it did, without rare qualities of literary style.

All Emerson's aspirations were toward greatness of character, greatness of wisdom, nobility of soul. Hence, in all his writings and speakings the great man shines through and eclipses the great writer. The flavor of character is stronger than the flavor of letters, and dominates the pages.

If he is "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit," he is equally the friend and aider of those who would found a great state, a great literature, a great art. The spirit he brought to his task, and which he displayed through his life, is a stimulus and a support to all noble endeavor, of whatever kind or in whatever field.

Yet it is to be said that neither Emerson nor Carlyle was a typical literary man. They both had too great moral vehemence, or bent, to be the doctors and professors of mere literature for and of itself. And this brings us to one of Arnold's test words, *disinterestedness*. The great writer is disinterested; his interest is to be in truth alone, severed from all practical considerations. True, certainly, and true when applied to the writers named. In the American phrase, neither of them had "an axe to grind," and yet they were *interested* in certain phases or kinds of truth over certain other kinds—moral truth above all others. In this sense they were not disinterested writers; and may not this kind of bias or preference be consistent with the work of a true literary artist, though a hinderance to the discharge of the functions of a scientific critic? Are there not cases in which we may go behind the disinterestedness of the poet or artists, and condemn, not the work, but the spirit of the work? I have heard it said that the "mood of the poet is always to be accepted." But if the mood of the poet is like the breath of the upas, it is to be condemned; if it is subversive of life and of the perpetuity of the race, there is no second question to be asked. If the air of the place is rotten and pestilential, no beauty of scenery can save it. If this is not in accordance with "art for art's sake," it is in accordance with life for life's sake. The artist holds the mirror up to nature, but it is the Claude Lorraine mirror. He takes liberties with the facts; he is not a

mere reporter; he idealizes the fact and gives it his own coloring. The critic does not in the same measure do this. He is the appraiser, the distributor of the honors, and his scale must be nicely poised. That all poetry and all good literature is, in a measure, a criticism of life—some more, some less—is a valuable suggestion, almost discovery, of Arnold's own; but it is equally true that there is a class of imaginative writers who are more properly feeders and reinforcers of life itself; who gather in from wide-lying realms, not always with nice judgment or wise selection, but always with bold, strong hands, much that nourishes and fertilizes the very roots of the tree Igdrasil. Such writers were Emerson and Carlyle. Such a writer is *not* Mr. Arnold, though his function as pruner and cultivator of the tree is scarcely less in importance.

Disinterestedness, then, is to be demanded of the critic, but the creative imagination may have free play within the limits of a strong intellectual bias. The charm and value of Darwin is his disinterestedness, but Darwin is a critic of the scheme of creation: he is interested only in finding and stating the largest truth, in outlining the theory that will cover the greatest multitude and the widest diversity of facts. But the charm and value of such a writer as Abram Cowley, or Mr. Ruskin, or our Thoreau, is largely given by a peculiar moral and mental bias. It is Thoreau's stoicism and vehement partiality to nature that gives his page such a fillip and genial provocation. And what would Mr. Ruskin be without his delightful one-sidedness and bright unreasonableness?

Few men eminent in literature have been free from some sort of bias. Arnold himself has the academic bias. There is in him a slight collegiate contemptuousness and aloofness which stands a little in the way of his doing full justice, say, to the nonconformist, and to the bereaved mortal who wants to marry his deceased wife's sister, and in the way of his full acceptance by his countrymen, to which he is justly entitled. Was he not also just a little *interested* in giving our pride in Emerson a fall, at least a shaking up? Milton is biased by his Puritanism; his "Paradise Lost" is the pageant or drama of the Puritan theology; but he is undoubtedly best as a poet when he forgets his Puritanism. Wordsworth has the didactic bias; his steed of the empyrean is yoked with another of much commoner clay. Carlyle's bias is an overweening partiality for heroes; he cuts all his cloth to this one pattern. Among our own writers, Bryant, Longfellow, Irving has little or no bias; they are disinterested witnesses,

but they are not men of the first order. Our younger corps of writers are free from bias, which is less a merit than their want of earnestness is a defect.

Arnold's view of Emerson as a poet is not entirely new, though perhaps it has never before been set forth in quite so telling and authoritative a form. The British literary journals have been in the habit of saying for years, whenever the subject was up, that Emerson was not a poet. An able London critic likened him to a Druid who wanders among the bards, and smites the harp with even more than bardic stress. And a poet on the usual terms we must admit Emerson was not. He truly had a druidical cast. His song is an incantation. Not a minstrel at the feast of life is he, but a chanter of runes at life's shrine. Arnold gave us the worst that could be said of Emerson as a poet, namely, that he lacked concreteness, sensuousness, and passion. Perhaps the best that can be said of him as a poet is that, notwithstanding these deficiencies, there is usually a poetic stress in his verse, a burden and an intensity of poetic appeal, that would be hard to match in any other poet. He had the eye and ear of the poet preternaturally sharpened, but lacked the full poetic utterance. It would seem as if he besieged the Muses with all the more seriousness and eloquence, because of the gifts that had been denied him. His verse is full of disembodied poetic values, of "melody born of melody." Compared with the other poets, he is like an essence compared to fruits or flowers. He pierced the symbol, he discarded the corporeal; his science savors of magic, his power of some mysterious occult force. Yet to say he is not a true poet implies too much; he does not stop short of the achievements of other poets, but goes beyond them. He would get rid of the bulk, the mass, and save the poetry; get rid of the concrete and catch the ideal; in other words, turn your mountain of carbon into diamonds.

As a rule, the qualities we miss from his verse, he did not aim to put there; he did not himself value them in poetry. He knew the classic models were not for him. He valued only the memorable passages, the lightning strokes of genius, the line that

"overleapt the horizon's edge,"
and
"Searched with Apollo's privilege."

He hung his verses in the wind:

"All were winnowed through and through,
Five lines lasted sound and true;
Five men smelted in a pot
Than the South more fierce and hot;

These the siroc could not melt,
 Fire their fiercer flaming felt,
 And the meaning was more white
 Than July's meridian light.
 Sunshine cannot bleach the snow,
 Nor time unmake what poets know.
 Have you eyes to find the five
 Which five hundred did survive? "

This was Emerson's method,—not to write a perfect poem, a poem that should be an inevitable whole, as Arnold would have him, but to write the perfect line, to set the imagination ablaze with a single verse, leaving the effects of form, of proportion, to be achieved by those who were equipped for it. His poetry is undoubtedly best when it is most concrete, as in the "Humblebee," "Rhodora," "Seashore," "The Snow Storm," "The Problem," "The Titmouse," and like poems, and poorest in "Wood Notes," "Celestial Love," etc. "Unless the heart is shook," says Lander, "the gods thunder and stride in vain"; and the heart is seldom shook by Emerson's poetry. It has heat, but it is not that of English poetical literature, the heat of the blood, of the affections, the emotions; but arises from the ecstasy of contemplation of the universality of the moral law.

It is hard to reconcile Arnold's criticism of Emerson's poetry with what many of us feel to be its beauty and value. It is irritating to Emersonians to be compelled to admit that his strain lacks any essential quality. It is irritating to me. I confess that I would rather have his poetry than all Milton, Cowper, Gray, Byron, and many others ever wrote. I see the grounds upon which Milton's poetry is considered greater, but I do not care for it, all the same. Emerson's poetry does not dilate me, as Wordsworth's does, because the human emotional element in it is weaker. It has not the same touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, the touch of commonalty heightened and vivified.

Whether we know it or not, we doubtless love Emerson all the more because he is not a legitimate poet or the usual man of letters, but an exceptional one. We do not love Shakspeare in the same way, because he is of no special and peculiar service to us as men and moral beings; he is not dear to any man, but generously beloved by all men. He is in the midst of the great currents of life and nature. 'Tis the universal air, the universal water we get here. But Emerson stands apart.

We go to him as we go to a fountain to drink, and to a fountain of peculiar virtues, a fountain that contains iron, or sulphur, or some other medicinal property. Hence, while to criticism Emerson is less than Gray or Milton, to us who need his moral and spiritual tonics he is more, vastly more. We

live in a sick age, and he has saved the lives of many of us. So precious has his service been, so far beyond the reach of mere literature, that we are irritated, I say, when we hear the regular literary men placed above him. When I think of Emerson, I think of him as a man, not as an author; it was his rare and charming personality that healed us and kindled our love. When he died, it was not as a sweet singer, like Longfellow, who had gone silent; but something precious and paternal had departed out of nature; a voice of hope and courage, and inspiration to all noble endeavor, had ceased to speak.

As a prose writer there is one note in Emerson which we get with the same emphasis and clearness in no other writer. I mean the heroic note, the note of manhood rising above the accidents of fortune and the tyranny of circumstances, the inspiration of courage and self-reliance. It is in Carlyle, but is often touched by his ill-humor. When Teufelsdröckh fulminates his "Everlasting No" in "Sartor," it rings out like a thunder-peal; this is the wrath and invincibility of the hero at bay. If, in Emerson's earlier essays, this note seems to us now a little too pronounced, savoring just a little of "tall talk," it did not seem so when we first read them, but was as clear, and frank, and sweet as the note of a bugle. Carlyle once defined poetry as the "heroic of speech," a definition that probably would not suit Mr. Arnold, but which describes much of Emerson's verse, and many of those brave sentences in his essays.

If in Addison the note is that of genial urbanity, in Franklin that of worldly prudence ("There is a flower of religion, a flower of honor, a flower of chivalry," says Sainte-Beuve, "which must not be required from Franklin"), in Bacon of large wisdom, in Pope of polished common sense, in Arnold himself the classical note or note of perfection, in Emerson we come at once upon the chivalrous, heroic attitude and temper. No scorn, no contempt, no defiance, but a bright and cheerful confronting of immense odds. In other writers there are words of prudence, words of enlightenment, words of grave counsel, words that divide one thing from another like a blade, words of sympathy and love; but in Emerson more than in any other there are words that are like banners leading to victory, symbolical, inspiring, rallying, seconding, and pointing the way to your best endeavor. "Self-trust," he says, "is the essence of heroism," and this martial note pulses through all his utterances. It is found in others, too, but it is the leading note in him. In others it is oftener the inspiration of conduct; in him it is the inspiration of morals.

The quality I refer to is in this passage from Marcus Aurelius:

"Suppose that men kill thee — cut thee in pieces — curse thee. What, then, can these things do to prevent thy mind from remaining pure, wise, sober, just?"

It is in these lines from Beaumont and Fletcher's "Sea Voyage," quoted by Emerson himself:

"*Julietta*. Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.

Master. Very likely. 'Tis in our power, then, to be hanged, and scorn ye."

It is the salt of this passage of another poet:

"How beggarly appear arguments before a defiant deed!

How the floridness of the materials of cities shrivels before a man's or woman's look!"

It is in the reply of the Spartan soldier who, when the threatening Persian told him their arrows would darken the sun, answered: "Very well, then; we will fight in the shade." Emerson sounds the same note throughout his essays, takes the same attitude toward circumstances, toward conventions, toward tradition, toward theological dogma, toward everything that would hamper and limit him. It shines in his famous boast:

"Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

There is a glint of it in this passage, which might have been written to comfort John Brown, or re-assure a certain much-abused poet, had it not been before the fact, a prophecy and not a counsel:

"Adhere to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous age."

Here it takes another key:

"If we dilate on beholding the Greek energy, the Roman pride, it is that we are already domesticating the same sentiment. Let us find room for this great guest in our small houses. The first step of worthiness will be to disabuse us of our superstitious associations with places and times, with number and size. Why should these words Athenian, Roman, Asia, and England so tingle in the ear? Where the heart is, there the muses — there the gods sojourn, and not in any geography of fame. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay, you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classical topography. But here we are, and if we will tarry a little, we may come to learn that here is best. See to it only that thyself is here — and art and nature, hope and fate, friends and angels, and the Supreme Being, shall not be absent from the chamber where thou sittest."

Half the essays are to this tune. "Books," he said, "are for nothing but to inspire"; and

in writing his own he had but one purpose in view, to be, as Arnold so well says, "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit" — in the spirit of truth, in the spirit of virtue, in the spirit of heroism.

The lecturer was unfortunate in what he said of Emerson's "Titmouse." We do not learn, he said, what his titmouse did for him; we are reduced to guessing; he was not poet enough to tell us. But the bird sounded the heroic note to the poet, and inspired him with courage and hope when he was about to succumb to the cold.

"Here was this atom in full breath,
Hurling defiance at vast death."

"Henceforth I wear no stripe but thine;
Ashes and jet all hues outshine."

"I think old Cæsar must have heard
In northern Gaul my dauntless bird,
And, echoed in some frosty wold,
Borrowed thy battle-numbers bold."

"*Pæan! Veni, vidi, vici.*"

It is one of Emerson's most characteristic poems. Burns, the speaker said, would have handled the subject differently, thinking probably of Burns's "Mouse." Certainly he would. He was pitched in a different key. The misfortunes of his mouse touched his sympathy and love, appealed to his human tenderness, and called up the vision of his own hard lot. Each poet gives us the sentiment proper to him: the heroic from Emerson, the human from Burns. The lecturer was right in saying that the secret of Emerson's influence is his temper, but it is not merely his good temper, his cheerfulness, hopefulness, benevolence, etc. These he shared with the mass of his countrymen. The American temperament is sanguine and turns confidently to the future. But it is again his heroic temper, his faith in "the ideal tendencies," in the value of personal force and character, in the grandeur of the present moment, the present opportunity; a temper he shares with but few, but shares, say, with his friend and master, Carlyle:

"One equal temper of heroic hearts,"

and more especially in Carlyle's case,

"Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

It has long been clear to me that Carlyle and Emerson were in many important respects closely akin, notwithstanding the wrath and melancholy of the one, and the serenity and hopefulness of the other. Their main ground of kinship is the heroic sentiment which they share in common. Their effects upon the mind

are essentially the same: both have the "tart cathartic virtue" of courage and self-reliance; both nourish character and spur genius. Carlyle does not communicate the gloom he feels; 'tis the most tonic despair to be found in literature. There is a kind of felicity in it. For one thing, it sprang from no personal disappointment or selfishness. It always has the heroic tinge. In a letter to Emerson he refers to it as a "kind of imperial sorrow that is almost like felicity,—so completely and composedly wretched, one is equal to the very gods." His wretchedness was a kind of *sorrow*; that is always its saving feature. One's unhappiness may be selfish and ignoble, or it may be noble and inspiring; all depends upon the sentiment from which it springs. Men selfishly wretched never laugh, except in derision. Carlyle was a man of sorrow, and sorrow springs from sympathy and love. A sorrowing man is a loving man. His is the Old World sorrow, the inheritance of ages, the grief of justice and retribution over the accumulated wrongs and sufferings of centuries. In him it became a kind of poetic sentiment, a fertile leaf-mold that issued at last in positive verdure and bloom. Not happiness, but a kind of blessedness, he aspired to, the satisfaction of suffering in well-doing. How he loves all the battling, struggling, heroic souls! Whenever he comes upon one such in his histories, no matter how obscure, he turns aside to lay a wreath upon his tomb. It was his own glory that he never flinched; that his despair only nerved him to work the harder; the thicker the gloom, the more his light shone. Hope and heart never left him; they were of the unquenchable, the inextinguishable kind, like those ragged jets of flame the traveler used to see above the oil wells or gas wells in Pennsylvania, which the wildest tempest could not blow out, so tenaciously and desperately did the flame cling.

Carlyle's lamentations are loud; a little of his own doctrine of silence would have come in well here. What he said of Voltaire, the world is bound to say of himself: "Truly M. de Voltaire had a talent for speech, but lamentably wanted that of silence." But he worked like a Hercules. He does not charm the demons away like Emerson, but he defies them. Emerson wins them over, but Carlyle explodes them with their own sulphur. Both men rendered their age and country a signal service, and to rule them out of the company of the great authors is to rob that company of the two names of this century it can least afford to lose.

In his essay on Joubert, Arnold says, following a remark of Sainte-Beuve, that as to the estimate of its own authors every nation is the best judge (the positive estimate, not the comparative as regards the authors of other countries), and that, therefore, a foreigner's judgments about the intrinsic merits of a nation's authors will generally, when at complete variance with that nation's own, be wrong. Arnold's verdict upon Emerson's intrinsic merits was certainly at variance with that of the best judges among Emerson's countrymen, and is likely, therefore, according to the above dictum, to be wrong. But whether it was or not, it is no doubt true that every people possesses a key to its own great men, or to those who share its tendencies and hopes, that a foreigner cannot possess, whatsoever keys of another sort he may bring with him.

From Arnold's point of view, his criticism of Emerson was just and consistent; but he said he spoke not of himself, but assumed to anticipate the verdict of time and fate upon this man. But time and fate have ways of their own in dealing with reputations, and the point of view of the future with reference to this subject is, I imagine, as likely to be different from Mr. Arnold's as it is to be one with it.

John Burroughs.

MARSE CHAN.

A TALE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

ONE afternoon, in the autumn of 1872, I was riding leisurely down the sandy road that winds along the top of the water-shed between two of the smaller rivers of eastern Virginia. The road I was traveling, following "the ridge" for miles, had just struck me as most significant of the character of the race whose only avenue of communication with the outside world it had formerly been. Their once splendid mansions, now fast fall-

ing to decay, appeared to view from time to time, set back far from the road, in proud seclusion among groves of oak and hickory now scarlet and gold with the early frost. Distance was nothing to this people; time was of no consequence to them. They desired but a level path in life, and that they had, though the way was longer and the outer world strode by them as they dreamed.

I was aroused from my reflections by hear-

ing some one ahead of me calling, "Heah!—heah,—whoo-oop, heah!"

Turning the curve in the road, I saw just before me a negro standing, with a hoe and a watering-pot in his hand. He had evidently just gotten over the "worm-fence" into the road, out of the path which led zigzag across the "old field" and was lost to sight in the dense growth of sassafras. When I rode up, he was looking anxiously back down this path for his dog. So engrossed was he that he did not even hear my horse, and I reined in to wait until he should turn around and satisfy my curiosity as to the handsome old place half a mile off from the road.

The numerous out-buildings and the large barns and stables told that it had once been the seat of wealth, and the wild waste of sassafras that covered the broad fields gave it an air of desolation that greatly excited my interest. Entirely oblivious of my proximity, the negro went on calling, 'Whoo-oop, heah!' until along the path, walking very slowly and with great dignity, appeared a noble-looking old orange and white setter, gray with age, and corpulent with excessive feeding. As soon as he came in sight, his master began:

"Yes, dat you! You gittin' deaf a'll well as bline, I s'pose! Kyarnt heah me callin', I reckon? Whyn't yo' come on, dawg?"

The setter sauntered slowly up to the fence and stopped without even deigning a look at the speaker, who immediately proceeded to take the rails down, talking meanwhile:

"Now, I got to pull down de gap, I s'pose! Yo' so sp'ilt yo' kyahn' hardly walk. Jes' ez able to git over it as I is! Jes' like white folks—think 'cuz you's white and I's black, I got to wait on yo' all de time. Ne'm mine, I ain' gwi' do it!"

The fence having been pulled down sufficiently low to suit his dogship, he marched sedately through, and, with a hardly perceptible lateral movement of his tail, walked on down the road. Putting up the rails carefully, the negro turned and saw me.

"Sarvent, marster," he said, taking his hat off. Then, as if apologetically for having permitted a stranger to witness what was merely a family affair, he added: "He know I don't mean nothin' by what I sez. He's Marse Chan's dawg, an' he's so ole he kyahn git' long no pearter. He know I'se jes' prodjickin' wid 'im."

"Who is Marse Chan?" I asked; "and whose place is that over there,—and the one a mile or two back,—the place with the big gate and the carved stone pillars?"

"Marse Chan," said the darkey, "he's Marse Channin'—my young marster; an' dem places,—dis one's Weall's, an' de one back dyar wid de rock gate-pos's is ole Cun'l

Chahmb'lin's. Dey don' nobody live dyar now, 'cep' niggers. Arfter de war some one or nudder bought our place, but his name done kind o' slipped me. I nuvver hearn on 'im befo'; I think dey's half-strainers. I don' ax none on 'em no odds. I lives down de road heah, a little piece, an' I jes' steps down of a evenin' and looks arfter de graves."

"Well, where is Marse Chan?" I asked.

"Hi! don' you know? Marse Chan, he went in de army. I wuz wid 'im. Yo' know he warn' gwine an' lef' Sam."

"Will you tell me all about it?" I said, dismounting.

Instantly, and as if by instinct, the darky stepped forward and took my bridle. I demurred a little; but with a bow that would have honored old Sir Roger, he shortened the reins, and taking my horse from me, led him along.

"Now tell me about Marse Chan," I said.

"Lawd, marster, hit's so long ago, I'd a'mos' forgit all about it, ef I hedn' been wid him ever sence he wuz born. Ez 'tis, I remembers it jes' like' twuz yistiddy. Yo' know Marse Chan an' me—we wuz boys togedder. I wuz older'n he wuz, jes' de same ez he wuz whiter'n me. I wuz born plantin' corn time, de spring arfter big Jim an' de six steers got washed away at de upper ford right down dyar b'low de quarters ez he wuz a bringin' de Chris'mas things home; an' Marse Chan, he warn' born tell mos' to der harves' arfter my sister Nancy married Cun'l Chahmb'lin's Torm, 'bout eight years arfterwoods."

"Well, when Marse Chan wuz born dey wuz de grettes' doin's at home you ever did see. De folks all hed holiday, jes' like in de Chris'mas. Ole marster (we didn' call 'im *ole* marster tell arfter Marse Chan wuz born,—befo' dat he wuz jes' de marster, so)—well, ole marster, his face fyar shine wid pleasure, an' all de folks wuz mighty glad, too, 'cause dey all loved ole marster, and aldo' dey did step aroun' right peart when ole marster wuz lookin' at 'em, dyar warn' nyar han' on de place but what, ef he wanted anythin', would walk' up to de back poach, an' say he warn' to see de marster. An' ev'ybody wuz talkin' 'bout de young marster, an' de maids an' de wimmens 'bout de kitchen wuz sayin' how 'twuz de purties' chile dey ever see; an' at dinner-time de mens (all on 'em hed holiday) come roun' de poach an' ax how de missis an' de young marster wuz, an' ole marster come out on de poach an' smile wuz 'n a 'possum, an' sez, 'Thankee! Bofe doin' fust rate, boys'; an' den he stepped back in de house, sort o' laughin' to hisse'f, an' in a minute he come out agin wid de baby in he arms, all wropped up in flannens an' things, an' sez, 'Heah he is, boys.' All de folks

den, dey went up on de poach to look at him, drappin' dey hats on de steps, an' scrapin' dey feets ez dey went up. An' pres'n'y ole marster, lookin' down at we all chil'en all packed togedder down deah like a parecel o' sheep-burrs, cotch sight o' *me* (he knowed my name, 'cause I use' to hole he hoss fur 'im sometimes; but he didn' know all de chil'en by name, dey wuz so many on 'em), an' he sez, 'Come up heah.' So up I goes tippin', skeered like, an' ole marster sez, 'Ain' you Mymie's son?' 'Yass, seh,' sez I. 'Well,' sez he, 'I'm gwine to give you to yo' young Marse Channin' to be his body-servant,' an' he put de baby right in my arms (it's de truth I'm tellin' you!), an' yo' jes' ought to a-heard de folks sayin', 'Lawd! marster, dat boy'll drap dat chile!' 'Naw, he wont,' sez marster; 'I kin trust 'im.' And den he sez: 'Now, Sam, from dis time you belong to yo' young Marse Channin'; I wan' you to tek keer on him ez long ez he lives. You are to be his boy from dis time. An' now,' he sez, 'carry him in de house.' An' he walks arfter me an' opens de do's fur me, an' I kyars him in my arms, an' lays 'im down on de bed. An' from dat time I wuz taken in de house to be Marse Channin's body-servant.

"Well, you nuvver see a chile grow so. Pres'n'y he growed up right big, an' ole marster sez he must have some edication. So he sont him to school to ole Miss Lawry down dyar, dis side o' Cun'l Chahmb'lin's, an' I use' to go 'long wid him an' tote he books an' we all's snacks; an' when he larnt to read an' spell right good, an' got 'bout so-o big, ole Miss Lawry she died, an' ole marster said he mus' have a man to teach him an' trounce him. So we all went to Mr. Hall, whar kep' de school-house beyant de creek, an' dyar we went ev'y day, 'cep' Sat'd'ys of co'se, an' sich days ez Marse Chan din' warn' go, an' ole missis begged him off.

"Hit wuz down dyar Marse Chan fust took notice o' Miss Anne. Mr. Hall, he taught gals ez well ez boys, an' Cun'l Chahmb'lin he sont his daughter (dat's Miss Anne I'm talkin' about). She wuz a leetle bit o' gal when she fust come. Yo' see, her ma wuz dead, an' ole Miss Lucy Chahmb'lin, she lived wid her brudder an' kep' house for him; an' he wuz so busy wid politics, he didn' have much time to spyar, so he sont Miss Anne to Mr. Hall's by a 'ooman wid a note. When she come dat day in de school-house, an' all de chil'en looked at her so hard, she tu'n right red, an' tried to pull her long curls over her eyes, an' den put bofe de backs of her little han's in her two eyes, an' begin to cry to herself. Marse Chan he was settin' on de een o' de bench nigh de do', an' he jes' reached out

an' put he arm roun' her an' drewed her up to him. An' he kep' whisperin' to her, an' callin' her name, an' coddlin' her; an' pres'n'y she took her han's down an' begin to laugh.

"Well, dey 'peared to tek' a gret fancy to each udder from dat time. Miss Anne she warn' nothin' but a baby hardly, an' Marse Chan he wuz a good big boy 'bout mos' thirteen years ole, I reckon. Hows'ever, dey sut'n'y wuz sot on each other, an' (yo' heah me!) ole marster an' Cun'l Chahmb'lin dey 'peared to like it 'bout well ez de chil'en. Yo' see Cun'l Chahmb'lin's place jined oun, an' it looked jes' ez natural fur dem two chil'en to marry an' meck it one plantation, ez it did fur de creek to run down de bottom from our place into Cun'l Chahmb'lin's. I don' rightly think de chil'en thought 'bout gitten married, not den, no mo'n I thought 'bout marryin' Judy when she was a little gal at Cun'l Chahmb'lin's, runnin' 'bout de house, huntin' fur Miss Lucy's spectacles; but dey wuz good frien's from de start. Marse Chan he use' to kyar Miss Anne's books fur her ev'y day, an' ef de road wuz muddy or she wuz tired, he use' to tote her; an' 'twarn' hardly a day passed dat he didn' kyar her some'n' to school—apples or hick'y nuts, or some'n'. He wouldn't let none o' de chil'en tease her, nudder. Heh! One day, one o' de boys poked he finger at Miss Anne, an' arfter school Marse Chan he axed him 'roun' hine de school-house out o' sight, an' ef he didn' whop 'im!

"Marse Chan, he wuz de peartes' scholar ole Mr. Hall hed, an' Mr. Hall he wuz mighty proud o' him. I don' think he use' to beat 'im ez much ez he did de udders, aldo' he wuz de head in all debilment dat went on, jes' ez he wuz in sayin' he lessons.

"Heh! one day in summer, jes' 'fo' de school broke up, dyah come up a storm right sudden, an' riz de creek (dat one yo' cross' back yonder), an' Marse Chan he toted Miss Anne home on he back. He ve'y off'n did dat when de parf wuz muddy. But dis day when dey come to de creek, it had done washed all de logs 'way. 'Twuz still mighty high, so Marse Chan he put Miss Anne down, an' he took a pole an' waded right in. Hit took him long up to de shoulders. Den he waded back, an' took Miss Anne up on his head an' kyared her right over. At first she wuz skeered; but he tol' her he could swim an' wouldn't let her git hu't, an' den she let him kyar her 'cross, she hol'in' his han's. I warn' 'long dat day, but he sut'n'y did dat thing.

"Ole marster he wuz so pleased 'bout it, he giv' Marse Chan a pony; an' Marse Chan rode him to school de day arfter he come, so proud, an' sayin' how he wuz gwine to let Anne ride behine him; an' when he come

home dat evenin' he wuz walkin'. 'Hi! where's yo' pony?' said ole marster. 'I give him to Anne,' says Marse Chan. 'She liked him, an'—I kin walk.' 'Yes,' sez ole marster, laughin', 'I s'pose you's already done giv' her yo'se'f, an' nex' thing I know you'll be givin' her this plantation and all my niggers.'

"Well, about a fortnight or sich a matter arfter that, Cun'l Chahmb'lin sont over an' invited all o' we all over to dinner, an' Marse Chan wuz 'spressly named in de note whar Ned brought; an' arfter dinner he made ole Phil, whar wuz his ker'ige-driver, bring roun' Marse Chan's pony wid a little side-saddle on 'im, an' a beautiful little hoss wid a bran' new saddle an' bridle on him; an' he gits up an' mecks Marse Chan a gret speech, an' presents him de little hoss; an' den he calls Miss Anne, an' she comes out on de poach in a little ridin' frock, an' dey puts her on her pony, an' Marse Chan mounts his hoss, an' dey goes to ride, while de grown folks is a laughin' an' chattin' an' smokin' dey cigars.

"Dem wuz good ole times, marster,—de bes' Sam ever see! Dey wuz, in fac'! Niggers didn' hed nothin' 't all to do,—jes' hed to 'ten' to de feedin', an' cleanin' de hosses, an' doin' what de marster tell 'em to do; an' when dey wuz sick, dey had things sont 'em out de house, an' de same doctor come to see 'em whar 'ten' to de white folks when dey wuz po'ly. Dyar warn' no trouble nor nothin'.

"Well, things tuk a change arfter dat. Marse Chan he went to de bo'din' school, whar he use' to write to me constant. Ole missis use' to read me de letters, an' den I'd git Miss Anne to read 'em agin to me when I'd see her. He use' to write to her too, an' she use' to write to him too. Den Miss Anne she wuz sont off to school too. An' in de summer time dey'd bofe come home, an' yo' hardly knowed whether Marse Chan lived at home or over at Cun'l Chahmb'lin's. He wuz over dyah constant. 'Twuz always ridin' or fishin' down dyah in de river; or sometimes he'd go over dyah, an' him an' she'd go out an' set in de yard onder de trees; she settin' up meckin' out she wuz knittin' some sort o' bright-cullored some'n, wid de grasss growin' all up 'g'inst her, an' her hat th'owed back on her neck, an' he readin' to her out books; an' sometimes dey'd bofe read out de same book, fust one an' den toddler. I use' to see 'em! Dat wuz when dey wuz growin' up like.

"Den ole marster he run for Congress, an' ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin he wuz put up to run 'ginst ole marster by de Dimicrats; but old marster he beat 'im. Yo' know he wuz gwine do dat! Co'se he wuz! Dat made ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin mighty mad, and dey stopt

visitin' each udder reg'lar, like dey had been doin' all 'long. Den Cun'l Chahmb'lin he sort o' got in debt, an' sell some o' he niggers, an' dat's de way de fuss begun. Dat's whar de lawsuit cum from. Ole marster he didn' like nobody to sell niggers, an' knowin' dat Cun'l Chahmb'lin wuz sellin' o' his, he writ an' offered to buy his M'ria an' all her childen, 'cause she hed married our Zeek'yel. An' don' yo' t'ink, Cun'l Chahmb'lin axed ole marster mo' 'n three niggers wuz wuth fur M'ria. Befo' ole marster bought her, dough, de sheriff cum an' leveled on M'ria an' a whole parcel o' udder niggers. Ole marster he went to de sale, an' bid for 'em; but Cun'l Chahmb'lin he got some one to bid 'ginst ole marster. Dey wuz knocked out to ole marster dough, and den dey hed a big lawsuit, an' ole marster wuz agwine to co't, off an' on, fur some years, till at lars' de co't decided dat M'ria belonged to ole marster. Ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin den wuz so mad he sued ole marster for a little strip o' lan' down dyah on de line fence, whar he said belonged to him. Ev'ybody know'd hit belonged to ole marster. Ef yo' go down dyah now, I kin show it to yo', inside de line fence, whar it hed done bin ever since long befo' ole marster wuz born. But Cun'l Chahmb'lin wuz a mons'us perseverin' man, an' ole marster he wouldn't let nobody run over him. No, dat he wouldn't! So dey wuz agwine down to co't about dat, fur I don' know how long, till ole marster beat him.

"All dis time, yo' know, Marse Chan wuz agoin' backa'ds an' fora'ds to college, an' wuz growed up a ve'y fine young man. He wuz a ve'y likely gent'man! Miss Anne she hed done mos' growed up, too,—wuz puttin' her hyar up like ole missis use' to put hers up, an' 't wuz jes' ez bright ez de sorrel's mane when de sun cotch on it, an' her eyes wuz gre't big dark eyes, like her pa's, on'y bigger an' not so fierce, an' 'twarn none o' de young ladies ez purty ez she wuz. She an' Marse Chan still set a heap o' sto' by one 'nudder, but I don' t'ink dey wuz easy wid each udder ez when he used to tote her home from school on his back. Marse Chan he use' to love de ve'y groun' she walked on, dough, in my 'pinion. Heh! His face 'twould light up whenever she come into chu'ch, or anywhere, jes' like de sun hed come th'oo a chink on it suddenly.

"Den ole marster lost he eyes. D' yo' ever hyah 'bout dat? Heish! Didn' yo'? Well, one night de big barn cotch fire. De stables, yo' know, wuz under de big barn, an' all de hosses wuz in dyah. Hit 'peared to me like 'twarn' no time befo' all de folks an' de neighbors dey come, an' dey wuz a-totin'

water, an' a-tryin' to save de po' critters, an dey got a heap on 'em out; but de ke'idge-hosses dey wouldn' come out, an' dey wuz a-runnin' back'ads an' for'ads inside de stalls, a-nickerin' an' a-screamin', like dey know'd dey time hed come. Yo' could heah 'em so pitiful, an' pres'n'y ole marster said to Ham Fisher (he wuz de ke'idge-driver), 'Go in dyah an' try to save 'em; don' let 'em bu'n to death.' An' Ham he went right in. An' jes' arfter he got in, de shed whar it hed fus' cotch fell in, an' de sparks shot 'way up in de air; an' Ham didn' come back, an' de fire begun to lick out under de eaves over whar de ke'idge hosses' stalls wuz, an' all of a sudden ole marster tunned and kissed ole missis, who wuz stan'in' nigh him, wid her face jest ez white ez a spert's, an', befo' anybody know'd what he wuz gwine do, jumped right in de do', an' de smoke come po'in' out behine 'im. Well, seh, I nuvver 'specks to hyah tell Judgment sich a soun' ez de folks set up. Ole missis she jes' drapt down on her knees in de mud an' prayed out loud. Hit 'peared like her pra'r wuz heard; for in a minit, right out de same do', kyarin' Ham Fisher in his arms, come ole marster, wid his clo'es all blazin'. Dey flung water on him, an' put him out; an', ef you b'lieve me, yo' wouldn' a-knowned 'twuz ole marster. Yo' see, he hed find Ham Fisher done fall down in de smoke right by de ke'idge-hoss' stalls, whar he sont him, an' he hed to tote him back in his arms th'oo de fire what hed done cotch de front part o' de stable, an' to keep de flame from gittin' down Ham Fisher's th'ote he hed tuk off his own hat and mashed it all over Ham Fisher's face, an' he hed kep' Ham Fisher from bein' so much bu'nt; but *he* wuz bu'nt dreadful! His beard an' hyar wuz all nyawed off, an' his face an' han's an' neck wuz scorified terrible. Well, he jes' laid Ham Fisher down, an' then he kind o' staggered for'ad, an' ole missis ketch' him in her arms. Ham Fisher, he warnt bu'nt so bad, an' he got out in a month or two; an' arfter a long time, ole marster he got well, too; but he wuz always stone blind arfter dat. He nuvver could see none from dat night.

"Marse Chan he comed home from college toreckly, an' he cert'n'y did nuss ole marster faithful,—jes' like a 'ooman. Den he took charge o' de plantation arfter dat; an' I use' to wait on him jes' like when we wuz boys togedder; an' sometimes we'd slip off an' have a fox hunt, an' he'd be jes' like he wuz in ole times, befo' ole marster got bline, an' Miss Anne Chahmb'lin stopt comin' over to our house, an' settin' onder de trees, readin' out de same book.

"He sut'n'y wuz good to me. Nothin' never

made no diffunce 'bout dat. He never hit me a lick in his life — an' never let nobody else do it, nudder.

"I 'members one day, when he wuz a leetle bit o' boy, ole marster hed done tole we all chil'en not to slide on de straw-stacks; an' one day me an' Marse Chan thought ole marster hed done gone 'way from home. We watched him git on he hoss an' ride up de road out o' sight, an' we wuz out in de field a-slidin' an' a-slidin', when up comes ole marster. We started to run; but he hed done see us, an' he called us to come back; an' sich a whoppin' ez he did gi' us!

"Fust he took Marse Chan, an' den he teched me up. He never hu't me, but in co'se I wuz a-hollerin' ez hard ez I could stave it, 'cause I knowed dat wuz gwi' mek him stop. Marse Chan he hed'n open he mouf long ez ole marster wuz tunin' him; but soon ez he commence warmin' me an' I begin to holler, Marse Chan he bust out cryin', an' stept right in befo' ole marster, an' ketchin' de whop, sed:

"'Stop, seh! Yo' sha'n't whop him; he b'longs to me, an' ef you hit him another lick I'll set him free!'

"I wish yo' hed see ole marster. Marse Chan he warn' mo'n eight years ole, an' dyah dey wuz — ole marster stan'in' wid he whop raised up, an' Marse Chan red an' cryin', hol'in' on to it, an' sayin' I b'longst to him.

"Ole marster, he raise' de whop, an' den he drapt it, an' broke out in a smile over he face, an' he chuck' Marse Chan onder der chin, an' tu'n right roun' an' went away, laughin' to hissef, an' I heah 'im tellin' ole missis dat evenin', an' laughin' 'bout it.

"'Twan' so mighty long arfter dat when dey fust got to talkin' 'bout de war. Dey wuz a-dictatin' backa'ds an' forra'ds 'bout it fur two or three years 'fo' it come sho' nuff, you know. Ole marster, he wuz a Whig, an' of co'se Marse Chan he tuk after he pa. Cun'l Chahmb'lin, he wuz a Dimicrat. He wuz in favor of de war, an' ole marster and Marse Chan dey wuz agin' it. Dey wuz a-talkin' 'bout it all de time, an' purty soon Cun'l Chahmb'lin he went about ev'vywhar speakin' an' noratin' 'bout Ferginia ought to secede; an' Marse Chan he wuz picked up to talk agin' 'im. Dat wuz de way dey come to fight de duil. I sut'n'y wuz skeered fur Marse Chan dat mawnin', an' he wuz jes' ez cool! Yo' see, hit happen so: Marse Chan he wuz a-speakin' down at de Deep Creek Tavern, an' he kind o' got de bes' of ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin. All de white folks laughed an' hoorawed, an' ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin — my Lawd! I t'ought he'd 'a' bu'st, he wuz so mad. Well, when it come to his time to speak, he

jes' light into Marse Chan. He call 'im a traitor, an' a ab'litionis', an' I don' know what all. Marse Chan, he jes' kep' cool till de ole Cun'l light into he pa. Ez soon ez he name ole marster, I seen Marse Chan sort o' lif' up he head. D' yo' ever see a hoss rar he head up right sudden at night when he see some-thin' comin' to'ds 'im from de side an' he don' know what 'tis? Ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin, he went right on. He said ole marster hed taught Marse Chan; dat ole marster wuz a wuss ab'litionis' dan he son. I looked at Marse Chan, an' sez to myself: 'Fo' Gord! old Cun'l Chahmb'lin better min', an' I hedn't got de wuds out, when ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin 'cuse' ole marster o' cheatin' 'im out o' he niggers, an' stealin' piece o' he lan'—dat's de lan' I tole you 'bout. Well, seh, nex' thing I knowed, I heahed Marse Chan—hit all happen right 'long togedder, like lightnin' an' thunder when dey hit right at you—I heah 'im say:

“ ‘Cun'l Chahmb'lin, what you say is false, an' you know it to be so. You have willfully slandered one of the pures' an' nobles' men God ever made, an' nothin' but yo' gray hyars protects you.’

“Well, ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin, he ra'ed an' he pitch'd. He said he wan' too ole, an' he'd show 'im so.

“ ‘Ve'y well,' says Marse Chan.

“De meetin' broke up den. I wuz hol'in de hosses out dyar in de road by de een' o' de poach, an' I see Marse Chan talkin' an' talkin' to Mr. Gordon and anudder gent'man, an' den he come out an' got on de sorrel an' galloped off. Soon ez he got out out o' sight, he pulled up, an' we walked along tell we come to de road whar leads off to'ds Mr. Barbour's. He wuz de big lawyer o' de country. Dar he tu'ned off. All dis time he hed'n sed a wud, 'cep' to kind o' mumble to hissef now and den. When we got to Mr. Barbour's, he got down an' went in. Dat wuz in de late winter; de folks wuz jes' beginnin' to plow fur corn. He staid dyar 'bout two hours, an' when he come out Mr. Barbour come out to de gate wid 'im an' shake han's arfter he got up in de saddle. Den we all rode off. 'Twuz late den—good dark; an' we rid ez hard ez we could, tell we come to de ole school-house at ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin's gate. When we got dar Marse Chan got down an' walked right slow 'roun' de house. Arfter lookin' 'roun' a little while an' tryin' de do' to see ef it wuz shet, he walked down de road tell he got to de creek. He stop' dyar a little while an' picked up two or three little rocks an' frowned 'em in, an' pres'n'y he got up an' we come on home. Ez he got down, he tu'ned to me an', rubbin' de sorrel's nose, said: ‘Have 'em

well fed, Sam; I'll want 'em early in de mawnin'.

“Dat night at supper he laugh an' talk, an' he set at de table a long time. Arfter ole marster went to bed, he went in de charmb'er an' set on de bed by 'im talkin' to 'im an' tellin' 'im 'bout de meetin' an' ev'ything; but he never mention ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin's name. When he got up to come out to de office in de yard, whar he slept, he stooped down an' kissed 'im jes' like he wuz a baby layin' dyar in de bed, an' he'd hardly let ole missis go at all. I knowed some'n wuz up, an' nex' mornin' I called 'im early befo' light, like he tole me, an' he dressed an' come out pres'n'y jes' like he wuz going to chu'ch. I had de hosses ready, an' we went out de back way to'ds de river. Ez we rode along, he said:

“ ‘Sam, you an' I wuz boys togedder, wa'n't we?’

“ ‘Yes,' sez I, ‘Marse Chan, dat we wuz.’

“ ‘You have been ve'y faithful to me,' sez he, ‘an' I have seen to it that you are well provided for. You wan' to marry Judy, I know, an' you'll be able to buy her ef you want to.’

“Den he tole me he wuz goin' to fight a duil, an' in case he should git shot, he had set me free an' giv' me nuff to tek keer o' me an' my wife ez long ez we lived. He said he'd like me to stay an tek keer o' ole marster an' ole missis ez long ez dey lived, an' he said it wouldn' be very long, he reckoned. Dat wuz de on'y time he voice broke—when he said dat; an' I couldn' speak a wud, my th'roat choked me so.

“When we come to de river, we tu'ned right up de bank, an' arfter ridin' 'bout a mile or sich a matter, we stopped whar dey wuz a little clearin' wid elder bushes on one side an' two big gum trees on de udder, an' de sky wuz all red, an' de water down todes whar de sun wuz comin' wuz jes' like de sky.

“Pres'n'y Mr. Gordon he come wid a 'hog-any box 'bout so big 'fore 'im, an' he got down, an' Marse Chan tole me to tek all de hosses an' go 'roun' behin' de bushes whar I tell you 'bout,—off to one side; an' 'fore I got 'roun' dar, ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin an' Mr. Hennin an' Dr. Call come ridin' from tudder way, to'ds ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin's. When dey hed tied dey hosses, de udder gent'mens went up to whar Mr. Gordon wuz, an' arfter some chattin' Mr. Hennin step' off 'bout fur ez 'cross dis road, or mebbe it mout be a little furder; an' den I seed 'em th'oo de bushes loadin' de pistils, an' talk' a little while; an' den Marse Chan an' ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin walked up wid de pistils in dey han's, an' Marse Chan he stood wid his face right to'ds

de sun. I seen it shine on 'im jes' ez it come up over de low groun's, an' he look' like he did sometimes when he come out of chu'ch. I wuz so skeered I couldn' say nuthin'. Ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin could shoot fust rate, an' Marse Chan he never missed.

"Den I heard Mr. Gordon say, 'Gent'mens, is yo' ready?' and bofe of 'em sez, 'Ready,' jes' so.

"An' he sez, 'Fire, one, two,'—an' ez he said 'one,' ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin raised he pistil an' shot right at Marse Chan. De ball went th'oo his hat. I seen he hat sort o' settle on he head ez de bullit hit it, an' *he* jes' tilted his pistil up in de a'r an' shot—*bang*; an' ez de pistil went *bang*, he sez to Cun'l Chahmb'lin, 'I mek you a present to yo' fam'ly, seh!'

"Well, dey had some talkin' arfter dat. I didn' git rightly what it wuz; but it 'peared like Cun'l Chahmb'lin he warn't satisfied, an' wanted to have anudder shot. De seconds dey wuz talkin', an' pres'n'y dey put de pistils up, an' Marse Chan an' Mr. Gordon shook han's wid Mr. Hennin an' Dr. Call, an' come an' got on dey hosses. An' Cun'l Chahmb'lin he got on his horse an' rode away wid de udder gent'mens, lookin' like he did de day befo' when all de people laughed at 'im.

"I b'lieve ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin wan' to shoot Marse Chan, anyway!

"We come on home to breakfast, I totin' de box wid de pistils befo' me on de roan. Would you b'lieve me, seh, Marse Chan he never said a wud 'bout it to ole marster or nobody. Ole missis didn' fin' out 'bout it for mo' 'n a month, an' den, Lawd! how she did cry and kiss Marse Chan; an' ole marster, aldo' he never say much, he wuz jes' ez please' ez ole missis. He call' me in de room an' made me tole 'im all 'bout it, an' when I got th'oo he gi' me five dollars an' a pyar of breeches.

"But ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin he nebber did furgive Marse Chan, and Miss Anne she got mad too. Wimmens is mons'sus onreasonable nohow. Dey's jes' like a catfish: you can n' tek' hole on 'em like udder folks, an' when you gits 'em yo' can n' always hole 'em.

"What meks me think so? Heaps o' things,—dis: Marse Chan he done gi' Miss Anne her pa jes' ez good ez I gi' Marse Chan's dawg sweet 'taters, an' she git mad wid 'im ez if he hed kill 'im 'stid o' sen'in' 'im back to her dat mawnin' whole an' soun'. B'lieve me! she wouldn' even speak to 'im arter dat!

"Don' I 'member dat mawnin'!

"We wuz gwine fox-huntin', 'bout six weeks or sich a matter arfter de duil, an' we met Miss Anne ridin' 'long wid anudder lady an' two gent'mens whar wuz stayin' at her

house. Dyar wuz always some one or nudder dyar co'ting her. Well, dat mawnin' we meet 'em right in de road. 'Twuz de fust time Marse Chan had see her sence de duil, an' he raises he hat ez he pahss, an' she looks right at 'im wid her head up in de yair like she nuver see 'im befo' in her born days; an' when she comes by me, she sez, 'Good mawnin', Sam!' Gawd! I nuvver see nuthin' like de look dat come on Marse Chan's face when she parss 'im like dat. He gi' de sorrel a pull dat fotch 'im back settin' down in de san' on he hanches. He ve'y lips wuz white. I tried to keep up wid 'im, but 'twarn' no use. He sont me back home pres'n'y, an' he rid on. I sez to myself, 'Cun'l Chahmb'lin, don' you meet Marse Chan dis mawnin'. He ain' bin lookin' 'roun' de ole school-house, whar he an' Miss Anne use' to go to school to ole Mr. Hall together, fur nuffin. He won' stan' no prodgikin' to-day.'

"He nuvver come home dat night tell 'way late, an' ef he'd been fox-huntin' it mus' ha' been de ole red whar lives down in de green-scum mashes he'd been chasin'. De way de sorrel wuz gormed up wid sweat an' mire sut'n'y did hu't me. He walked up to de stable wid he head down all de way, an' I'se seen 'im go eighty miles of a winter day, an' prance into de stable at night ez fresh ez ef he hed jes' cantered over to ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin's to supper. I nuvver seen a hoss beat so sence I knowed de fetlock from de fo'lock, an' bad ez he was he wan' ez bad ez Marse Chan.

"Whew! he didn' git over dat thing, seh,—he nuvver did git over it.

"De war come on jes' den, an' Marse Chan wuz elected cap'n; but he wouldn' tek it. He said Virginia hadn' seceded, an' he wuz gwine stan' by her. Den dey 'lected Mr. Gordon cap'n.

"I sut'n'y did wan' Marse Chan to tek de place, cuz I knowed he wuz gwine tek me wid 'im. He wan' gwine widout Sam. An' beside, he look so po' an' thin, I thought he wuz gwine die.

"Of co'se, ole missis she heard 'bout it, an' she met Miss Anne in de road, an' cut her jes' like Miss Anne cut Marse Chan.

"Ole missis, she wuz proud ez anybody! So we wuz mo' strangers dan ef we hadn' live' in a hunderd miles of each udder. An' Marse Chan he wuz gittin' thinner an' thinner, an' Firginia she come out, an' den Marse Chan he went to Richmond an' listed, an' come back an' sey he wuz a private, an' he didn' know whe'r he could tek me or not. He writ to Mr. Gordon, hows'ever, and 'twuz decided that when he went I wuz to go 'long an' wait on him, an' de cap'n too. I didn' min' dat,

yo' know, long ez I could go wid Marse Chan, an' I like' Mr. Gordon, anyways.

"Well, one night Marse Chan come back from de offis wid a telegram dat say, 'Come at once,' so he wuz to start next mawnin'. He uniform wuz all ready, gray wid yaller trimmin's, an' mine wuz ready too, an' he had ole marster's sword, whar de State gi' 'im in de Mexikin war; an' he trunks wuz all packed wid ev'rything in 'em, an' my chist wuz packed too, an' Jim Rasher he druv 'em over to de depo' in de waggin, an' we wuz to start nex' mawnin' 'bout light. Dis wuz 'bout de las' o' spring, you know. Dat night ole missis made Marse Chan dress up in he uniform, an' he sut'n'y did look splendid wid he long mustache an' he wavin' hyar and he tall figger.

"Arfter supper he come down an' sez: 'Sam, I wan' you to tek dis note an' kyar it over to Cun'l Chahmb'lin's, an' gi' it to Miss Anne wid yo' own han's, an' bring me wud what she sez. Don' let any one know 'bout it, or know why you've gone.' 'Yes, seh,' sez I.

"You see, I knowed Miss Anne's maid over at ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin's,—dat wuz Judy whar is my wife now,—an' I knowed I could wuk it. So I tuk de roan an' rid over, an' tied 'im down de hill in de cedars, an' I wen' 'roun' to de back yard. 'Twuz a right blowy sort o' night; de moon wuz jes' risin', but de clouds wuz so big it didn' shine 'cep' th'oo a crack now an' den. I soon foun' my gal, an' arfter tellin' her two or three lies 'bout herse'f, I got her to go in an' ax Miss Anne to come to de do'. When she come, I gi' her de note, an' arfter a little while she bro't me an-udder, an' I tole her good-bye, an' she gi' me a dollar, an' I come home an' gi' de letter to Marse Chan. He read it, an' tole me to have de hosses ready at twenty minits to twelve at de corner of de garden. An' jes' befo' dat he come out ez ef he wuz gwine to bed, but instid he come, an' we all struck out to'ds Cun'l Chahmb'lin's. When we got mos' to de gate, de hosses got sort o' skeered, an' I see dey wuz some'n or somebody standin' jes' inside; an' Marse Chan he jump't off de sorrel an' flung me de bridle and he walked up.

"She spoke fust ('twuz Miss Anne had done come out dyar to meet Marse Chan), an' she sez, jes' ez cold ez a chill, 'Well, seh, I granted your favor. I wished to relieve myself of de obligations you placed me under a few months ago, when you made me a present of my father, whom you first insulted an' then prevented from gittin' satisfaction.'

"Marse Chan he didn' speak fur a minit, an' den he said: 'Who is with you?' (Dat wuz ev'y wu'd.)

"'No one,' sez she; 'I came alone.'

"'My God!' sez he, 'you didn' come all

through those woods by yourself at this time o' night?'

"'Yes, I'm not afraid,' sez she. (An' heah dis nigger! I don' b'lieve she wuz.)

"De moon come out, an' I cotch sight o' her stan'in' dyar in her white dress, wid de cloak she had wrapped herse'f up in drapped off on de groun', an' she didn' look like she wuz 'feared o' nuthin'. She wuz mons'us purty ez she stood dyar wid de green bushes behine 'er, an' she hed jes' a few flowers in her breas',—right hyah,—and some leaves in her sorrel hyar; an' de moon come out an' shined down on her hyar an' her frock, an' 'peared like de light wuz jes' stan'in' off it ez she stood dyar lookin' at Marse Chan wid her head tho'd back, jes' like dat mawnin' when she pahss Marse Chan in de road widout speakin' to 'im, an' sez to me, 'Good mawnin', Sam.'

"Marse Chan, he den tole her he had come to say good-bye to her, ez he wuz gwine 'way to de war nex' mawnin'. I wuz watchin' on her, an' I tho't when Marse Chan tole her dat, she sort o' started an' looked up at 'im like she wuz mighty sorry, an' 'peared like she didn' stan' quite so straight arfter dat. Den Marse Chan he went on talkin' right fars' to her; an' he tole her how he had loved her ever sense she wuz a little bit o' baby mos', an' how he nebber 'membered de time when he hadn't 'spected to marry her. He tole her it wuz his love for her dat had made 'im stan' fust at school an' collige, an' hed kep' 'im good an' pure; an' now he wuz gwine 'way, wouldn' she let it be like 'twuz in ole times, an' ef he come back from de war wouldn' she try to think on him ez she use' to do when she wuz a little guirl?

"Marse Chan he had done been talkin' so serious, he hed done tuk Miss Anne's han', an' wuz lookin' down in her face like he wuz list'nin' wid his eyes.

"Arfter a minit Miss Anne she said something, an' Marse Chan he cotch her udder han' an' sez:

"'But if you love me, Anne?'

"When he sed dat, she tu'ned her head 'way from 'im, an' wait' a minit, an' den she sed—right clear:

"'But I don' love yo'.' (Jes' dem th'ee wuds!) De wuds fall right slow,—like dirt falls out a spade on a coffin when you's buryin' anybody an' seys, 'Uth to uth.' Marse Chan he jes' let her hand drap, an' he stiddy hisse'f 'ginst de gate-pos', an' he didn' speak torkely. When he did speak, all he sez wuz:

"'I mus' see you home safe.'

"I 'clar, marster, I didn' know 'twuz Marse Chan's voice tell I look at 'im right good. Well, she wouldn' let 'im go wid her.

She jes' wrap' her cloak 'roun' her shoulders, an' wen' 'long back by herse'f, widout doin' more'n jes' look up once at Marse Chan leanin' dyah 'ginst de gate-pos' in he sodger clo'es, wid he eyes on de groun'. She said 'Good-bye' sort o' sorf, an' Marse Chan, widout lookin' up, shake han's wid her, an' she wuz done gone down de road. Soon ez she got 'mos' 'roun' de curve, Marse Chan he followed her, keepin' under de trees so ez not to be seen, an' I led de hosses on down de road behine 'im. He kep' 'long behine her tell she wuz safe in de house, an' den he come an' got on he hoss, an' we all come home.

"Nex' mawnin' we all come off to jine de army. An' dey wuz a-drillin' an' a-drillin' all 'bout for a while an' dey went 'long wid all de res' o' de army, an' I went wid Marse Chan an' clean he boots, an' look arfter de tent, an' tek keer o' him an' de hosses. An' Marse Chan, he wan' a bit like he use' to be. He wuz so solum an' moanful all de time, at leas' 'cep' when dyah wuz gwine to be a fight. Den he'd peartin' up, an' he alwuz rode at de head o' de company 'cause he wuz tall; an' hit wan' on'y in battles whar all his company wuz dat *he* went, but he use' to volunteer whenever de cun'l wanted anybody to fine out anythin', an' 'twuz so dangerous he didn't like to mek one man go no sooner'n anudder, yo' know, an' ax'd who'd volunteer. *He* 'peared to like to go prowlin' aroun' 'mong dem Yankees, an' he use' to tek me wid 'im whenever he could. Yes, seh, he sut'n'y wuz a good sodger! He didn't mine bullets no more'n he did so many draps o' rain. But I used to be pow'ful skeered sometimes. It jes' use' to 'pear like fun to him. In camp he use' to be so sorrerful he'd hardly open he mouf. You'd 'a' tho't he wuz seekin', he use' to look so moanful; but jes' le' 'im git into danger, an' he use' to be like ole times—jolly an' laughin' like when he wuz a boy.

"When Cap'n Gordon got he leg shot off, dey mek Marse Chan cap'n on de spot, 'cause one o' de lieutenants got kilt de same day, an' tor'er one (named Mr. Ronny) wan' no 'count, an' all de company sed Marse Chan wuz de man.

"An' Marse Chan he wuz jes' de same. He didn't never mention Miss Anne's name, but I knowed he wuz thinkin' on her constant. One night he wuz settin' by de fire in camp, an' Mr. Ronny—he wuz de secon' lieutenant—got to talkin' 'bout ladies, an' he say all sorts o' things 'bout 'em, an' I see Marse Chan kinder lookin' mad; an' de lieutenant mention Miss Anne' name. He hed been courtin' Miss Anne 'bout de time Marse Chan fit de duil wid her pa, an' Miss Anne hed kicked 'im, dough he wuz mighty rich,

'cause he warn' nothin' but a half-strainer, an' 'cause she like Marse Chan, I believe, dough she didn't speak to 'im; an' Mr. Ronny he got drunk, an' 'coz' Cun'l Chahmb'lin tole 'im not to come dyah no more, he got mighty mad. An' dat evenin' I'se tellin' yo' 'bout, he wuz talkin', an' he mention' Miss Anne' name. I see Marse Chan tu'n he eye 'roun' on 'im an' keep it on he face, an' pres'n'y Mr. Ronny said he wuz gwine hev some fun dyah yit. He didn't mention her name dat time; but he said dey wuz all on 'em a parcel of stuck-up 'risticrats, an' her pa wan' no gent'man anyway, an' *she*—— I don't know what he wuz gwine say (he nuvver said it), fur ez he got dat far Marse Chan riz up an' hit 'im a crack, an' he fall like he hed been hit wid a fence-rail. He challenged Marse Chan to fight a duil, an' Marse Chan he excepted de challenge, an' dey wuz gwine fight; but some on 'em tole 'im Marse Chan wan' gwine mek a present o' him to his fam'ly, an' he got somebody to brek up de duil; 'twan' nuthin' dough, but he wuz 'fred to fight Marse Chan. An' purty soon he lef de comp'ny.

"Well, I got one o' de gent'mens to write Judy a letter for me, an' I tole her all 'bout de fight, an' how Marse Chan knock Mr. Ronny over fur speakin' contemptuous o' Cun'l Chahmb'lin, an' I tole her how Marse Chan wuz a-dyin' fur love o' Miss Anne. An' Judy she gits Miss Anne to read de letter fur her. Den Miss Anne she tells her pa, an'—you mind, Judy tells me all dis arterwards, an' she say when Cun'l Chahmb'lin hear 'bout it, he wuz settin' on de poach, an' he set still a good while, an' den he sey to hisse'f:

'Well, he carn' he'p bein' a Whig.'

"An' den he gits up an' walks up to Miss Anne an' looks at her right hard; an' Miss Anne she hed done tu'n away her head an' wuz makin' out she wuz fixin' a rose bush 'ginst de poach; an' when her pa kep' lookin' at her, her face got jes' de color o' de roses on de bush, an' pres'n'y her pa sez:

"'Anne!'

"An' she tu'n'd 'roun', an' he sez:

"'Do yo' want 'im?'

"An' she sez, 'Yes,' an' put her head on he shoulder an' begin to cry; an' he sez:

"'Well, I won't stan' between yo' no longer. Write to 'im an' say so.'

"We didn't know nuthin' 'bout dis den. We wuz a-fightin' an' a-fightin' all dat time; an' come one day a letter to Marse Chan, an' I see 'im start to read it in his tent, an' he face hit look so cu'ious, an' he han's trembled so I couldn't mek out what wuz de matter wid 'im. An' he fold' de letter up an' wen' out an' wen' 'way down 'hine de camp, an' staid

dyah 'bout nigh an hour. Well, seh, I wuz on de lookout for 'im when he come back, an', fo' Gord, ef he face didn' shine like a angel's. I say to mysef, 'Um'm! ef de glory o' Gord ain' done shine on 'im!' An' what yo' 'spose 'twuz?

"He tuk me wid 'im dat evenin', an' he tell me he hed done git a letter from Miss Anne, an' Marse Chan he eyes look like great big stars, an' he face wuz jes' like 'twuz dat mawn-in' when de sun riz up over de low groun's, an' I see 'im stan'in' dyah wid de pistil in he han', lookin' at it, an' not knowin' but what it mout be de lars' time, an' he done mek up he mine not to shoot ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin fur Miss Anne's sake, what writ 'im de letter.

"He fold' de letter wha' was in his han' up, an' put it in he inside pocket,—right dyar on de lef' side; an' den he tole me he tho't mebbe we wuz gwine hev some warm wu'k in de nex' two or three days, an' arfter dat ef Gord speared 'im he'd git a leave o' absence fur a few days, an' we'd go home.

"Well, dat night de orders come, an' we all hed to git over to 'ds Romney; an' we rid all night till 'bout light; an' we halted right on a litle creek, an' we staid dyah till mos' breakfas' time, an' I see Marse Chan set down on de groun' 'hine a bush an' read dat letter over an' over. I watch 'im, an' de battle wuz a-goin' on, but we hed orders to stay behine de hill, an' ev'y now an' den de bullets would cut de limbs o' de trees right over us, an' one o' dem big shells what goes '*Awhar—awhar—awhar!*' would fall right 'mong us; but Marse Chan he didn' mine it no mo'n nuthin! Den it 'peared to git closer an' thicker, an' Marse Chan he calls me, an' I crep' up, an' he sez:

"'Sam, we'se goin' to win in dis battle, an' den we'll go home an' git married; an' I'se goin' home wid a star on my collar.' An' den he sez, 'Ef I'm wounded, kyar me home, yo' hear?' An' I sez, 'Yes, Marse Chan.'

"Well, jes' den dey blowed boots an' saddles an' we mounted; an' de orders come to ride 'roun' de slope, an' Marse Chan's company wuz de secon'; an' when we got 'roun' dyah, we wuz right in it. Hit wuz de wust place ever dis nigger got in. An' dey said, 'Charge 'em!' an' my king! ef ever you see bullets fly, dey did dat day. Hit wuz jes' like hail; an' we wen' down de slope (I 'long wid de res') an' up de hill right todes de cannons, an' de fire wuz so strong dyar (dey hed a whole regiment o' infintrys layin' down dyar onder de cannons), our lines sort o' broke an' stop; de cun'l was kilt, an' I b'lieve dey wuz jes' 'bout to brek all to pieces, when Marse Chan rid up an' cotch hol' de flag an' hollers, 'Foller me!' an' rid strainin' up de hill 'mong de cannons. I seen 'im when he went, de

sorrel four good lengths ahead o' ev'y udder hoss, jes' like he use' to be in a fox-hunt, an' de whole regiment right arfter 'im. Yo' ain' niver hear thunder! Fus' thing I knowed, de roan roll' head over heels an' flung me up 'ginst de bank, like yo' chuck a nubbin over 'ginst de foot o' de corn pile. An' dat's what kep' me from bein' kilt, I 'specks. Judy she say she think 'twuz Providence, but I think 'twuz de bank. Of co'se, Providence put de bank dyar, but how come Providence nuvver saved Marse Chan! When I look' 'roun', de roan wuz layin' dyah by me, stone dead, wid a cannon-ball gone 'mos' th'oo him, an' our men hed done swep' dem on t'udder side from de top o' de hill. 'Twan' mo'n a minit, de sorrel come gallupin' back wid his mane flyin', an' de rein hangin' down on one side to his knee. 'Dyar!' says I, 'fo' Gord! I 'specks dey done kill Marse Chan, an' I promised to tek care on him.'

"I jumped up an' run over de bank, an' dyar wid a whole lot o' dead men, an' some not dead yit, onder one o' de guns wid de fleg still in he han', an' a bullet right th'oo he body, lay Marse Chan. I tu'n' 'im over an' call 'im 'Marse Chan!' but 'twan' no use, he wuz done gone home, sho' 'nuff. I pick' 'im up in my arms wid de fleg still in he han's, an' toted him back jes' like I did dat day when he wuz a baby, an' ole marster gin him to me in my arms, an' sez he could trus' me, an' tell me to tek keer on him long ez he lived. I kyar'd him 'way off de battlefiel' out de way o' de balls, an' I laid him down onder a big tree till I could git somebody to ketch de sorrel for me. He wuz cotched arfter a while, an' I hed some money, so I got some pine plank an' made a coffin dat evenin', an' wrapt Marse Chan's body up in de fleg, an' put him in de coffin; but I didn' nail de top on strong, 'cause I knowed ole missis wan' see 'im; an' I got a ambulance an' set out for home dat night. We reached dyar de next evenin', arfter travelin' all dat night an' all next day.

"Hit 'peared like something hed tole ole missis we wuz comin' so; for when we got home she wuz waitin' for us,—done drest up in her best Sunday-clo'es, an' stan'in' at de head o' de big steps, an' ole marster settin' in his big cheer,—ez we druv up de hill to 'ds de house, I drivin' de ambulance an' de sorrel leadin' 'long behine wid de stirrups crost over de saddle.

"She come down to de gate to meet us. We took de coffin out de ambulance an' kyar'd it right into de big parlor wid de pictures in it, whar dey use' to dance in ole times when Marse Chan wuz a school-boy, an' Miss Anne Chahmb'lin use' to come over, an'

go wid ole missis into her charmbler an' tek her things off. In dyar we laid de coffin on two o' de cheers, an' ole missis nuvver said a wud; she jes' looked so ole an' white.

"When I had tell'em all 'bout it, I tu'ned right roun' an' rid over to Cun'l Chahmb'lin's, 'cause I knowed dat wuz what Marse Chan he'd 'a' wanted me to do. I didn' tell nobody whar I wuz gwine, 'cause yo' know none on 'em hadn' nuvver speak to Miss Anne, not sence de duil, an' dey didn' know 'bout de letter.

"When I rid up in de yard, dyar wuz Miss Anne a-stan'in' on de poach watchin' me ez I rid up. I tied my hoss to de fence, an' walked up de parf. She knowed by de way I walked dyar wuz somethin' de motter, an' she wuz mighty pale. I drapt my cap down on de een' o' de steps an' went up. She nuvver opened her mouf; jes' stan' right still an' keep her eyes on my face. Fust, I couldn' speak; den I catch my voice, an' I say, 'Marse Chan, he done got he furlough.'

"Her face wuz mighty ashy, an' she sort o' shook, but she didn' fall. She tu'ned roun' an' said, 'Git me de ke'idge!' Dat wuz all.

"When de ke'idge come 'roun', she hed put on her bonnet, an' wuz ready. Ez she got in, she sey to me, 'Have yo' brought him home?' an' we drove 'long, I ridin' behine.

"When we got home, she got out, an' walked up de big walk—up to de poach by hersef. Ole missis hed done fin' de letter in Marse Chan's pocket, wid de love in it, while I wuz 'way, an' she wuz awaitin' on de poach. Dey sey dat wuz de fust time ole missis cry when she find de letter, an' dat she sut'n'y did cry over it, pintedly.

"Well, seh, Miss Anne she walks right up de steps, mos' up to ole missis stan'in' dyar on de poach, an' jes' falls right down mos' to her, on her knees fust, an' den flat on her face right on de flo', ketchin' at ole missis' dress wid her two han's—so.

"Ole missis stood for 'bout a minit lookin' down at her, an' den she dropt down on de flo' by her, an' took her in bofe her arms.

"I couldn' see, I wuz cryin' so mysef, an' ev'ybody wuz cryin'. But dey went in arfter a while in de parlor, an' shet de do'; an' I hyard 'em say, Miss Anne she tuk de coffin in her arms an' kissed it, an' kissed Marse Chan, an' call 'im by his name, and her dar-

lin', an' ole missis lef' her cryin' in dyar tell some on 'em went in, an' found her done faint on de flo'.

"Judy (she's my wife) she tell me she heah Miss Anne when she axed ole missis mout she wear mo'nin' fur him. I don't know how dat is; but when we buried him next day, she wuz de one whar walked arfter de coffin, holdin' ole marster, an' ole missis she walked next to 'em."

"Well, we buried Marse Chan dyar in de ole grabeyard, wid de fleg wrapped roun' 'im, an' he face lookin' like it did dat mawnin' down in de lowgroun's, wid de new sun shinin' on it so peaceful.

"Miss Anne she nuvver went home arfter dat; she stay wid ole marster an' ole missis ez long ez dey lived. Dat warn' so mighty long, 'cause ole marster he died dat fall, when dey wuz fallerin' fur wheat,—I had jes' married Judy den,—an' ole missis she warn' long behine him. We buried her by him next summer. Miss Anne she went in de hospitals to-reckly arfter ole missis died; an' jes' fo' Richmond fell she come home sick wid de fever. Yo' nuvver would 'a' knowed her fur de same ole Miss Anne. She wuz light ez a piece o' peth, an' so white, 'cep' her eyes an' her sorrel hyar, an' she kep' on gittin' whiter an' weaker. Judy she sut'n'y did nuss her faithful. But she nuvver got no betterment! De fever an' Marse Chan's bein' kilt hed done strain her, an' she died jes' 'fo' de folks wuz sot free.

"So we buried Miss Anne right by Marse Chan, in a place whar ole missis hed tole us to leave, an' dey's bofe on 'em sleep side by side over in de old grabeyard at home.

"An' will you please tell me, marster? Dey tells me dat de Bible say dyar won' be marryin' nor givin' in marriage in heaven, but I don' b'lieve it signifies dat,—does you?"

I gave him the comfort of my earnest belief in some other interpretation, together with several spare "eighteen-pences," as he called them, for which he seemed humbly grateful. And as I rode away I heard him calling across the fence to his wife, who was standing in the door of a small whitewashed cabin, near which we had been standing for some time:

"Judy, have Marse Chan's dawg got home?"

Thomas Nelson Page.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Future of the Metropolitan Museum.

WHILE we do not purpose to discuss the recent protracted libel suit of *Feuardent vs. Cesnola* (proceedings in which are indeed still pending in the courts), nor the collateral issues involved therein, we desire to "improve the occasion" by some general suggestions based upon the experience of the past, and having regard solely to the future well-being of an institution whose objects command the deepest sympathy of every intelligent member of the community.

Suppose the gentlemen composing the Board of Trustees had to establish in this country a branch of manufacture new to us, but which had been carried on successfully elsewhere, would not their first step be to procure the best-trained ability that money could buy in that special branch? Could they afford to take any other course under penalty of certain failure? So here it would seem that the thing of first importance would be to find the men who know best, and in a strictly professional and practical way, what the Museum should be, what the objects to be accomplished are, what classes of exhibits are of the first importance, how they can be procured, what they should cost, and especially what relative importance should be given to the departments of which a museum must be made up. In a word, every man of business is aware that the first essential in any enterprise is a person who actually knows how to do the thing, and that for practical purposes amateur knowledge is worse than no knowledge.

To carry on a Museum of Art is, indeed, a very complicated business. First, as to its uses and objects,—above all, the educational (in the highest sense), which in this country is the first object. It is to teach something, the importance of which is felt, and the knowledge of which does not exist among us except in the vaguest sense. There is no greater or more common fallacy than the idea that this knowledge is of easy attainment. Every one who goes to an art gallery feels the right to pronounce as to the value of the works before him, when, in fact, in nine cases out of ten, his judgment shows nothing at all except his own stage of culture. The man who has a gallery of fashionable pictures never doubts that he sees in his Meissonniers or Milletts or Boughtons all there is in them, just as he knows the qualities of the horses in his stables. In fact, the commonest error among the uneducated in art is that the difference in pictures is in the degree of skill with which nature is photographed; while the real value, the new aspect of the world, or of nature, or of thought which they unfold, is unsuspected and invisible to the untaught eye.

The true value of art consists in this, that it is a language embodying those high ideas of the finest races, which could be expressed and recorded in no other way. Apply this definition, for instance, to the music of the Germans, which is their art. Suppose that we knew about them all that we now know except their

music; and then consider what a new light on German character would be thrown by its revelation, and what a treasury of new thought and feeling for us would be opened. Now Greek sculpture not only reveals the Greek spirit to us as nothing else could, but has been a legacy out of which all subsequent ideas of the human form as a type of ideal beauty are derived; so that now no picture is painted, no statue molded, which does not trace back to it. For, though all original artistic nations—the Egyptians, the Indians, the Chinese, the Japanese—have represented the human form under various aspects, hieratic, characteristic, or grotesque, the Greeks first presented it as pure beauty and ideal humanity.

So of Greek architecture, and so of Italian painting. All these great arts are languages which are speaking to us all the time. They are languages *we* have barely begun to speak, hardly begun to understand; not understanding them, we cannot rightly understand modern art, which has its root in the ancient; nor those numerous subordinate arts growing out of them, and appropriated by the different nations to express their national spirit or ideals of grace. In this country it is only through great museums that these monuments of art can be brought before us. Individuals may be trusted to ornament their houses with (and lend or give to museums) specimens of the smaller and simply decorative arts, with blue china, and Capo-di-Monte and Limoges enamel, all of which have their great but subordinate value; but no American millionaire is going to compete with the museums of Europe for the rare and fragmentary specimens of Greek art that come to light. Even Italian pictures are so far beyond the common appreciation, that if a single specimen of acknowledged first-rate Italian work exists in this, one of the very richest countries in the world, the public does not know of it.

It would seem natural that the first attention of a great American museum should be directed to such things as these; that one of the first acquisitions should be a collection of casts of all the great Greek sculptures. Sculpture has the immense advantage that it can be more adequately represented by copies than any other art. An ample Architectural Museum or Department would be of first-rate importance in a country and city where more bad architecture has been perpetrated in the last thirty years than was perhaps ever accomplished elsewhere. Some masterpieces of Italian painting might still be procured. A full Art Library for students would be of inestimable value; and, above all, a trained corps of genuine experts.

Few know how far from easy it is to acquire a "knowledge of art," as it is called, and to have an authoritative judgment; and, on the other hand, how superficial amateur proficiency mostly is. Mrs. Mitchell (a writer well known to our readers, who has just published her "History of Ancient Sculpture") might tell us something about it. Prob-

ably she would say that to be a good expert one should have seen in their originals most of the extant specimens of pure Greek art, all the good Roman reproductions, all the important collections of Greek vases; should know Greek architecture, mythology, poetry; and that only by degrees would its wonderful lesson be learned, and its perfection revealed; that to know Greek sculpture is an education in itself. What is true of Greek sculpture is true of every great branch of art. This is what it is to be an expert, this along with rare natural aptitude, and this is what "expert" means in the great European museums. This is what we shall have a class of young men growing up to be, to take charge of our museums, when once we have the right man to show us the way. But let us not be misunderstood. There have always been men of special acquirements and scholarly and artistic tastes connected with the Museum, and devoted to its interests. But these very men have been hampered for lack of experience of a practical kind close at hand and always available.

We refer to the Cesnola collection merely by way of illustration. Gathered not only without sufficient means but without sufficient scientific knowledge; bought, as should never be forgotten, in the most generous and commendable spirit, but hurriedly; prepared for exhibition by men without museum experience,—the controversy and annoyance it has occasioned have been largely owing to a lack of expert knowledge in every stage of its history. And yet the very controversy that has been waged over the manner in which it should be exhibited may be taken as an evidence of the unique value of the collection. This value, which is mainly historical, so far from desiring to underrate, we wish rather to insist upon. We wish, in fact, to see the collection so carefully studied and sifted and scientifically guaranteed, that this value will be everywhere acknowledged; while the collection itself will be made to take its proportionate place in the work of public information and instruction. If, in this sifting process, however, a part of the collection should be either set aside as *artistically* so much incumbrance, or sold to, or exchanged with, other museums, we should not be surprised; for it will be admitted that a large part of it is fatally lacking in artistic value, and that owing to its very magnitude and repetition there is danger lest it should be actually misleading in a museum whose main object is to *educate the public in art*, that is, in the best and truest artistic expression.

There is a homely maxim that "hindsight is better than foresight." What has been said is to hint at the future that is open to the Museum rather than to criticise the past. Those who are old enough to remember the greatness of the impulse given to the study of natural science when Agassiz was brought to this country, can appreciate the force of the argument. The Museum needs, and should have, a munificent endowment; then, with the constant presence and advice of experts of the character described,—men of acknowledged authority in the realm of art, commanding the confidence of the entire public,—its present collections would form a valuable nucleus for the systematic building up of a truly educational museum.

The Metropolitan Museum conducted in this spirit would itself be an unrivaled center of artistic influence; but the time, we trust, is coming when its

treasures and resources will be reduplicated in value by an intimate connection with other of our large educational institutions; which institutions will perhaps yet be a part, more or less formal and official, of the great Metropolitan University of the future.

Mob or Magistrate.

DURING the year which has just closed, the telegraph has reported fifteen hundred and seventeen murders in the United States. This record is not supposed to be complete, but it is nearly so. The cases of capital crime are few which the enterprising reporter does not drag to light and publish to the world. The reader of any daily journal connected with the Associated Press is speedily informed of nearly all the desperate deeds that are done in the dark or by daylight upon this continent. The fullness with which crime is reported gives an impression of the increase of crime stronger than the facts will warrant; yet the facts are bad enough. During the year 1882 twelve hundred and sixty-six murders were reported. A comparison of two years is not conclusive, for there is considerable fluctuation in the number of crimes; it is only from comparison of periods of five or ten years that any trustworthy inferences can be drawn. But there is no dispute concerning the rapid increase of capital crime, and the fact is ominous.

Over against the fifteen hundred murders of the last year, we have the report of barely ninety-three legal executions. Many of these must have been cases in which the crime had been committed during 1882, while many of the criminals of 1883 had not yet been brought to trial. It is not, however, far from the truth to say that, while thirteen or fourteen hundred murders are committed in this country every year, fewer than a hundred of the murderers suffer the extreme penalty of the law. When the willful slayer knows that he has thirteen chances out of fourteen of escaping the full penalty of the law, the deterrent influence of punishment cannot be said to be very powerful.

What the law could not do, or has not done, lawlessness has undertaken to accomplish. The failure of judge and jury has let loose the private avenger and the mob. Quite a number of these fifteen hundred murders, as every reader of the newspapers will easily remember, were committed in obedience to the *lex talionis*, to expiate some previous crime. The Oriental avenger and the frontier lyncher join hands in this mad dance of anarchy. The same year that witnessed ninety-three legal executions witnessed one hundred and eighteen lynchings. The lawless executions outnumber the lawful ones by twenty-five per cent.

No very profound philosophy is required to explain the relation of these facts. The inefficiency of the machinery of justice has led to the introduction of these barbarous methods. In some of the States adultery is regarded by the law not even as a misdemeanor. What wonder that private vengeance sometimes rushes in to redress a mortal injury of which the law refuses to take cognizance. But it is not so much defective legislation as inefficient administration that produces lawlessness. The laws against murder are strong enough; but when the people know that not one in a dozen of the willful murderers receives the just recompense of his deeds, and that technicalities and quibbles are constantly allowed to shelter the

worst criminals, they themselves become desperate; and, breaking through the just and salutary restraints of law, they deal vengeance right and left in a bloody and turbulent fashion.

It cannot be too often nor too strongly proclaimed that these lynchings themselves are crimes; that they are utterly without excuse; that they furnish a remedy which is worse than the disease. When a score of men can find no better way of expressing their detestation of murder than by becoming murderers themselves, our civilization seems to have reduced itself to an absurdity. Moreover, lynch law is not much more accurate in its measurement and dispensation of justice than the lax administration against which it protests. The mob is neither judicial nor chivalrous; the weak and defenseless are far more likely to suffer at its hands than the strong and prosperous, as is shown by the fact that the victims of more than half the lynchings reported last year were Southern negroes.

Nevertheless, the failure of criminal justice, which makes room for mobs and lynching, is a greater disgrace than the savagery of the mobs. The fact that thirteen out of fourteen murderers escape the gallows is the one damning fact that blackens the record of our criminal jurisprudence. No American ought to indulge in any boasting about his native land, while the evidence remains that the laws made for the protection of human life are thus shamelessly trampled under foot. No occupant of the bench and no member of the bar ought to rest until those monstrous abuses which result in the utter defeat of justice are thoroughly corrected.

It is often alleged that the failure of juries to convict murderers is due to their unwillingness to inflict capital punishment; and it is argued that if the extreme penalty were imprisonment for life a much smaller number would escape. It is possible that this reasoning may explain some cases of disagreement or acquittal, but the real difficulty is much more serious. It arises, in part, from the exaggeration of the rights of the individual as compared with those of society. The tendency of our jurisprudence is all in this direction. The protection of the individual is the one great achievement of modern criminal practice. It is a noble achievement, and Anglo-Saxon legists are justly proud of it. But a principle as good as this may be over-developed. The rights of the individual must be protected; but society also has rights, and these must not be sacrificed. And the question often arises in the mind of the layman, whether our judges, in their careflessness to guard the criminal, do not often expose and jeopardize the lives of honest and law-abiding citizens. That the rules of the courts should be modified is a suggestion which no well-instructed layman would have the temerity to make; but it is easy for any one to see that the spirit of the laws is of more importance than the letter, and that, if the court is under the influence of a tradition or a spirit which makes rather more of protecting the criminal from the vengeance of society than of protecting society from the violence of criminals, much mischief will result, no matter what the rules may be.

Out of this exaggerated estimate of the criminal's rights have arisen those methods of legal procedure which so disgrace our criminal courts, under which

crafty lawyers are permitted the use of all manner of ridiculous quibbles and technicalities for the sake of defeating the ends of justice. The fact that the American bar is distinguished for its fertility in the invention of these vicious expedients, by which trials are endlessly protracted, and the processes of the law are fatally entangled, and the minds of jurors are hopelessly confused, is a fact not greatly to our credit, but it throws a flood of light on the figures we are studying. The Guiteau trial and the trial of the Star Route conspirators in Washington furnish illustrious instances of the way in which criminal trials in this country are often managed. It is through the use of such methods that the best laws are nullified, and the magistrate, ceasing to be a terror to evil-doers, becomes their laughing-stock.

The small number of murderers hanged by the sheriffs, and the greater number hanged by the mobs, should be evidence enough that the administration of our criminal courts in many quarters is fatally defective, and needs reforming. The only classes of persons interested in maintaining the present state of things are the criminals and the criminal lawyers; and it is not for their exclusive benefit that society is organized. The contrast between the swift, firm, and sure methods of English and Continental courts in dealing with great criminals, and the tardy, feeble, and abortive methods of our own, should sting our national pride to some energetic measures of reform. The people must rouse themselves to demand a more vigorous enforcement of the laws, and they must see to it that judges and prosecuting attorneys are chosen who have the ability and the will to bring evil-doers to justice. The judges on the bench may well inquire whether the protection of the criminal has not assumed disproportionate importance in our criminal procedure. If, in our fear lest an innocent man may suffer, the law itself, which is the only protection of innocent men, becomes utterly paralyzed, then there is a call for a revision of our methods and our maxims, and the infusion of a new spirit into our laws. Every judge who will brush aside the hair-splitting devices of the lawyers, and insist that criminal trials shall be conducted with rigor and directness of purpose, will deserve, and will be likely to win, the approval of his fellow-citizens.

When it shall become evident that the notorious and willful murderer generally receives a speedy and impartial trial and suffers the just penalty of his crime, the day of the lynchers will soon come to an end. This is not conjecture; the experience of many a frontier community illustrates our proposition. Out of a lax administration of criminal law a crop of vigilance committees and regulators has often sprung, spreading terror and anarchy on every hand, until the election of some stern judge or some courageous prosecuting officer has restored to the law its rightful majesty and supremacy, and restrained the lawlessness of both criminals and lynchers. What has so often been done in different localities may well be undertaken with resolute purpose in all parts of the country where these evils now prevail. It is to be hoped that the record of the current year will show that the majority of those who have died for crime have met their fate at the hands of the magistrate, rather than at the hands of the mob.

OPEN LETTERS.

Worshipping by Proxy.

If there be any hope of reaching an agreement in the discussion of such vexed questions as those concerning the musical performances in our modern churches, it is evident there ought to be settled at once some point of departure or some point of approach. What *purpose* is expected to be served by singing as a stated exercise in the service of the house of God? The answer, which is ready on the instant, is that it is part of divine worship. But do we adhere to that in our further argument?

They tell a story hereabouts, for the first part of which I can, as usual with my illustrations on these themes, vouch as a fact; but I am not sure whether I rehearse the conversation that follows with exactness in choice of terms, though accurately enough, I presume, for all needs. A clergyman gave out his morning selection from the hymn-book, as was customary, for the congregation to sing. The organist-leader peremptorily and perversely changed the music, and set the words to a tune of unfamiliar and highly artistic character, through which the will-ing quartette, with due sense of the fun, wound their intricate way on to the end. Then the minister calmly rose, and with proper dignity said: "We will now commence divine worship by singing the same hymn I gave before, and we will use the tune which is very appropriately set to it for our help." And without even a moment's pause he started the strain himself with his clear tenor voice, before the choir had recovered from their positive consternation. As if by instinct, the people rose on their feet, showing that they comprehended the posture of affairs, and unaccompanied joined in the song.

When the services were over, the chorister descended from the gallery, and marched up the aisle to the pulpit platform, where the preacher was waiting. He was angry to the supreme verge of impertinence. "What do you mean, sir?" he asked. "If you will attend to your end of the church, I will attend to mine!" Quietly enough the clergyman replied: "You make me think of an old story my father used to tell when I was a child. A mate was frightened at the ship's nearness to a rocky shore, and went aft to inform the captain that he thought the course should be changed. 'You attend to your end of the ship, and I will attend to mine,' was the answer. The mate went back to his place, but in five minutes more the captain heard the rattle of a chain, and the splash of iron in the water. 'What are you doing?' he thundered; and the mate said: 'Only what you told me, sir. I have anchored my end of the vessel; you may do as you please with yours.' And so," continued the undisturbed pastor, "I have anchored my end of the church, as you call it, *in the worship of Almighty God*, which is what we came here for. What do you propose to do with yours?"

It would astonish many quite belligerent disputants in ordinary congregations to observe how quietly a

vessel of discussion rides, the moment the anchorage of a definition is attained. All this cant about "good music" and "artistic execution" and "soprano solos" would be banished into thin air, if agreement were reached that the worship of God was the purpose to be served by the performances in the gallery. It is not unkind or ungracious to inform many of our musical friends that the usual assemblies of religious people do not have any sympathy with artists in their rivalries for place or emolument. They come to the house of prayer for other reasons than to listen to trills of a voice or tremolos of an organ. They do not converse about the merits of the performers half so much as some suppose. For many years it has been deemed quite witty to fasten upon clergymen the brunt of a well-remembered couplet; but the facts point to another application. Bononcini was a fierce rival of Handel in the city of London. Dean Swift sided with the former, which of course made Handel angry, and he cut Dean Swift in the public street; and then Swift wrote his now-famous epigram:

"Some say that Signor Bononcini,
Compared to Handel, is a ninny;
While others vow that to him Handel
Is hardly fit to hold a candle.
Strange such a difference should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

Very quickly also would this consideration settle the worrying differences about worshipping by proxy. One of our preachers has lately declared that he would as soon accept four people to write his love-letters for him as to do his singing for him in the house of God. But suppose one should accept the four ready-writers, not being up in penmanship, or in good form, you know, and then discover afterward that his damsel adored was only being mocked by those who were competing for custom, and his affection was not in the epistles at all: what then? A bass singer, who knows the facts if they can be known, himself an artist of the highest character, told me frankly five years ago that the relations of quartette choirs to congregations were, in the majority of cases, purely mercenary. Sweet tones, and finished execution, and wonderful compass, all may be bought for money, no doubt, but can we buy worship from ungodly and mercenary people? And if one proposes to worship by proxy, does he imagine God is ignorant of the difference between æsthetics and devotion? A friend of mine, perfectly trustworthy as to facts, told me that while he was in one of the churches of New York City the book lay in the rack before him, and he took it up mechanically, as he was wont at home. Finding the hymn, and noticing that the music was familiar, he began to sing quietly with the voices he heard, when suddenly the sexton tapped him on the shoulder, and deftly whispered, "It is expected that the singing in this congregation will be performed by the choir."

It might be to edification sometimes to look up the proxies when off duty during the sermon or prayers. A few years ago we had a soprano who used to spend

the spare time in the lecture-room, where her husband kept his tobacco for a smoke. Once a German among the bass went regularly off for lager for months, to our discredit, for he always kept looking at the clock so as to get back before the doxology, and the toppers knew he was doing a job of "worship" over at the church for us. Close by us, in a neighboring congregation, the choir used to have lemons or lemonade behind the curtains, in the intervals of worship. Once the bass, handing a slice to the alto, overset the pitcher upon the floor, and the desecration became known to the rector by an awkward trickling down of wetness on his surplice. Is it harsh for me to go on with these stories? Believe me, I have preferred to keep within the limits of what might be considered playful, rather than tragic; most of us could speak more to the point in sterner facts, if we were not ashamed of our arraignment. For all this goes to show that in many instances, our music committees are to blame as well as the hired creatures under them.

The principle which vitiates all this form of service is found in the acceptance of mere tones of one's voice as church music, and of swift and delicate execution of syllables as intelligent psalmody. This betrays our committees into indiscretion; they listen only to sounds, and care less for characters, for behaviors, and for devotion, than they do for flats, sharps, and *unnaturals*. So some churches are betrayed into most embarrassing complications by the headlong enthusiasm of a few musical men who never professed to have much worship to let out into the hands of the proxies whom they engage prematurely.

There was once a congregation in Albany whose pastor felt himself obliged to clear the gallery of a choir which was turning his Sabbath services into a young people's visiting resort. Just so a church in New York, whose committee hired a choir for twenty thousand dollars a year. Eight singers gave an entertainment in the sanctuary for six months, which was the talk of the town as the wonder of excellence. The chief soprano received four thousand dollars; one of the basses traveled from Boston every week. But the religious authorities were constrained to interfere in the middle of the engagement: they dismissed the whole train during the summer vacation. They paid the remaining ten thousand dollars without a grimace rather than worship by proxy in such a concert-room style clear on to the end of the year.

In this subordination of sense to sound, this grading of musical effects above intelligent worship, is found the reason why choirs claim the liberty of reconstructing hymns for their own convenience. A chorister once told me without any hesitation, as if it had been a matter of perfectly accepted principle between his profession and the public: "We always shorten or lengthen the number of stanzas according to the necessities of the music. How could we do otherwise? If the tune is double, we can sing but four verses." But when I inquired how such frightful cases as three stanzas could be managed, he answered, as if he took me in dead earnest, and deemed me rather sympathetic on the whole: "Oh, repeat the last one; that is easy enough! Indeed, we always give them four verses; that is all they need." I once called the attention of another leader to the fact that the hymn I gave out was not the same in the sheet-music he had been

singing from as it was in the hymn-book which the people had before them in their hands. He was not surprised, but rather pleased, I conjectured, at the chance I gave him to say that the words were always softer in properly prepared music, for "a true artist liked them liquid and flowing"; and he added gently that he wished all the hymns were in Italian or Latin.

That is to say, the purpose of singing in church is simply ignored; we drag our anchor the moment we begin to discuss. But common law speaks of "congregations for *public worship*" in the provisions of the statutes; and presidents' proclamations are addressed to the "assemblies for *the worship of God*." What do we come together for, unless it is for the purpose of worship? And is all this artistic parade of style the worship of God?

Now, I am exceedingly anxious, in bringing these "open letters" to a close, to show the friends to whom I am writing them how amiable I am in the discussion. I cannot deny that I have had serious thoughts all along in my mind. But I desire to leave off in good humor; and I think I see the way out, if I may be allowed to mention one particular more.

It is this, likewise, which introduces so many Germans and Italians into our organ-lofts. These people are declared to be the natural singers of the world, and so are engaged as musical performers. It is not rare that members of the opera troupes and attachés of the minstrel companies are put into our churches to order the worship of God's pious people. It is enough to speak at present about the effect of their poor knowledge of intelligible English pronunciation. Once a choir-leader asked me as a favor if I would criticise the singing at his rehearsal. I willingly consented, and gave my whole patient attention to the two anthems which the choir practiced. I was obliged in candor to tell him that, though I was somewhat well acquainted with ordinary canticles, and might perhaps be permitted to say I could recognize a song of the Psalter if I could get a little started in on it, I had not been able to guess or surmise what these two "opening pieces" were about; I had no clew whatsoever. Not one in a score of our trained singers can be understood through a verse in the hymns which are travestied just to get sounds to suit taste. And, generally speaking, I think it will be found that professional "artists" pride themselves upon the success achieved when their consonants are not suffered to be heard.

Here comes in another incident in my observation; I would rather not name the church in which it occurred. Glorious Easter was at hand and great preparations were made in the rural parish for its celebration; boughs were twined in the arches of the building; flowers swung in wreaths overhead and shone in beautiful baskets among the aisles; children had been rehearsing carols. All the town came in on that notable morning. It was a scene never to be forgotten. The minister was radiant; his eyes beamed with delight. But a thought struck him: this audience, so happy, so generous, so enthusiastic, — would they not hear him a moment for a stroke of business? After the invocation and the first song, he surprised them with a proposition to bring "Easter offerings" now at once to God's altar, and lift the dear old church out of debt: oh, then there would be a

resurrection! The congregation would come up from under its great stone into a new life, if they would roll it away! Then the plates went their course, and hearts were touched, and purses were emptied, and the heaps of money lay before the moistened eyes of the relieved pastor as he tremulously thanked a good God for his people's fidelity in response. "The money is here, I am sure it is," he exclaimed. "If there be a little in arrears, it can be made up in a day, and now we are ready heartily to go on with the worship of our risen Lord." So the fixed programme proceeded. A little German had been procured from the metropolis for an annex to the tenor; his solo came in at this exact crisis of grateful emotion; he rendered it with a fresh aplomb, though the consonants were awkward: "An' *de det* sall be raised — *de det* sall be raised — an' *de det* — an' *de det* — sall be raised — sall be raised — in *de* twinkling of an ay-ee!"

Now it is quite safe to say that after the congregation went home, the theme of the day was dissipated, and the two events uppermost in everybody's mind were the surprise which the eager minister had sprung upon the people, and the ridiculous appropriateness of the declamatory solo which followed it. On general principles, we have no objection to the collection of money to discharge religious obligation, even in divine service; but it does seem a pity that a humorous episode should be the chief reminiscence of such a solemn occasion.

Charles S. Robinson.

"Music in America."

SOME two or three years ago, a much-respected musician, whom I had seen very rarely during an acquaintance which dated from my boyhood, came to me with the proposal that I should write a history of music in America. He urged this upon me, and kindly offered me all the help that he could give. My reply was that, although I should probably write something in regard to the art in which I had been so much interested, and with the professors of which I had been more or less acquainted all my life, I could not undertake a history of music in America; and for these reasons: First, that I was already committed to the assertion that there is no such thing as American music, nor, indeed, such a thing as English music since the days of Henry Purcell*; and second and last, that there were no efforts in musical composition and no public performances here worthy of historical record or critical examination until the beginning of this century; since which time what has been done here publicly is mere repetition of what had been done before in Europe, the performers as well as the music being in both cases European. The subject must necessarily prove somewhat like that of the snakes in Ireland. To write a history of music — of that which is worthy to be called music — in America would be mostly to record the performance here, from time to time, and here or there, giving dates and places, of music written in Europe by artists born and bred in Europe, — a sort of literary work for which I had little liking. To this the rejoinder was that the thing would surely be done, and that I ought to do it, because, in the first

place (as my visitor insisted), I was the only man of letters who was a musician and who had the requisite knowledge of the facts and of the country; and next, because another man who was quite incompetent to the task was about to undertake it, and would do so unless some one "headed him off." This office I was obliged to decline undertaking: partly for the considerations I have already mentioned; and partly because the office was not to my taste. However, I promised my earnest and urgent friend that I would as soon as possible do something of the sort that he desired; and thereupon we parted.

A few weeks after this unexpected interview, I received from the conductors of *THE CENTURY* an equally unexpected proposal to write a History of the Opera in New York. They were entirely ignorant of the suggestion which had already been made to me, and, indeed, knew not of the existence of the maker. The result was the series of articles on this subject which appeared in *THE CENTURY* in March, April, May, and June, 1882. I was able to prepare them so quickly, because I had most of the requisite material at command, either in contemporary records which had in one way or another come into my possession, or in the recollections of friends of an elder generation, or in the memory of my own personal experience. No inaccuracy or omission of moment has been pointed out in these articles; and the conductors of *THE CENTURY* and the writer personally have received from long-retired artists and from competent critics, public and private, in Europe as well as in America, testimony, tinged with surprise, to their remarkable accuracy, — surprise for which there was really little occasion; for the writer simply related what he knew upon the best evidence.

A day or two ago I bought Professor Frédéric Louis Ritter's "Music in England" and "Music in America," recently published, but announced some months ago. Passing quickly over his long discussions, in the latter volume, of New England psalm-singing and of psalm-book makers and country singing-school teachers, which seemed to me about as much in place in the history of musical art as a critical discussion of the whooping of Indians would be, or as a description of the battles of kites and crows in a history of the art of war (not because their labors were simple and unpretentious, but because they were the development of no germ, and themselves produced no fruit, except some chorus material), I reached the pages where true music begins to receive the writer's attention. Dipping into his book, back and forth, I found here and there inaccuracy, erroneous statement, and evidence both of ignorance and of insufficient and perfunctorily acquired information; and some of this it was my purpose to correct, not publicly, but, as I have done before in such cases, by letter to the writer, that he himself might set himself right. Soon, however, I came upon a misstatement of such a character that it changed at once my point of view and my purpose. I read it with mingled wonder and resentment, — wonder and resentment which were enhanced by the fact that, even if it had not been a misstatement, an elaborate and carefully made misstatement, it was entirely superfluous, supererogatory, of not the slightest importance or interest to any intelligent reader of Professor Ritter's book, and having for its only pos-

* See "National Hymns," 1861; Part II.

sible purpose the impeachment of my correctness, and more, of my good faith.

Professor Ritter, in his record of the first appearance of Malibran in New York, presents his readers a long contemporary criticism or report of that performance, and to this he appends the following note:

"The above criticism is copied from Ireland. Mr. R. Grant White, in his article, 'Opera in New York,' in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for March, 1882, gives the same criticism, although somewhat altered and mixed with other matter, saying 'it is from the "Evening Post" of the 30th November, 1825.' Ireland did not say from what paper he copied the article. I have looked carefully through the files of the 'Evening Post,' and have not been able to find it there."

The assertion concerning me in the second sentence of this passage is absolutely untrue; untrue in every particular; without the semblance of foundation in truth. It is not true that I gave the same criticism which Professor Ritter gives; it is not true that I said that that criticism is from the "Evening Post" of the 30th November, 1825, or of any other date; above all, it is not true that I garbled what I did give by altering it and mixing it with other matter. Finally and moreover, all the criticisms in question are from the "Evening Post."

I cannot, of course, produce here the criticisms which I cite and that cited by Professor Ritter; but they may be easily collated by those who desire to do so. The former are on p. 693 of *THE CENTURY* for March, 1882; the latter on p. 187 of Professor Ritter's book. The truth of the case will be difficult of belief to those who do not make the collation; as, indeed, it was somewhat perplexing to me until I had compared the two pages. It is this: After the first six lines and a half of the long article given by Professor Ritter, there is, in the two short paragraphs which I give, not one sentence, not one phrase, which appears in the former; and, although he asserts they are the same (after comparison, for he pronounces mine altered and mixed with other matter), there is not one sentence, not one phrase, in either which has even a likeness to a sentence or a phrase in the other. The two criticisms quoted by me and that quoted by Professor Ritter are wholly different, and are clearly from three different sources. The historian of Music in America (who goes to Ireland for his facts, and therefore not strangely finds blunders) is plainly ignorant of their origin. I will tell it to him.

The first passage quoted by me, beginning, "An assemblage of ladies so fashionable," etc., is from the "Evening Post" of the 30th November, 1825, second page, fifth and sixth columns. The next, beginning, "But how, or in what terms," etc., is from the same journal of the 20th December, 1825, second page, third and fourth columns, and is copied by the editor, as I mention, from another publication, the "New York Review." On the other hand, the criticism which Professor Ritter quotes from Ireland, and which he says I garbled, was taken (that is, the most of it) from the "Evening Post" of the 6th December, 1825, where the historian of Music in America may find it on the second page, last two columns. I was well acquainted with it, but the other articles in the "Post" served my purpose better. The two (after the six and a half lines already excepted) are about as like each other as the

first chapter of Genesis and the first chapter of John. They bring to mind Fluellen's famous river in Macedonia and river in Wye—of which it was true that there was "salmons in both," as it is of these articles that there is a Malibran in both; which, it seems, was enough for the Fluellen of musical history.

One cause of all this confusion and misstatement on the part of Professor Ritter is that, while my quotations are in every sentence and every phrase copied exactly, word for word and letter for letter, from the "Evening Post," the so-called article which he presents is made up from two articles in that paper; the first six lines and a half being from the article of November 30th, 1825, already specified, and the rest, making nearly a full page of his book, from another article in the same journal of December 6th. These are welded together as if they were one article, although they are plainly by different writers. Moreover—must it be said!—the greater part of our censor's quotation is much garbled not only by omission, but by alteration and insertion of words and phrases. Of this, see the following evidence:

*From the "Evening Post,"
November 30th, 1825.*

*From the "article" in Ritter's
"Music in America."*

The daughter, Signorina Garcia, seems to us as being a new creation, etc.

The [] signorina [] seems to us as being a new creation, etc.

*From the "Evening Post,"
December 6th, 1825.*

The best compliment that could be paid to the merit of the acting was the unbroken attention that was yielded during the whole performance.

The best compliment that can be paid to the merit of the company was the unbroken attention that was yielded during the entire performance.

In one respect the exhibition far excelled all that we ever witnessed in any of our theaters—the whole troupe were [] equally excellent.

In one respect the exhibition [] excelled all that we ever witnessed in any of our theaters—the whole troupe were almost equally excellent.

*Signor Garcia indulges in a florid style of singing; but with his fine voice, fine taste, admirable ear, and brilliancy of execution, we could not be otherwise than delighted, nor wished to curtail this exuberance, if it deserves such a term. * * * We will not particularize where all was so admirable, but cannot, if we would, avoid expressing our wonder and delight, etc.*

Signor Garcia indulges in a florid style of singing; but with his fine voice, fine taste, admirable ear, and brilliancy of execution, we could not be otherwise than delighted, []. We [] cannot [] avoid expressing our wonder and delight, etc.

How shall we speak in suitable terms of the enchanting Signorina Garcia? Her voice, which is the first requisite in a singer, is what is denominated in the Italian a fine contralto,—that is, one with a good top and bottom to it, but in which its principal excellence lies in the middle tones; and her science and skill in its management, etc.

[] Signorina Garcia's voice [] is what is denominated in the Italian a fine contra-alto, []; and her science and skill in its management, etc.

The facts of the case, therefore, are that, while the writer of the article in *THE CENTURY* on Opera in New York, going to the original authority, set forth the criticism of the day, as represented in the "Evening Post" (eminent then, as now, in all the departments of higher culture), *verbatim et literatim*, it was the historian of Music in America who, quoting at second hand, gave a hodge-podge made up of an article "somewhat altered" and also "mixed up with

other matter" from another article. His assertion that he "looked carefully through *the files* of the 'Evening Post'" without being "able to find it there" does not raise our estimation of the value of his testimony, whether we take "it" as referring to his article or to my two paragraphs; for all are very prominent in the pages of the journal in question, within a few days of each other, in the places to which I have referred.

My musico-critical censor is, however, not content with this exhibition of sagacity and accuracy. He cannot resist the temptation to turn the light of his dark lantern upon another grievous error of mine—my remark that in 1825 there was but one theater in New York. He finds that Ireland and Wemyss (compilers to whom properly informed persons do not look for instruction, much less for correction) both say that the Chatham Garden Theater was built in 1824 and occupied by theatrical troupes; and as in 1831 a French opera company gave representations there, "consequently there must have been two theaters in New York in 1825." Truly a grievous error! But, indeed, I would rather have made it a dozen times over than have been guilty of such a petty piece of fault-finding. Of what appreciable consequence or interest is it in the history of Music in America, whether New York had two theaters or one in 1825, or what is said on such a point in a magazine article? But, again, our historian is all abroad. I cannot go into full explanation in this brief and hurried communication; but my readers may find that Professor Ritter was in a fog (or something worse), by simply turning the leaf of the article in question and finding on p. 694 this paragraph:

"Nor did New Yorkers at *this time* (1825) fail to offer encouragement to other musical artists, or to enjoy other operatic music and Italian singing. Signora Bartolini, an artist of fair European repute, was engaged at the *Chatham Garden Theater*,—a place in Chatham street, not far from the City Hall, and something like Niblo's Garden of after years,—where she sang operatic airs between the two or three plays which at that time almost always made up an evening's theatrical entertainment."

THE CENTURY, March, 1882, p. 694.

And if the historian will consult the list of public buildings, churches, etc., in the New York Directory for 1825, he will find only one theater mentioned, and simply as the "theatre." It is not until 1827 that it becomes necessary to give it the name Park Theater, to distinguish it from any other like place of amusement. On one momentous point I confess, with becoming humiliation, the historian has detected me in error—that of saying that the English version of "Der Freyschütz" was performed at the Park Theater in 1823 instead of 1825. My error was due to the very easy and very common mistake of a 5 for the 3 of my authority; and I thus grievously gave "Der Freyschütz" eighteen months' instead of six months' precedence of Italian opera in New York. But in the opera articles in THE CENTURY I distinctly announced that I did not profess or even desire particular accuracy in dates, and often I did not give them at all,—“before” or “after” such or such a musical event being sufficient for my purpose, which was not that of a musical annalist. Professor Ritter, however, as becomes the dignity of a historian, is very strong, as

we have seen, on this point, and very captious upon it as to others. But, alas, alas!

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley";

and our historian is wrong upon the very point on which he holds me up for correction. "Der Freyschütz" was produced not on "March 3d, 1825," as he says, but on March 2d: see the New York newspapers of that time.

Nor is other more important evidence lacking that Professor Ritter should be the last person to point out errors that may be the result of misprints or of momentary inadvertence, as even my hasty examination of his book discovered before I found myself called up for discipline. He tells us, for example, that Theodore Eisfeld "was born in 1616 in Wolfenbüttel." That good man and good musician must, therefore, have attained the ripe age of two hundred and sixty-six years before he departed to his place in the heavenly choir. And (on p. 288) we are told of a tenor at Palmo's named "Ambogini." No such tenor was ever heard in this country. Perhaps Professor Ritter confused the name of that admirable tenor Antognini with that of the buffo Ambrogetti, and so "made a mess of it"; or perhaps his copy was not clear and his proof not carefully corrected. He tells us, too (p. 232), of the musical doings of a Mr. "Kirchhoefer," and with clear intention, for the name is thus repeated (p. 274). Now, no such person is known in our musical annals. Mr. Kieckhoefer, a foreign amateur once resident in New York, is the person whom he is groping for. Some of the music used on the occasions to which he refers (p. 232) is in my possession. We find, too, the somewhat astonishing assertion that a concert of the Musical Fund Society (regarded by him as important) was given "at the City Hall, May 10th, 1830." The City Hall has, indeed, been the scene of various performances not quite so harmonious as the one in question, but it was hardly ever put to that use. The concert was given, he may be sure, at the City Hotel, in the lower part of Broadway, which had a large assembly-room, that was frequently at that time used for public musical performances. These are characteristic examples of the accuracy of Prof. Ritter's book. There are more of the same sort. I hope he will be becomingly self-abased and repentant. As for me, I say plainly that under other circumstances I should be ashamed to point out publicly such slips upon unessential points in his work or that of any other man. To do so has always seemed to me the most contemptible business in which a critic can be engaged.

It is not the fault of a foreigner like Professor Ritter that he knows nothing of the society of New York and "America" at the times of which he writes, and that he has, as we shall soon see, a very confused notion even of our public musical performances. But his ignorance leads him into some very queer mistakes. For example, he gives (p. 186) Mr. Lynch as the "manager" of the Garcia company at the Park Theater in 1825. Shade of Brummel, the elegant Dominick Lynch! Professor Ritter's Mr. Lynch was a prominent leader of the gayest set of New York fashionable society at that time; a distinguished

musical connoisseur and amateur, a great promoter and patron of the opera, and doubtless an adviser of Garcia, but hardly his "manager." He lived then in Greenwich street, directly upon the Battery—the most desirable site in the then most fashionable quarter of the town. He was one of the directors of the old Philharmonic Society, whose officers were: Wright Post, president; Augustus Brevoort, Dominick Lynch, Daniel Oakey, Fanning C. Tucker,* Henry Carey, Robert Ray, Ab'm Schermerhorn, Robert Emmett, James I. Jones, H. F. Rogers, B. W. Rogers, I. Delafeld, directors. All these gentlemen were then prominent in society; all were connoisseurs, and some of them amateurs of music. But in this respect, as in others, Mr. Lynch was the most distinguished. Of him, of course, I never saw anything more than his portrait; but his daughter and his niece, one of whom became Mrs. Nicholas Luqueer, of Long Island, and the other, Mrs. Julius Pringle, of South Carolina, were as matrons my gracious friends in my days of hobbledehoydom. The latter distinguished herself in connection with our subject by a strange freak. She appeared in her father's box at the opera (Rivafanoli's, I believe) with the most extraordinary bracelet ever worn by woman, at least in this country—a small living green snake, which she kept as a pet, and which was seen not only winding itself around her beautiful arm, but (fashionable women went to the opera then always in full evening dress) over her shoulders and around her neck. This snake was her constant companion, even in bed. It was venomous, but had been deprived of its poison-glands; and she was told by the person of whom it was bought that if it were allowed to eat milk these glands would be reproduced. One morning, as she was dawdling over breakfast in bed, she looked up from a book that she was reading, and saw her pet with its head plunged into the milk-jug. It was killed immediately. A strange story this; but my authority for it is the lady's sister and my own uncle, a frequenter of the opera and familiar with New York society at that time.†

Let us now consider, as briefly as the subject will admit, a few of the examples which my hasty examination of "Music in America" has thus far discovered of the author's knowledge of his subject. The lack of a taste for good music in America is insisted upon strongly, again and again (see pp. 189–194, 214, 215, etc.), and an especial point is made in this respect in regard to chamber music, which is regarded by the writer (correctly, it need hardly be said) as an eminent form of the highest style of music. Professor Ritter is very particular upon this point; he refers us back and forth to his assertions and opinions in regard to it; and we may justly assume this part of his book as a test of the value of the whole. He tells us (p. 232) that the playing of pianoforte trios in private by two professional musicians and an amateur, in 1838, was the "beginning of the cultivation of chamber music in New York." Then, under the special head "Chamber Music" (p. 274), he indicates the first feeble begin-

nings of a taste for this music in the following passage:

"Thus, about 1848, a Mr. Pirsson, who lived in Leonard street, had regular quartette playing at his house. He was then almost the only amateur in New York who appreciated chamber music. . . . In 1849 Saroni's "Musical Times" arranged four concerts of classical music, to be given by subscription. . . . These concerts appear to have been tolerably well patronized. They, at any rate, proved that there was a small public that began to take delight in that style of music."

There is more of such assertion and remark which need not be specified. Surely, thorough ignorance was never more elaborately set forth. The Mr. Pirsson here set up as an "amateur," whose tastes were indicative of the musical cultivation of the New Yorkers, was a humble English professional musician, a John Bull of the bulliest sort, and a very second-rate double-bass player. His position our historian might have easily discovered by examining any one of the early programmes of the Philharmonic Society, on which, in the list of performers, we find: "Double basses—Jacobi, Loder, Pirsson, Rosier." The idea of old "Jim" Pirsson being set up as a salient type of the most cultivated "American" amateurs of thirty-five years ago will be sufficiently amusing to those who know anything of our musical annals. He was not only a British professional musician, but one of a family of professional musicians. Father and sons played in the orchestra (!) of the Albany Theater; one of his brothers taught the pianoforte; another was a pianoforte maker in a humble way. And this is our historian's acquaintance with the cultivated amateurs of New York society and their tastes.

The performances to which he refers were wholly without significance, the players being all foreigners and professional musicians. I could give their names: Timm, Boucher, and Loder were among them. These Germans, Frenchmen, etc., might just as well have played their trios and quartettes in a private room in one of their own native towns. But it is significant and important in connection with Professor Ritter's subject that eight years before this time—in 1840—there was in New York a chamber music club of "American" amateurs, who met weekly throughout the year (excepting July and August), and who played only Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. Of this I have written evidence. Their meetings continued regularly for many years.

Of public performances of classical chamber music he shows a like ignorance. He gives an elaborate "notice" of that enthusiastic and enterprising musician, Mr. U. C. Hill, with a "record of his labors";* and yet he can set forth the Saroni quartette concerts as our first public classical chamber music, and say that they were a sign that there was in 1849 a small public that began to take delight in that style of music! Now the fact is, that six years before this date, and five years before that wonderful New York amateur, "a Mr. Pirsson," had quartette playing at his house, the best classical chamber music ever written had been publicly and successfully performed in

* Major Tucker was also president of the St. Cecilia Society, which is referred to on page 952, and leader of the notably fine choir of St. Anne's Church, Brooklyn.

† Mr. Chandler White, of the Narrows, L. I. who was the first vice-president of the Atlantic Telegraph Company.

* Mr. Hill was so constant a factor in the public musical entertainments of New York thirty years ago that a musical amateur (I believe he was the same who gave Bosio her sobriquet of Madame Beaux Yeux), being asked who was the conductor at a certain concert, answered, "Well, if you go into almost any concert-room and look for the conductor, you see Hill."

New York. In 1843, a series of "quartette soirées" was given at the Apollo Rooms. The performers were: U. C. Hill (violin), Apelles (violin and clarinet), Lehmann (violin), Derwort (viola), and Hegelund (violoncello). The soirées were given on the 4th and 15th of March and the 1st and 15th of April of that year. The programmes are before me, and what their character was may be gathered from the first and the last, which I quote. First soirée: Quartette No. 1, op. 18, Beethoven; quintette (clarinet and strings), op. 34, Von Weber; quartette No. 2, op. 59, Spohr; quintette, op. 4, Beethoven. Fourth soirée: Double quartette, op. 65, Spohr; septette, Beethoven. When the fact that these soirées were well attended and successful is considered, and that at least one chamber music club of "American" amateurs had been established in New York three years previously, it will probably be thought somewhat inconsistent with the assertions that "a Mr. Pirsson" was almost the only "amateur" in New York who had a taste for classical chamber music, and that the first concerts of such music were given in 1849, and showed that there was a small public which then began to take delight in that style of music.

Whether there were chamber music concerts before Hill's in 1843, I do not know. No evidence of it is in my hands. But I do know, upon very trustworthy testimony, that the assumption that the playing of pianoforte trios by two professional musicians and an amateur, all foreigners, in 1838, was the beginning of the cultivation of chamber music in New York, is laughably inconsistent with the facts. Long before that time, and then, there were performances of chamber music in private by amateurs. Some of the performers I knew personally in my youth and their old or middle age. I could name more whom I did not know. There are now in the country pianofortes and violins and 'cellos which were used in such private concerts three-quarters of a century ago. I have had them under my hands, and have seen the old music books that were used. I have some of them myself; among them, a set of Boccherini's quintettes, with two violoncellos, which were used here by native amateurs three quarters of a century ago, and which show evidence of their use. One friend of mine has a 'cello which has been in his family more than a hundred years, and during most of that time has been used in the performance of classical chamber music. Our author is lamentably ignorant of the musical taste and experience of the people whose musical history he has assumed to write.

And even as to public performances, and of another sort, what shall we say of a historian of Music in America who asserts, positively and without qualification, that in 1848 "Mr. Timm also brought Rossini's *Stabat Mater* out for the first time in America," when it was performed by eminent vocalists no less than six years before, on the 2d October, 1842, within a few months of its completion and first performance at Paris! The programme is in my possession and is before me. The solo parts were sung by Mrs. Seguin, Madame Spohr-Zahn, Mrs. Morley, Signor Antognini, and Mr. E. Seguin. The conductor of the orchestra was Mr. Pearson. Our author seems to be in like ignorance as to the first performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in this country. In like manner, he is in the dark,

or at least leaves his readers there, as to the old St. Cecilia Society, although it was the first to perform orchestral music in this country (its elegant certificate of membership, showing St. Cecilia surrounded by angels, which was engraved in New York in 1791, is interesting), and also as to the Arion Club of Brooklyn, and the Church Music Society, all of them much more important as signs of the condition of music in America than a great number of the professional companies or associations on which he wastes many words, and the last of which had for its conductors, first that able musician Dr. Pech, and last the gifted Charles Horseley, the hero of "Counterparts," neither of whom is mentioned in Professor Ritter's pages. This association, the performing members of which were amateurs from the more cultivated circles of New York society, among its notable achievements coped creditably with that musical *crux*, Beethoven's Mass in D minor, rarely heard even in Europe. And in his special chapter on "Musical Theory, Musical Grammars, Dictionaries, etc.," "between 1771 and 1815," he seems unaware of the existence of Pilkington's "Musical Dictionary," published at Boston in 1812; a manual so thorough and so sound that (although it has no biographies or histories of inventions) it is all-sufficient for general purposes at the present day. It is not a reprint, nor composed of selections, but is an original work, wrought out of the general mass of musical literature, supplemented by the author's own knowledge. Its author was, or soon afterward became, one of New York's many resident professors of music.

In like manner, writing in this third period, of the time between 1815 and 1825, he says (p. 142): "In order to give my readers an idea of the style of music cultivated by the American amateur at this epoch, I will copy the titles of some of the pieces then advertised by music-sellers"; whereupon we are furnished with the general announcement of a Boston music-seller, who (wonderful tradesman!) calls his stock "fashionable," that he has overtures, battles, songs, glees, catches, little ballads, waltzes, dances, Mozart's songs, etc.; and we are told that "the dance-pieces and the ballads sold best." How does our historian know which sold best? What possible authority can he have for this positive historical assertion? However, he is probably right. It is true that music-sellers in Boston and in New York did at that time sell and advertise glees, catches, dance-pieces, and ballads. But so at the same time did the music-sellers in London. It may be assumed that they sold better (*i. e.* in greater numbers) in New York and Boston than at that time sonatas and Mozart's songs did; for so they did in London; and so they do in Boston, New York, and London to this day. That a historian of music should gravely utter such a platitude as a criticism of social and musical culture! Why, so far is this advertisement and others like it (which might be found by the score nowadays in London and New York) from giving an idea of the style of music cultivated by the American amateur (worthy the name) of the period in question, that it is exactly the sort of announcement in which that typical person took no interest. Many years before the coming of Malibran (in 1825) American amateurs had collections not only of pianoforte sonatas and other chamber music, but of all the celebrated operas in (so-called) pianoforte score. My first boyish ac-

quaintance with Cimarosa's beautiful "Matrimonio Segreto," with "Don Giovanni," and with Rossini's operas was made through a collection of this kind, formed early in the century, and showing, when I first saw the books, evidence of long use. And in the decade in question (1815-1825) Messrs. Dubois and Stodardt, 126 Broadway, then the fashionable music-sellers of New York, advertise that they have received among other music Mozart's and Rossini's operas. One advertisement before me mentions "'Mosè in Egitto,' 'La Donna del Lago,' 'La Cenerentola,' and 'Ricciardo e Zoraide.'" This is done without any fuss, but as a mere matter in the ordinary course of business; and these then-fresh works (as well as the Stabat Mater seventeen years later) came here promptly, it would seem, in those slow-going, slow-sailing times. It would have been well for a historian to know all this before he undertook to give an idea of the style of music cultivated by American amateurs at this epoch, and to do this by copying advertisements of dance-pieces and ballads.

Desultory as these remarks upon "Music in America" have necessarily been, they point in the latter part of my letter to one conspicuous deficiency in that book—an entire lack of knowledge of our society, and of the condition and the influence of cultivated American amateurs. The author, it would seem, has been dependent, in regard to New York at least, almost entirely (and how could it be otherwise?) upon what he could (or could not) find in newspapers, and upon the personal communications of foreign professional musicians, most of them Germans of late importation. Now all this has its place, although subordinate, and its value; but it does not tell of the condition of musical culture among cultivated Americans. This is indicated by a phenomenon which has not escaped Professor Ritter's eye, which he mentions frequently, and which, as he lacks the knowledge that is the key to it, seems to puzzle him. It is that the earliest performances of the several styles of the higher music were invariably of the greatest and, so to speak, the profoundest, compositions in each style. In regard to this our historian says, commenting upon a concert given in 1831:

"In the face of such a programme at so early a period of American musical culture [ignorance here], we are scarcely justified in speaking of our present progress [who are 'we' and 'our'—Professor Ritter's countrymen or mine?] in musical taste."

And again, remarking upon the Eissfeld quartettes, given in 1851, he says:

"Here again a commencement at the top of the ladder. Musical progress in the city of New York for the last thirty years—in fact from 1825 up to our time—witness the first introduction of Italian opera, the first concerts of the Philharmonic Society, the above first regular series of quartette concerts—has been marked by its horizontal and its upward direction."

We have already seen that what our historian calls the first regular series of quartette concerts, which awakens in him so much admiration, was preceded (eight years before) by a regular series of higher—of the highest possible grade.

The cause of this general starting at the top is simply the influence of the amateurs in cultivated circles of society. These are naturally appealed to by professional musicians at such times; they naturally take the lead in the promotion of such enterprises; their tastes naturally are consulted. But they are not, and especially they were not, able to support these undertakings; and the professional musicians who entered upon them were soon obliged to lower their standard and appeal to the general public, or to abandon them altogether. Moreover, the cultivated amateur is not in this country the freest patron of public musical performances. This is true even as to opera; and as to classical chamber music it is notably true. I may venture to say that I have had an unusually large acquaintance among amateur students of classical chamber music; and I know that they are not frequenters of concerts of that music. Indeed, I know those who for many years have met weekly for the enjoyment of that music, who not only will not buy tickets for concerts, but will not use those that are presented to them. They enjoy the musical ideas in the compositions which they perform, and the social pleasure which attends their gatherings. They don't care to go and sit in rows on benches in a big hall (not a fit place for chamber music) and listen to quartette playing, be it ever so good. The apathetic colored gentleman who was slow to respond to demands for his admiration of a reverend sable Boanerges suddenly accounted for his reluctance by the remark, "I'se a preacher myself." Cultivated taste corresponding in degree to that of London or any town in England has not been lacking here; but it is only of late years (if indeed even now) that our town populations have been large enough and rich enough to furnish a public which could and would support musical performances of a high order at the prices which prima donnas, virtuosos, and professional musicians generally have demanded (out of Germany and Italy) within the last half-century.* We have grown bigger and richer, and there are more of us to go to theater and opera, and more dollars to spend; but we can hardly be said to have advanced in taste or in the quality of our amusements very far beyond our fathers and grandfathers, who used to go one night to hear Edmund Kean in "Othello" or "King Lear," the next to hear Malibran in "Il Barbiere," and the next to hear the elder Wallack in old English comedy; which was actually the case in 1825.

A year, however, before the latter date—in 1824—a concert was given in New York, the high quality of which extorts the manifestly puzzled admiration of Professor Ritter; and considering his necessarily slight and scrappy information as to the people about whom he is writing, this is not surprising. For the programme of the concert (which was given at St. George's Church by the New York Choral Society)

*Apropos of this slowness of cultivated amateurs to give pecuniary support to musical entertainments, see the following remarks by a writer of fifty-seven years ago in regard to the old Philharmonic Society:

"By an unanimous vote passed this season, a subscription was to have been raised . . . which would have established it on a solid foundation. However, although all the members were present at those expensive concerts, although the vote was passed, although the list of members comprehends a large number of our richest citizens (and most of the fashionable world), not more than half have paid their subscriptions."—"New York American," Feb. 8, 1827.

was composed entirely of selections from the finest sacred compositions of Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven. Of this programme Professor Ritter says, and rightly, "Many [he might well have said any] of our present societies might be proud of such a one." Now this concert was not only given with amateur performers in the chorus, and even in some of the solo concerted pieces, but it was planned and managed entirely by amateurs, as I happen to know; for my father, although then only twenty-six years old, was a prominent member of St. George's parish, and an amateur of acknowledged taste and a fine voice; and he was one of the chief promoters of this admirable concert, of which I remember hearing him speak often in after years, he saying then that the professional people would find it hard to beat "our great concert." The programme of this concert which so impresses Professor Ritter was only a fair representation of the taste of the cultivated amateurs of sacred music in New York sixty years ago.

The relation of a remarkable musical feat incident to this concert shall bring my letter to an end. During one of the last rehearsals it was suddenly discovered that the music of one of the solo parts of a concerted piece was missing. Search for it was in vain. Whereupon a Mr. Sage, who had an important part himself in other pieces, undertook and successfully performed this feat: While he sang his own part sufficiently for purposes of rehearsal, he wrote out the music of the missing part. I admit that the story is almost beyond belief. The mental process by which it was accomplished is far past my comprehension—to me quite inconceivable. For it must be considered that it was a double process of memory and of execution. Mr. Sage remembered and sang one part while he wrote down the other also from memory (perhaps foreshadowing the process by which a man may sagely chew up one railway while he is swallowing another); but none the less the feat is astounding and incomprehensible, and I should not believe it upon less unimpeachable evidence. My informant was one of those men who not only shun exaggeration and even hyperbole, but who watch their lips that no idle word may pass them; and he told me, as I have heard him tell others, that he stood by Mr. Sage's side and heard him sing one part and saw him at the same time write down the other. Here is a psychological problem worthy of the study of Henry Maudsley; but unless he is a musician he cannot apprehend its perplexity. This first really great classical concert given in America sixty years ago has never yet been surpassed in the quality of the music performed,—a point very significant to a historian of Music in America, and one quite inconsistent with our present historian's estimate of the taste of American amateurs of music at that period, or even in later years.

I could say much more to the same effect even now, but I must stay my hand. A very hasty examination of Professor Ritter's work has revealed to me these striking misstatements and deficiencies. I have not time at present to look at it more carefully; but it would seem necessary that some competent person should do so hereafter. I regret that self-defense against the wrongful public imputation of careless work and, more, of a violation of literary good faith

in the garbling of quotations and the falsification of evidence, the highest literary crime, has made it necessary for me to write thus of an author whose previous writings I have read with interest.

Richard Grant White.

NEW YORK, 29th December, 1883.

P. S.—The necessary delay in the publication of this letter has enabled Professor Ritter to publish a declaration that errors and misstatements "crowd the pages" of my musical writings. Of the value of any assertion of Professor Ritter's as to matter of fact, the reader is now able to judge. This one I pronounce absolutely untrue, like his previous charges. I stop at no labor of research to get at essential truth. When, without a "perhaps" or "probably" or "about" or equivalent phrase, I say that a thing is or was, I do so on contemporary evidence, on the testimony of trustworthy witnesses of the past generation, or of my own personal knowledge, of which I have contemporary record. Consequently, the coming of a gentleman from Alsatia to correct me as to matters of fact, and his calling in the aid of two such book-making compilers as Ireland and Wemyss, is amusing—when it is not intended otherwise.

29th January, 1884.

R. G. W.

Lawrence Barrett and his Plays.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT will begin an important engagement in London on April 14th. He will appear at Mr. Irving's Lyceum Theater. Not long ago—it was during the last performance of Mr. Boker's play, "Francesca da Rimini," at the Star Theater, New York,—Mr. Barrett made a brief speech, in which he laid stress upon the fact that he had done something to encourage the American drama. That is perfectly true, and it is also noteworthy. Mr. Barrett has helped forward the drama and the dramatists of our country, just as Mr. Forrest helped them years ago. This is noteworthy, because Mr. Barrett is quite alone in what I may be permitted to call his literary work. Mr. Edwin Booth apparently cares nothing for new plays, nor for the American play-writers. Mr. McCullough uses the American plays that Forrest used, and other plays by Payne, Sheridan Knowles, and Shakspeare; he has, I believe, purchased two or three American dramas, but only to send them back to their authors. Both Mr. Booth and Mr. McCullough lack, apparently, a certain creative instinct,—the desire to bring fresh and salient characters upon the stage. Mr. Barrett, happily, does not lack this instinct. He is even a much more potent force among the American dramatists than Mr. Irving is among the English dramatists. Mr. Irving is not afraid to produce, occasionally, a play by Mr. Wills, or by the Laureate; yet he has given, after all, little encouragement to the English writers of drama. Mr. Barrett, on the other hand, has taken pains to establish his reputation in novel and experimental works, like "The Man o' Airlie," "Dan'l Druce," "Yorick's Love," "Pendragon," and "Francesca da Rimini." Three

of these dramas were written by Americans, and all three are worthy of more respect than one is inclined to offer to many new plays which are now popular. The selection and the production of such dramas show, lucidly, that Mr. Barrett has a fine literary sense, a proper regard for the duty that an actor of distinction owes to contemporary writers, and a moral courage with which actors are not commonly gifted.

It must not be thought, however, that Mr. Barrett's reputation was made altogether in the plays that he has had the taste and the courage to produce. Mr. Barrett is an old and tried actor. For thirty years he has been known in the theaters. He was born in April, 1838, so he is now about forty-five years old. He began to act during 1853 at Detroit, Michigan. His career has been eventful and laborious. At the beginning of his stage life he acted with persons like C. W. Couldock, Edmund Conner, Eliza Logan, and Julia Dean. When he came to New York for the first time, the chief theaters in the city were directed by famous actors — by Blake, Burton, J. W. Wallack, and Laura Keane. Mr. Barrett joined Mr. Burton's company. But it is not my purpose to follow Mr. Barrett through the thirty years of his career. I wish to point out, simply, that he has had unusual opportunities to observe various schools of acting. He has been a good observer from this side of the foot-lights,—his "Life of Edwin Forrest" demonstrates so much,—and he has acted with Forrest, Burton, E. L. Davenport, Edwin Booth, John McCullough, Charlotte Cushman, and with most of the distinguished players of the last quarter-century. In 1869 he began his brilliant management of the California Theater. In 1870 he acted *Cassius*,—one of his most remarkable performances,—with Davenport as *Brutus* and Walter Montgomery as *Antony*. In the same year he went to Booth's Theater. The first production effected independently by Mr. Barrett was a magnificent revival at Booth's Theater of "A Winter's Tale," in which he and Mark Smith and other well-known actors had parts. "The Man o' Airlie" followed "A Winter's Tale." It was in 1871 that Mr. Barrett appeared as *Cassius*, in the splendid revival of "Julius Caesar" at Booth's Theater, with Mr. Booth as *Brutus*, and Mr. Bangs as *Antony*. At the sad period of the Brooklyn Theater fire, Mr. Barrett produced Mr. Gilbert's play, "Dan'l Druce." Thenceforward he branched in a new direction, and sought to win popularity in well-written American dramas.

Mr. Barrett has, it is needless to say, acted in many Shakspearean characters; for example, in *Hamlet*, *Shylock*, *Richard III.*, and *Lear*. His *Cassius*, however, is the most truthful and impressive Shakspearean performance that he has given us. Mr. Barrett, the actor, may be described in a few words. He has quick dramatic instinct, a passionate intensity, which goes high and deep at moments, a noble sincerity, and a bright intelligence. His faults are more conspicuous and irritating than the faults either of Mr. Booth or of Mr. McCullough. He has a stiff, hard manner, a droning voice, and an unfortunate habit of putting noise in the place of strong feeling and inspiration. He is, therefore, a particularly uneven actor. Of late, it is noticeable, he has made a serious effort to overcome his worst faults. His finest performances

are in characters like *Richelieu*, *Cassius*, *Yorick*, *Pendragon*, and *Lanciotto*. He carries some of these characters with singular spirit and intensity, and his bursts of power are occasionally real bursts of power.

"Yorick's Love," in which Mr. Barrett will make his first appearance before the public of London, is a play of uncommon beauty and vigor. It is not, I am sorry to add, an American play from top to toe. It has a Spanish body. The author of the work upon which "Yorick's Love" is based is Señor Estebanez. The American writer who fitted it to our stage, and whose fine and subtle talent added an unexpected beauty to it, is Mr. W. D. Howells, the novelist. Mr. Howells has not altered in any marked degree the purpose and the action of Joaquin Estebanez's drama. A few new scenes have been furnished by him, certain details of the play have been dispensed with, and the characters have been retouched here and there. Mr. Howells has handled this charming work with the taste and the feeling of an artist. His dialogue is fresh, unconventional, and convincing. "Yorick's Love" is a play of direct and simple emotion. It is not one of those ingenious and extravagant theatrical intrigues which have so much popularity upon the stage, chiefly because the public confounds movement in the theater with the pathos and the passion of life. The chief character of this play is *Yorick*, a comedian of the Globe Theater. The scene is laid, therefore, in Shakspeare's time. His wife, *Mistress Alice*, is a young and beautiful actress, who loves *Master Edmund*, a friend and foster-son of *Yorick*. In the beginning of the drama, a new play by *Master Woodford* is about to be produced at the Globe Theater, and the story of this new play deals with an illicit love and with the betrayal of the woman's husband. *Master Woodford's* play is, it is evident, a mimic representation of the real drama at the hearthstone of *Yorick*. The three persons in the real drama are chosen for the corresponding parts in the play. This is an essentially dramatic conception, and it is treated with breadth and strength in the last act, which occurs on the stage of the Globe Theater. It is here, while *Master Woodford's* play is on the stage, that *Yorick* learns the truth: himself, who is acting the character of a wronged husband, has been betrayed by his own wife and by his foster-son. This knowledge once clear to him, he makes ready for a speedy and terrible revenge. The play within a play develops his purpose, and he kills *Edmund* before the audience at the Globe Theater. There is a weakness, however, in "Yorick's Love," for which I can hardly account. Unlike those lovers of the sturdy and frank Elizabethan drama, the lovers in "Yorick's Love" are guiltless; that is to say, they have not done a criminal action, though they have confessed their passion to one another. The play lacks, therefore, a needful element of reality. It is not felt that *Yorick* has justification for his tragic vengeance.

"Pendragon" is the work of a young poet and dramatist, Mr. William Young. "Francesca da Rimini" is the work of an old poet and dramatist, Mr. George H. Boker, and was written more than two decades ago. Both plays have a serious tragic interest, and are seriously treated, though in a somewhat old-fashioned and artificial manner. Both are versions of the sweet and melancholy tale of *Lancelot* and

Guinevere. There is a picturesque simplicity throughout Mr. Young's drama that touches and holds the imagination. The play has good diction, and deserves attention. Mr. Boker's drama is more theatrical and showy, and less poetically written; yet "*Francesca da Rimini*" is conceived in the right tragic spirit.

George Edgar Montgomery.

Dante's Portrait in the Bargello.

IN her paper on the portraits of Dante, in the number of *THE CENTURY* for the current month, Miss Clarke has done me the honor to cite a description of the portrait of Dante in the Bargello at Florence, from a tract of mine printed in 1865. At that time, relying upon the authority of Vasari, as others had done, I ascribed the portrait to Giotto. But there was a difficulty, which seemed to be insoluble, in assigning a date to the picture in accordance with the known facts of the lives of the poet and of the painter. In any case, the picture could not have been painted before 1301, when Dante was thirty-six years old. He is represented, however, much younger than this, and in a sentence, not cited by Miss Clarke, I said: "The date when this picture was painted is uncertain, but Giotto represented his friend in it as a youth, such as he may have been . . . at the season of the beginning of their memorable friendship." Miss Clarke says: "The picture is supposed to have been painted when Dante was about twenty years old." She has inadvertently fallen into error, in stating that this had been supposed; for, if so, the picture must have been painted, if we accept the common chronology, which there seems no sufficient reason to doubt, when Giotto was but nine years old.

At the time when I was preparing my little work as a contribution to the celebration of the six hundredth anniversary of Dante's birth, a commission appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction in Florence was engaged in examining the question as to what was the oldest and most trustworthy portrait of Dante. The members of this commission were the late Count Luigi Passerini, one of the most learned and thorough students of Florentine antiquities, and Signor Gaetano Milanesi, the well-known editor of the best edition of "*Vasari's Lives*," and versed beyond other men in the story of Tuscan art and artists. The report of this committee was published in 1864, in the seventeenth number of the journal entitled *Il Centenario di Dante*, and was followed by a supplementary report later in the year. The first report was reprinted in 1875, by Count Passerini, in his *Curiosità Storico-Artistiche Fiorentine, Seconda Serie*; and the substance of both reports is embodied by Milanesi in an appendix to the "*Life of Giotto*," in the first volume of his new edition of the works of Vasari, Florence, 1878.

The conclusion reached by the commission concerning the picture in the Bargello is that it is not the work of Giotto, but of one of his scholars, and that it was probably painted in 1337. A conclusion so far at variance with the statements of Vasari and other early writers, as well as with popular tradition, has naturally been warmly disputed. It is not established by positive documentary evidence. But the force of the cumulative argument by which it is supported is in-

creased by the difficulties, both chronological and historical, that attend the ascription of the picture to Giotto. The details of the controversy are hardly of interest, except to special students.

That the portrait of Dante, whether painted by Giotto or by one of his pupils, was derived from a sketch by the great master, seems altogether probable. It is the most interesting portrait that has come to us from the middle ages. In the dignity, refinement, sweetness, and strength of its traits it is a worthy likeness of the poet of the New Life, and as such it is a work worthy of the most poetically imaginative of Florentine painters.

C. E. Norton.

CAMBRIDGE, January 23, 1884.

The Proposed Congressional Library—A Reply.

WE notice in the February number of *THE CENTURY* some remarks with regard to the proposed Congressional Library building, in Washington, which seem to us calculated to mislead the public. It is important, of course, that all should be correctly informed of a matter of such great public interest, but we submit that the proper method of doing this is not by allowing an anonymous writer to shoot at random the arrows of crude and uninformed criticism.

The plan which has been offered for the Library is the matured result of upward of twelve years' study of this special branch of architecture, including a personal and exhaustive examination of the arrangements of all the principal libraries in this country and in Europe. No labor has been spared to master thoroughly this very difficult problem of architectural science. The plan does not come from a clique or from favor shown to a "local practitioner," as your correspondent sneeringly insinuates, but is the result of a victory won after the keenest public competition in which twenty-eight competitors participated, and a running competition extending over eight and a half years, one of the competitors being Mr. Clark, who is officially known as the Architect of the Capitol, and whom your correspondent suggests as eminently qualified to select an architect, and another being Mr. T. U. Walter, who designed the Capitol and the building generally known as the Patent Office, more properly the Interior Department. In what sense the victors in the competition can be called "local practitioners" is not understood, unless to reside at the seat of government be considered a sin against architectural canons, as their work appears in nearly every State from Virginia westward to Colorado.

That plans made under such circumstances, and fully approved by the Librarian of Congress, who has also specially studied the subject, deserve more consideration than to be relegated to the waste-basket at the behest of an anonymous writer, seems obvious enough; and we may add that in the only forum where the subject can be properly judged, that is to say, in the professional periodicals devoted to architecture, the excellence of the designs is not questioned.

Various modifications of architectural detail have been shown in the elevations submitted from time to time, at the desire or for the information of the Congressional committee, and further changes will prob-

ably be found necessary before the final execution of the plans. The architects are willing to receive suggestions from any competent source, but it is not likely that any large amount of benefit can be derived from a writer who is not aware that a round-arched window, surmounted by a triangular pediment for "ornament," is a feature frequently found in the best Renaissance architecture.

Nothing is easier than to criticise a work of art which those addressed have not seen; it is like defaming the absent, and is especially unworthy when the attempt is made before a non-professional audience, unaware of the facts and difficulties of the case.

Very respectfully,

J. L. Smithmeyer, } Architects,
Paul J. Pels. }

authors of the design for the proposed Congressional Library Building at Washington, D. C.

[We gladly give place to the above communication in reply to a statement of the situation in "Topics of the Time" for February. The well-considered opinion expressed in our editorial department is not, however, correctly described in the language used by the architects whose work we felt compelled to criticise, in the interests of the public.—ED.]

Sidney Lanier on the English Novel.

IT is greatly to be regretted that the late Sidney Lanier did not live long enough at least to have revised the course of public lectures on the "English Novel" delivered by him at Johns Hopkins University in 1881. The lectures now published lack not a little in symmetry and finish. There are rough breaks and repetitions, and an unfortunate survival of marks of the original oral delivery. But all unpolished as the book is, it is a work to be thankful for. Like all Lanier's writing, it is rich in thought—in that combination always rare and remarkable of the new and the true. In the "English Novel and the Principle of its Development," as in the earlier "Science of English Verse," the author is deeply philosophic; he seeks to go to the root of the matter. Highly interesting, indeed, the present volume must be even to the most cursory of general readers, for it abounds in apt quotation, searching comment and vigorous expression of personal opinion; and, as we turn its pages, we find ourselves face to face with one of the freshest and most acute of the writers who have discussed literary problems from a scientific point of view.

At first glance the scheme of this study seems ill-balanced. Of the twelve lectures, as originally delivered, seven are occupied with philosophic disquisition not at once seen to be pertinent; and the remaining five are chiefly a discussion of the novels of George Eliot. Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne are dismissed hastily and together. "I protest that I can read none of these books," said Lanier, "without feeling as if my soul had been in the rain,—dragged, muddy, miserable." Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" is called "a snow-drop springing from the muck of the classics"; but no space is spared for Goldsmith, nor for Scott's novels, "which we have all known from our childhood as among the most hale and strengthening waters in which the young soul

ever bathed." A few words of commendation are given to Bulwer, and a few more and warmer to Dickens. Thackeray fares worse. "Under this yearning of Thackeray's after the supposed freedom of Fielding's time lie at once a shortcoming of love, a limitation of view, and an actual fallacy of logic, which always kept Thackeray's work below the highest, and which formed the chief reason why I have been unable to place him here, along with Dickens and George Eliot" (p. 204). Of minor English novelists Lanier says little, and of any American novelists he says nothing.

Now, there is no use in discussing these opinions here, or in offering any defense of Fielding or of Thackeray: if Lanier could not get high pleasure out of their manly pictures of life—so much the worse for him. What gives value to Lanier's book is not these heretical views; it is his philosophic idea of the parallel development of prose fiction and the idea of personality. This it is which gives unity and value to this book far beyond that of more symmetrical volumes of literary criticism, only too often as bare and sterile as this is full and fertile. Lanier declares that "the modern novel is itself the expression of this intensified personality, and an expression which could only be made by greatly extending the form of the Greek drama" (p. 75). In other words, he holds that it is the expression of man's individuality, and of his personal responsibility, as opposed to the idea of Fate. The old theological antithesis between foreordination and free-will represents fairly enough the beginning and the end of the artistic curve. Mr. Lanier shows us successive stages of the evolution by concrete examples. In the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus we see the individual full of the desire for improvement, but helpless in the hands of Fate; even the mighty Jove himself, with all his illimitable force, is powerless against the decree; and on this point the Greek audience was at one with the Greek poet. But when in the course of two thousand years Shelley takes up the same myth, the poet cannot but feel that the attitude of his audience has completely changed; and so there comes a tang of insincerity into his work, and a sense of self-conscious effort in his attempt to handle Jove's thunderbolts. "We—we moderns—cannot for our lives help seeing the man in his shirt-sleeves who is turning the crank of the thunder-mill behind the scenes; nay, we are inclined to ask, with a certain proud indignation: How is it that you wish us to tremble at this mere resinous lightning, when we have seen a man (not a Titan, nor a god), one of ourselves, go forth into a thunder-storm and send his kite up into the very bosom thereof, and fairly entice the lightning by his wit to come and perch upon his finger, and be the tame bird of him and his fellows thereafter and forever?" (p. 96). And it is no far cry from Shelley, with this conscious handling of an old myth, to George Eliot, whose work is the most modern yet vouchsafed us, in that it deals almost altogether with the development and the action of the moral responsibility of the individual. When we have thus seized the sequence of Lanier's argument, most of the apparent want of proportion disappears, and the treatise is seen to possess essential unity. That the idea which gives this coherence is more philosophic and nearer the truth than we can find in the work of any one who has hitherto

considered the history of fiction, is indisputable. And it is equally indisputable that no one can afford hereafter to write of the evolution of the novel, or, indeed, of any important department of literature, without taking account of this book.

Arthur Penn.

Central Park as a Botanical Garden.

THE timely comment in *THE CENTURY* and elsewhere on the proposed removal of the caged animals now located around the old Arsenal building at Sixty-fourth street to the South Meadow of Central Park, and the subsequent assurance in the daily newspapers of the abandonment of that scheme by the Park Commissioners, must have given great satisfaction to all who have New York's beautiful pleasure-ground at heart. If the animals are to have a place anywhere in the Park, by all means let them remain where they are.

It is a disgrace to this great city that we have here neither a zoölogical nor a botanical garden — both so generally regarded as valuable agents of popular education in Europe. While the Central Park is no place for a zoölogical collection, it might easily be made useful, to some extent at least, as a botanical garden; * and to bring this idea before the public is my object in writing this letter.

In walking through any part of the Park, a person at all familiar with plants remarks at once the number and variety of rare and interesting trees and shrubs, both native and exotic, and notices also that kinds before unrepresented are occasionally added; there is abundance of room for many more of these. The number of common indigenous species is also noticeable. At present, however, other than as mere objects of beauty, their value to the non-botanical public is lost from the fact that none of them are named, and the same is true of the herbaceous plants and tender shrubs which are placed along the walks in summer, and in winter removed to the conservatories at Mount St. Vincent. It would be an easy and inexpensive undertaking to affix painted metallic labels bearing the scientific and popular names and habitats to the trees themselves, and to stakes driven in the ground alongside of the shrubs and herbs, adopting one of the many methods employed in the popular botanical gardens of the Old World. This would afford a source of great satisfaction and useful instruction to the thousands who daily visit New York's great breathing-place.

The Torrey Botanical Club and a prominent publishing house of this city are now considering the feasibility of preparing a complete catalogue of the plants in the Park, this catalogue to indicate the position of the rarer species along the walks and drives; and as the consent and coöperation of the Commissioners and gardeners has been obtained, this desirable work will doubtless be accomplished. If the plants could also be labeled, a very valuable addition would be made to the Park's usefulness.

In Europe every city of considerable size has a botanical garden, in some cases owned by societies, in

others under government control. Why should New York not follow their example?

N. L. Britton.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

I HAVE read the letter from Professor Britton with much interest. In regard to his plan for labeling the most choice and noteworthy specimens of trees along the walks and drives of Central Park, I would like to make the following comment.

Several years ago I wrote a letter to the "Tribune," which was published at the time, proposing a plan of labeling the trees of Central Park, similar to that of Professor Britton. During the past year, while acting as Superintendent of Planting in the Park, I undertook and carried out such a plan of labeling to the extent of importing from Smith's well-known label manufactories, at Stratford-on-Avon, England, samples and price lists of galvanized iron labels, with the names in raised letters.

Unfortunately, however, I was forced to leave the Park at this juncture, when, of course, my plan of labeling trees fell to the ground.

Samuel Parsons, Jr.

A Practical Suggestion.

NOTHING has been published in *THE CENTURY* of late that has commended itself more pointedly to the religious, or even semi-religious, portion of your readers than Dr. Gladden's "Christian League" articles; and as you have kindly offered an "open" space in your magazine for the benefit of readers who do not pretend to be *writers*, permit me to express my own view, as well as that of many who have, in a large sense, the solution of this great question in their hands.

Many of the calls made in behalf of destitute churches are for aid to a feeble, struggling congregation in some Western village where there are already one or more churches, and they but feeble. But there are two or more families that are starving for a Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Methodist, etc., gospel, and it is our duty to help start another weakling. What is the plain duty of the Christian business men on whom rests the responsibility of determining how long this waste of money, energy, and charity shall continue? Evidently to refuse to give, except when the conditions are in accord with common-sense business principles. Denominational boards, enthusiastic agents, and sentimental namby-pamby peripatetics will plead; but pay no attention. Carry out this programme consistently. Consolidate at home as far as possible; where that is impracticable, adopt the League; but in any case put the cause first, methods second. For many years I have felt Dr. Gladden's plan, and have finally come to the conclusion that if our money must be so scattered to sustain such un-Christian methods, I would withhold. Praying is a burlesque, in the face of such misapplication of our Christian principles.

When my brother banker Franklin returns from England, if he will visit us I will give him hearty welcome.

Again I express my gratitude to Dr. Gladden for

* A century ago there was such an institution in the city, the Hosack Botanic Garden.

his timely and sensible contribution, and assure him of the hearty indorsement of many others.

M. P. Ayers.

JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS.

"High License."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

SIR: SINCE writing of the working of high license in Chicago, I have learned that since July 1, the date on which the law went into effect, some eighteen saloons have taken out licenses in accordance with the

law, four paying \$500 each, and fourteen paying \$150 each, for the privilege of selling wine and beer only. I make this statement in justice to Mr. Schaffer, whose statement that the law is being vigorously enforced refers only to the period following July 1.

The Citizens' League is, however, the only vigorous law-enforcer, and has now several suits against the wine and beer sellers who have been selling spirits as well, but without the spirit license.

Mary B. Willard,

Editor "Union Signal."

161 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, Feb. 13, 1884.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Epigram on an Epigram.

YOU recollect there has been sung
A proverb, famous in our tongue,
That he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.

Methinks the witty adage erred,
And needs a substituted word,—
For he who fights and runs away
May live to *run* another day.

Ben Wood Davis.

Love's Heritage.

BEND o'er me, blue as summer skies,
The azure splendor of thine eyes,
And smile with lips whose murmur tells,
Like lingering sound of far-off bells
O'er shining seas, that thou for me
Art skies and sound and summer sea!

Skies that contain the sun, the moon,
The stars, the birds, the winds of June;
And tones that, swelling far and near,
Bear more than music to mine ear;
And sea, above whose changeless hue
The sun is bright, the sky is blue!

Art thou my star? Sweet Love, thou'rt more
Than all that ever twilight bore.
Art thou my song? Dear Love, from thee
The whole world takes its melody.
Art thou—nay! what can words impart
To tell one dream of what thou art!

Thou art my all: I know that Love
Rains from the deepening dome above
In silver dew-drops, that the earth
Receives with hushed and solemn mirth:
So thou—all seasons linked in one—
Art flower and bird and breeze and sun!

William M. Briggs.

Aphorisms from the Quarters.

'TAINT no consolation to git chewed up by a fus'-class dog.

De bobbykew takes 'way heap o' bad feelin's.

When a man gits too keerful to was'e his 'tater-peelin's, he' runnin' de thing in de groun'.

Sunday breeches fit bes' when dey been paid for.

De dog-chain tromples on ekal rights.

A po' man out o' wuk is wus orf dan a stray dog, 'cause he got to keep on explainin' his sivation.

'Tis dangerous to hab de rotten round ob de ladder on top.

De norf wind hollers 'fo' it hit you.

De quicksand don't fool you but once.

De rabbit aint pertickler 'bout holes when dehoun's git in sight.

J. A. Macon.

It Was a Lass.

IT was a lass, for love a-seeking,
In every heavy red rose peeking—

Ah, well-a-day!—

To see if there he might be hiding;

And all the while herself a-chiding;

For shame, that she desired him so,

And sought him if she would or no.

Ah, well-a-day!

And when by chance a laddie meeting,
She'd blush, and give him trembling greeting—

Ah, well-a-day!—

And shyly in his eyes be peeping,

To see if Love lay in them sleeping;

And if to wake he 'gan to stir,

And dazzle at the sight of her—

Ah, well-a-day!

It was a lass, for love a-hunting,
So still, for fear of him affronting—

Ah, well-a-day!

At last, one eve, with tears and sighing,

She spied him in her own heart lying,

And nowhere else, fore'er and aye—

Ah, well-a-day,

Ah, well-a-day!

Mary E. Wilkins.

Eheu! Fugaces.

SWEET sixteen is shy and cold,
Calls me "sir," and thinks me old;
Hears in an embarrassed way
All the compliments I pay;

Finds my homage quite a bore,
Will not smile on me, and more
To her taste she finds the noise
And the chat of callow boys.

Not the lines around my eye,
Deepening as the years go by;
Not white hairs that strew my head,
Nor my less elastic tread;

Cares I find, nor joys I miss,
Make me feel my years like this:—
Sweet sixteen is shy and cold,
Calls me "sir," and thinks me old.

Walter Learned.

A Cheerful Spirit.

I'm a hopeless, unfortunate creature,
I'm tortured with sorrow and pain,
I'm twisted in figure and feature;
However, I never complain.

My wife is a termagant truly,
She treats me with scorn and disdain,
My children are bad and unruly;
However, I never complain.

My business is sadly declining,
My efforts to prosper are vain,
I've reason for constant repining;
However, I never complain.

I'm neglected by friends and relations,
The snubs which I oft entertain
Might justify loud protestations;
However, I never complain.

This fact will attract your attention,
And this I will always maintain,
Of my woes I make *casual* mention;
However, I never complain.

Stanley Wood.

The Quatrain.

THE world is wide, and thronged with books and men;
What will it be a thousand years from this?
Round a great thought in four strokes of thy pen,
If thou wouldst have thy fame, cross that abyss.

The Couplet.

SMALL as I am, it may be just my strength
Shall keep thy name from perishing at length.

A Dumb Beauty.

HERE is a woman peerless in repose;
All gaze at her, and yet she speaks to none.
Scent is the *voice* of flowers—lo! a rose
Perfect in shape and color, lacking one.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

The Lion's Government.

A RUSSIAN FABLE.

A LION, who on state affairs was set,
Looked round about to form his cabinet.
A court, and legislature too, was sought,
For which the elephants to him were brought;
But, finding them so few and incomplete,
The asses too were summoned to a seat,
By which the government, as it appears,
Found its majority in donkeys' ears!

The lion-king was foolish, one would say,
To scatter offices in such a way;
For no one, surely, knew so well as he
That strength goes not with mere majority.
But in this way his fathers ruled before,
And what had been must be for evermore;
The heresy he hated to incur
Was to be wiser than his fathers were.
If folly in numbers wisdom far surpasses,
He should have folly and the herd of asses!

And then, thought he, the elephants' discourse
Will neutralize the stupid asininity,
For wisdom is, of course, superior force,
And with such denseness has no true affinity;
But, oh! the asses' folly took the lead,
The elephants nobody cared to heed.
This shows how such a rule all hope harasses—
The elephants themselves grew dull as asses!

Joel Benton.

Ballade of a Swell.

HIS forehead he fringes and decks
With carefully cut Montagues;
He angles his arms semi-X,
And dresses in delicate hues;
His haunts are the rich avenues;
Staccato is somewhat his gait;
It takes but a wink to amuse
His sadly impoverished pate.

His costumes are covered with checks;
He travels in taper-toed shoes
Through Vanity Fair, there to vex
The silly young heart that he woos;
He's clever with cards and with cues,
And banters with Fortune and Fate:
Alas, that the lad cannot lose
His sadly impoverished pate!

He's fond of the frivolous sex;
His light conversation he strews
With "toffy"; aught else would perplex
The topic his fancy pursues;
The cud of contentment he chews,
While women and wealth on him wait;
And nature with nothing endues
His sadly impoverished pate.

ENVOY.

Fair princesses, all who peruse
This ballade, beware ere too late,
Lest Opulence hear you abuse
His sadly impoverished pate!

Frank Dempster Sherman.